

forget all about the hardships and be quite happy again.'

'I'll try it,' said Jack, 'and I'll tell May about it, too. Dear me, I shall have so much to tell her when I get home; and you'll stay and see her, too, won't you?' he added eagerly, turning towards his old friend.

There was a tone of sadness in the old man's voice as he answered, 'Not this time, dear boy, for I must give in my report of the day past, as the sun rises upon another day. You see we grow old just twice as fast as our human brothers and sisters; for we never sleep as you do, as the night is generally our busiest time. We shall soon be at home now,' he continued, 'for we have nearly crossed the Atlantic and our eighth and last visit is to be made in Boston, in the shop of a poor tallow chandler. See, here we are,' and before Jack could answer even one word they entered the door of a small house in a side street which then [in the year 1717] was paved with bricks instead of flag-stones, and passing through the frontroom which was a sort of shop, they looked through a narrow door into the room beyond. The hum of a spinning wheel first drew their attention to the farther corner, where a middle-aged woman sat, busily spinning, and then a child's voice called them from her side to where two children were playing with a toy boat, which they were rigging with a sail made out of an old towel, and a few pieces of whipcord. The boy was not more than eleven years old, and the girl was several years younger, and their queer, old-fashioned garments made them look like a miniature man and woman. The outter was evidently just finished, as the floor was covered with chips and shavings, and as the boy laid down a rude gong he said, in a low voice:

'Dost think, Deborah, the 'Flying Dutchman of Boston' would be a fitting name for such a fine craft?' and as the little sister quite approved he reached out his hand and took up a painter's brush, but dropped it suddenly at a sound from the shop which told him his father had returned, and, seizing instead a bunch of candle-wicks and a pair of scissors, clipped away with an air of great industry for a short time. And then, when all was quiet again, with a guilty look, and frequent glances at the open door, a book was pulled from his pocket and the work was once more pushed aside while the boy almost devoured the tale before him, which was none other than that of 'Robinson Crusoe.'

'Ben, my boy,' and the mother's voice sounded above the steady trone of the wheel, 'you are not doing your duty. Do give over reading until after work time, there's a good child!' and as he only stopped long enough to assure her that he could not 'break off just there,' and was a moment after utterly lost again in his reading, she added, more sternly:

'Do you know, sirrah, that your father will be in to supper directly, and here you haven't cut so much as one bundle of wicks all the day through? How shall I be able to

screen you again from his anger, so strict as he is?' and she rose from her seat and shook the boy to rouse him, while she kept looking nervously over the curtain on the glass door. Just then the voice they had both dreaded to hear fell on their ears, and they both trembled as the words were repeated a second time:

'Benjamin, I say, bring me at once the wicks you have been cutting!' and as no amount of urging on the mother's part could make the boy answer, a brown paper cap was seen through the glass advancing towards them; and the frightened boy rushed from the room and up the stairs to the garret, where he threw himself on a 'trestle-bed' and burst into a flood of tears.

'Nasty candle-making!' he exclaimed, 'O, how I hate it! Why won't they let me go to sea, as I wish to do? And even my books they wish to take from me—I am tired of it all, and to-morrow I will run away to sea at daybreak, and make brother Holmes take me as a cabin boy,' and then, as if this thought had comforted him the boy, tired out with his troubles, fell fast asleep on the outside of the bed.

'Did he run away?' asked Jack, as soon as they had left the house.

'Yes, indeed he did,' was the quick response, 'and he was glad enough to get home again, I can tell you, as all boys are who have ever been foolish enough to try it. But in after life he became so famous, that we all must forgive him for being such a headstrong little fellow. All the world knows about Benjamin Franklin [he is called the greatest diplomatist of the eighteenth century], who filled in succession the honorable positions of Postmaster General, Minister to France, and Governor of Pennsylvania; and who, besides all this, was chosen to be one of the framers of the Federal Constitution.

'No one would ever have believed it to look at him in that garret,' answered Jack, who was much impressed by this long list of honorable positions, and the old fairy smiled a funny little smile as he said:

'That's a fact, but you see it is never safe to judge by appearances alone in this world,' and then he added, a little sadly, 'now we must say good bye to each other, Jack, and I am very sorry to leave you, for we may never see each other again.'

'Oh! don't say that,' cried the boy, 'I shall miss you terribly, and you must promise to come and see me soon, you will, won't you?' and he seized the small hand he held in both his own.

'I can't promise that, but I will promise to try to do so, and now, as we have only a few minutes more together, I want to say just one or two words about our journey, for you must always remember that this 'flyer' was not taken for pleasure. It I hope will be a lesson to you.'

With the last words was blended the sweet music of voices singing:

'Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side;
That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Easter-tide.'

As the 'Amen' died away there was a last grasp from the small hand as the old fairy vanished as silently as he had come; and Jack sat up with a sudden start to find that it was just two hours past his bed time.

And even now, though many years have passed since that never-to-be forgotten journey, Jack will never allow his own little boys to think that it was a dream, for he tells them that he learned more than one lesson that evening which have proved blessings to him ever since; and that he wants them to love and honour the dear little Royal Fairy, and like him to be faithful subjects of the holy Christ-Child, so that in time they, too, may enter the service of their Risen Lord.

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