

## The Boy Who Would See the World.

(Sunday Reading for the Young.)  
(Continued.)

Little Willie travelled on for two hours in the most delightful mood; then he met a woman on her hilly way to fill her pitcher at the stream below, who directed him to a wayside farm, where he might obtain something to eat and drink, for the silly little traveller was getting hungry. Here he spent half his sixpence in bread and milk and eggs, and, like a giant refreshed, he walked on again towards London, hardly knowing whether he was on the right or wrong road.

Oh, it was pleasant walking! and the little fellow's adventurous mind supported him in glee until he had walked a few more miles, when the distance he had travelled began to tell upon his knees, and he felt weary, and would like to have rested himself.

But he was a traveller, and he had read that travellers disdained rest; so on he went, whistling as he went to drown his weary feelings, and refreshed himself at another farm with his other threepence. And now the seriousness of his forlorn position began to dawn upon him, and he was anxious to know how much further he had to walk before he reached London.

'Just ten times as far as you have already come,' said a red-faced farmer, after Willie had made the inquiry of him, at the same time telling him the place he had come from.

'Ten times as far as I have already walked! Then I shall never reach there!'

'Oh, boy, never is a long time,' said the jolly farmer. 'But what makes so young a chap as thee on the road alone? Hast run away from whoam?'

Willie told to the willing ear of the farmer a rambling story, concluding with—'I'm on my way to see the world!'

But he obtained no sympathy from the farmer, who laughingly said, 'Dost see this whip, lad? Now, look'ee here, if you doan't make the best of your way back to your fretting feyther and mother, I will flog thee every step of the way back to your house.'

The honest farmer was a father

himself, and felt for the foolish little boy's parents, and did not at all wait to nick out nice words for the young traveller; but rated his bad conduct at its proper estimate.

'Had thee been a poor little shoeless tramp,' he continued, 'I'd have had thee in, and gied thee a bed here; but to see a young gentleman like thee, with a good whoam and good friends, to take up such fangled notions of seeing the world—a

'And do you think there are bears, lions and tigers in Lunnon?'

'No, I don't but in African jungles, and that's not far off.'

'Oh, you little dunce!' cried the farmer. 'Dost think Africa is near Lunnon? Why, it's hundreds of thousands of miles away across the sea!'

Willie was an ignorant, conceited little boy, and had not at all profited by his attendance at school, and



'DOST SEE THIS WHIP, LAD?'

bit of a thing like thee, not out of pinafores—I'd gie thee a good hiding first, and send thee to school afterwards. Be off back whoam, and learn your duty to your parents, and thank God you've got parents to go to. Here, take your threepence, and toddle back from whence you came.'

'I wish I had not told you now,' said the boy, staring at the farmer, (he spoke in those sullen tones so often noticeable in stubborn boys); 'but I shall go on my journey for all you say.'

knew scarcely anything of geography.

'Kill bears and lions, indeed?' continued the farmer, laughing. 'Why, my dog, Brindle, would frighten thee out of thy wits if thee had any! Hi! ho! here, Brindle!' he cried. And out through the stone passage of the farm came the barking, sturdy dog; and who, when he saw the half-frightened Willie, began to growl, and show his white teeth. The farmer laughed loudly when he saw how the lion-killer shrank back in fear of