of the feathered race, of one kind or other, making their airy excursions, full of mirth and gaiety. This orchard constantly resounds with the melody of those who chant from their songs of joy; and I believe there are no beings in the world happier than birds, for we are naturally formed for cheerfulness; and I trust that a prudent precaution, and following the rules we shall from our experience be able to give you, will preserve you from the dangers to which the feathered race are exposed.”

“Instead of indulging your fears, Pecksy,” said the father, “summon up all your courage; for tomorrow you shall, with your brothers and sisters, begin to see the world.”

Dicky expressed great delight at this declaration, and Robin boasted that he had not the least remains of fear. Flapsy, though still apprehensive of monsters, yet longed to see the gaieties of life, and Pecksy wished to comply with every desire of her dear parents. The approach of evening now reminded them that it was time to take repose, and turning its head under its wing, each bird soon resigned itself to the gentle powers of sleep.