kind of a nurse I can make; but an awkward one, I fear; even every mother bird is not a good nurse, but you are very fortunate in yours, for she is a most tender one, and I hope you will be dutiful for her kindness.” They all promised him they would. ‘Well, then,” said he, “I will sing you a song.” He did so, and it was a very merry one, and delighted the nestlings extremely; so that, though they were not quite comfortable under his wings, they did not regard it, nor think the time of their mother’s absence long. She had not succeeded in the place she first went to, as a boy was picking up worms to angle with, of whom she was afraid, and therefore flew further; but as soon as she had obtained what she went for, she returned with all possible speed; and though she had repeated invitations from several gay birds which she met to join their sportive parties, she kept a steady course, preferring the pleasure of feeding little Dicky to all the diversions of the fields and groves. As soon as the hen bird came near the nest her mate started up to make room for her, and take his turn of providing for his family. “Once more adieu!” said he, and was out of sight in an instant.

“My dear nestlings,” said the mother, “how do you do?” “Very well, thank you,” replied all at