# FAMILY BIRDS

## SONG CONCERT

A NEW TALE WITHOUT AN END.

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The first Settlement.

# FAIRY BIRDS

# FROM FANCY ISLET:

OR,

## The Children in the Forest;

## A NEW TALE WITHOUT AN END.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE GIPSIES," "STORIES FROM FLY LAND, &C."

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DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,

TO THE

HONOURABLE MRS. GEORGE DAWSON DAMER.

## FAIRY BIRDS FROM FANCY ISLET.

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In a forest in America, a poor man and woman built a log hut; it was made of logs, and moss was stuffed between the logs, so it was called a log hut. The man had been a soldier, and he came from England, and his wife (who loved him dearly) followed him to America; and they found a pretty spot on the outside of the forest, and they made themselves a hut, and they lived in it with their children, and their large faithful dog Ban. They had four children: the

eldest, George, was twelve; the second, Judith, ten; the third, Alice, eight; and the youngest, James, six. Jim was the little one, so they all made him a pet, and they spoilt him; and this was a sad pity, as you will see, for it made his temper very troublesome to himself and to all around him.

George and Judith helped to make the hut. Alice and Jim could not do much, they brought indeed a little moss to stuff between the logs, but they soon became tired of bringing the moss, and off they ran to play; yet their father and mother looked at their idle little ones, and they thought them very pretty—prettier than any of the many beautiful flowers that grew around;—and their voices sweeter

than any of the singing birds that sang around.

A month after the hut was finished, the father and mother were taken ill and died, and the children were left alone: yet, little children are never left alone, for there is One above, whose eye is always upon the orphan.

About a mile from them, were other log huts, in which lived those who had loved the parents, and who sorrowed for the lone children. Mr. Ware, the Clergyman, came to them and talked kindly to them, and they went to see him. Farmer Brock and his wife were very kind to them,—"Oh, so kind!" as little Jim would say. Farmer Brock was better off than any in the huts; he had

two or three cows, and a pony and an old mule, and then he had a mill, the only mill for miles round. Mrs. Brock gave Jim a can, and she bid him come every morning and evening for milk to the farm; and when Jim brought the can, Mrs. Brock put as much milk into it as she could spare, and very often she gave him four new-laid eggs, one for each. Ban would go out by himself and catch a rabbit, or a hare, or a pheasant, or a partridge, and bring it home to the children. Then Ban was an excellent fisherman; he would go to a river three miles off, and may be more, and he would plunge in and dive after fish, and bring home all he caught to his little friends; and George and Judith would take the

fish and game to the other log huts, and the neighbours would cook it for the children, on condition that they should have some of it. No one made a hard bargain with the Orphans, for the foresters were kind and generous, and orphans do touch even the hardest hearts.

One evening, the four little Orphans left their hut, to go to the river in which Ban went a fishing for them; the river they knew at sun-set would look like running gold, for just before the sun goes away for the night, he sends forth golden light, to light up every thing;—this is the sun's good night, and a promise that he will come again to-morrow. "Come here, you must carry me Banny, please," said little Jim, "or I

shall never get to the river, no never." Ban went to the child, licked his face, and placed himself so that Jim could get upon his back. "Wo! wo! old Banny dear," said the boy, "don't move yet, for I am climbing up your big, high back; Judy, Judy, come and push me up!" "And I think you ought to have a ladder to climb up with," said Judith, pushing him up, "for indeed, you are small enough." "I am not so small," said the merry little fellow, "but just the right size, only Ban is such an overgrown beastie; push! push! push me up!"

What made the children wish to go to the river? It was to hear the Loon, that at evening uttered a long, melancholy, and very sweet cry; it was the bird of

all others, that George and Judith now the most loved to hear, for its sorry notes made them think the bird was sorrowful for that their father and mother were taken from them. They liked to hear the melancholy Muccauriss, but they cared not for the Muccauriss, as they did for the Loon, for it seemed only to care for some sorrow of its own,—and the Loon's cry seemed for *their* grief, poor children! As they went to the river, George's and Judith's tears fell like rain drops to the ground, for the thoughts of their father and mother. Alice had cried a great deal, all in one burst of infant grief when they died, but now she was merry again; and as she was merry again, she did not like to see them cry,

for their tears seemed to say to her, you should be unhappy as well as George and Judith; so as Alice could not cry, she looked once or twice at them, and then ran away, that she might not see their tears. She picked and put into her basket, all the bright green mosses and sweet flowers she could find; and she ran from one side of the path to the other, like a playful kitten, so full of play she was. Jim begged Ban to run with him after his *butterfly sister;* but Ban though young in years, was a veteran in mind, and would do no such thing, but would walk slowly for fear Jim should fall off.

They reached the beautiful river, and they sat down under a Sycamore, and

they every moment expected to hear the Loon sing its wailing song. "I wish," said Alice, "it would sing its so *sorry song*." "So do I, I am sure," said Jim, "for it is very tiresome to wait here." Numbers and numbers of birds sang around them, yes, thousands and thousands, for the forest was large. Little boys and girls in England, have no idea how many trees there are together in America,—trees that cover three or four hundred miles; think of it, just think of it! and all the trees were filled with birds that sang and with birds that did not sing. Well, as I said, thousands and thousands of birds came to sing, yet no Loon, and this made George and Judith quite sorrowful; they

sat hoping and hoping, yet still no Loon, and they had come so far, and the Loon would not sing, so they had come for nothing. At last, as Jim sat listening with all his might to hear the Loon's song, his head went nod—nod—nod, and then he fell asleep. Suddenly, from a tree near, they heard the most beautiful song they had ever heard; Jim started up from his sleep, and cried "they are come back! they are come back!" "Who are come back?" asked Alice, throwing her arms round her little pet brother. "Father and mother," said the child. "Oh, no! they will come back never again," said Judy; "they would, Jim, if they could, but they cannot;" and the tears came so fast into her

eyes, that they were obliged to run down her cheeks. "Don't say so," said Jim, "for I tell you, mother's pretty song just now awoke me, and I think father sang too. There! there is the song again! it is—it is mother's;—I am sure it is! oh no, it isn't; it is only a bird's song." "How very beautiful," said Judith, starting, as did all the children; "I never did hear a song in the least like it, it seems as if it came from every tree; what bird can it be?" "None of our forest birds," said George; "I thought I should never like any bird's song so well as the Loon's, but this, Judy, is the song of a bird from another land." "I am sure it does come from the land where father and mother are gone," said Jim. "Per-

haps," said Alice, "mother has begged that her voice may come back to us, as she may not." "Do not talk so, Jim and Alice dear," said Judith, "for you make us so unhappy."

The bird continued singing, and the children looked in every tree, but they could not see it; at last they went under a Maple, and in its branches they saw the most beautiful bird they had ever seen in their lives. Jim begged George to get up into the tree, to catch it for him. "I would not catch it for you for the world," said George; "where is the cage large enough for so magnificent a bird?" "Where, indeed!" said the bird, "for I am the FAIRY BIRD FROM FANCY ISLET;" and the exquisite creature spread

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its golden wings to their full extent, and its many-coloured tail, almost too dazzling to look upon. The children started; What a sweet voice! said they. "I have heard," said Jim, "a parrot speak, and a magpie chatter; and our Mocking-bird say many droll things, and bark like a dog,—and mew like a cat,—but I never heard a bird talk just like one of us,—no, never!" "Did you never?" said the bird. "Say that again," said Jim. "Did you never?" "Just, just once more," said Alice; the bird again repeated it. "Ah! ah! ah! how clever you are!" said Jim. "Do you think so?" said the bird. "Are you a Mocking-bird?" asked Alice. "No," said the bird, "I have told you

that I am the Fairy Bird." "If you had not told me so," said Jim, "I should have known that you were not, for you are so much more beautiful than our dear Mocking-bird, that sits in the evening by our hut, and laughs and calls out to us; but I shall never love you half so well, though you are so beautiful." "Do not be so rude," said Alice; "for if you are, you will drive the bird away." "No, he will not, little girl," said the bird; "I love him all the better for saying so, for it shows that he is a grateful little boy, and does not forget his old friends for new ones." With these words, the bird opened his wings and began again to sing. "How brightly it sings now!" said

Judith. The bird stopped,—and said, "Shall I tell you why I sing so brightly?" "Yes, pray do, please, beautiful bird," said Alice. "I sing so brightly, as you call it, and make the forest ring again with"—"Ah, there you are right," said Jim, nodding his little curly head at the bird; "you do make the forest ring again,—you do indeed make a great noise." The bird laughed, and said, "I see, Jim, you are a funny thing of a boy; but I must tell you why I sing so with all my heart." "Why?" asked Alice. "Because I love to see your *gratitude* to an old friend." "What is *gratitude?*" asked Alice. "It is," said the bird, "that *warm* feeling which is in your heart for the Mocking-

bird, and this *warm* feeling is made by the thoughts of how often the poor Mocking-bird has done all he could to please you." "That dear, dear Mocking bird," said Jim; "Do let us go back to our log hut, for perhaps it is sitting in its old place by our window, and saying all the words it knows, and barking like a dog, and mewing like a cat, all to bring my head out of the window." "Yes," said George, "let us return home, for the sun will soon be quite gone, long before we reach home." "Then put me on Ban's back again," said Jim, "for I long to get home to my Mocking-bird." "My little children," said the bird, "you must not think of returning to-night; for without knowing

it, you have walked very far, and your little brother will give in by the way." "But I will return," said Jim; "for what will my poor Mocking-bird do?" "Oh, he'll do very well without you," said the bird. "Nasty thing that you are, to say so," said Jim; "I should like to throw a stone at you;—he will not do well without me,—he cannot do without me, better than I can without him,—he is very fond of me, and I am very fond of him;" and Jim began to sigh and to cry with all his heart, to think, that the bird he was so fond of, could forget him. "I am very sorry to have hurt your feelings, but you were rather rude to call me a nasty thing, and to wish to throw a stone at me."

"So you are a nasty thing, and I should like to throw a stone at you," said Jim, brushing his eyes with the back of his hand very busily. "Well, do not cry any more, and I will fly as fast as I can to your hut, and speak to the Mocking-bird, and tell it not to be unhappy at not seeing you, for that you are very happy yourself." "Will you?" said Jim; "then I won't be rude to you ever again." "Not till the next time," said the bird, opening its wings to fly away on its errand, "but I know, Jim, you will often and often be very rude to me, if I stay long with you, for you are often a very naughty boy." "Well then," said Jim, "I'll try not to be very rude to you." "Do, little

boy," said the bird, "try to be good, and you will be much happier." "I will; but tell me what you are going to say to the Mocking-bird." "I am going to say, that you are quite well and happy, and that you hope the Mocking-bird will be able to be also happy." "No, don't say that," said Jim; "he will think I do not care for him." "What shall I say then?" said the bird. "Tell him,—tell dear Mocking-bird how very unhappy I was, when you said he could do without me,—but—don't say how rude I was to you." "Why not?" "Because perhaps the Mocking-bird knows where father and mother are, and perhaps he may go to them and tell them, and it would make them

very unhappy." "Dear Jim, for their sakes who were so kind to you when they were with you, and who took such tender care of you, be a good boy," said the Fairy bird. "So I will indeed try to be," said Jim, tears of real sorrow running down his little cheeks, which Judith kissed off.—"I am very sorry, Judy, I am sure, and I wish I had never said so." "I quite forgive you," said the bird, flying away; "and don't cry any more, for I cannot bear to see young things cry." "It is a kind bird," said Jim. "And a glorious bird," said George, "to look at; see with what majesty it flies!" "The Eagle would look small by it," said Alice. "I will try with all my might to be

a good boy," said Jim;—"yes, with all my might."

Very soon, the Fairy bird returned, and perched upon the Maple;* and when he had closed his wings, he said—"Well, Jim, I have seen your Mocking-bird." "Is he not a dear bird?" said the little fellow, eagerly. "I think him a very nice bird, and we are to be great friends, and to like one another very much." "I do not know," said Jim, "if the Mocking-bird will like you, but I am sure you must like him;" then, fearful that he had been rude again to the kind bird, he said, "but I dare say he will, and I will speak a good word for you." "Thank you,

* The Maple grows to a large size in America.

Jim," said the bird, laughing; "that will be very good of you." "Where was it when you first saw it?" asked Jim. "Peeping in at your window." "Did it say it was looking for me?" "Yes," said the Fairy bird; "I flew to it, and asked it who it was looking for? 'A little curly headed boy whom I love dearly.'" "Dear, nice dear Mocking-bird," said Jim, almost crying. "Do not cry," said the bird; "for all I have to tell you is very pleasant." "Oh, then I will not cry," said Jim, trying to laugh; "but to be sure, to think of the dear bird looking in at my window." "'I think I can tell you of this little curly headed fellow,' I said. 'Do you think you

can? if you can, and if you will, I will give you the tenderest worm you ever had in your life; for I do love the little boy very much, to be sure.'"
"Dear Mocking-bird," murmured Jim, "I hope I shall not cry,—I hope Fairy bird won't come to anything sadder."
The Fairy bird went on.—"'I don't wish to be paid,' I said, 'for telling you of your little pet, but I could not touch a worm if you were to give it to me.' 'Not touch a worm!' said the Mocking-bird; 'then what do you eat?' 'Come and dine with me, and I will shew you what I eat.' 'Eat!' said the Mocking-bird; 'I cannot think what you do eat, if you do not eat worms.' 'Well then, I will tell you,—Golden

flies!' 'Only to be found, I suppose,' said the Mocking-bird, 'in other lands.' 'No,' said I; 'they are to be found on earth;—in a lake not far from here, the flies are to be found.' 'I have never seen the lake,' said the Mocking-bird. 'It is only known,' I said, 'to the King and Queen of Fairy land, and their followers.' 'You do not mean to say that you have not yet dined,' said the Mocking-bird. 'No I have not; so come and dine with me, and you shall see your little Jim.' 'Thank you,' said the Mocking-bird, 'for your kind invitation, but I am sorry to say I cannot dine with you this evening; but some day or other I shall take you by surprise, and dine with you;

but why am I talking so well?—I talk as if I had seen the Fairy bird.' 'You *have seen* the Fairy bird, and see the Fairy bird, and talk to the Fairy bird.' 'Are you then the Fairy bird?' said the Mocking-bird, respectfully. 'I am.' 'I might have thought so, when you talked of the Golden flies, and of their only being found in Fairy Islet.'" "Can all speak who look upon you, or speak to you?" said Jim. "Yes," said the bird; "all can speak as well as you or any child." "Go on about Mocking-bird," said Jim; "tell me everything he said to you." The bird went on.—"'May I ask you,' said the Mocking-bird, 'to dine at half-past four, some day.' 'I am sorry to say I

cannot,' I said; 'for the Golden fly does not play on the waters till half-past six, and sometimes later.' 'When shall you see the dear children?' asked the Mocking-bird." "Don't say *the* Mocking-bird," said Jim; "but Mocking-bird; for somehow or other it does not sound so fond." "Well then, I will say Mocking-bird. 'I am going,' said I, 'to fly back to the little things directly.' 'Give my kind love to them, and kiss them with your beak for me, and tell Jimmy, that he will some day or other see me when he least expects it.'" "Some day or other," said Jimmy; "why I don't intend to stay here beyond to-morrow,—no indeed!" and Jimmy was going to put himself into

what Alice called a *temper-fuss*, when the bird said,—"and Jimmy, Mocking-bird said, 'beg him to be a very good boy.'" "Will you kiss me with your beak?" asked Alice. "That I will," said the bird; and he flew down to the children, who threw their arms round him, and fondled him as they would have fondled a dove. Ban was not altogether pleased at this notice given to the Fairy bird; he went to Jim, and rubbed his nose in his hand, and lifted up his paw again and again against the little boy's frock, and seemed to say,—for he could not speak,—"have you no word for me, not one word of love?" "Play with your old and tried friend," said the bird; "caress

him, for he deserves your love." "Teach him to speak," said Jim; "teach him what to say." "I cannot," said the bird. "Cannot!" said Jim; "why cannot you?" "It is hid from us to know," said the Fairy bird. "Find out why you cannot make a dog speak, and then tell me." "No," said the bird, "I do not know, and am never to know why the dog may not speak; and I shall not try to find out, for I am sure it is better that I should not know." "You are terribly good," sighed poor Jim; "if I could find out, I would." "You are a little curious fellow, Jim; be sure it is better far, not to be anxious to know what is hid from us." "Who hides it from you?" asked

Jim. "That I may never tell you." "I am sure," said Jim, "I shall not ask you again, for you are as *obstant* as can be." "Obstant!" said Alice; "what do you mean by that?" "To be determined to do what you are determined to do." "He means obstinate," said Judith, laughing. "I like obstant better; it is a shorter and a prettier word"—"Than what?" asked Judith. "Than the word you have just said," said Jim. "He cannot pronounce the word yet," said George, laughing. Jim laughed,—so did they all;—they could not help it.

The children stroked and patted Ban, and Jim clung round his neck and kissed him, and Ban was perfectly

satisfied, and wagged his tail, and looked up to the tree where the Fairy bird was, and seemed to say, "I am quite happy, bird, for I see they love me as much as ever."

"I wish something," said Alice, "and *this* something I wish very much indeed." "What is it that you wish?" said Jim; "I dare say it is the very thing that I wish." "Why, I wish," said Alice, "that I were at home, eating my supper." "I am so tired," said Jimmy, beginning to cry bitterly; "and so hungry too, that I am sure I shall never be able to get home;—why did you bring me so far?" "We came to hear the Loon, Jimmy," said Alice, kissing him. The bird sang a pretty

light song. "Why are you singing so gaily, while I am tired? you are a very naughty bird," said the little boy, stopping his crying and turning angrily to the bird. "You are not the only one in the world," said the bird, laughing; "and I sing this pretty light song to your sister, because she is so kind to you." "So kind to me!" repeated the boy. "Yes: many when they saw that a little boy only thought of himself, and cried because *he* was tired, would not be so kind." "Pray, bird, when am I to cry, if I am not to cry for myself?" "Never, if you can help it." "Never if I can help it! tell me, did you ever know a little boy that never cried?" "No, never," said the bird; "boys are all

crying things." "Hold your tongue," said Jim, "and don't talk so disrespectfully of boys." "Then you do not like crying boys?" "I sha'n't tell you if I do or not," said Jim. "If you did like them, Jimmy, you would not say I talked disrespectfully of boys, when I said they were all crying things." Jimmy could not help smiling. "Shall I tell you when you may cry?" "Yes," said Jim. "When others suffer,—when Judith, George, or Alice, suffer,—then you may cry." "A very good story, indeed," said Jim; "I am to cry for others, and never for myself!!" "Yes," said the bird; "don't you like that?" "*Like that!*" said Jim; "then to be sure I do not *like that;* pray how can

I *like that?* how can I?" "Shall I tell you," said the bird, "who you should think of the least in the world?" "Of you, I suppose," answered Jim; "I don't think much of you." "Well," said the bird, laughing, "do not think of me *at all;*—still there is another who you should not think of." "Who?" "Yourself." "Not think of myself!" said Jim; "and if I do not think of myself, who will?" "Everybody will; but nobody will think of you, or care about you, if you be selfish." "Selfish!" said Jim; "what is it to be selfish?" Now when Jim felt that he was getting the worst of an argument, he always asked the meaning of some word. "Selfish," said the

Fairy bird, "is to think of *yourself*, and to think of nobody else." "Am I *never* to think of myself?" asked Jim. "Never, if you can help it." "As to that," said Jim; "I should think one might always help thinking of one's-self." "I fancy," said the bird, "it would be some trouble to you not to think of yourself." "After all," said Alice, "he is not so selfish,—poor Jimmy." "I will think of myself," said Jimmy, slowly and resolutely. "Then you *will be selfish*," said the bird. "If I am tired, what am I to do if I may not cry?" "Does it make you less tired to cry?" "No," said Jim. "Does it make your brother or sisters less tired to hear you cry?"

"I don't think of that; and I don't care if it do or no." "He does not mean all he says," said Judith. "Why do you put in, for nobody asked you to speak?" said Jim. "Any one who heard you," said the bird, "would think you a very disagreeable little boy." "I don't care for that," said Jim. "Shall I tell you," said the bird, "of a little boy I once knew?" "Any little boy who lived near here?" asked Jim. "No," said the bird. "A make-believe boy of your own making, perhaps?" said Jim. "No," said the bird, laughing; "of a real boy, who lived some way off, to the east of Fairy Islet." "Tell the story," said Jim; "but don't let it be of a good alive

boy." "Why not?" asked the bird. "Because it will be like me, if it be a naughty boy." "Ha! ha! ha!" said Alice; "then you own that you are naughty, do you?" "Yes," said Jim; "and I hope the story will be of a naughty boy." "No," said the bird; "it is of a good boy, who was not at all selfish." "Tell us the story," said Jim; "but let us first guess the name of the boy." "Guess away," said the bird. "Francis?" said Jim. "No." "George?" said Alice. "No." "Jim?" said George, smiling. "Oh no," said the bird; "I do not know a good boy of that name *just now*." "*Just now!*" said Jim; "then you did once?" "Yes," said the bird;

"once I knew a good boy of that name." "How long ago?" asked Jim, getting back into good humour. Oh what a pity it was, that this little boy was so spoilt! How selfish and cruel it is to spoil a child! See how ill-tempered and selfish it made Jim!—But to go on with my story,—"Let me see," said the bird; "about a quarter of an hour ago." "The bird means me," whispered Jim to Alice. "He certainly does," said Alice. "Had he curly hair?" asked Jim. "Yes." "What coloured eyes?" asked Alice. "Blue: as blue as the bluest bit of sky ever seen," said the bird. "Did he not ride upon a fine noble dog?" asked Alice. "Yes." "Have you ever

seen a dog like it?" asked Jim. "Yes, exactly like it." "Is Ban like it?" asked Alice, merrily. "Yes, very, very, very like it." "I know who was your little boy, and who was *once* good," said Jim. "Who?" asked the bird. "Why I myself." "Just so," said the bird; "about a quarter of an hour ago, you were as good as you could be." "And I will be good again; and I had rather now hear the story of a *good boy* than of a *naughty boy*."—"That is right, little Jimmy, and now I will sing you a merry song, for it is so pleasant to be all good-tempered again." The bird's song would have been most beautiful, but Jimmy spoilt it by singing and screaming "I am

good again, that is the reason the bird is singing:" then he quavered and shook, and shook and quavered, and made a most horrible noise, but George, Judith, and Alice laughed very heartily, and they were very merry, so it did not signify, did it? "Now I have sung enough," said the bird. "So I am sure you have, Jim," said Alice; "so stop singing." "No, Alley, I am not at all tired, I could go on for ever: go on, bird, let us have another dewee." "A duet, he means," said George, laughing. "Two people singing together, I mean," said Jim. "And that is a duet," said Judith; "Jimmy, Jimmy, how you do change words!" "I always make them prettier, that is

a comfort;" and again Jim opened his mouth, to give another roar. "Stop now," said the bird; "and I will tell you the story." "We have not guessed the name of the good little boy," said Alice; "we must do that before you tell us the story." "Let me try and guess first," said Jim; "may I, please?" and he put up his little sweet face, to know if he might,—if they would let him. "That you may," said George; "since you ask so nicely: may he not, Judy and Alley?" "That he may," said both his sisters. Jim looked quite pleased at being thought a good boy, and said, "is the name Alice?" "Alice!" said Judith, laughing; "that is a girl's name." "That

is what I call," said Jim, "joy in the wrong place,—joy at poor me's mistake." "*Ill-timed mirth,*" said the bird, smiling, "so it is, Jimmy." The children laughed at quaint little Jim looking so grave all the time. "Let me have one more guess," said Jim; "only one more;—Frederick?" "No," said the bird. "Thomas?" said Judith. "No." "Do tell us," said Jim. "Shall I?" said the bird; "do you all say I shall?" "Yes, do," said George. "Do, do, do," said all the children. "Philip." "Philip!" repeated the children. "Yes, Philip: and Philip knows a little girl, that is a very good girl, and lively as a singing bird." "Let me guess her name," said Alice, "Be-

gin then," said the bird. "Charlotte?" asked George. "No," said the bird. "Mary?" asked Judith. "No." "Emma?" said Jim. "No." "Is it Fanny, then?" asked Jim. "You have guessed right." "Hurra! hurra!" cried all the children; "hurra! hurra! Jim has guessed the name." "I have another little girl's name for you to guess," said the bird. "Fanny had a good, dear little sister, who she loved far, far better than Philip." "What did she do that for?" asked Jim. "For this reason," said the bird; "Philip was not her brother, and the little girl was her sister. This little sister had played in the same garden with her, and she had slept in the same bed with her, and

they had sat round the same table, eating their breakfast and supper, laughing and talking together, as they ate their bread and milk,—putting their little arms round their warm basins." "As we do sometimes together, Alley," said Jim. "These two sisters," said the bird, "had two brothers, who they loved very much." "Do tell me their brothers' names," said Jim. "Freddy and Louis." "Did they love their brothers very much?" asked Alice. "Very much indeed," said the bird. "Were they as little as Fanny and her sister?" asked Alice. "No, they were much older; they were great school-boys, but Freddy and Louis were very kind to them, so they were very

fond of them." "I should like," said Jim, "to be able to guess the name of Fanny's sister." "I do not think you can," said the bird; "for it is such a very odd name." "I can but try," said Jim. "That's right," said the Fairy bird; never say you cannot do a thing till you have tried." "Geordy," said Judith, "you are the eldest, so do guess." "Bessy?" said George. "No," said the bird. "Julia?" said Judith. "No." "Maria?" said Alice. "No: you had better let me tell you." "I should very much like to guess," said Jim. "I do not think you ever can," said the bird. "Why do you think we never can?" asked Jim. "Because," said the bird, "it is such

an uncommon name." "Tell us then, please," said George. "Shall I? what say you all?" "Yes, yes, yes,"—said George, Judith, Alice, and Jim. "Minna," said the bird. "What a droll name," said George; "we should never have guessed it." "Never, never,—and now tell us the story of the good boy." "One day, a little boy of the name of Charles was walking with his mother to market, when he felt so sadly tired, that he could scarcely walk, and he was full a mile from the town. 'I could cry,' said the little boy to himself; (and I would have cried, thought Jim to himself); 'for I am so tired; but I will not, for it will make my mother unhappy, so I

will sing instead, for crying will do me no good, and singing may do her some good, — for she loves to hear me sing.—"I am merry, so merry, for I hear the birds sing,"'— sang poor tired Charles. 'Charley boy, I am glad to see you are not tired.' Mother, thought Charles, then I am glad you do not know how tired I am. 'I am glad,' he said aloud, 'that you are glad, and I wish I could take away all your tired feelings.' 'The birds will put their heads under their wings to hear your pretty song,' said his mother.'" "Why were the birds to put their heads under their wings?" asked Jim; "I should think if they were asleep, and had their heads

tucked tight under their wings, they would take up their heads and look about them, to hear such a pretty song as—'I am merry, so merry, for I hear the birds sing.'"—"Ah, but the mother," said the Fairy bird, "thought the birds would put their heads under their wings for envy, to hear such a pretty song from a little boy's throat." "What is envy?" asked Alice. "*Sorrow* that another should do well." "Envy, then," said Jim, "is a very ugly thing to feel in the heart." "It is," said the bird; "and if allowed to remain in the heart of a child or bird, it grows bigger and bigger, till it crushes and pinches to death every other good feeling." "Envy,

is then, to the heart," said George, "what the little black caterpillar is to the rose-bud,—it eats and eats away all its beauty, and at last only its fat, ugly self is left to be seen." "It is so," said the Fairy bird; "and no heart that will not get rid of this black caterpillar, *envy*, can be a wise, good heart." "Ye pretty birds," said Jim, looking up to the trees, "get rid as soon as you can of envy; let it not remain in your bright-feathered bodies, there to eat away all your beautiful feelings, as beautiful as your painted feathers." "We will, Jimmy boy," sang the birds around; "we will try, and do you do the same." "That I will," said Jim, much amused at the birds thus

answering him,—"How well they do speak, to be sure; now Fairy bird, tell me,—will they be able to speak as well when you are gone away?" "They will for a fortnight after I am gone,—and then they will lose the power." "Poor things!" said Jim; "what a pity to give them the power to be able to speak and think, only to take it all away again." "It must indeed make them very unhappy, I should think," said Alice. "No," said the Fairy bird, "their joy whilst the power lasts is ten thousand times ten thousand, increased, and when it leaves them, which it does while their heads are under their wings, the little feathered things forget that they had ever

spoken or thought." "Can they be quite as happy again?" said Judith. "Yes, quite; and they sing their songs as carelessly and as blithely as ever." "Can animals do the same?" asked George. "Yes," said the Fairy bird; "all animals and birds can talk and think when I am among them,—all but the dog." "Will any bird from Fairy Land do?" asked Jim. "No," said the Fairy bird, smiling; "only when I am among them,—I, the KING OF FAIRY LAND." "Then you are a great *I*, I fancy," said Jim. "I am," said the Fairy bird, laughing. "Now," said Jim; "when you have done laughing at me, you must go on with your story;—did the litttle boy sing

till he got to the town?" "No, not all the way," said the Fairy bird; "but when he did not sing, he talked happily and cheerfully to his mother, which helped her on her way." "Did they have anything when they reached the town?" asked Alice. "Yes, a kind woman, who knew them, stood at her door, and said,—'Come in and sit down, for you look tired, and your little boy looks as if he could not go another step.' 'He is a good boy,' said his mother; 'for he has been singing to me the whole way, to keep up my spirits.'" "Did they go in?" asked Judith. "Yes, they went in, and sat down by a nice fire, and they had tea, and toast, and butter." "How

comfortable that sounds!" said Jim; "I wish we had some of it here." "Tea, and toast, and butter are so good," said Alice. "Yes," said Jim; but fresh butter must be upon the toast, not salt,—salt quite spoils it;" and Jim shuddered at the thoughts of the salt butter. The bird smiled. "I am glad," said Jim, "they had such nice things; for Charles was certainly a good boy, and I wish I were as good as he." "Try and be so," said George. "I will," said Jim; "I will try and be as good as I can: dear bird, give me some supper,—some tea,—and nice toast and butter." "Fresh butter," said George. "Yes, fresh," said Jim: do,

dear bird, give me some; do, please." "Only *you?*" "No," said Jim, "give us *all* some,—George, Judith, Alice, all, all," and Jim smiled, and turned away his face. "Are you very tired, my poor little boy?" asked the Fairy bird. Jim's eyes filled with tears at the bird's kind tones, and he said,—"so tired,—so hungry,—so sleepy."—The bird, seeing how nearly Jim was crying, said, "tell me why you smiled just now." "Because," said Jim, "you are so clever, as clever as I am." The bird laughed, and so did his brother and sisters; and the little boy stamped his foot at them, and bid them not be so rude. "Why," said Judith, "the bird may be as clever as you, and

not so clever either." "No," said the little boy, gravely and slowly, "I may not be clever *for a little boy*, but I certainly am *for a bird.*" "A very good answer, Jimmy," said the bird, laughing, and flapping its wings. "A very good answer," said his brother and sisters, clapping their hands. "A very good answer indeed, I think," said Jim, laughing, and dancing, and clapping his hands. "Jimmy, you are a funny little boy," said Judith, kneeling down, and looking at him with the intense love that a young sister looks at a brother. Beautiful is the early, best affection,—the nursery love of brothers and sisters for each other. Jim threw his arms round his sister's neck,

and kissed her; and said,—"Judy, sister, we will go mushrooming to-morrow." "Yes, Jimmy, we will; blue-eyed Jimmy." The Fairy bird sang a more beautiful and gay song than he ever before had sung to them; and even little Jimmy knew why he sang so gaily;—*because they all so loved each other:*—nothing so pleased the Fairy bird, as the love of brothers and sisters for each other. "Oh, how hungry I am!" said the little boy; "and how tired!" "So are we all," said the children. "Well, sit down, my little ones," said the Fairy bird; "and I will bring you something." The children sat down; and the little boy laid down with fatigue on the

ground, and put his head in Alice's lap, and if he had not been so hungry, he would have fallen fast asleep. "I hope he won't bring us worms," whispered Alice to Judith. "I hear what you are saying," said Jim; "and I hope he will not bring us Golden flies, which are not so bad as worms, but bad enough." "Do not say anything about the bird," said Judith; "for it is such a wonderful creature, that it will hear everything we say, even in a whisper." "Oh no," said Alice; then we had better not say a word; but if he bring me a fat worm, I cannot eat it;—I'll give it to Jim." "I'll not eat it," said the tired boy, pettishly; "you may eat it yourself." "What

may she eat, Jim?" said the bird. "A fat worm," said Jim. "Oh, dear bird, I indeed meant nothing," said Alice, colouring. "Do not fear, Alice and Jim," said the bird; "you shall have no worms:—and away I fly." And off flew the bird.

## CHAPTER II.

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The children sat down to think where the Fairy bird would find a supper for them. "I know," said Jim, "where he will *not* find a supper, and I think he is gone there to look for one." "Where?" asked George. "In our hut," said Jim. "There was half a rabbit there," said Judith; "and I think more than that." "He will not find it," said Jim, "clever as he is." "Why not?" asked George; "why should not the Fairy bird find

it? we left the door open, you know." "Because I hid it, that Ban might have it, for he is so fond of rabbit; and he has, dear dog, been out all day fishing for us, though he has caught nothing." That was not my fault,—Ban seemed to say,—as he jumped up against Jim, and snuggled his rough face in the boy's frock. "No, my old Banny, it was not your fault, I know that." "Did you hide it for Ban?" asked George. "Yes I did; was I wrong, Geordy?" "No, you are a good little fellow, for thinking of our best friend." "Ban, you are our best friend," said Jim, throwing himself upon the dog; "and you have the most beautiful long tail, and your ears

are like silk. Banny, Banny, and indeed then you are a dear dog, and they are none of them angry with me for having saved you the rabbit; do you know that, Banny?" "*You* do not know that," said Alice; "*I* have not spoken; *I* may be angry." "I do not care, not I, if you are, for you are as little as I am," said Jim, throwing himself upon her. "I wonder what the bird will bring us," said Alice, knowing that the thoughts of his supper would make him sit up directly;—and so it did, for Jim in an instant sat up, and putting his hands into his lap, he said,—"I know what the bird will bring you." "What, Jim?" said Alice, pretending to look very

grave. "Why," said Jim, trying to look as grave, but grinning, for he could not help it, "a large Caterpillar with hairy legs! you will like that, Miss Alice, will you not?" "I know," said Alice, "what the bird will bring you." "What?" asked Jim. "A large black Slug! you will like that, Master Jim, will you not?" "I know what the bird will bring you, Alice." "What?" "A Field-Mouse without a tail! you will like that, Miss Alice, will you not?" "If I were to eat a Field-Mouse," said Alice, "I should like it as well without a tail as with one. I know, Master Jim, what the bird will bring you." "What?" said Jim. "Some roasted Gnats, with

boiled Fleas! you will like that, Master Jim, will you not?" "Capital! capital!" cried Jim; "what a dainty dish! King Jimmy will give you some of it!" "I am very much obliged to king Jimmy," said Alice; "but there will not be too much for him." "How can you be so foolish? what nonsense you are talking, Alley and Jimmy," said George. "Do not disturb them," said Judith. "I know what the bird will bring you, Miss Alice," said Jim. "What?" said Alice, bursting with laughter. "Earwigs stewed in Ants' Eggs!" said Jim; "you will like that, Miss Alice." "I know what the bird will bring you, Master Jim." "Well?" "Wasps' Heads, and

Beetles' Eyes!" said Alice; "you will like that, Master Jim." "King Jimmy, if you please." "King Jimmy! why do you call yourself King Jimmy?" "Am I not King when I put myself into a passion, and do you not give me everything I want, to get me out of the passion, and then am I not King?" "Yes, and then you are "King Horrible," said Alice; "for you are horribly disagreeable, when you are in a passion." The merry little boy and girl were talking all this nonsense, when a cloud seemed to come over them, and looking up, they saw the Fairy bird with four other birds; and each bird had a basket. The bird that flew next to

the Fairy bird was an ugly grey bird,—dirty-looking,—with no feathers on its head,—and no tail.—I do hope, thought Jim, that very ugly bird will not come to me with its basket; I will have the basket of the beautiful bird, with its purple body and golden wings.

The grey bird came down with its basket, and placing the basket before Jim, said, "Little boy, will you have my basket?" "No, thank you," said Jim; "I will have that beautiful purple bird's basket." The grey bird took up the basket again, and flew to George, and said, "will you have my basket?" "No, thank you," said George; "I will have the basket of the blue bird

with the silver wings." The grey bird took up its basket, and went to Alice. "Will you have my basket?" "No," said Alice, "I will have the basket of the pink bird with dove-coloured wings." The grey bird took up the basket and went to Judith. I wonder, thought the kind little girl, that they have all refused the poor grey bird's basket because it is ugly; I will have it: and she took up the basket, and smiling in kindness of heart upon the tail-less bird, she said very sweetly, "thank you, grey bird, thank you, I am sure very much." There is no smile so sweet as the *kind heart smile!* The grey bird bowed,—and flew to the tree, and perched by the Fairy bird.

The Fairy bird spoke to the grey bird and the grey bird seemed to be talking of Judith, for the Fairy bird looked at her and smiled. "Judith," said the Fairy bird, "do not open the basket till all have their baskets."

"Little boy," said the purple bird with the golden wings, flying down to Jim; "will you have my basket?" "That I will, please," said Jim, holding out both his hands. The purple bird placed his basket before the little boy, and then flew off to the tree, and perched at a small distance from the grey bird. "Jim," said the Fairy bird, "don't open the basket till all have their baskets." "George," said the blue bird with silver wings, flying

down to him; "will you have my basket?" "If you please," said George. The bird placed the basket before George, and flew back to the tree, and perched by the purple bird. "Do not open your basket till Alice has her's," said the Fairy bird. "Will you have my basket?" said the pink bird with dove-coloured wings to Alice. "Thank you," answered the little girl; "and may I stroke your soft, pink back, that looks finer than the butterfly's." "Yes," said the pink bird, "and welcome." Alice stroked the bird's pink back, and she thought she had never felt anything quite so soft. "Come along from your tree, purple bird," said Jim, "that I may stroke

your back." "I shall do no such thing," said the purple bird, laughing. "Very rude," said Jim, quietly. The pink bird flew back to the tree, and perched by the blue bird. "Do not open your basket," said the Fairy bird, "till Ban has his basket." "His basket!" said Jim; "where is dear Ban's basket?" "Poor Ban, I fear, must be satisfied with something from each of our baskets," said George. I wish I might open my basket, thought Jim, for I am so hungry. I don't smell any pudding, he said, putting his nose down to the basket. "I wish I might open it, that I do; but it would be very wrong," he said aloud, "so I will not; and I will shut my eyes, for fear

"where does your master live?" "In an Islet, far, far away." "Are there any more birds besides yourselves?" "Oh yes, birds of all sorts, and some of them as small as the humble bee." "Do they sing pretty songs? the song must be very sweet and low, of a bird so small," said Jim. "Their song," said the purple bird, "is nothing but a hum like the hum of a bee; they dart about flowers, and hide in the cups of flowers, like bees." "The beautiful little things!" said Jim; "I wish you had brought some with you. Put your head near mine, bird, I want to whisper something." "Well," said the purple bird; "what is it?" "Is the Fairy bird married?" "Yes."

"I suppose to something very beautiful, for he is a glorious fellow himself: how he would bite and peck in a cage!" "No cage would keep him," said the purple bird. "No, no, I suppose not: what is his wife like,—like you?" "Oh no, she is far more beautiful than any of us; her body is like the most lovely emerald,—her wings like the most beautiful diamonds, and her feet like the whitest pearls." "How I should like to see her," said the boy; "has she any eggs?" "A nest full." "What is their colour?" "The purest white." "I wish, the next time you see her, you would ask her for one of her eggs for me, for I dare say they are very good to eat."

"Dear me!" said the bird; "do you really think she would part with one of her eggs?" "Oh no, so you had better not ask her," said Jim; for if she be like her husband, she is a great lady." The purple bird smiled and said, "Kings and Queens in every country are great." "Does the grey bird live in your Islet?" "Yes," said the purple bird. "Then you have some uncommonly ugly birds among you; I never did see such a frightful creature; it makes me uncomfortable to look at it." The purple bird laughed. "Purple bird," cried his king, "return to your tree." "There, go along," said Jim, "for I am sure you must not stay, as your master calls, for I take it he

will be obeyed." "Farewell," said the purple bird. "If I had wings," said Jim, "I would fly away from every master, and be my own master, and sit on a tree, and sing a song of liberty all day long." "Believe me Jim," said the purple bird, "*There is no tyrant so great, so cruel, as one's own self;* my master is a good master, and I am very happy to serve him." "Fairy bird, Fairy bird," called out Jim, "may purple bird stay with me one minute longer?" "Why?" "Because he is talking so sensibly, and I think he will not live long." "He may stay with you two minutes longer; but why should he not live long?" "Because he is too clever to live;—Mrs.

Brock says I am too clever to live; and I am sure purple bird is more clever for a bird, than I am for a boy, for he is talking so sensibly; so I think his sense will crack him to death." They all laughed at comical Jim. "Laugh, laugh," said Jim; "purple bird, let us go on, and never heed their laughter. What is *myself?*" "You," said the purple bird, "with your *heart*, your *thoughts*, your *temper*, and your *doings*." "*Myself*," said Jim, merrily, "shall be *I* and *Me*, *Me* and *I*." "Let it be so," said the purple bird. "What is the meaning of *tyrant?*" asked Jim. "One who has power over another, and who is cruel, and unkind, and uses this power amiss." "Well, so I

thought," said Jim; "then how could you say that there is no *tyrant* so great, so cruel, as one's own self? I am quite sure that *Me* is very fond of *I*, and *I* of *Me*; and they would not be unkind to one another for the world, they are so very fond of each other." "I know they are; yet I say again," said the purple bird, "that nobody is so unkind, and cruel, and powerful a *tyrant*, as you are to yourself,—though *Me* is so kind to *I*, and *I* to *Me*." "Now, do not say so," said Jim, "for really *Me* does so love *I*." "So you do, yet you are unkind to yourself: the very love that *Me* has to *I*, shows that you are an unkind tyrant to yourself; it makes you *selfish*." "Hush, hush,"

said Jim; "do not say anything about *selfish*; for if your master hear the word he will begin all over again upon it, and I have heard so much of it already." "We will not," said the bird; "let us talk of *temper; your temper* is a part of yourself, is it not?" "Yes," said Jim. "Yet," said the purple bird, "what power it has over you, and how unkind it is to you." "I am never in a passion with myself," said Jim; "only with others." "No, I daresay you are not," said the purple bird; "but are you not really uncomfortable and sad after having been in a passion?" "Yes I am." "What made you put yourself into a passion?" "My temper put out," said Jim; "I suppose my

bad temper." "Had you any power over this temper?" "No," said Jim; "for a time I had not, till it was pleased to go away." "Before it went away," said the purple bird, "would it let you be kind to any one?" "No," said Jim, "it would only let me say unkind things to the one I love the best in the world, my little Alice." "Yet, when you are not in a bad temper, you love to say kind things to her, do you not?" "Yes." "Then, Jimmy, tell me,—is not your bad temper a cruel *tyrant*, that will not let you be kind, though you wish to be so?" "Yes, certainly," said Jim. "Your temper, Jim, is part of yourself. "Yes." "Then I am right in saying, there is

no tyrant so great, so cruel *as one's own self.* Are you ever greedy? do you ever, when you see anything very good, wish that you could eat it all yourself?" "Yes," said Jim; "I remember, a little while ago, Mrs. Brock gave me a slice of cake, and when I had taken it, I wished she were out of the room, that I might eat all the cake up." "What a *tyrant,* then, a cruel, great tyrant, your own self was to you!—it made you *a Glutton, a Thief, and a Selfish Boy.*" "What you say is very just," said Jim, "and I do think, if all are like you, there must be much fine preaching in Fairy Islet. I feel very greedy now; I do wish to be at this basket."

"You would part with some of it?" "Yes," said Jim, "*Me* and *I*, which put together is *myself*, is such a little dear just now, owing to your excellent talk, that it would give up more than half to any one." The purple bird looked at the playful joyous boy, and thought, who could take anything from you, sweet child. "If," said the bird, "you would give up half that is in your basket, you are not greedy, only hungry." "Hungry enough," said Jim. "Keep the *tyrant self* at a distance, Jimmy boy," said the purple bird; "adieu, adieu;"—and he opened his wings and flew to his king. "He shall not come near me to-day," cried Jim; "and do come again and teach me when you can.

Alas, how little can we answer for ourselves! In a few minutes Jim was sadly naughty, as you shall see. "Who, pink bird, is to have the basket that is in the Fairy bird's mouth?" asked Alice. "I should like," said Jim, "to have his basket, better than mine." "Are you not satisfied with your basket?" asked Alice. "No; for I am afraid there is no pudding in it." "Does the little boy wish to know who my basket is for," asked the Fairy bird. "Indeed, and I do," said Jim; "and I wish it were for me, for I have been smelling away at the lid of my basket, and I cannot smell any pudding,—I am so fond of a pudding." "My basket is—for,—who do you

think?" said the Fairy bird. "For *yourself*," cried Jim. "No," said the bird. "I know very well who it is for,—that grey bird that you seem so wonderfully fond of." "No." "I know who it is for,—the purple bird with golden wings,—now, is it not?" "No,—it—is—for—Ban." "For Ban," said Jim, "why should Ban have the basket that you hold in your beak, and we only have the baskets that are held by your servants? I think I am better than Ban." The generous Ban, hearing him say this, went up to him, and rubbing his nose in the boy's hand, seemed to say, That you are, a thousand times better. "I do not think you are at all better than

Ban, or nearly so good," said the Fairy bird; "have you ever fed four children who have lost their father and mother?" "No," said the boy; "and Banny is the best dog that ever lived, for he has taken care of us for many a day, and brought us fish and game, and never thought of himself: tell me, Fairy bird, is there any pudding in Ban's basket?" "Why do you wish to know?" "Because," said Jim, "if there be, you may as well give it to me, as I am almost sure there is none in mine,—there is not the least pudding smell;" and again the little boy snuffed at the lid of his basket. "Geordy, smell at your basket; do you smell pudding?" "No, Jimmy." "Smell

at yours, Judy," said Jim. "A very nice smell of pudding," said Judith. "Nice indeed, I have no doubt," said Jim; "dear me, I daresay the grey bird had the best basket, after all; it is a cunning looking thing, and often ugly creatures have very good things." "What nice lollipops ugly Jack has to sell," said Alice. "Dear me," said Jim, "I wish I had thought of that, and then, perhaps, I might have chosen grey bird's basket;—but I don't think I should," he said, low down to himself; "for he is so very ugly." "Certainly," said Judith, "my basket smells excellently well." "Then take care of my basket, Geordy," said Jim; and do not let it tip-topple over, and I

will go to Judy, to smell if there be any pudding in her basket." "I'll take care of it," said George. "Thank you," said Jim, getting up and going to Judith. "I am come, Judy," he said, "to smell at your basket, for I have no pudding in mine, I am almost sure;"—and he put his face to the basket. "Yes, yes, there is pudding in your basket;"—again he put down his face,—"a plum pudding, so sweet a pudding,—the steam of it comes up beautifully from the basket. Oh dear, oh dear, I wish I had taken the grey bird's basket; oh, if I had thought of ugly Jack with his lollipops, I might then have taken ugly grey bird's basket; oh, Alice, I wish—I wish I

had." Poor Jimmy's lament made birds and children laugh. "What a pudding! what a pudding!" sighed Jimmy. The Fairy bird and the grey bird looked at each other, then they looked at Jim, and talked to one another in bird language. Jim became angry at this, and said, "you can speak very good English, therefore do not be talking in your bird language, for it is very rude, for so few can understand your squeaking voice." "Be fair, be fair," said Alice, "surely their words are soft as silk." "No," said Jim, smiling, "they are squeaking as our barn door: since they have given me no pudding, what is the use of bringing a basket all the way from Fancy Islet with-

out a pudding?" "Do look at the grey bird, how he is talking away to the Fairy bird," said Alice. "What are you talking about?" said Jim; "I am sure you are talking of me." "What is that to you, little Jim?" said the grey bird, laughing. "Do, grey bird, ask Fairy bird to give me his basket." "It is for Ban," said the Fairy bird; have I not told you so?" "Yes, you have, I know, but I think there is some pudding in it, so you may as well give it to me, and take mine." "Ban is very much obliged to you," said Judith. "Ban," said Jim, impatiently, "is a dog, and does not like pudding, so it is much better to let him have my basket, which has only

meat in it." "How do you know that my basket has pudding in it?" "Has it not, then?" said Jim. "I shall not tell you." "Have you not sweetmeats in it?" "I shall not tell you." "Have you any apples in it?" "I shall not tell you." "Have you anything in it besides meat? just tell me that." "No, I shall not," said the Fairy bird; "you may ask and ask, I shall not tell you." "If you have, Ban will not thank you for it, so you had better give me your basket, and take mine." "I shall do no such thing; and now return to your basket, Jimmy." Jimmy trotted off, mumbling, "I do wish I had taken the grey bird's basket, I do wish I had; what a nasty

smell of meat mine has, and what a sweet smell Judy's has of pudding! oh me! poor me!" and the poor, sorry boy sat down again behind his basket.

"When may we open our baskets?" asked Alice

"Now," said the Fairy bird.

"Now," said the grey bird.

"Now," said the purple bird.

"Now," said the pink bird.

"Now," said the blue bird.

To be read very slowly indeed:—

"No pudding in Jim's basket."

"No pudding in Alice's basket."

"No pudding in George's basket."

"A large plum pudding in Judith's basket."

"Oh that I had taken the grey bird's basket," said Alice.

"Oh, that I had taken the grey bird's basket!" said George. Jim could not speak his vexation. The Fairy bird laughed from the tree, and sang, "Gay feathers bring not plum pudding." "Gay feathers bring not plum pudding," sang the purple bird. "Gay feathers bring not plum pudding," sang the pink bird. "Gay feathers bring not plum pudding," sang the blue bird. "Gay feathers bring not plum pudding," sang all the birds. "You are very fond of saying the same thing, you silly birds," roared the enraged Jim. Judith did not look pleased with her large round plum pudding, stuck so full of large plums, currants, and raisins, and all the nicest

sweetmeats ever heard of; and why could she not feel happy, with this delicious pudding before her? because George and Alice looked so woefully disappointed;—as for Jim, he kicked over his basket, and rolled himself over and over on the ground, roaring like a bull; then getting up he declared he would have some pudding, and marched off for his sister's pudding. "I'll have some pudding, that I will," he roared; "do you think I will not have some? I will, I will." Jim put himself into such a rage, that even Judith, who spoilt him sadly, said, "I shall give you no pudding, if you are so violent." "But I will have some," said Jim. "No," said Judith,

quietly, "you will not." "No, no," said all the birds, placing themselves before Judith, "you shall have no pudding, for roaring and screaming; it is all Judith's, and she has a right to do what she likes with her own pudding." "She has no more right to it than I have, she is not better than I am." "Not better than you are!" said the Fairy bird; "oh, Jim, Jim, think of yourself in this rage and passion, and just look at Judith." "I won't think of myself, and I won't look at Judith," said the angry boy. "Come away, Jimmy dearie," said Alice; "and don't make such a horrible noise." "I won't come away," said Jim, stamping his foot at her,

"and I will make a noise—yaw—" he said, opening his mouth as wide as he could at her. "There," said the bird, giving him a gentle peck with his beak, "there, I give you a peck of warning; if you touch Judith's basket again, I shall give you a very hard peck, that will make you roar with pain." "So you may, you nasty thing of a bird, I do not care, I will have the pudding;" and again Jim put his hand upon Judith's basket. The bird gave him a very severe peck upon his hand, which sent him from the basket, screaming. "I am very sorry for you," said George, "but you really deserve it, for you are so very naughty." Jim roared and screamed

at him for saying so. "Very naughty child," said the grey bird. "I'll kill you, I'll kick you, I'll bite you," said Jim, "you ugly bird, if you come near me." "Well now, kill me, or kick me, or bite me," said the grey bird, hopping to Jim. "No, no," said Jim, running away; "don't come near me, you will peck me as your nasty master did, you ugly creature, you frightful creature, you most horrid creature." How sadly was Jim changed by passion! when he had poured out all these angry words, he began to roar again; and after roaring for some time, he began to cry bitterly and quietly, for he was so mortified. Alice, when she heard her little brother crying

and sobbing as if his heart would break, left her plum pudding that Judith had given her, and ran to him and kissed him. "How nice you smell of pudding," said Jim; "what a capital pudding it must be." "It is the nicest pudding I ever tasted, and it seems to have everything good in it as well as plums." "Do not, please, Alley, talk to me any more of its goodness, for I cannot have any of it, and it makes me so long for a bit." "Poor Jim," said Alice; "what shall we do?" "I do wish," said Jim, "I had not tried to take it from Judith." "Shall I go to Judith, and say that you are very sorry?" "Do," said Jim, "for I am sure I am sorry enough, not to

have the pudding." Alice went to Judith, and said, "Jim is so sorry for what he has done, so will you let him have some pudding,—now will you?" "Come, Jim dear, come and give me a kiss; and I will give you some pudding," said Judith. Jim dried his eyes, and ran off to Judith, to kiss her. "Stop," said the Fairy bird, "do not give him the pudding till I have spoken." Jim withdrew his hand from the tempting pudding, saying to himself, "What a tiresome bird it is, to be sure; I wish it were far, far away." "Jim," said the Fairy bird, "before you take the pudding, tell me, "are you sorry for having behaved so ill, or are you only sorry

for having lost the pudding?" "I will tell the truth,—*I am a very little sorry* for having behaved so ill, and *very, very sorry indeed, I can't tell how sorry*, for having no pudding." "Jim never tells a story," said Judith; "and I hope none of us do, for it is very wicked to tell stories." No sooner had Judith said this, than it seemed as if every tree in the forest were filled with thousands and thousands of birds, so joyful was the singing on all sides; and beautifully coloured lights shot through the heavens. Jim was quite frightened at all this brightness, and ran to George, and fell upon his shoulder, and hid his head. "Do not be frightened, Jim," said the Fairy

bird; "all that you see, and all that you hear, is to make you glad." Jim raised his head from his brother's shoulder, and looking round, said, timidly, "Is it?" "Yes, these birds are come to sing around you, and the lights to play around you, because you LOVE TRUTH; FOR THERE IS NOTHING MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN TRUTH, NOTHING MORE LOVED THAN TRUTH. Only do, dear little children, be true, and never for anything that can be offered to you, tell a lie." "Should we never tell a story?" said Alice. "No, never, never," said the Fairy bird; "and a story, however small, never lives alone, it has always one greater than itself near at hand." "But," said Jim, (who

had lost all his fear,) "is a very tiny, tiny little story, as small as a spot, a very, very little spot upon my nail, and that can do nobody any harm,—is such a story wrong to tell?" "You cannot, Jimmy boy, make a story too tiny, to be wrong to tell." "Is it wrong," said Alice, "to tell a story, that may do good to some one we love?" "Certainly, Alice," said the bird; "it is better that one you love should suffer, though *he do not deserve to suffer*, than that you should do wrong. And if the one you love, and who you would save from sorrow, by telling a lie,—" "Don't say a *lie*," said Jim; "it sounds so hard, say a *story*."—"Whatever we may say," said the bird,

"a *story*, however tiny, is a *lie*." "What were you going to say," said George, "when Jim told you not to call a story a lie." "I was going to say," said the bird, "that if the one Jim loved, and would save from sorrow, by telling a lie, loved him as much as Jim loved him, he would rather suffer, feeling all the time he was a good boy, than let you do a wicked thing." "I am sure," said George, (and George said this from his very heart,) "I had rather be flogged well, though I did not deserve it, than hear Jim tell a lie, to get me out of the scrape." "Right, right, my boy," said the bird; "dear children, never forget this lesson, —never, for anything on earth, tell

a lie;—for nothing, however good it may appear, can be good, if it require a lie: and now farewell for a time." "I hope you will find Judith's pudding very good," cried the grey bird.—"Thank you, grey bird," said Jim, nodding to the bird; "and, purple bird, I hope I shall be able to put a chain round my *tyrant temper*, don't you?" "I do, Jim; but I fear you must fight many a hard battle with—temper—before you conquer him."—"So I begin to think," said Jim. "Come, Fairy bird," cried the grey bird; "come along;" and he and the Fairy bird flew away together, followed by the purple bird, the blue bird, and the pink bird. "How free the grey bird

is to the Fairy bird," said Jim; "well, I would not fly away with that ugly creature, and keep all the other beautiful birds at a distance." "I think," said Judith, "that bird must be his wife, he seems so very fond of her," "So do I," said George, "for they were sitting together the whole time, and talking away, and none of the other birds ever came near them." "It cannot be his wife," said Alice; "he never would have such an ugly grey wife, without any feathers on its head, and without a tail." "Cannot! indeed," said Jim, with vast importance; "how do you know it cannot be; *I know* he is not." "How do you know it is not?" asked Alice. "Because," said

Jim, "the purple bird has been telling me all about his wife." "Is she very beautiful?" asked Judith. "As beautiful, I fancy, as she can be," said Jim; "her body is like an emerald, her wings like diamonds, and her feet like pearls." "How beautiful she must be," said Judith; "I wish she would come here some day with her husband." "I wish, I am sure, she would come instead of him," said Jim; "for he is such a tiresome, managing bird, that I don't wish to see him again. What a peck he gave me!" "You deserved it," said George. "So perhaps I did; I do not say I did not; but I don't want a bird to come and punish me." His brother and sisters laughed. "Has

the bird a nest?" asked Alice. "What bird? the Fairy bird's wife?" asked Jim. "Yes," said Alice. "She has," said Jim, "a nest full of eggs." "What is their colour?" asked Judith. "A dazzling white," said Jim. "I should like to see them," said George, "and the nest in which they are; I daresay it is beautifully made." "I'll answer for it, it is," said Jim; "for he would be in a great fuss, if he had not everything in order in his nest. What do you think I asked the purple bird?" "What, Jim?" asked Alice. "If he would ask the Queen of the birds, the wife of the Fairy bird, to give me an egg to eat." "You did not?" said George. "I did." "Dear me," said George,

laughing, "how could you?" "Why, I thought the egg of such a grand bird must be so good to eat." "What did the purple bird say?" said Judith. "Why, he said, he thought he had better not ask for any such thing." "I think not, indeed," said Judith. "Why," said Alice, "you might as well ask any one to let you eat up his child." "Why, so I might, I never thought of that before;—to be sure, so I might," said Jimmy. "Jim, well done you," said George, laughing. "She is going," said Jim, "to hatch the eggs, and to have Princes and Princesses of her own, as the Queen of England has." This thought of Jim's made them very merry. "Fancy,"

said Jim, "how grand the bird will be, with all his little ones following him,—how pompously he will fly about;—how he will say to one, 'don't fly to that bough;'—to another, 'there, take care of your feet, don't get them wet;'—to another, 'return to your nest and to your mother.'" Alice laughed, and said, "I do not think you are very fond of the bird." "I am sure I am not," said Jim; "I do not like it a bit; I love my Mocking-bird, but I don't love the Fairy bird." "I am sure he is very kind," said George; "and has given us a good supper." "That he has, certainly," said Jim; "but he is so grand,—so important. I like birds to fly about,

and sing, and not put everything and everybody to rights." "Did you call the Fairy bird's wife, Queen of the birds?" asked George. "No, but I shall, I think, for it will please her husband, and it is as well to please such a meddlesome matty of a bird." "Call him," said Alice, "His Royal Highness King Meddlesome Matty." "I will, I will," said Jim, laughing and dancing before Alice, and clapping his hands with delight. "Or call him," said Alice, "King Willy-know-all, or King Meddle-in-all." "Oh, that I will, I will," said Jim, dancing about. "Look, look," said Alice, turning very red. Jimmy turned round, and close at his heels saw the Fairy bird. The

poor child in his fright stumbled over the bird, and fell. "Oh, oh," he cried "keep your beak to yourself, do, pray, good King of the birds,—and pray how is my Lady the beautiful Queen? now I have been very civil to you, so do not peck me again with your hard beak." "Get up, Jim," said the bird; "and do not think that flattery will save you from a peck." "I'll get up directly," said Jim, scuttling up. "What is flattery?" asked Alice. "*Untrue praise, undeserved praise, untrue words,* given only to please, and which do much harm to those who listen to them." "Have they done a great deal of harm to you, my poor bird?" asked Jim, with pretended simplicity.

"No, I cannot say they have," said the bird, laughing. "If I were to say to that ugly grey bird you seem so fond of, 'you are beautiful, you are lovely,' that would be flattery." "Just so," said the bird; "for you think it frightful, do you not?" "The frightfullest bird I ever saw in my life, and I do not like it at all." "Why should you dislike it?" asked the Fairy bird; "I am sure it has been very kind to you." "It might have whispered to me, when I refused its basket, there is pudding in this basket, Jim, and not in the others, and then I should have taken its basket, most certainly." "And your kind sister have lost it?" "Yes," said Jim, laughing, "and no

great harm either, for I should have given her as much pudding as I kept for myself, and she is too well-behaved to make all the roar I did, so I cannot but think the best way would have been for me to have had the pudding." "You are a droll boy," said the bird. "Do not mind what he says," said Alice; "for he turns everything into play." "Do not be uneasy, my little girl,—I see he is fond of play. Perhaps, one of these days," he said, turning to the little boy, "you may think the grey bird as beautiful as my wife." "Do you think," said Jim, "I know anything about your wife?" "I know you do, for you have asked all about her, and the purple bird has

told you all about her." "I know," said Jim, "what her body is like." "What?" "An emerald," said Jim. "What are her wings like?" "Diamonds." "What are her legs like?" "Pearls." "Quite right," said the bird. "Now do you think I shall ever think the grey bird as beautiful as your wife?" "I declare unto you," said the bird,—"before to-morrow evening at this time, you will think the grey bird quite beautiful." "I don't know how that can be," said Jim. "Nor do I," said Alice. "Nor do I," said Judith and George. "If I were to say before your wife, that she were beautiful, would that be flattery?" asked Jim. "It would," said the

Fairy bird. "It would be true," said Jim. "Yes," said the Fairy bird, "yet still it would be flattery." "I suppose," said George, "it would be flattery, because it would be *a truth* told only to give *useless pleasure*."—"Even so," said the bird. "If we may not flatter, we may not be rude, may we?" asked Alice. "No," said the Fairy bird; "never be rude: people often think that to be rude is to be honest, but we need not be rude, nor need we flatter, and yet always be pleasing and liked by those we are with." "May we never say a word of praise?" asked Jim. "Yes, say a word of praise, if you feel it warm at your heart; but if you say a word

of praise only to please, because you think that they can please you again and do you good, then it is flattery." "I think I understand," said Jim; "now, if I were to say to myself, I want George to give me the stick in his hand, and so I will say what a good-natured brother he is,—and then I were to say, 'George, you are so good-natured,'—that would be flattery." "Just so," said the bird. "But if," said Jim, "George had been very kind to me, and I were to say from my heart, 'George, I do love you, for you are so good-natured,'—then that would not be flattery, would it?" "No," said the Fairy bird; "it would be true feeling, given by your heart

to George, for his kindness." "It would be *gratitude*," said Jim. "Gratitude," said the bird, "is a long word for such a little boy to understand." "I do understand it," said Jim; "it is the *heart's thank-you*: but how did I flatter you?" "You called me King of the birds, and my wife Queen; and you thought to please me by doing so." "I think, I am sure you must be King of the birds, for you are so fond of governing and ordering." The Fairy bird smiled at odd little Jim. "I am not King of all birds, only King of the birds of Fancy Islet." "Who is King of the birds of our land, then?" "The Eagle," said the Fairy bird; "he is King of the birds."

"Never bring him here," said the boy; "for you are tiresome enough, and if he be greater than you, he must be dreadful; that is not flattery, is it? for indeed I feel it at my heart, so it must be truth." "If it were not truth, yet I could hardly think you flattered me by calling me dreadful." "No, indeed, how could you?" said Jim. "I did not say, Jim," said the Fairy bird, very gently, "that you were to be rude, because I told you I did not like flattery." "Should we not, then," said Jim, "say everything, —rude or civil,—that comes warm from the heart?" "No, you should never be rude." "What am I to do, if I feel rude at my heart?" "Say

nothing," said the Fairy bird. "But if I am asked what I think and what I feel, then what am I to do?" said Jim; "am I to say nothing?"—"Cannot you say 'don't ask me.'" "But if they will persist in knowing?" asked George. "If you must say anything that is disagreeable and true, say it as if you were sorry to say what you know must be disagreeable to hear." "But if I am not sorry to say a rude thing, must I seem to be sorry?" asked Jim. "No, Jim, for if you were to *seem* sorry, then you would be *acting a lie.*" "Is *to act a lie,*" asked George, "as wicked as to tell one?" "Quite," said the bird: "and Jim, if you do not feel sorry to give pain, (even to

the wicked,) you may be sure your heart is not so kind as it should be, and you should try to set your heart in order." "Do not think I should like to give pain to any one," said Jim; "for I am sure I should not." "I do not think you would, little Jim," said the Fairy bird; "but you look sleepy and tired, my little fellow." "I am very much tired," said the little boy, giving a very broad yawn; "so tired, I wish I were in bed." "We must all be thinking of bed." "Do, please, bird," said Jim, "get me a bed to lie down upon, and to go to sleep in. I daresay, if you would only put up your head, and talk a litle to that bright star over

the mountain, it would send you down, on the back of toads, or some other sprawling animal, some beds to lie on." "Toads," said the bird, laughing, "what an odd animal you have fixed upon to bring you beds." "I should like," said Jim, "to see large toads, tumbling down through the air, with our cots on their backs. How they would flop, flop, flop, down in their fat way, sprawling out their legs on each side!" and Jim laughed himself out of breath at his own funny thought;—his brother and sisters,—and the Fairy bird,—laughed much. "What do you like to sleep on?" asked the Fairy bird. "I should," said George, "like to sleep in my warm

bed." "So should I," said Judith. "I should like to sleep on flowers," said Alice. "May we, may we?" asked Jim, eagerly, delighted with the idea. "Let me advise you to sleep in your own little cot," said the Fairy bird. "No, no," said Jim and Alice; "do let us sleep among flowers." "But you will be so cold," said Judith. "It is so warm," said Alice, "how can we be be cold? the prettiness of the flowers will keep us warm." "How can you see the prettiness of the flowers in the dark?" asked George, laughing; "silly girl, how can you?" "Will not the moon and stars show us the colours, pray?" asked Jim. "Flowers show none of their

colours by the light of the moon and stars," said Judith. "Well then," said Jim, "I will feel the flowers, and think how pretty they are when the sun is up in the sky, and that thought will keep me warm." "Indeed, indeed, you will be so cold." "Don't be such a coddle, Judith," said Jim. "Dear things," said Judith; "do listen to me, and sleep in your beds." "Nothing that you can say to us, will make us change our minds," said Jim, with a resolute air; "will it Alice?" "You will awake shivering," said the Fairy bird; "and then you will not think it pretty." Nothing that the Fairy bird, or that George, or Judith could say, had any effect on the un-

wise children; they would sleep among flowers; nothing could prevent them. "Look round, George and Judith," said the Fairy bird; "for you are sensible children, and your cots are here." George and Judith looked round, and they saw their little beds, that they had slept in the night before,—under the trees. "How did these beds come here?" asked Alice. "Why did you not let us see who brought them?" asked Jim. "Your toads did not bring them, you may depend upon that," said the Fairy bird. "Who did? do tell me," said Jim. "I shall not," said the Fairy bird. "Don't speak in such a rude way—'*I shall not*,'—cannot you say, gently, 'I cannot tell

you?'" "But I can tell you," said the bird. "Then," said Jim, "if you can, and will not,—say, 'I beg your pardon, Master Jim, but I had rather not tell you.'" "I beg your pardon Master Jim, but I had rather not tell you," repeated the bird; "will that do?" "You look," said Jim, "as if you could add—'and what's more, I won't.'" "Do I?" said the bird, smiling. "Will you never tell us?" said Jim. "No, Jimmy, never." "Did those large birds, that I see flying towards the lake, to the west?" asked George. The bird smiled, and said, "Who knows?" "Why, nobody but you, that's certain; so tell us," said Jim. "*No, I shall not,*" said the bird;

"so don't ask me any more:—and now let us talk of your flower beds, for indeed you had better be wise, and let your cots be brought." "No, no," said Alice, "do let us sleep on flowers." "Well, if you must, you must; what flowers should you like?"

Jim recollected the flowers in his Mother's garden; flowers that, she said, were English flowers, which she loved better than all the bright, beautiful flowers of America,—for they came from that dear, dear country, which she loved in her heart of hearts:—and he said, "let us have the Wall-flower,—the Bloody Warrior, that pretty English flower." "That," said the bird, "must be placed round

your bed, to form a border." The bird tossed his head about, and looked up to the sky. In an instant, the Wall-flower, called the Bloody Warrior, sprang up around. "The beautiful rich brown flowers," said Jim; "oh that my poor Mumsey were here to see them." "Do not mention her," said Judith, "Jimmy dear, for you make us all cry to think of her;—and father and mother can never come back again." "Why cannot,—why cannot they? why did they go, then?" said Jim; "they might have staid with us,—pity they didn't." "What flower will you have next, Jim?" said the bird, wishing to turn his thoughts.

"THE HEN AND CHICKENS,"

said Jim; "I like that flower, for we have so much of it in our garden." The Hen and Chickens sprang up within the Wall-flowers. "How pretty, how very pretty," said Jim; "see, see, how they spring up; see—see—spring, spring,—now another,—now another,—now they are all around,—I declare I never saw anything like it." "May we have any flowers we like?" asked Alice. "Any," said the Fairy bird; "only name them."

"THE PRIMROSE,"

said Alice; up sprang the Primrose.

"YELLOW CROCUSES,"

said Jim; up sprang Yellow Crocuses.

"CARNATIONS,"

said Judith; up sprang Carnations.

"The sweet Carnations," said Jim, "how soft and sweet they smell."—"So delightful," said Alice, "to have the Primrose, Crocus, and Carnation, all blowing together."

"THE MOSS ROSE,"

said George; Moss Roses sprang up.

"Beautiful, beautiful," said Judith; "the rich, the beautiful flowers."

"BLUE AND WHITE VIOLETS,"

said Jim; "there, there," he said, jumping first on one foot, and then on the other, as now a blue, now a white Violet, sprang up; "there,—there is another,—see them, see them; good gracious me, what a clever bird you are, to be sure!" In the midst of Wall-flowers, Hens and Chickens,

Primroses, Crocuses, and Moss Roses, up sprang purple Violets, so many purple Violets, that the beds looked like purple velvet.

"How sweet, how very sweet!" said George. "I almost wish," said Judith, "that I were going to sleep on flowers, all looks so bright and beautiful." "Do, Judy dear, do come and sleep with me." "Thank you, Jim," said Judith; "but your bed of violets is so small, that I should make you uncomfortable." "And do you think," said Jim, "that I should mind that, after all your kindness to me?" "When was I particularly kind to you?" "Were you not kind to me, Judy, in giving me the pudding, after I had been so

naughty?—many would have said 'no, you shall have none, for having been so naughty;'—but you, dear Judy, the very instant I was good again, gave me the pudding as if I had never been naughty. Oh, Judy, I do hope I shall, one of these days, be a good boy; I will try, that I will." Judith threw her arms round her brother, and she told him she loved him very dearly. When the bird had wished them good night, and had flown away, they knelt down together, and said their prayers; and Jim, when he was kneeling, thought of all his naughty ways.

"Do not lie down in your cot, Judy," said Jim, "till you have kissed me

on my bed of flowers; I want to whisper something in your ear." "Judy is not here," said Alice. "Where is she gone?" "To bathe in the stream that runs under the Islet. She calls it her bathing-room, because nobody can see her there." "Are you going, Alley, to bathe?" "Yes, as soon as Judy returns." In a few minutes Judy did return; and Jim, running to his violet bed, laid down and called Judith to him;—"Judy, Judy dear, come you here;—there, do not put your foot on Alley's bed; see that pretty tuft of flowers, that is to be a pillow for her head—a pretty pillow, is it not, Judy?" "A very pretty pillow," said Judith, kneeling down to kiss her little

brother. Jim raised his head, and clasped his sister round her neck, and drew her face to his to kiss. "Judy, I am very fond of you, and I am very sorry that I have behaved so ill." "You are very sorry, Jimmy, for having behaved so ill, so all is forgiven." "You may forgive me, but that makes me the more unhappy: if you had been very angry with me, and had given me no pudding, I should not be so sorry as I am, for having put myself into such a rage; but you were so gentle and kind, that I do feel very, very sorry." "Try to be good," said Judith, "not because I am kind to you, for that is not a good reason." "Not a good reason!"

said Jim. "No, the good reason is—that you may not hurt the voice that speaks at your heart." "My *conscience*," said Jim, "you mean." "Yes," said Judith; "and who, Jimmy dear, placed that voice within you, which speaks to your heart, and which is your *conscience*." "I know," said Jim; "He to whom I say my prayers, and who made that bright star just over my head:—'twinkle, twinkle, little star,'—there, I do believe it is twinkling because I tell it." Judith smiled at him. "I will try to be good,—but I cannot be good all at once—nobody can; but by little and little I may, if I try with all my heart; and then after a time I shall get better and better,

till at last I shall get quite well." "You are so very ill," said Alice, laughing. "Alice," said Jim, gravely, "you always try to turn everything into joke; I may at last be quite good, with a great deal of trying." "Who knows?" said Alice, cunningly. Jim began to get very angry with her. But all this time, my little readers, I have not told you that Alice is returned. "No one was ever quite good," said Judith. "No, I know that, but I will try to be as good as I can, and I will be very sorry when I am naughty, and I will pray that I may not be so naughty again; will not that be a good way, Judy?" "The very best way, Jimmy." "Good bye, Judy dear;

thank you very much for your kindness to me: and now get into your bed, and look at me when you are in it." "Good night," said Judith, kissing him; "good night;" and she jumped into her bed, which was close to the flower bed, and then looked at Jim,—and afterwards she laid her kind little head down on the pillow to go to sleep, and very soon she was fast asleep, dreaming away,—and so was George in his bed,—so were Jim and Alice, dreaming away, with their arms clasped round each other.

## CHAPTER III.

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In the middle of the night, when all the little night animals were enjoying themselves in the leaves, and running about afraid of nothing,—Alice and Jim awoke, almost at the same moment. "Alice," said Jim, "are you comfortable?" "Are you, Jimmy?" "No, not at all; I will never sleep again among flowers." "Nor will I," said Alice; "besides, it is so dark, we cannot see the flowers we are sleeping upon." "They told us it would be

so," said Jim, "They did," said Alice. "I am so cold," said Jim, "that I could cry; but I do not mean to do so, for fear I should disturb Judy and Geordie; for I mean to be a good boy." "And not cry," put in Alice. "I do not mean to think of *self* so much as I have done," said Jim; "I will think of *them*, and not awake them." "That is right," said Alice; "we will not cry, for fear of disturbing them; but I really could cry with all my heart." "So could I," said Jim; "and we might cry quietly to one another, with our faces turned to each other." "I do not think there would be any good in that," said Alice; "for the tears would only make us colder." "Then

I'll not cry, I am sure," said Jim; "for we are cold enough without." "Do not you begin to think," said Alice, "that the bird is a very sensible bird?" "I do," said Jim; "and I begin to have a great respect for its sense, and love, too, for its kindness:—if its wife were ever to come here, with its pearl legs, to see us, I would tell her how I respect her husband."—"She would laugh at you, if you did." "Would she?—I do not think she would; she would be very much pleased with me." "You use such fine words; what makes you think of the word *respect?*" "Why, don't you remember, that Mrs. Brock always says, when she thinks well of a person, 'I

respect her?'" "Well, I do think the bird will laugh very much at you." "I do not care for its laughing; dear, dear, how cold I am! what shall we do to get warm?" "Let us call Ban," said Alice. "No," said Jim, "don't let us do that, for George made such a nice warm bed for poor dear Banny, that I should not like to disturb him; we should make *him* cold." "You are right," said Alice; "he shall not be disturbed, for it would be very selfish to do so." "Get into the cots," said a small voice near them. Alice and Jim started. "Did a lily speak?" said Alice; "I could almost fancy it the voice of a white lily, it was so sweet." "Did a primrose speak, do

you think, Alice?" "Did a rose, Jim?" "Did a sweet violet, Alice?" "Did a hen and chickens?" said Alice. "The chickens said nothing, I daresay," said Jim, smiling through his tears, for he was beginning to be so cold; "but the hen may have spoken, for mothers say all that is kind: do you know, I must cry, Alice, I must indeed, for I am so very cold." "No, don't cry, laugh instead, that will do as well." "I am past that with the cold," said Jim. "Get into the cots," said the same voice. "Pretty little snugley voice, are you from a flower?" cried Alice. "No," said the voice. "Are you from the bat, that was flitting about us, when we lay down

on our cold flower beds?" asked Jim. "I do not think it can be the voice of a bat," said Alice; "for I am sure they must have such harsh, ugly voices." "There you are quite right, little girl," said the same pretty voice; "for the bat has the shrillest, sharpest voice of any bird that flies." "Tell us, tell us, who you are," said Jim. "Shall I stand in that spot of moonlight, Jimmy?" said the same very tiny voice. "Jimmy," repeated the boy, "how do you know that my name is Jimmy?" "Have I been so long near you, and do you not think I know your name?" "So long near me," said Jimmy; "how comes it that I have never seen you, then?"

"Because," said the same voice, "I have kept out of your way." "Come and shew yourself, will you?" said Jim. "Where shall I stand, for I am a little thing, a very little thing, and if I stand not in the moonlight, you will not be able to see me." "Stand there, in that streak of moonlight," said Jim. "I will," said the same voice; "count twenty, and when you get to twenty, I will jump into the moonlight."

"1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20." 20 was no sooner said, than out jumped a beautiful mouse, with the brightest eyes, into the moonlight. "A mouse, —a mouse," said both the children.

"Yes," said the mouse, "I am Tee Tee, the mouse." "Do, do sit upon my hand," said Jim; "I will promise not to hurt you." "You must promise not even to shut your hand." "I will, indeed," said Jim. "Open then your hand," said the mouse. Jim did so; and Tee Tee jumped into it. "You little delightful warm thing," said the boy. "How cold you are," said Tee Tee. "I am like ice," said Jim. "So am I," said Alice. "Well," said the mouse, "go and get into the cots, and cuddle down, and you will soon be warm; and now I must away, for I want to run about with my wife and children," and out of Jim's hand jumped the mouse. "Have you a

wife and children?" cried Alice; "oh, come back, and tell us all about them, and we will forget the cold." "Yes, do," said Jim; "pray come back." "No, no," said the mouse; "I have something better to do, than to stay at your side this fine night, to talk of me and mine; but I will come to you to-morrow, and tell you all about my family: good bye, good bye, go into the cots,—farewell, farewell." The last farewell was heard as at a great distance, and Alice and Jim knew their little adviser was far underground. Longing to see it again, they crept into the cots;—Alice into Judith's, and Jim into George's. They were soon warm, and they were quite deter-

mined not to sleep upon flowers again.

Very early in the morning, when the rising sun was lighting up all the forest, and shining upon the mountains, and lakes, and rivers,—George and Judith awoke,—and both felt at their sides a little round warm ball. Judith turned round, and saw Alice, as fast asleep as could be. George turned his head, and saw Jim; "Judith, Judith," he said, from his bed. "George," she said, starting up.—"Jimmy is here." "And Alley is here, rolled up like a ball." "Jim's head," said George, "is almost upon his knees." "Did you feel him getting in?" "No," said George; "I daresay they were quite starved with the cold,"

said Judith. "They will listen, another time, to good advice, it is to be hoped," said George; "how fast they are asleep." "Get up softly," said Judith; "and do not disturb them, for I daresay they have been awake half the night."

George and Judith gently jumped out of their beds, and they ran to different parts of the deep-running stream, and taking off their things they plunged into it. When they were dressed, and had said their prayers, they joined each other, and went nutting together. They had been gone about a quarter of an hour, when Alice and Jim awoke. They were awoke by the soft sighing of a breeze

among the trees, and which seemed suddenly to hurry through a grove of firs. "Alley, Alley," said Jim. "Jimmy, Jimmy," said Alice. "Are you awake, Alley?" "Yes, wide awake; but you speak in a very sleepy voice." "I am sleepy," said Jim, laying his head down again upon the pillow, and nestling into the warm hole that his head had just left; "it is our bad night, that has made me so sleepy,—so foolish to think of sleeping among flowers." "It was, to be sure, very foolish," said Alice; "and I, for one, will never sleep among flowers again." "And I for another, depend upon that," said Jim. "How they will laugh at us," said Alice. "Never mind that

part of the story," said Jim; "if they laugh at us, we will laugh at them; a small bit of tit for tat." "I hear them," said Alice. "So do I," said Jim; "Georgy porgy," he cried out. "Hurra! hurra! for flowers to sleep upon," cried George, from the forest. "Hurra! hurra!" said Jim, standing up in the bed. "How do you like your flower bed, Jimmy?" said Judith. "Very much, for the first part of the night, and your cot for the rest:—hurra! hurra!" "You will never put Jim out," said Judith. "You will sleep on flowers again to-night?" said George. "By no means in the world," said Jim; "*knowledge* comes by *knowing*." "And *knowing* by *feel-*

*ing,*" said Alice. "And we felt so cold, so very cold," said Jim, "that we know it is not comfortable to sleep on flowers; so by *feeling* we have become *knowing*,—and to *know* is to have *knowledge*:—am I not quite a *felicifist?*" "A felicifist!" said George, laughing; "what animal is that?" "It is not an animal at all," said Jim, very angry. "What is it, then?" "A very clever little boy," said Jim, "who thinks a great deal upon everything he sees and hears, and who is clever because he does,—that is a *felicifist;* but I'll not be angry, for a *felicifist* is too sensible to be angry." "You mean, you foolish little fellow, *philosopher,*" said George. "That is the

word," said Jim; "phi—what is the rest?" "*Lo—so—pher*," said George. "*Philosopher*," repeated Jim, "that is the word; and what is the name of the thing that they are always doing?" "Philosophy," said George. "That is the word," said Jim; "*philosopher, philosophy,—philosophy, philosopher,*—now I shall not forget;—well I am a philosopher; I take everything easily, and care for nothing." "Not for plum pudding?" said Alice, laughing. "My philosophy does not go so far as plum pudding." "How do you know anything of philosophy?" asked George. "Why, is not Mrs. Brock always talking of philosophy?" "I do not think she is much of a philosopher," said

Alice. "Well," said Jim, "the other day, I was just leaving the farm, with my bag full of loaves, when Mrs. Brock came out of the hen-roost, very angry with something or other, and she said, 'those boys are the ruination of one's peace of mind, and a good thing it is that I'm a bit of a philosopher;—I should like to give him a good licking.' I asked her what a philosopher was, (thinking it must be an angry woman)." The children laughed very much at Jim. "What did she say a philosopher was, Jimmy lad?" said George. "Let me see if I can remember," said Jim; "she said, 'one like me, who lets everything pass quietly, because everything that does

happen must happen,—there's no help for it, and so, like me, cares for nothing.'" "Did you say anything?" asked Alice. "To be sure I did; I said, 'but you seem to care very much, Mrs. Brock.'" "What did she say to that?" asked George. "'So you think, Jimmy, my man, that I am no *philosopher*;—ah, Jimmy, my little man, take my word for it,—I, like others, may talk of philosophy, but philosophy won't do in this world—never a bit,—there is but one thing that will do, and it's not philosophy.'" "Did you ask her," said George, "what the one thing was?" "No," said Jim; "for I knew well enough what it was she meant." "So I think we all do,"

said Alice. "Let Jim tell us," said George. "I will whisper to you," said Jim, running to his brother; "*the fear and love of God.*" "Yes," said George, "that was our father's and mother's philosophy." "Is not a little boy," said Jim, "who prays and believes in God, a philosopher, Judith?" "Yes, Jimmy, I think he is the best philosopher," said Judith. "Now Jimmy," said George, "we must not really talk any more; but come to the stream and plunge in, and then to breakfast." "What have we for breakfast?" asked Jim. "Nuts," said George. "Nuts!" said Jim; "a poor breakfast, truly;—nuts to eat, and water, I suppose, from the stream, to drink,—very pleasant,

indeed." "All Mrs. Brock's philosophy will not be able to make you contented with such a breakfast, I fear," said Judith. "No, no; I have no philosophy that will do for cold nuts, nasty things; I hope the Fairy bird will bring us a breakfast, and I will not eat any of them, master George." "You had better be satisfied with the nuts, cold as they may be," said Alice; "for I do not think the Fairy bird will come." "You do not deserve anything, Alley," said Jim, "for not trusting the Fairy bird, who has been so kind to you." "I will not mind," said Alice; "for you have such trust, the bird is sure to bring you a breakfast, and I will take your's; you will like that, master

Jim." "I will give you half," said Jim. "Now, my little philosopher," said George, "you must come and bathe." "Nuts to eat, and water from the stream to drink,—you won't mind that, Jimmy," said Judith. "Shall I not, though! I am just as much of a philosopher as Mrs. Brock is,—I am angry when I am angry, and I am pleased when I am pleased;—I like a breakfast when it is rich milk with bread in it; and I like to bathe in water—when it is warm." "Well, however," said George, "you must come and bathe, whether you like it or no." "Will I though," thought Jim;—"keep close to me," he whispered to Alice, "and when I run, you run after me."

"What are you going to do?" whispered Alice. "To hide myself from George, and to hide you too, for Judith will soon call upon you to go and bathe." "I hate cold water as much as you do, so if you will run away, I will run after you," whispered Alice. "Keep by me," said Jim; "and do not run till I run." "Why not?" asked Alice; "why may I not run for myself?" "So I take it you will," said Jim, "if you run away with your own legs." "Well," said Alice, in a low voice; "I will run after you,—do not fear." "Come," said George; "come, Jimmy lad, I will shew you a spot where the sun has been warming the water for the

last two hours." "Thank you," said Jimmy; "but I do not think the water is warmer for being in the sun than when it is out of it." "Jimmy boy, how can you say so?" said Judith; "I have heard you myself, say, that in the lake close to the violet bank, you love to jump, because it is so warm." "The lake and the river," said Jim, "are two very different things; the water in the lake always lies still, giving itself to the sun's beams; but the stream runs away, and does not stay a moment in the sun to get warm." "There is something in that, to be sure," said George; "yet, cold or warm, you must come and bathe before breakfast,—come along." "On with

you," said Jim, (winking his eye at Alice,)—"Alice, good bye; are you going with Judith to bathe?" "Yes, come along," said Judith. "We are all going the same way, till we get to the path by the stone cross," said George; "so, Judith, we will look for the purple flower we dropped,—I saw it in your hand some time after we had passed the cross." George and Judith walked on, hand in hand, thinking that their brother and sister were following them; but the light-footed little things ran off, and it was at least five minutes before they were missed. On turning down a green path to the stream, George said,—"Come, Jim, come;" and Judith said,

—"Alice, and this is our way."—They received no answer, and they turned round very quickly. "Where can they be?" said George. "Alice! Alice! Jimmy! Jimmy!" cried out Judith. No answer. "Let us sit down here," said George; "they are lagging behind, and I daresay will be up with us soon." "They cannot bear bathing," said Judith. "No," said George; "and how quick Jim was about the sun on the stream." "It was very true though, what he said," said Judith; "for certainly a running stream cannot be much warmed by flowing into the sun for an instant." "I daresay," said George, "they are sitting now on the old

stump, and will not answer; Jimmy is such a little rogue, so full of his play." "I will go and see," said Judith. "We will go together," said George. And they ran to the old stump, to see if they were there, but they found them not. "They must have run away, and hid themselves," said Judith. "They have, you may depend upon it," said George. So they had:—when George and Judith turned down a path, Alice and Jim ran down another in the contrary direction. They ran and ran,—going down this path,—then that,—then this again,—then that,—then they climbed like little squirrels into a tree,—and then they sat down together upon a

branch almost at the top of the tree, which was covered thickly with flowering creepers. In America, the creepers hang so thick upon the branches of the trees, as to bring them down by their weight. "They will not find us here," said Jim. "No, they will be clever to do that," said Alice. They had sat for some time, chuckling and chattering, as happy as the young bird when it first takes wing, when they heard their brother's and sister's voices, crying out to them to return and bathe. "Trust us for that, master George," whispered Jim. Soon George and Judith ran down the path, and stopped under the very tree where Alice and Jim were. "They shall have

no nuts for breakfast, I am determined," said George. "I think perhaps they may find as good a breakfast for themselves, as nuts and cold water," said Judith. "I think so too," said Jim, in a whisper. "Hark!" said George, "I think I heard a whisper—I am quite sure I did." "It was a bird, I daresay," said Judith. "Did you ever hear a bird whisper, Judy?" "No, I cannot say I did; but there are birds of all sorts and song in the forest, so I daresay there is a *whisper-bird.*" "When you see one, and hear it whisper, call me, Judy;—no, it was a whisper, and no bird's whisper, and I shall not leave this spot till I have looked in every bush." "Don't cry out, Jim," whis-

pered Alice; "perhaps they will not find us." "I'll not cry out till George have me by the leg," whispered Jim; "and then I'll kick first." "There again," said George; "I am sure I heard their voices, and I fancied I heard the word *leg*." "I fancied I heard the word *kick*," said Judith. "So did I," said George. Jim and Alice pressed to one another, and shrugged up their shoulders with fear. In plunged George and Judith into the bushes. "Geordie," said Judith, "if you find Jim, I hope you will not be angry with him and give him a blow." "Dear fellow, no; I may perhaps give him an extra dip, though." Jim looked down from his flower hiding place, and

thought, find me first. "How thickly matted the trees are with creepers, —it is impossible to find anything," said Judith. "Do you see this path, and this branch of honeysuckle that has been broken down?" said George; "something or somebody has been here." "Yes," said Judith; "and here are the print of feet." "They must be our feet," said George. "No, no," said Judith; "too small for that, —no, no, Jim's little feet exactly." "Me, me," said Jim, in the lowest whisper, and with a laughing face. At this moment, a little voice whispered in his ear,—a voice so small, that it did not startle him, it seemed but the voice of a thought at his heart; it

said, "Jimmy, you shall not be caught, —no, I will sing a song that will prevent it." Alice quietly put up the first finger of her left hand to her mouth, and held out her right hand to the robin,—for she knew Robinetta. The robin whispered, "I am Robinetta, come to seek you; don't speak,"—and she hopped upon Alice's hand. Then she dropped down to a lower branch, and sang the loudest song. "Listen," said Judith; "a robin is singing on the branch, and nothing but Robinetta would sing from the spot in which Alice and Jim were; so they cannot be in the tree amongst the flowers, which I thought they were." "Dear little robin," whisper-

ed Alice; "clever, dear little robin." "Hark! I hear a whisper again," said Judith. The robin sang again louder than before. "No, they cannot be here, we will not waste our time any longer," said George;—and off went George and Judith, to look for them in another part of the forest. Again the robin flew to Jim and Alice, and flying from one to the other, it sang the loudest and brightest song it could sing. "Pretty, dear, bright-eyed, glowing-breasted Robinetta," said Jim;—"what has brought you here?" "I came to look for you all," said Robinetta; "I could remain in the hut no longer without you." "Did not the Mocking-bird tell you of us?"—

asked Alice. "No," said Robinetta; "did he know where you were?" "Yes, the Fairy bird told him." "Ha! ha!" said Robinetta; "he was proud enough before the Fairy bird spoke to him,—he will not speak to a poor robin now, but I have seen the Fairy bird as well as he." "Have you seen the Fairy bird?" asked Alice. "If I had not, how could I talk to you thus?" "To be sure, you could not say a word before we left the cottage." "I wonder you were not surprised," said the robin, "when you heard me speak." "Why, no," said Jim, with great importance; "since we have seen you, we have travelled much, and that opens the mind, as some book or

other has told me; and then we have heard so many animals speak as well as sing, that we are rather surprised when we meet with a bird that cannot speak." "How far have you travelled?" asked Robinetta. "Two miles to the North,—two miles to the South,—two miles to the East,—two miles to the West," said Jim. "That is a great way," said the robin, who was a stay-at-home bird,—(all robins are stay-at-homes;)—"that is a great way to travel, your mind must be very much opened." "The birds, I suppose, all speak, and the animals, because they have seen the Fairy bird?" said Jim. "Yes," said the robin; "just catch a sight of the Fairy bird, and we can

all chatter away famously." "When did you see the Fairy bird?" asked Alice. "This morning; he came to the cottage with a grey bird." "Did you see the grey bird?" asked Alice; —"think of Robin seeing the grey bird!—what did you think of it?" "Nothing could be uglier," said the robin; "it had no tail, and a bald head;—but such a pretty mannered bird—and it sings so sweetly: but I have no doubt you have often heard him sing." "Yes," said Alice; "but we have heard him sing only with the rest of the birds from Fancy Islet, so we did not particularly notice his song." "Do," said Robinetta, "the next time you see the grey bird, ask

him to sing a song by himself,—he sings gloriously." "I will," said Jim. "Farewell," said Robinetta; "I must return to my home and my tree." "Give my kind love to the Mocking-bird," said Jim. "No," said Robinetta, "I shall not say a word to the Mocking-bird, for he is too grand to speak to such a little thing as I am." "Do, do speak to the Mocking-bird," said Jim; "he will be so surprised to hear you speak." "What shall I say to him?" asked the robin. "Say," said Jim, "Do you fancy you are the only bird in the world that can speak?" "They would be the last words that I should speak," said Robinetta; "for he would dart upon me and peck me

to death, for an impudent fellow." "Would he?—then he is an ill-natured fellow," said Jim. "Let me take a message of love from you and Alice," said Robinetta. "Tell him," said Jim, his little hands clasped, and looking earnestly at the robin; "tell him I love him dearly." "Tell him the same from me," said Alice. "Whom do you love so well?" said a very soft and well known voice. "Grey bird, grey bird," cried Jim. "Ah! you know my voice, do you?" said the grey bird. "We have never heard any voice like it before," said Robinetta; "so we are not likely to forget it." "You are here," said Jim, "without your master." "Yes, Jimmy boy,

without any one." There was something so kind in the grey bird's voice, that Alice and Jim smiled with pleasure, and the robin sang a low, sweet song, unlike its usual bright, bold song. "They have driven you from your Islet, because you are so ugly,—I know they have; come and live with us," said Jim; "and we will love you as well as if you were not so ugly, poor thing," "Yes, come and live with us, and we will love you as dearly as if you were beautiful," said Alice. "But they do not think me ugly,—they think me as beautiful as their Queen." "Perhaps," said Jim, "they think you their Queen." "Perhaps they do; who knows?" "Well, that

is astonishing," said Robinetta; "but everything maybe is beautiful, when it gets to your Islet?" "No, when I am grey here, I am grey there." "No, no, that cannot be," said Jim; "for you cannot be in Fancy Islet and here at the same time; so, when you are grey here, you cannot be grey there." "You are right," said the grey bird. "You do not care for being so very ugly," said Robinetta. "No, not in the least," said the grey bird, smiling. "When you see all the beautiful birds, and the Queen in all her beauty, flying about, are you not then sometimes sorry that you are so *very* ugly?" "I tell you," said the grey bird, laughing, "I am

thought as beautiful in Fancy Islet as the Queen herself." "Poor birds, —what blind beetles they must be, goodness me!" "Your goodness, merry little Jimmy," said the grey bird, "may be very great, I do not deny it; but they are not blind in Fancy Islet, and yet I am thought beautiful." "Your bald head?" "Most beautiful," said the grey bird. "Your tail?" "Lovely. They think it long, and that it catches every colour of the sky." "Dear, dear," said Jim; "then they cannot be blind, but *they can see what is not to be seen.*" "Before the sun has said farewell to the forest," said the grey bird, "you will think me as beautiful as the Queen

of our Islet." "I never, never shall, I know," said Jim; "for no bird can be so beautiful as your Queen, with her pearl legs, her emerald body, and her diamond wings. I love you very much, and I think you the sweetest-mannered bird, but I never can think you pretty." "I *will* make you think so," said the grey bird. "How can you manage that?" said Jim. "Only by bidding you look at me." "I do look at you now," said Jim; "and I have looked at you for a long time together, and yet I think you what I did at first." "Ah, but," said Robinetta, "perhaps, when you love him enough, then you will think him pretty." "Love him enough! if love

could make me think him pretty, Robby, Bobby, I love him, I am sure, enough to make me think him most beautiful,—as beautiful as the sun and moon laughing together." "Dearie me!" said Robinetta; "do the sun and moon ever laugh together?" "I should think they do, for they are great friends, I suppose, living in the sky together." "I suppose," said Robinetta, "their laughing makes thunder." "Who knows?" said Jim; "they must be very loud laughers." "Who knows, and who cares?" said Robinetta; "the little robin in the bush never dies with thunder." "Thunder never kills," said Jim. "It does," said Robinetta,

tartly; "I know as well as you." "It does not," said Jim, laughing at the angry little thing. "Don't contradict, I'll peck you if you do." "Lightning kills, thunder don't," cried Jim. "Do not lightning and thunder go together?" asked Robinetta, with a triumphant air. "No, lightning goes first, and thunder follows after." "Well, I shall always think," said Robinetta, "that thunder kills." "Well, do," said Jim, "if it will do you any good." "Ask grey bird to sing a song," said Robinetta, who could not quite manage the question of thunder and lightning. "Perhaps," said the grey bird, "after you have heard a song from me, you will think me beautiful." "No, no,"

said Jim, shaking his head; "I shall not,—I will not,—I won't;—tell me, Robinetta—do you, after a song, think him even as good-looking as our old thief of a Magpie?" "Tell the truth," said the grey bird. "I certainly shall," said Robinetta; "I were a shabby creature to *tell a lie*,—I hate *a lie*." "Right, Robinetta," said the grey bird; "*speak truth, and shame all story-tellers*." "Then I am sure," said Robinetta, "I must shame the starling, that builds in the lime, near the hollow, for he tells *stories* as thick and fast as the forest trees grow." "Nay," said the grey bird, "be content that you have not the fault of lying yourself, and instead of accusing another, turn

your thoughts in upon yourself, and think what are your faults; he whom you accuse is not here to speak for himself, and it is cowardly to attack the absent.

"MALICE IS AS BAD AS LYING."

The robin held down her head at this rebuke. "Robin, Robin," said Jim, smiling at Robinetta's confusion before the grey bird, (for Robinetta was generally so audacious and bold,) Robinetta, come, answer me;—do you, after all the songs that the grey bird has given you, think him half so pretty as the Magpie?" "No, no, not a quarter," said Robinetta, pettishly. "Ah, ah, you are spiteful, Robinetta," thought Jim, "because the

grey bird has taken you down." "Sing us a song, all by yourself," said Alice. "Will you, kind bird?" said Jim. "To be sure I will; what shall it be about, little girl?" "The first black crow that ever was seen," said Robinetta. "I must tell the story first," said the grey bird:—"A white crow, as white as snow, saw a beautiful small blue dove on a tree,—the tree was in an Island, near the moon,—the dove came out of the moon, to sit on an apple tree, to see the sun rise; the crow perched himself by the dove, and said, 'Dove, will you marry me? for I like your soft eye, and you do not look as if you could say an ill-natured thing.' 'I

am very sorry,' said the dove, 'but I cannot marry you.' 'Then,' said the crow, 'I will care no more about you, but fly away to the sun.' The white crow did fly into the sun, and soon came out again, as black as a coal. 'Me! how black you are!' said the dove. 'Yes,' said the crow; 'it is that burning hot place which has made me as black as a coal.' 'You are, indeed,' said the dove, laughing. 'I will fly away, and not think of you any more,' said the crow. 'Pity you thought of me so much,' said the dove, 'seeing it has made you so black,'—and away flew the dove one way, and away flew the crow another:—and now for the

song." And the grey bird cleared his voice, and tuned his voice, and ran over gently a few wild notes, and then burst out into full song; and beautiful and bright was his song,—and Robinetta was so delighted with it, that she flew away, from tree to tree, and bush to bush, and creeper to creeper, with pleasure. "Thank you, thank you, from our hearts," said Alice and Jim, "for the song." "I wish," said Jim, "we could give you something, for all you have done for us." "You can do something for me," said the grey bird. "What? what?" asked the children; "tell us what, that we may do it."

"TRY TO BE GOOD," said the grey

bird. "We do try," said Alice and Jim. "I do hope I am more good-tempered than I was yesterday; do you not think I am, Alley?" "You are, Jimmy boy, I am sure; but I do not think you ever were ill-tempered, only passionate." "It is early in the morning to begin talking of yesterday," said the grey bird; "but where are George and Judith? —my dear Judith, where is she?" "Looking for us," said Jimmy, with a cunning look; "and I hope she will look for us a long time." Alice now told the story; and Jim said, (after they had told the story,) "what do you think they offered us, after all this cold bathing?—only nuts."

"Poor fare, indeed," said the grey bird. "If I could but find a warm spot for bathing," said Jim, "I should like a dip;—that is, if after bathing, I could think we should all have a good breakfast;—but really, a cold dip and cold nuts are very miserable, and I wonder much that Judith and George can be so happy under it all, for I declare the very thought brings tears to my eyes." "Do you think, grey bird," said Alice, "we have any chance of a breakfast?" "If I were Queen, you should have a nice breakfast indeed." "And indeed then, I would you were Queen, with all my heart," said Alice. "Perhaps," said Jim, "the Fairy bird will not forget

us." "I do think perhaps he may not," said the grey bird; "for I never knew him to forget a friend in my life, and I have known him many years." "How many years have you known him?" "We were hatched in the same hour, in the same tree, in a diamond tree." "In the same nest?" asked Jim. "No," said the grey bird, "not in the same nest, but our parents were the greatest friends, and we young birds loved each other as brother and sister." "Then you must have loved one another very much," said Alice; "for no love can be greater than the love of a brother and a sister." "Do you love the Queen as well as the King?" asked Jim.

"No, not nearly." "Do you know her well?" "As well as myself, I may say; I knew her when she was tapping at the inside of the egg to get out, and her mother pressing the egg to keep it warm." "Do birds," said Jim, "try to hatch themselves?" "Yes, they peck away at the inside of the egg." "Hum!" said Jim; "that is funny enough,—the little things." "And you do not like the Queen as well as the King?" said Alice. "No, no, the Queen is no more to be compared to the King, than a blackberry is to a mulberry." "She would thank you little for saying so, methinks," said Alice.—"She knows that I think so, and she

knows what I am saying at this moment." "Does she?" said Jim; "how can that be? what odd birds you Fairy birds are, for I suppose you are all Fairy birds who come from Fancy Islet." "Yes," said the grey bird, "all birds that come from Fancy Islet are Fairy birds. The Queen sees this grey feather that I am looking upon,—she hears every word I say to you,—she smiles when I smile,—she laughs when I laugh,—she turns her head when I turn my head;—suppose, Jim, I were the Queen." "Suppose,—oh, suppose," said Jim; "a very pretty suppose. Grey bird, perhaps she may be like you when she has lived 500 years." "No,"

said the grey bird; "if she were to live twice 500 years, her feathers would be as fresh and beautiful as they are now;—besides, we have lived in Fancy Islet ever since the world was made." "Ever since the world was made!" said Robinetta; "then you ought all by this time to be grey, for that is so long ago." "It should be called Grey Islet instead of Fancy Islet," said Alice. All laughed at this, and the grey bird said, "I am the only grey bird to be found in the Islet." "Poor dear thing!" said Jim, with much compassion and feeling. "Thank you for your *sympathy*, dear little Jim," said the grey bird. "What is *sympathy?*"

asked Jim; "it is a fine-sounding, long, handsome word." "*Sympathy*, Jim, is a feeling of sorrow that enters your heart for the sorrow in another heart;—you feel for me, because you think I must be so uncomfortable with my grey feathers, the only grey feathers to be found in Fancy Islet." "*Sympathy*," said Alice, "then, is, as it were, a heavy lump of sorrow put into a heart by sorrow for another." "Yes," said Robinetta, "a large share of sorrow, felt for the sorrow in a friend's heart." "Does the thing," said Jim, "make less the lump of sorrow in your heart for what is taken into your friend's?" "Sometimes it does,—it always gives comfort to

the heart that has its load of sorrow, however heavy it may be." "Tell me," said Jim, "if we may feel sorrow for one in sorrow, may we not feel joy for one in joy? is there not joyful *see*—something—what is it you call the word?" "Sympathy." "Yes, sympathy, that's the word;—is there not *glad sympathy* as well as *sorry sympathy?*" "Yes," said the bird; "the heart can feel *for the joy of another* as well as *for the sorrow.*" "I do hope," said Jim, "I shall not forget the word, *sympathy*, before I see Mr. Ware,—I will always be repeating the word till I see him, for I should be so glad to bring it out when I am talking to him." "You

little vain fellow!" said Robinetta. The children laughed to hear Robinetta talk so well;—Robinetta who, but yesterday, could only fly about and sing. "If," said Jim, "I be vain of being able to say long words,—you are vain enough, I take it, of being able to speak." "Oh, you cannot think how vain I am of being able to talk like you," said Robinetta; "no turkey-cock was ever more so." "We must really chatter no more," said the grey bird; "for, look! the sun is all over the sky, and has been there for nearly an hour." "I almost wish now," said Jim, "that we had not run away from George and Judith; for then our dips would have

been over." "I do not only almost, but I quite wish we had not left them," said Alice. "What do you say to coming with me, to a lake as warm as new milk,—as clear as crystal,—and filled with gold and silver fish?" "Why I should like then to bathe beyond everything," said Jim. "So should I," said Alice; "but I do not think we deserve it, for running away." "I do not think," said the grey bird, "that your heart was naughty, when you ran away,—only full of drollery and fun." "You dear grey bird! everything you say is kind; I wish I were grey all over, and then perhaps I should be as kind," said Alice. "Do you think,

Alley," said Jim, "that grey feathers would make you as kind as the grey bird?" "She is very kind; do you not think so?" said the grey bird. "Yes, we need not cover her with feathers, to make her kind, for I do not wish her to be kinder." "Thank you, grey bird, and thank you, Jimmy, for saying such kind things of me; and will you tell me if the fish are to be seen darting about, and playing in the water, like trout?" "Yes, the water is so clear that you can see quite to the bottom, which is covered with the most beautiful plants and water-weeds, and the banks with the most beautiful sweet-smelling plants and shrubs." "Can

the fish speak?" asked Alice. "Yes," said the grey bird; "they have seen the Fairy bird, and so they can speak as well as Robinetta, or you and Jimmy." Robinetta was delighted to be put with the children, and to be placed before them,—she twitted and hopped, from bough to bough, as proud as proud could be. "Look at Robinetta," whispered Alice to Jim; "she is so pleased, because the bird said the fish could speak as well as her or us." "Yes," said Jim; "the bit of a bird likes to be put with us." "Robin," he said aloud, "you can speak as well as we can, can you not?" The Robin, who saw that Jim was laughing at her, said, "yes, quite;—but

can you sing as well as I do?" "No," said Jim, "not nearly; but perhaps you will teach me one of these days." "I will try," said the Robin, pompously. The children and the grey bird laughed. "I hope," said Jim, "the fish will speak to me, when I am in the water." "I am sure they will," said the grey bird; "and they will show you all the prettiest plants and flowers under the water, and they will teach you to swim, and they will tell you of all the beautiful stones that lie at the bottom of the water." "When can we go to this lake?" asked Jim. "Is it near here?" asked Alice. "Two miles hence." "I wonder George and Judith have never found the lake, in all

their forest walks," said Alice. "You would never find it," said the bird, "unless the Fairy bird were to show it to you,—it is surrounded by trees, and shrubs, and creepers, so that nothing can come near it,—it is kept for the Fairy bird and his Queen, who go there to dine on Golden flies." "I am sure that must be the spot then, where the Fairy bird begged the Mocking-bird to dine with him on Golden flies." "The very same," said the grey bird; "and therefore the lake is called the Golden lake." "Did the Fairy bird indeed wish the Mocking-bird to dine with him?" said Robinetta to herself, full of envy; "then how ten times more proud he

will be. I do wish the grey bird would ask me to go with them to the Golden lake, — I will go and whisper to Alice, and beg her to ask for me," — and Robinetta hopped and flew, and flew and hopped, to a creeper close to her ear. "Alice," she whispered, "will you ask the grey bird if I may go to the Golden lake, and see it all, with you, but ask as if from yourself, for I am afraid the grey bird will be angry; don't ask till I have hopped away, and I am in my old place, though." Alice nodded to her, as much as to say, I will. Robinetta reached her old place, and then winked her bright eye at Alice, which the

little girl understood to mean "now's the time,"—and Alice, smiling at the contriving little bird, said, "may Robinetta go to the lake with us?" "Robinetta, come here," said the grey bird. Robinetta, with downcast looks, flew to the branch, near the grey bird,—thinking to herself, I am in for a lecture as long as a dock leaf. "Tell me, Robinetta," said the grey bird, mildly, "did you beg Alice to ask for you?" "I did." "Why could you not ask for yourself, Robin?" "I was afraid," said Robinetta. "Of what were you afraid? am I so stern, then?" "No," said Robinetta, "you, like everything that comes from Fancy Islet, are kind, good, and

gentle." "Well done for flattery, Bobby the Red," said Jim. "No," said the grey bird, "it is not flattery, it is the truth." "So it may be," said Jim; "yet such *well put in truth* is very like flattery." "No, no," said the grey bird. "But I say, yes, yes," said Jim. "Listen to me, Jimmy:—Robinetta knows very well that nothing can live in Fancy Islet, without being kind, good, and gentle. The first look at the Golden apple tree will make us so, however ungentle we may be by nature." "Ah, I wish I could go there," said Jim; "for I find it so very hard, sometimes, to be good and gentle; and it would save me so much trouble." The grey

bird and Alice laughed at this natural speech of Jim's, coming, as it did, from his heart. Robinetta thought to herself, while they are laughing, perhaps I can make my escape, and sneak away home:—and she looked about her, and then quietly hopped away,—hopping, hopping, hopping,—till she could get out of wing-sound; then she intended to fly away home, and not to leave home again for some time,—so sick was she of being lectured. She had hopped away, as far as six shrubs, when she was obliged to bustle back again, with her red boddice, for she heard the grey bird crying out, "Robinetta, return, return." Little Robinetta's breast could not look

more glowing red and bright than it always did, for her breast was always as bright and red as could be, and her back as brown as brown could be: she did not fly to her old place, but she flew to Alice's shoulder, and hid her face for shame in the little girl's frock. "Ah," said Jim, "Robin, you are come back for the rest of the lecture, for your slyness." Robinetta, like all robins, was most passionate, and she flew at Jim in a great rage for this speech, and tried to peck his eye. "What are you doing, Robinetta? it seems as if a fly had all but flown into my eye," said Jim. Robinetta flew back to nestle its head in Alice's frock. "Robin," said the grey

bird, "leave Alice, and return to your branch." "Dear! dear!" said Robinetta, taking up her head with an impatient jerk; "dear! dear!" and she flew back again to her branch. "Robin," said the grey bird, very gravely, "if you are *afraid* of going *straightforward* to an *action*, leave the *action undone*:—better to lose by being *upright* and *straightforward*, than to gain by *indirect means*." "I own," said Robinetta, "that I have been to blame; forget it, and do let me go to the

GOLDEN LAKE;

I do so very much wish to go." "That's straightforward," said Jim; "let Robinetta go." "Do, will you,"

said Alice. "I will," said the grey bird; "and now come down from your tree, for we must hurry to the lake." Robinetta flew down in an ecstacy,—she then flew to Jim, and touched him gently with her beak. "I suppose," said Jim, "you mean this touch, Robinetta, for a make-up for the spiteful peck you tried to give my eye." "Yes," said Robinetta; "but it was so provoking of you to talk of my slyness, just when I had been so taken down; and I do not think it was delicate." "No, I do not think it was," said Alice, "at all delicate to say so." "We robins are so spiteful,—Tom Tit,—Fanny Finch,—Chitty Chaffinch,—Jenny Wren,—

will tell you so." "Yes, that we will," said a little round wren, peeping from a thorn; "you are all nasty-tempered birds." "You are very rude to say so, to Robin," said Jim, quite shocked. "Oh, never mind," said the robin; "that wren has lived so retiredly with her husband and children, never going out, that she really knows not what good manners are,—they are become quite mossy, like an old gate,—and she and all belonging to her, consult no feelings but their own." "What do you mean by mossy manners?" "We call manners mossy, that are not used by being with others, as an old gate that is never opened, and so becomes

in time covered with moss." "So Jenny Wren," said Jim chuckling, "is like an old gate, covered with moss." "She is," said the robin; "Jenny Wren and her family live for themselves alone, they think no other bird worth a thought; she is very selfish, and her husband and her young birds a *part of herself.*" "*Self made many,*" said Jim, trying to keep his countenance at the robin's importance. "Yes," said Robinetta, "*self multiplied.*" Alice and Jim could no longer keep in their laughter,—they both laughed so heartily, that they could scarcely hold by the branches. The robin was sufficiently displeased at the children's mirth,

but when Jenny Wren said, from her hiding place, "a thousand robins would not make up the value of a hissing goose," Robinetta darted at her, to strike her to the earth. Jenny Wren was however too quick, she slunk away from the enraged robin, and Robinetta returned, swelling and puffing, to Jim and Alice. "Robinetta and Jenny Wren, come to me," said the grey bird. Robinetta stood opposite to the grey bird, so she had nothing for it but to come; but Jenny Wren, who was hid in the creepers, thought to herself, but will I come when I am called. "Jenny Wren, where are you?" called out the grey bird; "Jenny Wren, Jenny Wren."

"I must go, I see," said little Jane; and Jenny Wren hopped to the side of the grey bird, with her little hop, pop, down. "You would not have come, little fat Jane, if you could have helped it." "My name is Jenny, not Jane, boy," said Jenny Wren. "Jane and Jenny are the same," said Jimmy. "Hold your tongue, can't you,—they are not the same," said Jenny. "Robinetta and Jenny Wren," said the grey bird, "fly upon my back, and listen to a few words that I have to say to you." The birds flew to her back, and sat by one another, but they would not look at one another, they were so angry. "In anger," said the grey bird, smi-

ling, "both have said what is quite true of the other:—Robinetta, you are most passionate, and you should tame your spirit; Jenny Wren, you are all *little nothings*, and you are not known beyond your hedge, yet you and your whole family have a most ridiculously large opinion of your own consequence;—get rid of your self-importance, if you can." Jenny Wren and Robinetta hid their heads under their wings at this rebuke. "Let this quarrel teach you, my little friends," said the grey bird, smiling, "that we have every one our faults, which we can all see in one another, and we have many faults besides, only known to ourselves." "Have

*you* a fault?" cried the Robin, in a voice which seemed to say, "no I know you have not,"—and which Alice and Jim knew Robinetta intended not for flattery, for it was said with such a heart-gush. "I have so many, my friends, that if I pay attention to them, to keep them under, I have no time to see my neighbours' failings." "Are you *friends*, Robinetta and Jenny Wren?" asked Alice.—"How can we be otherwise?" said Jenny Wren, kissing Robinetta, "after all that kind grey bird has said." "No, indeed," said Robinetta, returning the kiss; "we were hawks not to be so." "We are friends every one," said the grey bird; "so let us sing

the song of *byegones* are *byegones;*" and the bird from Fancy Islet sang a song that had never been heard in mortal land before, for sweetness. After the song, Jenny Wren dropped from her branch, and returned to her own little plump people,—she had had enough of being made to feel small.

"Jenny Wren is quite gone this time," whispered Robinetta to Jim; "she has had quite enough of lecturing, I take it." "So have you, have you not, Bobbinetta?" said Jim. "Quite, I can assure you; and if it were not for the Golden lake that I would see, I should be off in a trice to the hut, and there I would remain till you all returned,—for I hope you

do all mean to return to the log hut." "Return to our log hut! and do you think we will not, then? no, no," said Alice, "that would never do, we love dearly every stick about our hut." "We shall all be in our beds, in our fir room, I hope, by to-night," said Jim; "and I shall be able to see again, the first thing in the morning, the shelf where all my playthings are,—and my tools,—and Jack the Giant Killer, that lies near them." "And I," said Alice, "I shall see my little chest of drawers, and mother's spinning-wheel, close by Judith's bed." "Ban will, I do think, laugh and sing for joy, and not bark, when he snugs himself round in his kennel," said Jim; "oh when,

when will the day be over, and when will night come, that we may go back to our dear log hut?" "Surely," said Robinetta, your love for your hut does not make you forget the Golden lake; you wish to go there, do you not?" "Ah, the Golden lake," said Alice; "yes to be sure, we must not forget the Golden lake; when may we set off?" "Now, instantly," said the grey bird; "but I must leave you for a few minutes, to get you wings;—I shall be back in a second." "Wings, wings," said Jim, "shall we be able to fly? how delightful. Off with you—make haste—fly away,—and you will be sooner back again; hie away—hie away—

make haste—hurry skurry." The grey bird, laughing at Jim's impetuosity, flew off, looking back over his shoulder at the children. "If there ever was a good, kind, creature," said Robinetta, "the grey bird is one." "I begin to like his ugly looks," said Jim; "but I cannot think I shall ever think him handsome,—but he says I shall before night." "Handsome is that handsome does," said Alice. "Now you know, Alice, very well," said Jim, "I hate that saying, it sounds so common, and it is not true:—handsome is that handsome does,—how ugly that sounds; why, the nightingale could not sing to such ugly words." "Are the words as

ugly as the grey bird?" asked Alice. "Yes," said Jim; "they are as ugly as the grey bird, without its *truth*;—and I do hate a *lie*." "That, I am sure, is an ugly word," said Alice. "What, the word *lie?*" said Jim; "and so it ought to be, for it is a word for an *ugly* and *frightful fault*." "Look at that," said Alice, pointing to a nettle, with the sun upon it. "I see it," said Jim; "it is very pretty." "It is only a nettle," said Alice; "that, we do not think at all pretty; yet with the sun shining upon it, it looks pretty." Jim went to the nettle, and placing himself between it and the sun, said, "now, Alice, look,—does the nettle look

pretty?" "No," said Alice; "but the nettle lighted up by the sun, was pretty." "The nettle," said Robinetta, "is only pretty when the sun shines upon it." "*But the heart,*" said Alice, "that has kind thoughts, always lights up the face, sleeping or waking; so beauty is always to be found there." "Well," said Jim, "think as much as you please, that a person is handsome, whose ways are pleasant; think so, but don't, please, again say, handsome is that handsome does." "I tell you then what we will say," said Alice; "beauteous thoughts give beauteous looks." "Yes," said Jim, "there may not be more truth in the one than in the

other, but the sound is pleasanter." "Confess, Jimmy," said Alice, "that there is some truth in 'handsome is that handsome does.'" "More truth than I thought at first, Alley, if, as you say, a kind, good heart *always* lights up a face; don't you think so, Robinetta?" "Certainly," said the robin, very consequentially; "certainly," for she loved to be referred to,—"certainly." "Robinetta has said, certainly, three times," said Jim; "so it must be so,—that's a settled point." Robinetta twirled herself about, and nodded her little head with delight." "Beauteous thoughts give beauteous looks," sang out Jimmy. "Handsome is that handsome does," sang away

Alice. Jimmy stopped his ears at these words, and said, "I will not hear you." "What won't you hear?" asked Alice:—but Jimmy pretended not to hear a word, and looked at her, seeming to say, "are you speaking?" "You hear very well, Master Jimmy," —and again she sang out as loud as she could sing,—"handsome is that handsome does." "The grey bird is coming," said Robinetta. "Do you see him?" asked Jim. "Ah, you can hear Robinetta's small voice, though your hands are over your ears, and you cannot hear me."

Jimmy laughed, and said, "Bobby's voice is so small, that it finds its way through my fingers,—but your

voice is so broad, that it remains on the outside of my hand." "Well done, Jimmy boy," said Alice, laughing, and kneeling down on the ground, and throwing her arms round his neck, and looking up in his sparkling face; "well done, Jimmy boy,—and did not then a very small bit of my broad voice find its way between your fingers, boysie Jimmy?" "Alley, dear Alley," said Jimmy, resting his hands on her shoulders, "let your voice be as broad as it can be, yet it goes sooner to my ears than any voice, and then off away to my heart." "Ah, you heard every word." "To be sure I did, Alley, I heard every word,—"'*andsome 'tis that and-*

*some doose.'*" "I did not say '*andsome 'tis that andsome doose,*' but '*handsome is that handsome does.*' I sounded the *h*, and said it in the right way." "You have a sweet voice, and a sweet way of saying things," said Jim; "I think your heart comes and plays upon the strings of your voice, and makes it sound like music,—it sounds like music to me." "Look, look," said Alice, interrupting her brother's fond speech; "just look at her,—how consequential she looks, putting up her head, first on this side, then on that!"—"Bobby birdie, what do you hear?" asked Jimmy. "I hear the grey bird, —that's what I hear," said Robinetta,

solemnly. "Bobby, Bobby, you speak as solemnly as if you saw the ghost of a hawk." "You will not see him," continued Robinetta, "for four minutes; he is yet some way off." "How quickly you hear," said Alice. "It is given to us little birds, to hear the wings of the large birds, when at some distance, to keep us from danger," said Robinetta; "now the grey bird is about two miles from us." "Now how far is he from us?" asked Jim. "Look, in an instant he will fly over that fir tree,—look!" The children did look, and in an instant, as the robin said, the grey bird appeared over the fir tree, and flew down among them, with two

pair of wings in her mouth. "What glorious, far-spreading wings," said Alice; "and as white as snow." "Dearie, dearie me, how beautiful," said Jim; "and can you put them on, and shall we be able to fly?" "I hope you will, I am sure," said the grey bird. "I can tell you what," said Jim, in sudden alarm; "I will not have the wings fastened on with nails,—not one nail shall be put into my back." "What has dropped from your beak, so shining?" asked Alice. "A diamond hammer, and pearl nails." "You may take your hammer and nails away," said Jim; "for they shall not come near my shoulders." "Then you will not

be able to go with me to the Golden lake, for you cannot go without the wings." "I do not think," said Alice, "I should mind in the least having my wings nailed on." "Should you not?" said Jim, (half ashamed of his cowardice;) "yes, but you would, though." "No," said Alice, "I am sure I shall not: I will have the wings nailed on directly, if the grey bird think it the best way." "I don't think it good-natured of you to say so," said Jim. "Dear Jim, why not?" said Alice, quite surprised. "Why," said Jim, "you know very well, that your saying you would not mind having the wings nailed on your shoulders, must make me appear

very cowardly, so if you did not feel afraid, you should not have said so, for my sake." "I am sure," said Alice, "if I had but thought of that, I would not have said it." "What does make you so bold, Alley, for you are in general so much more cowardly than I am?" "I do not fear,—not because I am bolder than you, but because I know the grey bird to be so kind, that it would not, could not,—no, would rather die than hurt us." "*Faith, faith,* that's *faith,*" said Robinetta. "Come away, Alley, come away directly; don't think of having your wings put on before mine,—no, don't; do come away,—oh dearie, dearie me, how could

I think you would hurt me! how ungrateful,—do, pray, forgive me." "*Want* of *faith*, *want* of *faith*," cried little provoking Robinetta; "dearie me, dearie me, how could you be so ungrateful not to trust grey bird? —*want* of *faith*, *want* of *faith*." "Ah, it is dearie me, Robinetta,—well may I say so," said Jim. "How fond Jim is of dearie me," whispered Robinetta to Alice. "Yes," said Alice, "he always says so, when his heart is touched." "There is my shoulder," said Jim to the grey bird; "there, drive a thousand nails into it, and let them all come peeping out on the other side, if you like it:"—and little Jim crossed his arms

over his bosom, bent his head, and offered his shoulder to the nails and hammer. No one could see how the grey bird did it, but the wings were fixed on without pain. "Have I given you pain?" said the grey bird, laughing. "No, not the least; what a coward I was, to be sure." "Do you feel any of the nails?" "Not one, dear grey bird." "Now, Alice, will you come?" "Yes," said Alice, springing to the bird. "Give her two or three hard taps with the hammer," said Jim, "for being so much better than I am." "No, no," said Alice; "put my wings on just as you did Jim's, there's a kind bird." "Turn round," said the grey bird,

"I will not hurt you." Alice turned round, stooped her shoulders, and the bird placed the wings.

As he was placing them, Jim cried out, "Alice, Alice, look, do look, the nails are come out of your shoulders." Alice started at this, and gave a spring into the air, and off went the left wing that was all but fixed. "Silly boy," said the grey bird, laughing; "and foolish girl to believe him." "How stupid you are, Jimmy," said Alice, very much provoked; "so very stupid." "You will never be able to fly, Alley," said Jim, chuckling at her lop-sided appearance;—"Alley, look at me;" and Jimmy flew a little way into the

air; "Alley, come after me." "If I had but my left wing," said Alice, "I could soon do that, for you fly more like a lame duck, than any other bird." "I fly very much like a humming-bird, hovering over a flower," said Jim. "Hover over that tulip," said Alice. Jimmy tried to do so, and kicking up in the air, he fell head foremost upon the tulip, and crushed it. "Poor flower," said Robinetta, with deep feeling; "your favourite bird will weep for you." "The boy of the tulip! the boy of the tulip! the tulip, tulip boy!" cried out Alice; "how well he flies." Jimmy determined to keep his temper, shook his fist at his sister, and again

opened his wings, saying with a smile, "Alley, I have got the better of my *tyrant self*;—I have conquered him." "Have you? I like that, Jimmy;—I think I have the most reason to be angry, as I have lost my wing." "Yes, Alley, I have got the better of myself, for I was in a passion quite, when I rose from the ground; but I have shaken off my anger, and here I am, flying away again, and I will rise if I can to that tree." When Jim again tried to rise from the earth, he found he could fly as well as any bird in the forest, and hover over the flowers and shrubs,—then poise himself in the air,—then dart away as lightly as the humming-

bird, or butterfly, or the winged freebooter, the hornet,—then he could stretch away North, South, East, or West, as finely as the eagle,—and all this he could do, for the grey bird had given him power to do so, for the

GOOD TEMPER HE HAD SHEWN.

When he found he could do all this, Jim yelled and screamed with wild delight. All smiled at the boy's delight. "Me! me!" said Alice; "how beautifully he flies, and how beautiful he looks; dear Jimmy, what a beautiful bird he makes, to be sure." "Alice," called out the flying Jimmy, "away, away I go, quite, quite away." "You are very much mistaken," said

Alice, laughing, "if you think that will frighten me, for I know you will not go far away without me; farewell, birdie Jimmy, and be snapped up, my little duck of a thing, by a wild goose, that you look the most like." Jimmy flew away, and hid himself in a Hemlock tree,* and Alice opened her one wing, but found with all her opening and shutting of this one wing, she could not move from the ground. "Never mind, Alice," said Robinetta, perching on her left shoulder; "we'll fly far above Jim, after all." "How so?" said Alice; "I do not see, Bobby, how we can do that." "With my help," said Robin-

* A tree well known in America.

etta, "we can do anything." Alice stifled her laugh, for she knew how angry the little creature would be,—and she said, "well, Bobby, what will you do for me?" "Open your own wing, my bonnie Alley, and I will open mine at the same time, and let me see if my two little wings are not equal to your large one." Alice looked at the grey bird, as much as to say, "this will never do,—can't you do something for me?" The grey bird nodded and smiled. Robinetta stuck her little claws into Alice's shoulder, and opened and flapped her wings with all her mighty little strength,—and panted,—and puffed,—and opened her beak,—and stretched

out her neck as if she were going to die. "Robinetta," said Alice, "it is all in vain; we shall never be able to move from the ground:—and the grey bird, where is he?" "Why, gone, never to return," said the robin, "a tear glistening in her eye; "he is gone with Jim to the Golden lake, and they will think no more of us, —no, never no more." "Robin," said Alice, in anger, "it is very wrong of you to say so, for the grey bird has been most kind to us ever since we knew him, and most loving to us." "Your faith in that grey bird is quite contemptible; yet I will say, that he is kind beyond everything." "Then," said Alice, "what

right have you to think or say that he will forget us? besides, do you think Jimmy will go without me to the lake? why, he had rather not bathe for a week than do so."—"As to that," said Robinetta, "I do not think he would break his heart, if he were never to bathe again." "Hold your tongue, Robinetta; you have no business to call Jimmy boy dirty." "*All boys are dirty,*" said Robinetta. Alice by this time recollected that she was talking to a robin, and all her anger was turned into drollery. "Robinetta," she said, "who said '*all boys are dirty?*'" "I myself; did you not hear me." "I have just heard you *repeat* what you have

heard *another say,*" said Alice; "you are no longer a *robin,* but a parrot." "A fine bird to be," said Robinetta, quietly, and with great satisfaction. The woods rang again with Alice's mirth at the little bird's dry speech. Robinetta was too glad to see Alice's anger turned into fun and frolic, to be angry at being laughed at. "So you had rather be like a gaudy parrot, than your own little self." "I had; pray had you not rather be like a good, kind woman, than an useless little girl?" "No, I had rather be like what I am, a little girl, till the time come that I am a woman, and then I hope to be a kind, good woman." "I am sure I hope you

will," said Robinetta. Now Robinetta at the time she said this was about the happiest robin in the American woods, for she felt she was talking so well. "Robin," said Alice.—"Alice," said the bird, (increasing in self-satisfaction,) "what would you say to me?" "Why do you think all little girls *useless* in the world?" "As useless," said the robin "as the bird in the nest." "Robinetta, I do not think anything that is made is useless, —and a little girl, I feel, may be very useful." "How can that be?" said Robinetta; "what can she do?"

"Cannot she set a good example to others?

"Cannot she be obedient to all who

have a right to be over her?

"Cannot she be smiling and kind to all around her, and never think of herself, but of others?

"Cannot she give away, and never keep for herself?

"Cannot she try to make everything around her gay and happy by her cheerfulness?

"Cannot she be sorry for those who are sorry, and glad for those who are glad?

"Cannot she have a tear in her eye, when she sees a tear in the eye of another?"

"How many,—oh, how many *cannots?* I thought you would never come to the end of the cannots;

I suppose, after all, you can be of some use, but—but what shall we do, for I have set my heart upon going to the Golden lake, and he will never think of us, no never?" "Do not be so whiny piny, do not, Robinetta; for if you are, you may make me doubt the grey bird's kindness, and I should hate to suspect such a friend." "I should like very much to make you suspect the grey bird, though, for then you would be as uncomfortable as I am." "That is very ill-natured of you," said Alice. "So it is, but then you do sit looking so happy, and sure of your friend." "I am happy, and I am sure of dear grey bird," said Alice, her little face

glowing with warm-hearted feelings; "for I think what a dear, kind, true friend I have in the grey bird; and I think how I love Jimmy and Geordy and Judy, and how they love me." "Well, Alice, keep these pleasant thoughts if you can, but I must say I think you are very foolish in putting such trust in him, for how long he and Jim have been away. How quiet all around is,—Jim must be quite gone, —hark!" "What do you hear?" asked Alice. "I hear the grey bird's wings," said the robin; "oh, Alice, how can I ever look the grey bird in the face, after being so distrustful?" "Are you sure it is the grey bird coming?" "Quite, quite sure," said

the robin. "How far is he from us, Bobby?" "Three miles." "How soon will his wings bring him here?" "In about five minutes,' for he flies so fast; he flies as if he had been some distance." "And think, Robinetta, he has been all this long way for us; oh, Robin, how your heart must smite you." "Robins," said Robinetta, "have small bits of hearts, they have not much feeling; and lucky for them that they have not, for they meet with so many misfor-fortunes, and have so many enemies, that every robin's heart would be broken, if we had much feeling,—and not one robin would be left,—and what would the world do without

robins?" "Then you have many enemies." "Thousands and thousands," said Robinetta, "ready every instant to snap us up; and what do you think the cat has the impudence to do?" "What?" "Why, not to eat us when she has killed us!" "But you do not care to be eaten up, do you?" "Not care to be eaten up, as if one's body was such a poor concern of a thing! to be sure we do; do you think it is nothing to be left on the ground in one's feathers, after having been bitten through and through?" "So you like to be eaten up; very odd," said Alice, laughing. "Yes, we birds are very proud at being thought fit for food; and the

glory of being killed by a fine large cat or bird, almost makes amends for the loss of life." "I had as soon be eaten by a mouse as by an eagle," said Alice. "A mouse," said Robinetta, with great contempt; "I could kill a mouse." "Could you, you bit of a robin?" said a little voice from the ground. "That's a pert diddy mouse," said Robinetta; "don't answer it." "No, don't," said the small little voice, "for I have no time to stay and hear you,—so don't waste your time." Robinetta and Alice laughed, and Robinetta said, "mice are the very pertest things on the face of the earth." "Robinetta, I do not see why you need ever be killed,

for you can always remain near us, and if any bird come after you, you can fly into my bosom." "Yes, Alice dear, or I could fly into your windows, and I am sure you would not let anything come after me there." "Or," said Alice, "you may fly into the hole, at the top of Jim's bed." "I shall ask the grey bird to give me a charmed feather." "A charmed feather," repeated Alice. "Yes," said Robinetta, "a charmed feather; the King and Queen of Fancy Islet can charm the life of any bird, mouse, or fish, by colouring a feather, hair, or fin,—and if a hawk even had me in her talons, she would give me up if I called out *I am fairy charmed.*"

"If Jim could but hear you, he would beg the grey bird to charm his dear Mocking-bird." "Is he so very fond of the Mocking-bird?" asked the robin, in a jealous tone. Bobby, poor Bobby, thought Alice, you are dreadfully jealous; you have a very little mind,—I suppose a mind just suited to a little body. "Jim," she said, aloud, "loves you, and the starling, and the magpie, and the Mocking-bird, and he would wish you all to have the charmed feather." "Alice," said the robin, flying to her shoulder, and kissing her cheek gently with her beak, "promise to say one thing for me." "What?" asked Alice. "Ah, but promise you will say what

I wish you to say, before I tell you," said Robinetta. "No, Bobby, I cannot promise, before I know what it is." "Now, do." "No, no." "Well, then," said Robinetta; "it is that you will say you love me." "I do love you, Bobby, very much." "Ah, but will you say you love me better than any bird you know?" "I cannot say that," said Alice, "for I do not; and what would become of me if I were to tell a story to please you?" "Why, even then," said Robinetta, laughing, "you might say you had told a very pleasant story." "No story can be pleasant to tell," said Alice, gravely. "You do love me very much, Alice?" "Yes I do,

very much." "I do wish," said Robinetta, "you could say with truth that you love me better than the starling, the magpie, the tomtit, or any of the rest." "I am sure," said the kind, gentle Alice, "I would say so if I could, if it would give you pleasure." "Here I am," said the grey bird, from a tree over them; "had you given up all thoughts of seeing me?" "No, I have been expecting you back," said Alice. "Has Jimmy been with you, Alice?" "I hope," said Robinetta to herself, "they will go on talking about Jim, and then grey bird will not think to ask me if I expected him back." "We have not seen Jim since you went,"

said Alice; "I hope he has not lost his way." "No, no," said the grey bird, "he is safe enough; but I dare say the little fellow has been trying to find the Golden lake,—he is always in such a violent hurry to be first in everything and in every place." "He is," said Alice. "Look at your wings, Alice," said the grey bird, putting down a pair of golden wings, and a small pair of crystal ones, on the ground. One pair was beautifully formed, and large enough to carry the warrior eagle to his mountain,—the eagle that is found only in the far west country, where the wild Indian lives;—the small pair was delicate as the most beautiful shell.

Alice took up the golden wings, and tried to spread them out to their utmost extent; but finding their spread was too wide for the reach of her extended arms, she laid them on the ground, stretched them out in the sun, and danced round them in delight. "How beautifully they are powdered with gold!" she said; "and what falls of gold from the tips! how they sparkle in the sun! yet why are my wings so much more beautiful than Jimmy's? I would rather have had them just like his." "They are the

REWARD FOR MERIT,"

said the grey bird; "a reward for the great good humour with which

you took Jim's boasting, when he found you could not fly, and he could fly so well." "I wish Jimmy had the same wings, though." "Then, for your kindness to Robinetta," continued the grey bird. "Her kindness to me!" said the robin, much offended; "why, grey bird, you are mistaken; I was kind to Alice, not Alice to me." "How so, Robin?" "In trying," said the robin, "to get her from the ground with my wings." "Alice knew all the time very well that you could do nothing for her, and for fear of hurting your feelings, she pretended to think you could assist her." "Now was it so, Alice? now was it so?" said Robinetta, all

in a twitter. "Why," said Alice, "I do not think I thought you really could do much for me." The robin at this was so angry, that she could not speak for some time; she only opened her wings and beak, and hissed and fluttered on a twig, and at last, panting and heaving, she said "I'll never do anything for you again, that you may depend upon." "Do not say so, dear Robinetta; for I know you will do anything you can for me, the first time I want your assistance." "Will I though," hissed out Robinetta, "you may be mistaken." "Come, come, Robinetta," said the grey bird, "do not put yourself in a fuss, but fly down and look at

those little crystal wings, and tell me what you think of them." Robinetta dropped to the ground, and flew round and round the wings,—touched them lightly with her beak, and at last said, "they look made for the most delicate bird that flies,—they sparkle and brighten in the sun, as the frosty leaf in the blue sky, or the water drops in the sun." "They are for you," said the grey bird,—a

REWARD FOR MERIT."

"A reward for merit," said Robinetta, "how nice! dear, how very nice! then I have a reward for merit as well as Alice. Mocking-bird, I will be very great with you; I think

I will hardly speak to you." Alice and the grey bird laughed. "You do not ask me, Robinetta, for what merit these wings are a reward." "Oh, I do so many good things, that you would have some trouble to tell me for what merit. The world has many blessings, but its greatest blessing is the robin." "Oh Robinetta, Robinetta," said Alice, laughing, "conceited Robinetta!" "Well, what greater blessing," said Robinetta, "than the glowing, red-breasted, merry robin, who loves man, and is ever ready to give him a merry song?" "Come, Robinetta," said the grey bird, "let me put on your crystal wings, for I wish you to go and find Jim." Alice,

taking up the wings, said, "I will hold them for you." "Don't, don't touch them," said Robinetta; "they will fall away if you do, like melting snow." "Do not fear," said the grey bird; for they are as strong as your wings, though they look so delicate." The grey bird fastened the wings on the robin, and said, "now go and find Jim, and then come again and tell us, but do not let Jim see you." "Can I fly anywhere with these wings?" said Robinetta; "I seem to float through the air. Oh how pleasant, pleasant!" and the happy, the almost too happy bird, flew here, flew there,—then she mounted up high into the air like a lark, pushing up

as if she were determined to get into the sky. A lark, seeing a strange bird fly high like herself, left the ground and flew up after her, saying, "and who may this be that flies like me?" The lark, of all little birds, is the most high, eagle-minded, and kind, and the most free from those *nettles of the heart*,

JEALOUSY, AND ENVY.

My dear little readers, if you be jealous, if you be envious, fling jealousy and envy away, as you would a viper that is just going to bite you; for if you let them remain near your heart, they will make you *unjust* and *unkind* to your best friends. The lark having reached Robinetta, said,

"a robin! I am surprised to see you so high in the air, and you fly as a lark would fly." "Look at my crystal wings," said Robinetta; "they are from Fancy Islet." "Aye, indeed," said the lark; "then you are a happy bird;—and can you sing?" "Hear me," said the robin. "Let us sing together," said the lark. "Begin," said the robin; and the two birds, the lark and the robin, sang away, and the melody was so soft and sweet, that every bird listened. The lark rejoiced in the robin's joy, and was just going to sing another song, when a hawk pounced upon him. "I see," said the bird of prey, "that I may not touch you, Robin, for you have fairy

wings; but you, lark, have nothing fairy about you, so come with me to feed my young." "Poor me," said the lark; "I have sung my last and my best song; go Robin, go and be happy." "Can nothing save you?" said the robin. "Nothing, I should think," said the hawk; "so unless you wish to see the death blow given, you had better be off." "Do not, do not kill him," cried Robinetta, flying after the cruel bird. "Give," said the ill-starred lark, "my blessing to my wife and little ones." "I will indeed," said Robinetta;—"hawk, will you not open your talons and let him fly away?" "And Robin, tell my wife and my little son that I died a noble death;

I was taken, as I should be, high in the air, and not grovelling on the ground." "Hawk! hawk! drop him; pray drop him," cried out Robinetta. "And pluck a feather," continued the lark, "from my tail, and give it to my little son, and bid him rise as soon as he can, and give his mother a morning song as sweet as the songs I have given her." "I will, I will." At this moment, the grey bird flew past them, and wheeling round, he faced the hawk. "Open your talons, hawk," he said. "You are not my king," said the hawk, haughtily.—"There," said the grey bird, touching the lark; "there, you have the charmed feather." The hawk, uttering a

cry of disappointment, opened her talons, and flew away. The poor little squeezed lark would have fallen exhausted to the ground, had not the grey bird received her on her back. "Place yourself, Robinetta, by your friend," said the grey bird. The robin did so; and their kind deliverer flew down to the earth. Great was the joy and gladness in the lark's nest; all there knew that the merry head of the family had been carried off by the hawk, and none ever thought to see him again. The grey bird did not leave the nest till he had given young and old the charmed feather. With a rush of wings, the whole family of larks left the nest,

to rise high in air, and to give a grateful song. The robin would have gone with them, but the grey bird called her back, and told her to do his bidding, and go and look for Jim. Robinetta flew away, after looking at the larks now high in air, singing away, and making sweet melody near the clouds.

## CHAPTER IV.

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THE grey bird returned to Alice.—"Have you," said the little girl, eagerly, "saved the dear little lark?" "Yes," said the grey bird, "and there he is with his wife and nestlings in the air;—I must away for a short time, so let me fasten your wings on." "Here I am," said Alice. "Fly away," said the grey bird; "I have fastened on your wings;—there, go wherever you like, for no wings are like them on earth." "Can I fly

far away, like the eagle?" "You may brush through the shrubs like a thrush after a shower;—you may seek distant lands like the cuckoo;—you may leave us like the wild-duck;—you may fly to the far west, as the eagle." "Cannot Jim do the same?" "No, no;

GOLDEN WINGS FROM FANCY ISLET

alone can do this." "Take them away," said Alice, "for I can never like to fly without Jim." "What can we do, Alley?" "Dear grey bird, you who are so good, cannot you give us all golden wings; Geordy, Judy, my own Jimmy and all?—come, do try, see what you can do for us." "Do you not like," said

the grey bird, "to have better wings than any,—do you not like to be superior to all?" "Oh no, no, no, how can you ask me?" said Alice; "do you really think I can like to have more than others,—can any one? what pleasure is a pleasure, if you cannot share it with others? who would wish for anything, that others cannot have? no, give Jimmy golden wings, or take mine away." "For your sake, dear little unselfish girl, they shall all have golden wings." "All! all! Jimmy, Geordy, Judy, and all! happy, happy, then, shall we be," said Alice, rising from the ground; "how delicious it is to fly! grey bird, grey bird, how happy we

shall be, flying all away together! dear, dear, how happy we shall be, to be sure." "I hope you will, Alley, so fly off after the robin, and try and find Jimmy; and I must be off, too." "You will come back to us?" said Alice. "Ere many minutes are over," said the grey bird. "Where can Jimmy be?" said Alice. "He cannot be far off; and if he be, you have wings to carry you. *Nothing worth doing can be done without trouble*, Alice, so off with you, lazy thing." Alice flew off, looking over her shoulder, smiling. How kind and gentle he is, she thought to herself, as she skimmed away on her wings.; "where may Jimmy be, oh where?" "Alice,

Alice," called out Robinetta, from a bough near, "I hear you are near." "Yes, here I am, in the oak, near the witch elm." "I am coming," said Robinetta; and in another instant, the robin perched on Alice's shoulder. "Oh, Alice," she said, throwing back her head with laughter, "come and see him. I wish you had been with me." "See who?" "Jimmy; he is at some little distance from hence; come, do come, and see him." "Which way?" "This," said Robinetta; "follow me,—yet stay,—you shall take me on your golden pinions, they look so gloriously bright." "Willingly; but what makes you laugh?—what did you find Jimmy

doing?" "Doing,—the droll boy!" said Robinetta; "why, there he sits, in the midst of a chesnut, which is covered with animals and birds of all sorts and sizes." "What was he talking about?" "A plum pudding; it seemed a long story of something that happened to himself: do you know what the story was?" "I know very well," said Alice, laughing;—"naughty boy, and is he telling that story?" "Yes," said Robinetta; "tell me all about it, Alice." Alice did tell the robin all about it, and they could not help laughing, though they both thought Jim had behaved very ill, and that it was a pity he should tell a story so little to his credit. "I

should not like to receive a peck from the Fairy bird," said Robinetta. "No, I take it you would not; it would have pecked you in two."—"After all, I am not so small as all that," said Robinetta, her robin-dignity greatly disturbed. "Do let us fly in search of Jimmy," said Alice, who saw that Robinetta was beginning to be touchy. "Jimmy is a clever boy," said Robinetta; "I heard him talking so nicely of you and your one wing." "He is a dear creature, that is certain sure," said Alice, glowing with love. "I heard him talking to a squirrel:—'if I had not,' he said, 'been sure that the grey bird would give her another wing, she should

certainly have had mine.' 'Why did you leave her?' asked the squirrel. 'That she may be a little frightened about me, and so know how much she really loves me, for I do not think she quite does know.' 'Do you know how much you love her?' said the squirrel. 'And do I not know, then,' answered Jimmy; 'I love her from the Sun to the Earth, and from the Earth to the Sun.' 'That is a long way for love to go,' said the squirrel. 'Love will go a long way,' said Jim; 'and I cannot help it, but I love Alice better than anything in the world,—for she has always been with me.'" Robinetta went on chattering, without being

interrupted by Alice;—poor little girl, she could not speak, for fear the tears that were in her eyes should find their way down her cheeks, drop by drop, one after the other. "Dear, darling Jim," she murmured. The robin, delighted with the effect she had produced, went to Alice, and flying into her lap, she looked up in her face, and said with glee, "I have almost made you cry;—how well I must talk! why I have made you quite cry, I do believe, for your eyes are wet, and now I have made you laugh." "You funny thing," said Alice, holding out her hand, upon which Robinetta flew. "If you could but have heard Jimmy talk of his power

of flying; he did, to be sure, talk so big; I saw the birds around could hardly keep their merriment within, to hear him so talk." "Jimmy does talk very big, sometimes," said Alice, (and she started when she had said so, and looked very grave.) "I know quite well, I am sure," said Robinetta, "what made you start, and why you look so grave." "Why?" asked Alice. "Because it has just come to your heart, that you have said something *not quite* kind of Jimmy; —was it not so?" "It was," said Alice, with a sigh; "but I do not think I have said anything *very unkind* of Jimmy;—do you think I have?" "No; you only told the

truth; Jimmy does talk big." "Yes; but I do not wish to tell an *ill-natured truth* of Jim, as it can do him no good." "You should always speak the truth," said Robinetta, drily. "I know that, as well as you," said Alice, peevishly; "but I suppose I may hold my tongue, may *I do?*" "*May I do;* is that English?" said Robinetta. "Robinetta," said Alice, quite vexed, "what a little take down thing you are!—you know very well that I meant to say *may I not.*" "Say then what you mean," said the robin; "but don't be angry;—I am sure you need not be very sorry for what you have said;—but come, let us fly to the chesnut tree;

we must go round by the cross, to reach it, unseen by Jimmy :—Alice, are you kind again ?" "I hope so." "Then tell me one thing." "What is it ?" "Don't I talk well, wonderfully well ?"—"For a robin," added Alice. "No, for anything." Alice thought to herself, how little we know our own faults ; here is Robinetta, thinking of Jimmy's *one great fault*, —vanity, and she is as vain, as vain can be.—If we did but know ourselves, as well as we know others ! I have often fancied myself not in the least vain, and maybe I am very vain, all the while ;—I know very, very well, I have numbers of faults, so that I cannot think of blaming others.

Alice had, my little readers, many faults, but *vanity* was not one; and as she had never felt vain, and therefore had taken no pains to get rid of the weak fault, she deserved no praise for not being vain; however, on the whole, she was a good little girl, and she was always sorry to see faults in others, and never mentioned them; and instead of thinking,—well, I am better than another, for at least I have not that fault,—she would turn to her own heart, and pray that her own faults might leave her.

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"Who sees faults in others the most clearly, George and Judy?" asked their

father, as he was cutting wood. "They who have few faults themselves," said George. "I thought you would say so," said their father; "no, no, he who has the most himself. Who grieves most for the faults of others?" "Father, I know," said George, looking up from the faggot he was tying; "he who has the fewest himself." "Right, my boy." "That should not be," said Judith. "Why, my child?" "For," said Judith, "having so few faults himself, he should have the more time to think of the faults of others." "My little child," said her father, patting her head, "tell me how we are to do to others." "As we would have others do to us."

"Well, Judy, would you have others keep their minds on your faults?" "No, oh no, father." "Then, my child, you must turn your thoughts from the sins and faults of others, and settle your thoughts down upon your own." "I see; so, to be sure, father, we should."

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This conversation took place not many weeks before their father's death, and his words were never forgotten. To return to Alice and Robinetta. "Alice, what are you thinking of?" asked Robinetta; "for you are looking very earnestly at me." "I was only thinking of something which I do

not mean to tell; so let us waste no more time, but fly away to find Jimmy." "I will not go with you to look for him," said Robinetta, "unless you will tell me what you were thinking of." Alice would not have told Robinetta for all the golden wings in the world. "Well, Alice, will you tell me?" "No, Robby, Bobby." "Then I will not go with you to Jim." "Then I go without you," said Alice, opening her wings. "Stay, stay, do not take me at my word so quickly," said Robinetta, who was sadly afraid that Alice would find Jim without her assistance; "I will shew you where Jim is, and you will tell me your thoughts another

time." "No, never," said Alice, firmly. "Well, stop, stop, cannot you?" said Robinetta; "you are so soon offended." "I am not offended, Robby, Bobby." "Do not call me Robby, Bobby, now I have my wings on,—it sounds so free, so common." "What shall I call you; shall I call you Mistress Robin?" "You may if you like; it will sound very well, when I have these wings on." Alice, finding that Robinetta would persist in talking instead of flying, set off in good earnest, without Mistress Robin. "If you will not stop, Alice, with your large golden wings, then, with my small crystal wings, I shall never, never catch you: oh, Alice! I did not think you could

be so unkind:"—and Robinetta set up a little bird-whimper. "I will wait for you," said Alice; "come, sit upon my golden wings." "Don't be so grand with your golden wings," said Robinetta, completely out of temper; "I can fly with my crystal wings very well." "Yes," said Alice, "but you told me you wished me to carry you." "Did I? well, I do not now, then." "Come, and do not be so cross," said Alice. "I am not cross at all," said Robinetta. "It were a pity that crystal and golden wings should quarrel," said Alice. "So it is," said Robinetta, restored at once to her good-temper; "and they shall not quarrel." "No,

no, let that not be," said Alice, hiding her smiles as well as she could, for Robinetta kept looking at her, rather suspecting that Alice was quizzing her for her self-importance. "Come along." said Alice; and the robin darted away. Then they rose high,—then they sank low,—then they darted forward,—then they flew here,—then they flew there, —then they hovered over flowers,— then they sprang over lofty trees, till they arrived within a stone's throw of the chesnut tree, where sat Jim, surrounded by his listening groop of admiring birds and animals, the very smallest of which had contrived, by the good-natured help of birds, to get to the highest branches. A fat,

squab toad, by means of the broad back of a wild-duck, was seated on a branch just over Jim; there he sat, wheezing, and sniffling, and puffing, and swelling, and breathing hard.—"Come, come, young frog," said the toad to Jim, in a thick voice, "do not talk any more of ME, and as for the story of the plum pudding, tell it not again, for it is not to your credit." Jim blushed deeply to hear the truth thus spoken to him, and he looked up. "It was I who spoke," said the toad, looking down upon Jim with its bright eye. "Why do you call me a frog? why do you not call me a toad?" "You have not thought enough for a toad," said the

toad. "Yet why do you call me a frog?" "Because you look as bright and smooth as a gay young frog, just turned from a tadpole, and you are as full of spring as a grasshopper." "The frog has a great mind," said Jim, laughing, "to put one of his wing feathers into your bright eye." "For what?" asked the toad; "for telling the truth?" "Come, come, none of your wisdom, sage wheezer," said a sprightly goldfinch. "Yes, yes, let him speak on," said a bullfinch; "he speaks nothing but the truth." "Aye, aye," answered the goldfinch, "you and the toad are vast friends, for you are somewhat alike,—both fat, round, and heavy." The bullfinch,

at this insulting speech, lost all patience, and flew with wrath and indignation at the goldfinch. The goldfinch, seeing death in his hooked beak, flew away and hid herself in a holly tree, beneath which stood a winky, blinky, dignified owl. "How little are we able to judge of others," said Gillyhooter,* from her holly tree; "for we have all our own faults. The boy talked of himself, for which he was justly reproved by the toad:—the bullfinch approved of what he said, and I have no doubt would not, for orchards full of blossoms, commit the boy's fault, for he is not inclined to think of *self*, —yet, no sooner does the goldfinch

* The name given by the peasantry in Cheshire to an owl.