

industry, she eat the hardest fare with an excellent appetite, and was thankful and contented with the least bit of any thing she got, but now she turned away disgusted at the coarse food, and it was not until pinched by hunger, that she would eat any of it. And now Downy began to consider within herself, whether it would not have been much better and wiser for her to have returned back to her own house in the meadow, instead of living so long in idleness and luxury; and Downy found that idleness brings its own punishment sooner or later, for had she been at home she would not have been so frightened by the cat, or nearly killed by the kitten; or even if a cat had come near her nice nest, she would have run away much faster than she did now, for being then smaller and thinner, she was much nimbler; nor was her daintiness the least evil that attended her long indulgence, and this she felt more severely now she was ill and could not go out to find good food; she had suffered so much with pain and terror, that she resolved never to go into the garden again, excepting to get provisions when in want. With a sad and penitent heart Downy once more returned to her old habitation but, alas! what was her grief on beholding it a complete ruin; her nice warm nest all destroyed, and the pretty green mound quite spoiled! Downy was sadly vexed, for the cruel hay-makers had with their pitchforks torn open the