

its own egg, or its own little bird. It seizes, he says, on any nest that it takes a fancy to, and having laid its egg in it, flies away, and leaves its poor child to be brought out, and brought up by strangers. This was what Mr. Massie's cuckoo did; it took possession of the nest of the poor sparrows, and when its egg was hatched, and the young cuckoo was old enough to leave the nest, he used to see it hopping about the grass with its foster-parents.

But the curious part, the wonder part of the story is still to come. The young cuckoo, before it could fly about, or feed itself, had grown more than twice as big as the poor little sparrows, so that, when, like all young birds, it held back its head when it wanted food, they found it quite impossible to reach high enough for their great big child.