CHAPTER III.

THE NESTLINGS FRIGHTENED BY THE GARDENER.

The cock bird, having finished his breakfast, flew out at the window, followed by his mate; and as soon as they were out of sight, Mrs. Benson continued her discourse:—"And would you really confine these sweet creatures in a cage, Frederick, merely to have the pleasure of feeding them? Should you like to be always shut up in a little room, and think it sufficient if you were supplied with victuals and drink? Is there no enjoyment in running about, jumping, and going from place to place? Do you not like to keep company with little boys and girls? And is there no pleasure in breathing the fresh air? Though these little animals are inferior to you, there is no doubt but they are capable of enjoyments similar to these; and it must be a dreadful life for a poor bird to be shut