nest; they mounted in the air with much more ease than the preceding day, and the parents instructed them how to fly to the branches of some trees which stood near.

In the meantime they had left Robin by himself, thinking he would be safe while the gardener was mowing some grass; but what was the grief of both father and mother, when they returned, and could neither see nor hear him! The gardener, too, was gone; they therefore apprehended that a cat or rat had taken Robin away and killed him, yet none of his feathers were to be seen. With the most anxious search they explored every recess in which they thought it possible for him to be, and strained their little voices till they were hoarse with calling him, but all in vain. The tool-house was locked, but had he been there he would have answered: at length, quite in despair of finding him, with heavy hearts they returned to the nest; a general lamentation ensued, and this lately happy abode was now the region of sorrow. The father endeavoured to comfort his mate and surviving nestlings, and so far succeeded that they resolved to bear the loss with patience.

After a mournful night the mother left the nest early in the morning, unwilling to relinquish the