before it is pardoned.” At this instant her mate returned with a fine worm, and looked as usual for Robin, who lay sulking by himself. “Give it,” said the mother, “to Dicky; Robin must be served last this morning; nay, I do not know whether I shall permit him to have any food all day.” Dicky was very unwilling to mortify his brother; but on his mother’s commanding him not to detain his father, he opened his mouth and swallowed the delicious mouthful. “What can be the matter?” said the good father, when he had emptied his mouth; “surely none of the little ones have been naughty? But I cannot stop to inquire at present, for I left another fine worm, which may be gone if I do not make haste back.”

As soon as he departed, Dicky renewed his entreaties that Robin might be forgiven; but as he sat swelling with anger and disdain, because he fancied that the eldest should not be shoved to the outside of his mother’s wing while the others were fed, she would not hear a word in his behalf. The father soon came and fed Flapsy, and then, thinking it best for his mate to continue her admonitions, he flew off again. During her father’s absence, Pecksy, whose little heart was full of affectionate concern for the punishment of her brother, thus attempted to comfort him: