their mother, fearing the dreadful creature was just at hand.

"What, afraid again?" cried he; "a parcel of stout hearts I have in my nest, truly! Why, when you fly about in the world, you will in all probability see hundreds of such monsters, as you call them, unless you choose to confine yourselves to a retired life; nay, even in woods and groves you will be liable to meet some of them, and those of the most mischievous kind." "I begin to comprehend," said the mother, "that these dear nestlings have seen the face of a man." "Even so," replied her mate; "it is a man, no other than our friend the gardener, who has so alarmed them."

"A man!" cried Dicky; "was that dreadful thing a man?" "Nothing more, I assure you," answered his father, "and a good man too, I have reason to believe; for he is very careful not to frighten your mother and me when we are picking up worms, and has frequently thrown crumbs to us when he was eating his breakfast." "And does he live in this garden?" said Flapsy. "He works here very often," replied her father, "but is frequently absent." "Oh, then," cried she, "pray take us abroad when he is away, for indeed I cannot bear to see him." "You are a little simpleton," said the father, "and if you