walk, and amongst them the redbreasts discovered many of their old friends, with whom they now renewed their acquaintance, knowing they should soon be released from family cares; and the young ones passed a happy day in this cheerful assembly. But at length the hour of repose approached, when each individual fled to his resting-place; and the redbreasts, after so fatiguing a day, soon fell asleep.

While the redbreasts were exploring the orchard, Mrs. Benson and her family, as we before showed, set off on their visit to the farm, where they met with a most welcome reception. Farmer Wilson was a very worthy, benevolent man. He had, by his industry, acquired sufficient to purchase the farm he lived on, and had a fair prospect of providing for a numerous family, whom he brought up with the greatest care, as farmers’ sons and daughters used formerly to be, and taught them all to be merciful to the cattle which were employed in his business. His wife, a most amiable woman, had received a good education from her father, who was formerly schoolmaster of the parish. This good man had strongly implanted in his daughter’s mind the Christian doctrine of universal charity, which she exercised, not only towards the human species, but also to poultry and every living creature which it was her province