The Story of the Robins.

She complied with his desire, and when they were sufficiently rested she got up, on which the whole brood instantly raised themselves on their feet.

"Now, Robin," cried the father, "let us see your dexterity in flying upwards: come, I will show you how to raise yourself."

"Oh, you need not take that trouble," said the conceited bird; "as I flew down, I warrant I know how to fly up."

Then spreading his wings, he attempted to rise but in so unskilful a manner that he only shuffled along upon the ground.

"That will not do, however," cried the father; "shall I show you now?"

Robin persisted in it that he stood in no need of instruction, and tried again: he managed to raise himself a little way, but soon tumbled headlong. His mother then began reproving him for his obstinacy, and advised him to accept his father's kind offer of teaching him.

"You may depend on it, Robin," said she, "that he is in every respect wiser than you, and as he has had so much practice, he must of course be expert in the art of flying; and if you persist in making your own foolish experiments, you will only commit