mother made him another visit, and told him she had interceded with his father, whose anger was abated, and he would come to him before he went to rest. Robin rejoiced to hear that there was a chance of his being reconciled to his father, yet he dreaded the first interview; however, as it must be, he wished to have it over as soon as possible, and every wing he heard beat the air he fancied to be that of his offended parent. In this state of anxious expectation he continued almost to the time of sunset, when of a sudden he heard the well-known voice to which he used to listen with joy, but which now caused his whole frame to tremble; but observing a beam of benignity in that eye in which he looked for anger and reproach, he cast himself in the most supplicating posture at the feet of his father, who could no longer resist the desire he felt to receive him into favour.

"Your present humility, Robin," said he, "disarms my resentment; I gladly pronounce your pardon, and am persuaded you will never again incur my displeasure. We will therefore say no more on a subject which gives so much pain to us."

"Yes, my dear indulgent father," cried Robin, "permit me to make my grateful acknowledgments for your kindness, and to assure you of my future