

"And often while the mamma bird sits on the eggs to keep them warm the papa bird gathers worms and flies, and brings them to her to eat. And now he will help her feed the baby birds for a while, till she can leave them to hunt food for them. Every day they get a little bit stronger, the feathers will come out on them, and by and by they will fly about in the sky and sing for us in the trees."

"And will they be mamma birds and papa birds sometime, too?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, sweetheart, next year they will pair off with some other birdies, and build nests and raise their little ones."

"And don't the papa bird ever lay any eggs and sit on them?" She turned her head to one side and looked as if she didn't think it was altogether fair.

I smiled. "No, baby, God just made the mamma bird so she could lay eggs, and put a love in her heart to sit on them till the little birdies are hatched. He put a love in the papa bird's heart, too, to look after the mamma bird while she did it. Isn't it all right, Gladys?"

She threw her arms around my neck as she said:

"Yes, mamma, it is all right. God made it that way, and I know God wouldn't do it that way if it wasn't all right. I love the little birdies, and I love the flowers, and everything God has made, and I love you most of all."

Then she raised her head and looked into my face—

"Say, mamma, did you ever see a birdie's egg?"

"Yes, dear, and mamma has a little nest with two