endeavoured to recall her to life. At the sound of my voice she lifted up her languid eyelids, and said, 'Are you then safe, my love? what is become of our little ones?' In hopes of comforting her, I told her they were alive and well; but she replied, 'Your consolations come too late; the blow is struck, I feel my death approaching. The horror which seized me when I missed my nestlings, and supposed myself robbed at once of my mate and infants, was too powerful for my weak frame to sustain. Oh! why will the human race be so wantonly cruel? The agonies of death now came on, and after a few convulsive pangs she breathed her last, and left me an unhappy widower. I passed the remainder of the summer, and a dreary winter that succeeded it, in a very uncomfortable manner, though the natural cheerfulness of my disposition did not leave me long a prey to unavailing sorrow. I resolved the following spring to seek another mate, and had the good fortune to meet with you, whose amiable disposition has renewed my happiness. And now, my dear," said he, "let me ask you what became of your former companion?"

"Why," replied the hen redbreast, "soon after the loss of our nest, as he was endeavouring to discover what was become of it, a cruel hawk caught him up,