hope which still remained of finding Robin again; but having spent an hour in this manner, she returned to her mate, who was comforting his little ones.

"Come," said he, "let us take a flight if we sit lamenting here for ever, it will be to no purpose: the evils which befall us must be borne, and the more quietly we submit to them, the lighter they will be. If poor Robin is dead, he will suffer no more: and if he is not, so much as we fly about, it is a chance but what we get tidings of him. Suppose these little ones attempt to fly with us to our benefactors? If we set out early, and let them rest frequently by the way, I think they may accomplish it." This was very pleasing to the little ones, and accordingly it was determined that they should immediately set out; they accomplished the journey by easy stages, and arrived in the court yard just after the daily pensioners were gone.

"Now," said the father, "stop a little, and let me advise you, Dicky, Flapsy, and Pecksy, to behave yourselves properly; hop only where you see your mother and me hop, and do not meddle with anything but what is scattered on purpose."

"Stay, father," said Dicky, "my feathers are sadly rumpled."