

while she rubbed the dogs' ears, and Mrs. Martin turned again to Chummy.

"And, sparrow boy, don't feel unhappy if I take all the eggs but one out of your nest each time your little mate lays this summer. There are too many sparrows in this neighborhood."

"T-check, t-chack, dear lady," said Chummy, scraping and bowing, "whatever you do is right. We birds know you understand us, and love us, and even if you take our young we will not complain. You never call us rats of the air, or winged vermin, and I assure you we will be kinder than ever after this to the little wild birds."

"Come here, sparrow bird," said Mrs. Martin gently, holding out her hand to him.

"Go on, Chummy," I said, giving him a push with my bill.

He had never lighted on her hand before, but he did so now, and stood there looking very proud of himself.

"Sparrow," said Mrs. Martin earnestly, "how I wish that I could tell you just how I feel when I look at a bird. There is such a warm feeling round my heart—I know that inside your little feathered bodies are troubles very