the chirping I heard from my window, are beginning to assemble. Come, let me take the object of your distress out of your sight; it must be buried.” Then, carrying the dead bird in one hand, and leading Frederick with the other, she went down-stairs.

While she was speaking, Harriet had been watching the other blackbird, which she had soon the pleasure to see perfectly at his ease. She then attempted to feed the linnet, but he would not eat.

“I fancy, Miss Benson,” said the maid, “he wants air.”

“That may be the case, indeed,” replied Harriet, “for you know, Betty, this room, which has been shut up all night, must be much closer than the places birds build in.” Saying this, she opened the window, and placed the linnet near it, waiting to see the effect of the experiment, which answered her wishes; and she was delighted to behold how the little creature gradually smoothed his feathers, and his eyes resumed their native lustre; she once more offered him food, which he took, and quite recovered. Having done all in her power for her little orphans, she went to share with her brother the task of feeding the daily pensioners, which being ended, she seated herself at the breakfast-table by her mamma.