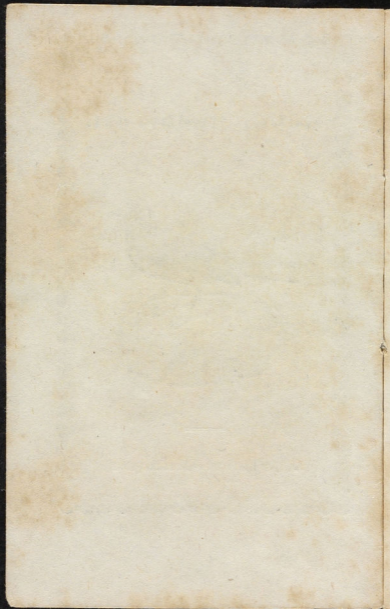


Robin Redbreast.



J. H. BUTLER—Northampton.



Robin Redbreast.



NORTHAMPTON.

John Metcalf....1842.

A B C D E F G H I J
K L M N O P Q R S
T U V W X Y Z.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o
p q r s t u v w x y z &.



A B C D E F G H I J
K L M N O P Q R S
T U V W X Y Z &.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o
p q r s t u v w x y z.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

Who has seen Robin Red-breast by the wood-side, or the skirt of the coppice, or at the edge of the pool, half filled with rushes! or on the gate post in the narrow lane! or creeping up the bank, under the hawthorn?

I have seen Robin Red-breast by the wood-side, and by the coppice, at the edge of the rush-pool, on the gate post in the narrow lane, and creeping up the bank beneath the hawthorn. I have watched him in solitary places, when he has been feed-

ing on ants and their eggs, on worms, and on insects. I have seen him in the out-houses about the farms, now on the cow-house thatch, now at the stable door, and now perched on the fold-poles.



Who has seen Robin Red-breast's nest made of moss, and wool, and sticks, and leaves, with four or five speckled eggs in it?



I have seen the nest of Robin Red-breast; the outside made of dry green moss, mixed with coarse wool, and little sticks and peelings from young trees; the inside lined with horse-hair; the eggs in the nest were cream-colored, neatly speckled over with reddish spots, one end of them more pointed than the other.

Who has seen Robin, in his red waistcoat, fly swiftly over the garden hedge, and pick up a smooth green caterpillar, bearing it away to his young ones?

I have seen Robin in his red waistcoat fly abroad, and he has lighted in the garden, and hopped between the rows of peas and beans, and then among the cabbages, and on the carrot bed, till his quick eye twinkled at sight of a smooth caterpillar on a turnip top. I have seen him bear away the caterpillar to his young, who all waved their featherless wings at his approach, stretched out their naked necks, and opened their mouths wide enough for half a dozen caterpillars.



Who, when reading a book in the back parlor, or seated in the summer arbor, or on a spread handkerchief on the garden roller, has heard Robin's song, loud, sweet and melodious ?

I, when sitting in the back parlor, with the windows wide open ; and when reclining with a book in my hand in the summer arbor, with roses all around me ; seated on the garden roller, my yellow silk handkerchief spread over the round stone, to keep me from soiling my clothes, I have given over reading to listen to Robin's song, while his sweet and cheerful melody has made glad my heart. I have looked up to the blue sky with thankfulness ; and, when I have felt the warm

rays of the glorious sun, and seen the beauty of the trees, the green leaves, and the flowers, and heard the joyous notes of the Red-breast warbler, I have dropped my book, clasped my hands in adoration, and exclaimed, "Truly, the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."



Who, when the icicles have hung down from the pent-house, and the trees have been powdered with snow, has seen Robin Red-breast alight on the pump-spout, or on the window ledge, or on the door-sill of the brew-house, almost asking for a crumb of bread?

I have seen Robin Red-breast, tamed by the frost, light on the pump-spout, displacing the snow that was piled there in a sharp ridge. I have seen him sitting on the handle of the gardener's spade when stuck in the ground. I have seen him on the window ledge, picking against the panes, and on the red brick floor of the brewhouse, picking up what he could find in the nicks and cracks

under his feet. Ay, and I have crumbled bread in a pan, and placed it on the top of the rabbit pen, with a cover half over it to prevent it being hid by the fallen snow, and Robin has pecked at it, and flew away and returned again, thanking me twenty times over with his shrill chirp.



Have you seen these things, and felt glad? Have you admired Robin, drest in his dark olive coat and scarlet waistcoat, with a few hairy feathers sticking out on each side his bill? Have you noticed his warm nest, his speckled eggs, and his unfeathered young ones? Have you seen his little foot-prints on the snow, and heard his winter chirp, and summer's song? If you have seen and noticed these things, and observed the confidence with which he comes to our habitations when the wintry winds are abroad, you will feel kindly toward him; you will neither rob his nest in summer, nor grudge him a few crumbs in winter. You will rejoice when you see him appear, and meet him like a little friend.

There are those who catch poor Robin and put him in a wiry cage, on purpose that they may enjoy his company and hear his song ; and, when he warbles, they think he is happy. Many do this not out of cruelty, but out of the love they bear the feathered race ; but surely they forget that God in goodness has given the little warblers wing to rove abroad, to fly from one place to another, and be happy. Let us call to mind God's goodness to us, and let us be kind to all his creatures.

Come then, my little Red-breasted friends, take courage ; I would not have a feather on your bosoms rudely ruffled, nor would I shut you up in a wiry prison, for all the songs you



might sing to me in your captivity. Take your choice when you prefer the coppice or the rushy pool, the wood or the narrow lane, the cow-house thatch or the stable door. Go if you will in the garden, between the rows of peas and beans, among the cabbages, and on the carrot bed ; or, when ye like it better, light on the window ledge, the pumpspout, or the brew-house door-sill ; you shall be welcome every where, and my crumbs shall be freely scattered to supply your wants. The same bounteous Lord who formed and feathered you, made me from the dust ; he has given you much, but he has given me more. I have more reason than you to praise him for his goodness, and for his wonder-

ful works in earth and in heaven.
Let me show my love for him by
loving his creatures. Fly abroad,
then, or twitter round my dwell-
ing in safety, for I will not hurt
you.

"O may ye ne'er with artificial note,
To please a tyrant strain the little bill ;
But sing what heaven inspires,
And wander where ye will."

