need not say that great care was taken of him, and you will easily suppose he had a more comfortable night than that he had passed in the shed.

When Frederick and Harriet arose the next morning, one of their first cares was to feed the birds, and they had the pleasure to see their nestlings in a very thriving condition; both the linnet and the blackbird now hopped out of their nests to be fed, to the great amusement of Frederick; but this pleasure was soon damped by an unlucky accident, for the blackbird being placed in a window which was open, hopped too near the edge, and fell to the ground, where he was snapped up by a dog, and torn to pieces in an instant. Frederick began to lament as before but on his sister’s reminding him that the creature was past the sense of pain, he restrained himself, and turned his attention to the linnet, which he put into a cage, that he might not meet the same fate. He then went to feed the flock, and to inquire after Robin, whom Mrs. Benson had taken into her own room, lest Frederick should handle and hurt him. To his great joy he found him much better, for he could begin to use his injured wing; Frederick was therefore trusted to carry him into the breakfast parlour, where he placed him as has been already described.