

God made the little birdies to fly about in the sky, and to sing for us here. And every new little birdie that comes, comes in a nest just as this little birdie has. God does take care of it, but He does so by putting it into the heart of the mamma and papa bird to feed it and watch over it and keep it warm till it grows big enough to fly for itself."

I paused for a moment, and smiled to see my baby's still puzzled face.

"But mamma," she said, "you didn't tell me yet where the mamma and papa bird got their little baby bird. Did God come down some night and put it in the nest, and tell them to be good birdies and take care of the little new birdie?"

"No, sweetheart, no," I replied as I kissed the fair, puzzled brow, "not just that way. Long, long years ago when God first made the world He made birdies something in that way, but He does not have to do that now, for He so made the birdies that from them new birdies are born every year.

"In the spring when the sun gets warm and the leaves come out on the trees, and the flowers begin to blossom, some papa bird sings to some mamma bird, and they go off together and gather some little straws and bits of leaves, and build a nest. A mamma and papa bird built this nest right here in the tree before us. Then the mamma bird laid some tiny little eggs and sat on them to keep them warm, just like auntie's old speckled hen does every spring. By and by the eggs hatched, and the little birdies were in the nest instead of the tiny eggs."