

Chapter VIII - Jim Crow Has Time to Repent His Sins

"WHERE are you going, my dear?" asked the Blue Jay of his wife.

"I'm going to carry some grubs to Jim Crow," she answered. "I'll be back in a minute."

"Jim Crow is a robber and a murderer!" said the policeman, harshly.

"I know," she replied, in a sweet voice; "but he is blind."

"Well, fly along," said her husband; "but hurry back again."

And the robin-redbreast and his wife filled a cup-shaped flower with water from the brook, and then carried it in their bills to the pine-tree, without spilling a drop.

"Where are you going?" asked the oriole, as they passed.

"We're just taking some water to Jim Crow," replied Mrs. Robin.

"He's a thief and a scoundrel!" cried the oriole, indignantly.

"That is true." said Mrs. Robin, in a soft, pitiful voice; "but he is blind."

"Let me help you." exclaimed the oriole. "I'll carry this side of the cup, so it can't tip."

So Jim Crow, blind and helpless, sat in his nest day after day and week after week, while the little birds he had so cruelly wronged brought him food and water and cared for him as generously as they could.

And I wonder what his thoughts were--don't you?