the worst foes we have are those of the human race, though even among them we redbreasts have a better chance than many other birds, on account of a charitable action which two of our species are said to have performed towards a little boy and girl,* who were lost in a wood, where they were starved to death. The redbreasts saw the affectionate pair, hand in hand, stretched on the cold ground, and would have fed them had they been capable of receiving nourishment; but finding the poor babies quite dead, and being unable to bury them, they resolved to cover them with leaves. This was an arduous task, but many a redbreast has since shared the reward of it; and I believe that those who do good to others always meet with a recompence some way or other. But I declare I am doing the very thing I was reproving you for—chattering away when I should be minding business. Come, hop after me, and we shall soon find something worth having. Fear nothing, for you are now in a place of security; there is no hawk near, and I have never seen any of the human race enter this orchard but the monsters who paid you visits in the nest, and others equally inoffensive.”

The father then hopped away, followed by Robin

* Alluding to the ballad of the Children in the Wood.