

tiny eggs in it in her trunk, and she will show you "

I got out the nest with its two little speckled eggs, and showed her. She laughed and clapped her hands while she cried :

" Oh, mamma, mamma, where did you get it ? Such teenty, weenty eggs, and they make such teenty, weenty birdies—not great big chickie's like eggs do."

I smiled as I thought of the day I had got it long years before.

" Baby," I said, " mamma has had this ever since she was a little girl, not many years older than you are. Papa was a little boy then, too, and he wasn't always a very good little boy. One Sunday, when his mamma sent him to Sunday-school, he ran away to the woods with some other naughty boys. They climbed the trees and took down some birdies' nests and brought them home."

" And the poor papa and mamma birdies' babies would be gone, wouldn't they ?" And the tears stood in the sweet blue eyes.

" Yes, Gladys, their babies were gone. The naughty boys dropped the baby birds on the ground, and left them there to die, while they brought home the nest with the two little eggs not yet hatched."

" How could you bear to keep it, mamma ?" And she gently touched with her baby finger the tiny egg.

I smiled again as I thought of the tear-stained face of her father as he came to see me that afternoon so long ago.

" Your papa went home that day, Gladys, and his mamma punished him for being so wicked as to rob