

terday—a little egg hatched out in our nest. The whole world for me is swallowed up in that tiny beak. Shall I ever get tired of looking in it? Shall I ever beat my own little first baby bird, and say coldly, "Who are you?" as my father Norfolk said to me?

"Yes, you will," chirps my faithful Daisy; "but don't worry about that. It is the way of birds, and it makes us independent. Feed him and love him while you can, and be good to everybody, everybody, everybody," and as I close my story she is chirping me a funny, jerky little song to cheer me up, for she says Chummy is trying to make a hard-working, worrying sparrow out of me, instead of a gay, cheerful little canary.

"What is that I hear outside?" she said suddenly. "I don't see why birds sing so loudly when there are young ones in the nest."

I listened an instant, then I exclaimed, "It's Vox Clamanti, and he is caroling, 'Better times for birds, better times for birds, robins 'specially, robins 'specially!'"

"So he has got hold of it too," said Daisy crossly; "he had better go help poor Twitchtail look for worms—and you, Dicky-Dick, fly