

forth its tender blades, and watch its rapid after-growth. I loved the gentle April showers, which came pattering down against the window-panes, reminding one of the tears which flow from childish griefs; and then the sweet sunshiny smile that followed, so like the smiles that chase away childhood's tears. But, dearer than all the rest, I loved the little robin, that built her nest every spring in our old elm-tree. I eagerly watched her, as she patiently toiled from morning until night, carrying in her tiny bill bits of thread and pieces of straw—all of which were neatly woven in the home she was building. How engaged she seemed in her work, and how swiftly she accomplished the task! Beautifully did she manifest the goodness of God, who gave even so small a creature the means and knowledge of providing for itself. How happy was I, after the nest was completed, when my brother climbed the elm, and, peeping into it, discovered two darling little eggs, which in due time were chirping birds! What a noise the little creatures made every time their mother approached, bearing some article of food in her bill! Oh, they were ravenous birds, always hungry, and crying for more! And then I watched the mother robin, as she taught her little ones to fly; and soon the nest was deserted—the young birds had flown away.