

most stately step and air, she walked contentedly in, and then her much more lowly-minded companions were allowed to follow.

But the last story of all was the most curious of all. A great friend of his, Mr. Massie, a clergyman, who lives somewhere near Chester, and who has, he says, the loveliest garden, and the loveliest roses, he thinks, in all England, told him that one year two sparrows built a nest exactly opposite the drawing-room window, and—

“ Had laid pretty eggs in it,
One, two, and three.”

But one day there came a cuckoo, who is never, Mr. Stanhope says, at the trouble of building for itself, or even of taking care of