a little stream which flowed in an adjacent meadow, and fetched from the brink of it a worm, which she had observed an angler to drop as she perched on the tree; with this she immediately returned to the penitent Robin, who received the welcome gift with gratitude.

Refreshed with this delicious morsel, and comforted by his mother's kindness, he was able to stand up, and on shaking his wings, he found that he was not so greatly hurt as he apprehended; his head, indeed, was bruised, so that one eye was almost closed, and he had injured the joint of one wing, so that he could not possibly fly: however, he could manage to hop, and the parent bird observing that Joe the gardener was cutting a hawthorn hedge which was near the spot, desired Robin to follow her. This he did, though with great pain. "Now," said she, "look carefully about, and you will soon find insects of one kind or another for your sustenance during the remainder of the day, and before evening I will return to you again. Summon all your courage, for I make no doubt you will be safe while our friend continues his work, as none of those creatures which are enemies to birds will venture to come near him." Robin took a sorrowful farewell, and the mother flew to the nest.