CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST FLIGHT OF THE NESTLINGS.

EARLY in the morning the hen redbreast awakened her young brood. "Come, my little ones," said she, "shake off your drowsiness; remember, this is the day fixed for your entrance into the world. I desire that each of you will dress your feathers before you go out, for a slovenly bird is my aversion, and neatness is a great advantage to the appearance of every one."

The father bird was upon the wing betimes, that he might give each of his young ones a breakfast before they attempted to leave the nest. When he had fed them he desired his mate to accompany him as usual to Mrs. Benson's, where he found the parlour window open, and his young friends sitting with their mamma. Crumbs had been, according