all means," said his father; "I shall sing it very often, so you may learn it if you please." "For my part," said Flapsy, "I do not think I could have patience to learn it, it will take so much time." "Nothing, my dear Flapsy," answered the father, "can be acquired without patience, and I am sorry to find yours begin to fail you already; but I hope, if you have no taste for music, that you will give the greater application to things that may be of more importance to you." "Well," said Pecksy, "I would apply to music with all my heart, but I do not believe it possible for me to learn it." "Perhaps not," replied her father, "but I do not doubt you will apply to whatever your mother requires of you; and she is an excellent judge both of your talents and of what is suitable to your station in life. She is no songstress herself, and yet she is very clever, I assure you: here she comes." Then rising to make room for her, "Take your seat, my love," said he, "and I will perch upon the ivy." The hen again covered her brood, whilst her mate amused her with his singing and conversation till the evening, excepting that each parent bird flew out in turn to get food for their young ones.

In this manner several days passed with little variation; the nestlings were very thriving, and