THE

DEW-DROP;

OR, THE

SUMMER MORNING'S WALK.

London:

PRINTED FOR DARTON, HARVEY, AND DARTON,
55, GRACECHURCH-STREET.

1818.

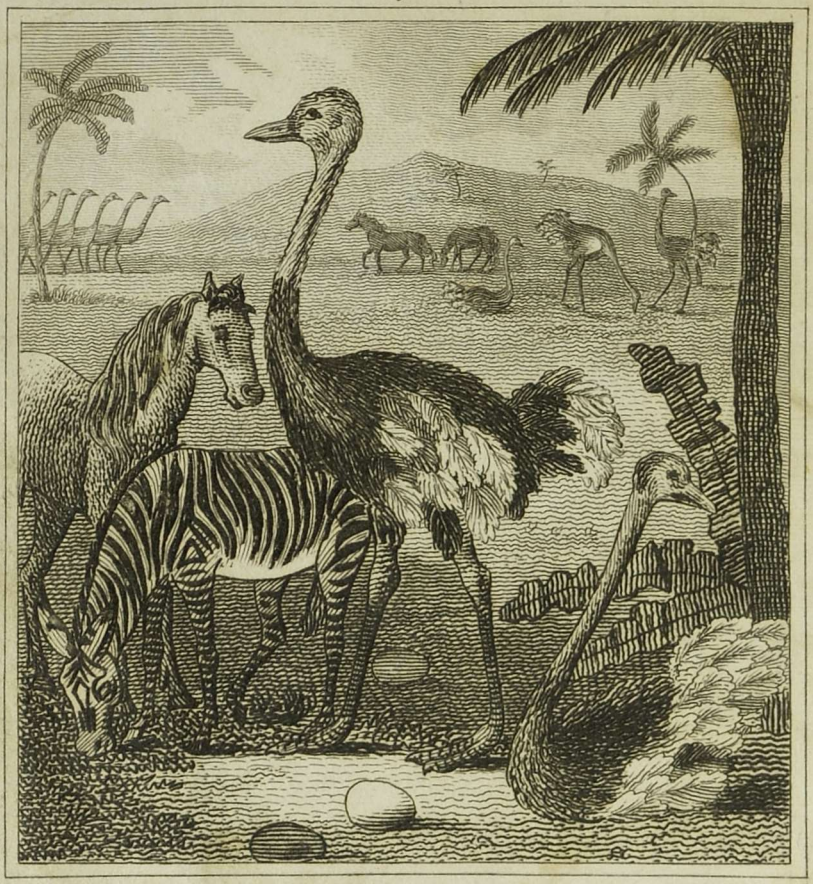
[Price One Shilling.]

Mary Ann Palmer

from her Sister

Isabel

Frontispiece.



"The Ostrich grazes on the plain"
"with the wild Horse & the Zebra."

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THE

DISAPPOINTMENT;

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BY A LADY.

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THE

DISAPPOINTMENT, &c.

CHAPTER I.

"COME, Julia, Julia, are you awake?" cried Felix, as he rapped at his sister's door, an hour earlier than usual, one fine summer's morning; "you have your wish, for it is a beautiful morning: make haste and dress yourself. I am not dressed yet, but I soon shall be. Recollect, uncle said he should be here at seven o'clock, the very latest minute, and those who were not ready will be left behind."

"Oh, never fear, Felix," cried the little Julia, "I shall be sure to be in time; for I

am nearly dressed already. I have been watching the sun, as it rose slowly from behind the high hill opposite my window, this long while, for my joy would not let me sleep. What a pleasant day we shall spend at the park. Uncle says we shall see an aviary, Felix. Do you know what an aviary means?"

"Oh yes, Julia, I know all about it; but I cannot stay now, because the minute I was out of bed, I came to call you, and my feet are rather cold without my stockings."

"I thank you, Felix, for calling me so early. Now let us make haste. I shall be down in the breakfast-room in ten minutes."

At the end of ten minutes, if not in less than ten minutes, Felix and Julia met in the parlour below. "An aviary, Julia," said Felix, resuming the conversation he had so suddenly interrupted, "is a place on purpose to keep curious birds in. Uncle says, Mr. Glenmore has a very great variety, and that some of them are extremely beautiful."

"I hope he has an ostrich," exclaimed Julia: "I want to see an ostrich very much. Did you ever see one, Felix?"

"No, never."

"Then don't you hope we may find one in the aviary? They must be beautiful creatures, if they are covered all over with such feathers as mamma wears in her new hat."

"Oh! Julia, but they are not covered all over with such feathers, I assure you: it is only the feathers of the wings and tail, that are of that snowy whiteness. I was reading a description of this bird the other day, and it taught me, that the head, and great part of the neck, are only covered with a few scattered hairs, and the feathers of the body are black."

"I think I have seen the picture of one, Felix: has it not very long legs?"

"Yes, and it makes good use of them too, for I read in that book, that it will run faster than the swiftest race-horse."

"Can you tell me, Felix, where these birds come from?" inquired Julia.

"They are only found in the sandy deserts of Africa and Asia, where they are sometimes seen in such large flocks, as to be mistaken, at a distance, for a troop of horsemen."

"Mistaken for a troop of horsemen!" exclaimed the astonished Julia, "why, what monstrous creatures they must be, Felix. Do you know how tall they grow?"

"From the ground to the top of their heads, they often measure nine feet, which, you know, Julia, is three feet higher than a very tall man; for uncle is only six feet high."

"Talking of uncle," said Julia, "reminds me of papa and mamma: it is very odd they do not come down. I wonder whether they have begun to get up yet. I am afraid uncle will be here before we have done breakfast. Don't you think it is almost seven o'clock, Felix?"

"No, Julia, I don't think it is much past

six yet. Come now, if you will attend, I will read you something in this book about the ostrich, which will make the time pass quickly. Shall I, Julia?"

"Yes, Felix,—no, Felix,—that is, I wish it were breakfast-time—I wish mamma and papa would come down stairs."

"But wishing will neither bring them nor the breakfast," said Felix, "so come and let us amuse ourselves, for that is always better than waiting and watching time away."

"That it is," replied Julia, so, if you will be so kind as to read to me, I will try and attend."

Felix immediately began as follows:

"The ostrich is in many respects different from the rest of the feathered race. Its strong jointed legs and feet are well adapted both for speed and defence. Notwithstanding its wings and all its feathers, it cannot raise itself from the ground: its camel-shaped neck is covered with hair; its voice is a kind of hollow, mournful lowing; and it grazes on the

plain with the wild horse and the zebra."
"Is not that extraordinary, Julia?"

"What, Felix?"

"Why now, Julia, I don't believe you have been paying one bit of attention all this time."

"O yes, Felix, indeed I have, it was only just that last part I did not hear. At that moment, I was listening to the sound of a carriage at a distance: I thought it might, perhaps, be my uncle, but it seems to have turned off another way. Pray, what was that curious thing, Felix?

"Why, that the ostrich should graze on the plain with the wild horse and the zebra. It seems almost as much like a beast as a bird. Come, now I will read you something about their nests. 'They appear to be merely holes in the ground, made by the birds trampling the earth for some time with their feet. If any person touch the eggs during the absence of the parents, they immediately discover it by the scent at their return;

and not only desist from laying any more in the same place, but even crush with their feet all those which have been left. Some people suppose that the ostrich, after laying its eggs, leaves them to be hatched by the sun; but this is a mistake, the male and females sit upon them by turns, as most other fowls do, and it is a curious fact, that near the nest are always placed a certain number of eggs, which the birds do not sit upon, and which are intended for the first nourishment of their future young. This store of eggs is always proportioned to the number of young that are to be hatched. A celebrated traveller informs us, that, on driving an ostrich from its nest in Africa, he found eleven eggs quite warm, and four others at a short distance; at another time he found a female ostrich on a nest containing thirty-two eggs, and twelve were arranged at a little distance, each in a separate hole formed for it.'"

"What a number!" exclaimed Julia, who was now really interested in the account:

"pray, Felix, does one hen lay all these eggs?"

"No, Julia, this book says, that each male has several wives, who all lay their eggs in the same nest, and sit upon them by turns."

Just at this moment, to Julia's great delight, her father and mother entered the breakfast-parlour, the urn was soon brought in, and they all sat down to their cheerful meal. Julia's was soon dispatched, and she begged leave to station herself once more at the window, that she might watch her uncle's arrival; but a grievous disappointment awaited poor Julia—a disappointment she was ill-prepared to bear. A man on horseback rode hastily up to the gate—it was her uncle's servant.

"Here is Richard, mamma, come by himself; I wonder what that can be for: he is not with the carriage, but on horseback, quite alone."

"Oh, perhaps he has only rode on a little

way before, to open the gates, and to let us know uncle is coming," said Felix: "we shall hear the carriage-wheels soon, I dare say."

Both listened attentively, but no carriage-wheels were heard. In the mean time, Richard had rode up to the door, and delivered a note from his master, which decided the fate of poor Felix and Julia. Their father brought it into the parlour, broke the seal, and read the contents.

Here is a sad disappointment for you, my dear children. I hope you will bear it with fortitude. Your uncle cannot take you to see Mr. Glenmore to-day.

Poor Julia waited to hear no more, she sat down upon the window-seat, and burst into a violent flood of tears. A flush of disappointment also crossed the cheek of Felix; but he endeavoured to overcome his feelings, and, fearful that illness had prevented the fulfilment of his uncle's promise, he anxiously inquired what was the matter.

His father answered his inquiry by reading the note he had received.

"My Dear Brother,

"I am very sorry to be obliged to disappoint the dear little ones of their visit to-day, but I have just received a distressing account of the illness of a friend very dear to me. I shall set off immediately to see him; the time of my return is, of course, uncertain. Give my kind love to the children. I hope they will bear their disappointment heroically. My dear Felix will, I am sure, act like a man on the occasion: he will endeavour to amuse his little sister, and reconcile her to her disappointment. Farewell."

Felix dashed away the tear that trembled in his eye, and taking Julia affectionately by the hand, said, "Do not cry, dear Julia: I am sorry as well as you, but it cannot be helped. I hope uncle will find his friend bet-

ter than he expects, and we shall be sure to go some other day; so don't cry."

"We shall never have such another beautiful day, sobbed Julia: "I cannot help crying, Felix, for I never was so sorry about any thing before."

O yes, I think you have been often quite as sorry before, Julia; or, at least, you have often cried quite as much: the day papa could not take us to see the fireworks, you know; and the day we were disappointed about seeing the balloon too."

"Well, Felix, because disappointments are such uncomfortable things; and this is certainly the worst disappoiutment we ever had."

"And yet your brother bears it patiently, Julia," their mamma said.

"Yes, mamma, because Felix always had more patience than I, and he is older too."

"Then I advise you to learn patience, as well as your brother, my dear; for it is a virtue which both old and young have frequent

cause to exercise. Disappointments are the lot of all, Julia: in childhood the causes are trifling, and if we do not learn to bear these trifles firmly, how shall we meet the greater trials we must expect hereafter."

"Trifling! my dear mamma, you surely do not call this a trifling disappointment: think of the aviary, mamma."

"Well, my little daughter, and what of the aviary?"

"Then the green-house, mamma! Uncle says it is the finest green-house he ever saw!"

"Your uncle is a botanist, Julia, it is therefore a great treat to him to see curious plants; but you, whose knowledge is very limited, may find quite as much pleasure in observing some of the beautiful trees that form our hedge-rows. And as to an aviary, the little songsters of our native groves afford sufficient variety, surely, for our amusement. Come, my love, dry up your tears, and let us enjoy this lovely morn-

ing abroad: your papa will perhaps join us in our early walk, and the disappointment may not, after all, prove so severe as you expected."

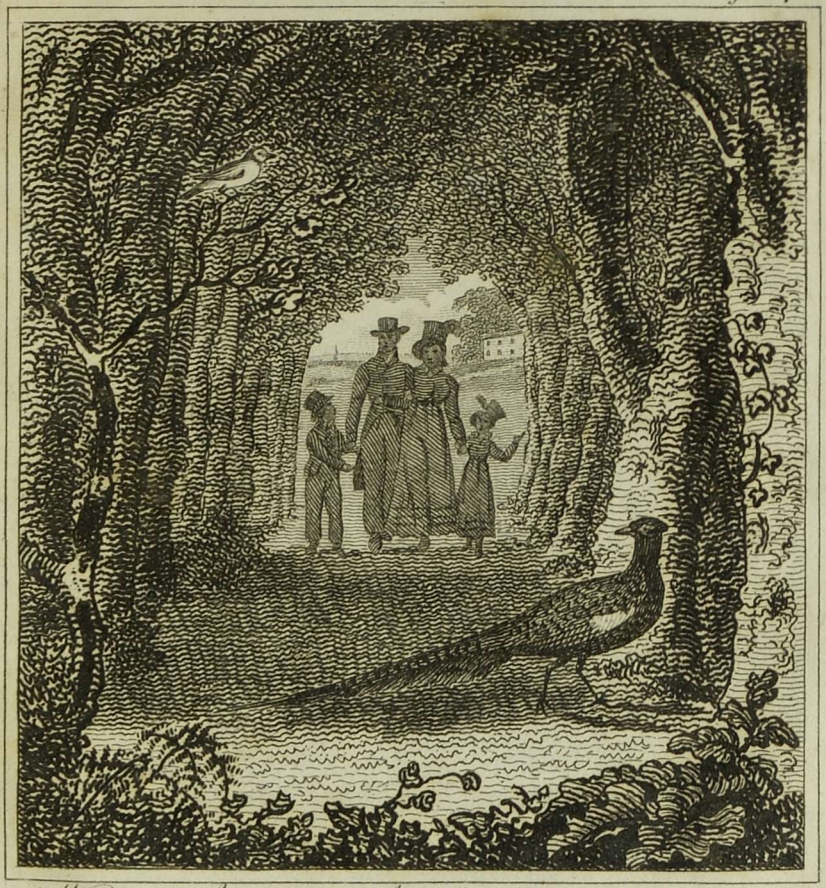
"Julia smiled through her tears; she saw that her father, mother, and brother, all wished to make her happy, and as she was an affectionate and grateful little girl, she determined to think no more of the greenhouse or the aviary, but to enjoy as much as possible her morning walk.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN once a little boy or girl has made up its mind to be happy, it is wonderful what trifling circumstances afford it amusement: a flower, a bird, an insect, no matter what, every object in nature yields delight to a cheerful and innocent mind. After walking through several pleasant shady lanes, Felix and Julia entered with their father and mother, into a charming grove. The little birds were singing sweetly from every spray, and all around looked gay and pleasant.

"What a delightful spot!" cried Felix.

"I do not think Mr. Glenmore's aviary can boast of greater variety," said his father:



"What is that beautiful bird?" _____
_____ It is a Pheasant my love"
"but look at that little creature I think he"
"is quite as pretty I am sure it is a"
"Goldfinch that has caught your attention?"

"this is an aviary formed by nature herself."

"What is that beautiful bird, I see at the end of this walk, papa; its colours are almost as bright as the peacock's."

"It is a pheasant, my love, and is as much esteemed for its excellence as food, as it is for the richness and beauty of its plumage. I will tell you a remark made by Solon on this beautiful bird. You have heard of Solon the Grecian philosopher?"

"Yes, papa: I was lately very much amused with reading, in Plutarch, the account of his visit to Crœsus, king of Lydia."

"The remark I was going to mention," replied his father, "is one he is said to have made to this king, who, when seated on his throne, adorned with royal magnificence, and all the pomp of eastern grandeur, asked Solon if he had ever beheld any thing so fine. The Greek philosopher, not at all moved by the objects before him, replied, He had seen the beautiful plumage of the pheasant, and

therefore could be astonished at no other finery."

"He was right, papa, for I do not think I ever saw more brilliant colours. Look, Julia, he is coming nearer to us. The top of his head and the upper part of his neck, are like silk; they are shaded with blue, green, and gold colours: and what a handsome tail he has."

"He is a beautiful fellow, indeed," said Julia; "but look at that little creature, which is sometimes singing so sweetly, and sometimes dressing himself so neatly on the branch of this tree. I think he is quite as pretty as your pheasant, Felix: what a curious ring of scarlet-coloured feathers he has round the forepart of his head, and what beautiful yellow streaks across his wings! and then, his shape is so elegant."

"Ah, my little girl, your description is so correct," said her father, "that without seeing the little warbler, I am sure it is a goldfinch that has caught your attention. I have

seen those little birds, when confined in a cage, perform a great many curious tricks; such as drawing up a little ivory bucket of water when it wishes to drink, opening the lid of a tin box in order to procure its food, and so on."

"Well, such tricks may be very amusing," said Felix, "to some people, but I would much rather see the pretty fellow plume and dress his feathers at liberty on that tree."

"And so would I, Felix, I am sure."

"If so, my dear Julia," said her mother, "you must admire nature's aviary far more than any one, however beautiful, made by man, where the little captives enjoy, at best, but splendid misery."

Julia still thought it would be a great treat to see Mr. Glenmore's aviary, though she doubted whether she should admire any of its inmates more than she did the pheasant and the goldfinch of the grove.

Her father pointed out to her a great many different sorts of birds, as they walked along,

and told her their names; he also told her the names of many of the flowers that bloomed in the path, as she tripped cheerfully by his side. A fine spreading tree at length invited them to rest themselves; for, both Felix and Julia complained, that, notwithstanding they had been so much amused by the conversation of their father and mother, their legs felt tired by their walk.

"This tree is an oak, is it not, papa?" enquired Felix: "I know it by the manner in which the branches grow from the trunk, and their being so crooked too, and also by the shape of the leaves. Look, Julia, how different they are from those of other trees: they are neither even at the edges, nor cut like the teeth of a saw; but deeply scolloped, and formed into many rounded divisions."

"Yes, and of what a beautiful dark-green colour they are. Pray, what is this, papa?" said Julia, picking up an acorn.

"That is the seed or fruit of the tree, Julia: you would scarcely believe that this

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"This Tree is an Oak, is it not Papa?"

wide-spreading tree grew from so small a seed."

"Indeed, papa, I have often thought it very curious, that large plants should spring from such tiny seeds as I have sometimes seen the gardener sow. How long do you think it is, papa, since this great tree, which now affords us so comfortable a shelter, was a little acorn, like this which I now hold in my hand?"

"Very likely it is nearly two hundred years ago. They are trees of very slow growth, Julia. I have been told that they do not attain their full size in less than a hundred years, and they have been known to stand two hundred years longer, before they totally decay. This is already past its prime, it is therefore, no doubt, above a hundred years old."

"Are these trees very useful, papa?"

"O, yes, that they are, Julia," said Felix, "more useful than any other timber-trees. In the first place, ships are made of them."

"But what great good do ships do us, Felix?"

"A great deal of good, Julia; don't they, papa? you know that England is an island, do you not?"

"Yes, I do."

"And you know why it is called an island, I suppose."

"Yes: because it has water all round it."

"Very well then, don't you perceive, Julia, that if we had no ships, we could never get out of England."

"No, to be sure; but we don't want to get out of England, do we?"

"*We* don't, Julia, but other people do—people who are in trade, you know."

"No, but indeed, Felix, I don't know; I don't know what you mean by being in trade."

"Then I will try to explain it to you, Julia. English people can make a great many things which no other people can make, and these things they send into distant coun-

tries, and have either money or other articles in exchange: this is called trade, is it not, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, that explanation of trade will do for Julia; it is sufficient to explain the use of merchant's ships, which, I believe, was the object you had in view."

"It was, papa: now you perceive the use of ships, don't you, Julia?

"Yes, I believe I do; only why do English people want other people's things, if they can make better themselves?"

"Oh, they do not buy from other nations, the same sorts of things which they sell to them; they buy such things as spice, and sugar, and rum, and brandy."

"Then, they cannot make spice in England, can they?"

"Make spice! why, Julia, don't you know better than that? Spice is not made, it grows on trees: there are the nutmeg-tree, and the clove plant, and the cinnamon-tree."

"And will not those trees grow in England, Felix?"

"No, the climate is not hot enough for them; they grow in the islands of the Indian Ocean, where it is summer almost all the year round. When you get forward in geography, you will know all these things, Julia, and then you will understand better than you do now, of how much use ships are to us; because, when mamma teaches you the names of different countries, she will also tell you what are their productions: she will tell you that tallow, and bristles for brushes, come from Russia; oranges, lemons, and a great many different sorts of wines, from Portugal and Spain; fine muslins from India; cambric from France; sugar and rum from Jamaica and the other West India Islands; and a great variety of useful things from almost every part of the globe: now, none of these could we get without ships, so do not you think the oak a very useful tree?"

"Yes, I do; and I think geography very useful too, if it will teach me all those things you have been talking about."

"Well then, I assure you it will, Julia, for that was the way I learnt them. But now I must tell you, that besides merchant's ships, there are ships of war, which are also made of oak, and with which we guard our shores, and keep all our enemies away; these are called the British navy."

"What enemies do they keep away?"

"I hope we have now no enemies, Julia," returned Felix, "because we are at peace with all the world; but a little time ago, the French were our enemies, and then our ships were very useful to us, for France is very near to England, you know."

"Yes, it is. And now, pray, Felix, tell me something else about the oak: is not the wood good for other things besides making ships?"

"Yes, it is used for door and window frames, and the beams that are laid in walls

to strengthen them, besides which, tables, chairs, drawers, and bedsteads are sometimes made of it. And the bark, papa, have I not heard that the bark is very useful?"

"It is, my dear, particularly useful to the tanner."

"A tanner is a man who makes the skins of animals into leather: is he not, papa?" inquired Julia."

"Yes, my love; and it is by soaking the hide in a liquor made by steeping oak bark in water, that he effects his purpose: this liquor, by stiffening the soft hide, turns it into what we call leather."

"What are these, papa?" said Julia, picking up a branch on which grew several round balls; "they are not like acorns."

"They are what boys call oak-apples, and are formed by a sort of fly, which has the power of piercing the outer skin of the oak-boughs, under which it lays its eggs; the part then swells into a kind of ball, and the young insects, when hatched, eat their way out."

"Are they at all useful, papa?"

"They are sometimes used for dyeing black; but in warm countries there is a kind of oak, which bears round balls of the same kind, called galls, these are used in the making of ink."

"So then the oak is useful for building ships," said Julia, "and for making all sorts of furniture, and for dyeing, and for tanning leather; and it all comes from such a little acorn as I now hold in my hand. I should like to plant this, papa, and watch its growth; but I should not live long enough to see it become a great tree like this."

"That you certainly will not, my dear little girl. COWPER has written a few lines on this subject, which I will repeat to you:

"Which shall longest brave the sky,
Storm and frost, these oaks or I?
Pass a year or two away,
I must moulder and decay;
But the years that crumble me,
Shall invigorate this tree,
Spread its branch, dilate its size,
Lift its summit to the skies."

"Now, the next verse will teach my little girl how she may make the most of her short life:

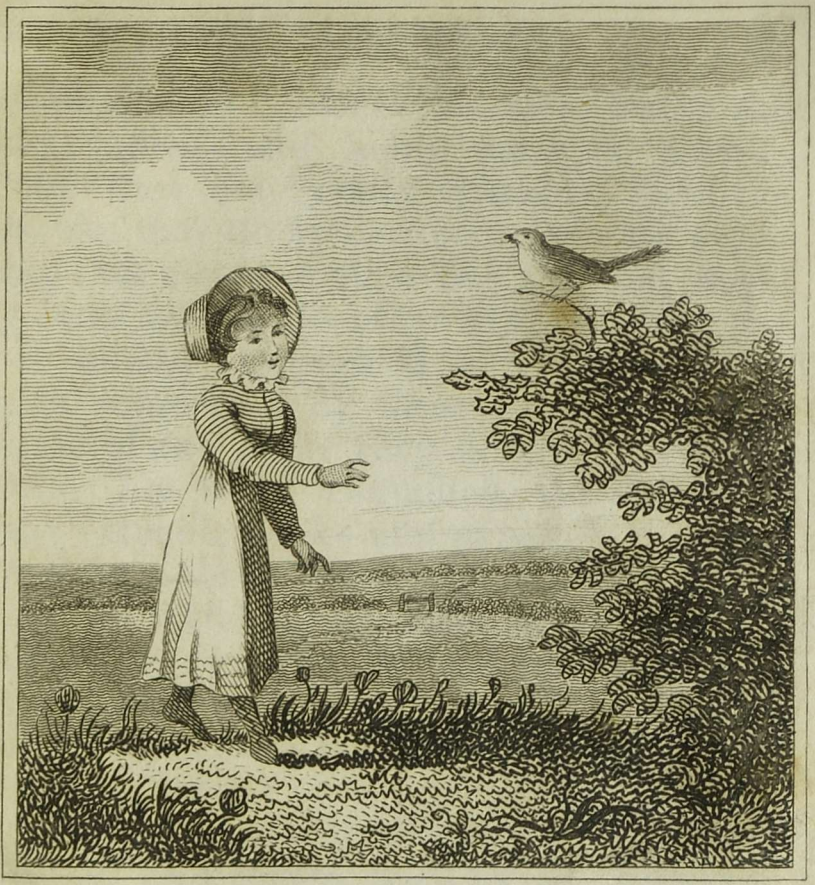
> "Cherish honour, virtue, truth,
> So shalt thou prolong thy youth:
> Wanting these, however fast
> Man be fix'd and form'd to last,
> He is lifeless even now,
> Stone at heart, and cannot grow."

"Is there any other tree in the world so useful, papa?" inquired Felix.

"The teak-tree, which grows in America, my love, is used by the inhabitants of that part of the globe, for most of the purposes to which we apply the oak; for ship-building, and many articles of furniture: it is particularly valuable to them, because it is almost the only wood that resists the attacks of the termes or white ants.

"Pray, what are they, papa?" inquired both the children.

"It is a kind of ant, my dear, which is



"Oh do pray look at that pretty Robin"
"How tame he is, I do think he will let"
"me catch him!"

not only found in South America, but in the East Indies, and many parts of Africa; where they are greatly dreaded, from the mischief they do by devouring almost every thing that comes in their way. I was reading some travels the other day, in which the poor author complained bitterly of the ravages committed by these insects: in the course of one night they destroyed all the clothes his trunk contained, together with many valuable books and papers."

"I have been often very much amused, papa, by watching the ants in our garden; they seem to help one another so nicely. Don't you suppose thy have a language, by which they can make themselves understood to each other?"

"I have no doubt they have, Felix: indeed, an experiment tried by Dr. Franklin, seems actually to have proved that they have some means, by which they can communicate to each other their thoughts."

"Will you please to tell us what this experiment was, papa?"

"He put a little earthen pot, containing some treacle, into a closet, where a number of ants were collected: they soon discovered the pot, and devoured the treacle very quietly. But on observing this, he shook them out, and tied the pot with a thin string to a nail, which he had fastened into the ceiling, so that it hung down by the string. A single ant, by chance, remained in the pot; this ant eat till it was satisfied; but when it wanted to get off, it could not, for some time, find a way out. It ran about the bottom of the pot, but in vain: at last it found, after many attempts, the way to the ceiling, by going along the string: after it got there it ran to the wall, and from thence to the ground. It had scarcely been away half an hour, when a great swarm of ants came out, got up to the ceiling, and crept along the string into the pot, where they began to eat again. This they continued till the treacle

was all eaten, one swarm running down the string, and the other up."

"That was, indeed, a plain proof they have some kind of language, papa. I have seen two or three of those little creatures pulling at one grain of corn. I believe they lay up a great deal, to serve them for food in winter; but I wonder the moisture of their cells does not make the corn grow."

"It is a very natural idea, my dear Felix: to prevent this, the ants instinctively bite off that end from which the blade is produced."

"Well, that is indeed curious," cried Julia: "do the white ants of America form hills to live in, in the same manner as our ants do?

"Yes, my love, they are often raised ten or twelve feet above the surface of the ground, and are of a cone shape. Do you know what form that is, Felix?"

"Yes, papa, it is the form of a sugar-loaf."

"Right, my dear. Their dwellings are some-

times so numerous, as to appear, at a little distance, like the villages of negroes. I have heard of some being built twenty feet high. But the account of these insects is altogether so extraordinary, that I will read you the whole when we return : it is in a book entitled, 'Philosophical Transactions.'"

"Oh, I have seen that book, papa, in your book-case; but there were so many volumes, and it was such a hard name, that I never guessed there could be any thing in them, that such little children as we could understand."

"I think you could understand the account of which I have been speaking, Julia ; at all events, you shall try upon our return, for I believe it would amuse you very much."

"Thank you, papa. Oh do, pray, look at that pretty Robin. How tame he is! I do think he will let me catch him."

So saying, she stole up, very gently, to the bush where little Bob was dressing his fea-

thers; but he was too nimble for her: he spied her approach with his little bright eyes, and hopped hastily away.

"O dear, he is gone!" exclaimed Julia, "I wish I had had a bit of salt. Do you know, papa, I have heard that if you put a bit of salt on a bird's tail, you may always catch it: do you think that is true?"

Julia's father and mother smiled at their little girl's simplicity, whilst Felix laughed aloud, and exclaimed, "Why, Julia, how can you be such a simpleton? Do you suppose that any bird would be silly enough to let you put salt on his tail. If you could get near enough for that, you might catch him, to be sure; but master Bobby is too cunning to let you do so, depend upon it."

"Well, Felix, you need not to have laughed at me, if I did make a mistake: you need not to have called me simpleton. That was not kind, that was not like you, Felix."

Felix felt that it was not kind to call his

sister simpleton, and immediately kissed her and begged her pardon. Julia's smiles were soon restored: she followed little Robin from bush to bush. "He is not so tame as that pretty fellow was, which used to come and peck the crumbs off the breakfast-table last winter," said Julia.

"May I say some little verses about the redbreast to you, papa. I learnt them with mamma, yesterday."

"I should like to hear you repeat them, my dear, if you really understand them; but nothing is so unpleasant to me as to hear children recite verses by rote, just as parrots learn to talk, without attaching any ideas to the words they use."

"But this little verse, mamma taught me herself, papa; and you know she always explains every line to me so nicely, that I cannot help understanding what she teaches me."

TO A REDBREAST.

"Little bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed;
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal.
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee:
Well rewarded, if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye;
See thee, when thou'st ate thy fill,
Plume thy breast and wipe thy bill.
Come, my feather'd friend, again!
Well thou know'st the broken pane;
Ask of me thy daily store;
Ever welcome to my door."

"Very well, Julia. Thomson has very prettily described the annual visits of your little favourite: cannot you repeat his lines, Felix?"

"Yes, papa."

"The redbreast * * * * *
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves

His shiv'ring mate, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then brisk alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet."

"Oh, it is very natural and very pretty," cried Julia: "that is just the way our little Robin came last winter. At first he was sadly frightened, and only just pecked the few crumbs we had scattered upon the window-seat; but by degrees he grew bolder and bolder, till he ventured at last upon the breakfast-table, and even perched on my finger, whilst he sung a little song to thank us. Pretty fellow, I hope he will come again next winter. But why does he come only in winter, papa?"

"Because in summer he can procure food abroad, which he likes better than your bread-crumbs, Julia. When the ground is so frozen that his little tender bill cannot pierce its

hard surface, to get at the worms and insects, which are his favourite food, he is glad to be regaled at our breakfast-table. But come, my children, it is time we turned our steps towards home. I am glad to see that the cheerful sun has driven away the clouds from my little Julia's brow."

"Ah, papa," said Julia, smiling, "we have had a most pleasant walk, and I have learnt many useful things. My disappointment, as mamma said, has not proved so severe as I expected."

"But still you do not think that this aviary, formed by Nature's hand," said her father, pointing to the tall trees of the grove, "is quite equal to the one your fancy has pictured at Mr. Glenmore's."

"I should, at least, like to see that, papa, and then I shall be a better judge."

"Very true, my dear, and I have no doubt you will soon have an opportunity: your uncle has promised you this treat, and you know he is always as good as his word."

"O yes, papa, and now we shall have the pleasure still to come: if we had gone this morning, it would have been half over by this time. I am now almost glad we have been disappointed."

Just as Julia had come to this determination, they reached the garden gate. Felix petitioned for one half hour longer, before they began the occupations of the morning. His request was willingly granted, and after spending it very happily in digging his flower-beds, whilst Julia amused herself by his side, they cheerfully began their morning lessons; and before the close of the day, had entirely forgotten their disappointment.

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