

---

were laid upon cotton wool, and some of them were in little nests,—such pretty nests, lined with moss and hay and feathers: I am sure they must have taken a very long time making. Some of the eggs were white, some blue, some grey, some speckled, some a beautiful sea-green, some olive-brown, some white with little pink spots on them. We asked Tommy if he had any robins' eggs, but he looked quite shocked, and said,—

‘Oh! no; we never take robins' eggs, it would be a sin.’

We asked him why it was a sin to take robins' eggs any more than other eggs; and then he told us, that when the babes in the wood died, robins brought the leaves to cover them, and since then no one has ever robbed a robin's nest. Would it not have been a very good thing if a bird of each sort had helped to bring the leaves, one sparrow, and one lark, and one linnet, and one thrush, and one blackbird, and one bullfinch, and one yellowhammer, and one pink, and one tom-tit, and one swallow? Then their nests would have been safe ever after, as the robins' nests are now. Oh! wouldn't they have done it, if they could only have known!