

strange to say, just at that moment Missie turned to Chummy.

"Sparrow bird," she said, for she did not know my name of Chummy for him, "sparrow bird, I am perfectly delighted at the attitude of your family toward the wild birds that are coming back. I expect you to eat very little food at my table in the garden this summer, but join with the wild birds in killing many tussock moths—will you?" she added smilingly.

Chummy understood her, and he tried so hard to tell her how grateful he was to her for all her kindness to him and his family that he actually croaked out a hoarse little song in which one could plainly distinguish some of my notes.

Even the children noticed it, and he got a good round of applause, as if he had been singing at a concert.

Mrs. Martin was looking at him so kindly, just as if she were his mother. "Sparrow," she said softly, "I think you try to be a good bird, and that is all we human beings can do—just to be good and kind," and she looked away toward the big lake and sighed.

Our Mary was still talking to the children,