“How happy would families be if every one, like you, my dear Pecksy, consulted the welfare of the rest, instead of turning their whole attention to their own interest!”

Dicky was not present at this speech, which he might have considered as a reflection on his own conduct; but he arrived as it was ended, and presented Pecksy with a worm, like those he had himself so greedily eaten. She received it with thanks, and declared it was doubly welcome from his beak.

“Certainly,” said the mother, “fraternal love stamps a value on the most trifling presents.”

Dicky felt himself happy in having regained the good opinion of his mother and obliged his sister, and resolved to be generous for the future.

The mother bird now reminded her mate that it would be proper to think of returning to the nest.

“If the little ones fatigue themselves too much with hopping about,” said she, “their strength will be exhausted, and they will not be able to fly back.”

“True, my love,” replied her mate; “gather them under your wings a little, as there is no reason to apprehend danger here, and then we will see what they can do.”