The Story of the Robins.

regaled, and who, I will venture to say, will do you no harm. You cannot think how kindly they treat us; and though there are a number of other birds who share their goodness, your father and I are favoured with their particular regard."

"Oh!" said Pecksy, "are these sweet creatures your friends? I long to go abroad that I may see them again." "Well," cried Flapsy, "I perceive that if we judge from appearances we may often be mistaken. Who would have thought that such an ugly monster as that gardener could have had a tender heart?" "Very true," replied the mother; you must make it a rule, Flapsy, to judge of mankind by their actions, and not by their looks. I have known some of them whose appearance was as engaging as that of our young benefactors, who were, notwithstanding, barbarous enough to take eggs out of a nest and spoil them; nay, even to carry away nest and all before the young ones were fledged, without knowing how to feed them, or having any regard to the sorrows of the tender parents."

"Oh, what dangers there are in the world!" cried Pecksy; "I shall be afraid to leave the nest." "Why so, my love?" said the mother; "every bird does not meet with hawks and cruel children. You have already, as you sat on the nest, seen thousands