obedience.” The delighted parent accepted his submission, and the reconciliation was completed.

By this time Robin was greatly exhausted; his kind father therefore conducted him to a pump in the garden, where he refreshed himself with a few drops of water. He now felt himself greatly relieved; but on his father’s asking him what he intended to do with himself at night, his spirit sank again, and he answered, he did not know.

“Well,” said the father, “I have thought of an expedient to secure you from cold at least. In a part of the orchard, a very little way from here, there is a place belonging to our friend the gardener, where I have sheltered myself from several storms, and am sure it will afford you a comfortable lodging; so follow me before it is too late.”

The old bird then led the way, and his son followed him. When they arrived, they found the door of the tool-house open, and as the threshold was low, Robin managed to get over it. His father looked carefully about, and at last found in a corner a parcel of shreds, kept for the purpose of nailing up trees. “Here, Robin,” said he, “is a charming bed for you; let me see you in it and call your mother to have a peep, and then I must bid you “Good night.”