

At last one of the wise little things hopped on its back, and in that way dropped the food into its mouth.

Mr. Massie saw them do this again and again, till at last the cuckoo was old enough to take care of and feed itself, and then it left its tiny parents, and flew away, I suppose to treat some other poor bird exactly as its mother treated the sparrows.



SIXTEENTH DAY.

I asked Miss Hayward, last night, before going to bed, what she thought about the cottages, and the rock-work. And she would not give me a bit of advice. She would leave