lay dead; they seemed to have killed each other. In the nest of linnets, which were very young, I found one dead, two just expiring, and the other almost exhausted, but still able to swallow; to him, therefore, I immediately gave some of the food I had prepared, which greatly revived him; and as I thought he would suffer with cold in the nest by himself, I covered him over with wool, and had this morning the pleasure of finding him quite recovered.”

“What, all the sparrows and three linnets dead!” said Frederick, whose little eyes swam with tears at the melancholy tale; “and pray, Miss Jenkins, have you starved all the blackbirds too?”

“Not all, my little friend,” answered Lucy, “but I must confess that some of them have fallen victims to my neglect: however, there are two fine ones alive, which I shall, with the surviving linnet, cheerfully resign to the care of my dear Harriet, whose tenderness will, I hope, be rewarded by the pleasure of hearing them sing when they are old enough. But I beg you will stay and rest your selves after your walk.”

“Let me see the birds first,” said Frederick. “That you shall do,” answered Lucy; and taking him by the hand, she conducted him to the room