filled their crops so full that they looked as if they had great wens on their necks; and Harriet perceived one of them gasping for breath.

"Stop, Frederick!" said she, as he was carrying the quill to its mouth; "the bird is so full he can hold no more." But she spoke too late; the little creature gave his eyes a ghastly roll, and fell on one side, suffocated with abundance.

"Oh, he is dead! he is dead!" cried Frederick.

"He is indeed," said Harriet; "but I am sure we did not mean to kill him, and it is some satisfaction to think that we did not take the nest."

This consideration was not enough to comfort Frederick, who began to cry most bitterly; his mamma hearing him, was apprehensive he had hurt himself, for he seldom cried unless he was in great pain; she therefore hastily entered the room to inquire what was the matter, on which Harriet related the disaster that had happened. Mrs. Benson then sat down, and taking Frederick in her lap, wiped his eyes, and giving him a kiss, said,—

"I am sorry, my love, for your disappointment; but do not afflict yourself; the poor little thing is out of his pain now, and I fancy suffered but for a short time. If you keep on crying so, you will forget to feed your flock of birds, which I fancy, by