you must be very thirsty.” “No,” said they, “we
have had several wet worms and juicy caterpillars
which have served us both for victuals and drink
Robin is very quick at finding them.” “There is
nothing like necessity to teach birds how to live,”
said the father; “I am glad Robin’s misfortunes have
been so beneficial to him.” “What would have be-
come of you, Robin, if you had not exerted yoursel-
as I directed?” said his mother; “you would soon
have died had you continued to lie on the scorching
ground. Remember from this instance, as long as
you live, that it is better to use means for your own
relief than to spend time in fruitless lamentations.
But come along, Dicky, Flapsy, and Pecksy, there is
water near.” She then conducted them to the pump
from which Joe watered the garden, which was near
the tool-house where Robin slept.

Here they stayed some time, and were greatly
amused, still so near the gardener that they regarded
themselves as under his protection. The parents
flew up into a tree, and there the father entertained
his beloved mate and family with his cheerful music;
and sometimes they made various airy excursions
for examples to their little ones. In this manner the
day passed happily away, and early in the evening
Flapsy, Pecksy, and Dicky were conducted to the