

CHAPTER II.

A BIRD'S NEST.

IT was spring again; a year had passed since grandma had been taken. I was doing up my room work one morning while my baby stood at the open window looking up at the great maple tree before her. She could just touch some of the branches; and almost within her reach was a dear little birdie's nest.

"Mamma, see," she said, her face eagerly lighting, "isn't there a little, new birdie in the nest?"

I went to the window, and, sure enough, there was the tiny, new-born, featherless creature.

"Did God put the little birdie in the nest?" she said as she turned her lovely, questioning, blue eyes on my face.

I sat down on a stool beside her, and for a moment made no reply. How well I remembered my own first lesson on that subject! My first thought had been to say, "Yes, darling, God put the little birdie in the nest. Isn't He good to give us such dear little birdies?" But I knew that would not satisfy the mother who had taught me.

"Where do you think God would get the birdie to put in the nest?" I asked: