“And so are mine,” said Flapsy.

“Well, smooth them then,” said he; “but don’t stand finicking for an hour.”

Pecksy was ready in an instant, but the others were very tedious, so their father and mother would wait for them no longer, and flew in at the window; the others directly followed them, and, to the inexpressible satisfaction of Frederick, alighted on the tea-table, where they met with a very unexpected pleasure; for who should they find there as a guest but the poor lost Robin!

The meeting was, you may be sure, a happy one for all parties, and the transports it occasioned may be easier conceived than described. The father poured forth a loud song of gratitude, the mother chirped, she bowed her head, clapped her wings, basked on the tea-table, joined her beak to Robin’s, then touched the hand of Frederick. The young ones twittered a thousand questions to Robin, but as he was unwilling to interrupt his father’s song, he desired them to suspend their curiosity to another opportunity.