

NATURE STUDY LESSONS

REMORSE

I killed a robin. The little thing
With scarlet breast and a glossy wing
That comes on the apple tree to sing.

I flung a stone as he twittered there,
I only meant to give him a scare—
But off it went—and hit him square.

A little flutter—a little cry—
Then on the ground I saw him lie,
I didn't think he was going to die.

But as I watched him, I soon could see
He never would sing for you and me
Any more in the apple tree.

Never more in the morning light,
Never more in the sunshine bright,
Trolling his song in gay delight.

And I'll think every summer day,
How never, never can I repay
The little life I took away.

—*Sydney Dayre.*