

“LITTLE FOLKS”

Riding on the Globe.

When a child the famous Sir Edward Parry was taken by his parents to visit a lady of their acquaintance, and he was allowed the run of the house in search of amusement. One morning the little fellow of five years was found in the library, astride of a large geographical globe.

‘What! Edward—are you riding on the globe?’ said his kind hostess.

‘Oh, yes,’ the boy replied; ‘and

boy was far up the rigging, and never stopped till from the mast-head he waved his cap in triumph.

The alarm of old Thomas attracted the notice of the sailors, and a group of those who witnessed the feat gathered round the boy as he reached the deck, and greeted him warmly as ‘a fine fellow, and a true sailor every inch of him.’

By his attention to duty and his good conduct, the young volunteer soon gained the esteem and affection of the officers.



how I should like to go round it!’—words afterwards remembered by those who heard them.

His school-days over, an appointment was got for him on the ship of Admiral Cornwallis, as ‘a volunteer of the first class.’ He was sent from Bath to Plymouth in the charge of a trusty man-servant. When the faithful Thomas returned, he described how his young master seemed struck with amazement at the sea and the huge line-of-battle ships; but he soon began eagerly to inquire about everything from all who had time to listen to his questions.

While thus employed he saw one of the sailors descending the rigging from aloft, and instantly, before the astonished Thomas could utter a word of protest, the active

The story of his life is a most interesting one, full of lessons of courage and of duty performed.—‘Child’s Companion.’

The Nodding Chinaman.

(By Ida T. Thurston, in ‘Congregationalist.’)

‘Rachel, it is time for you to go,’ said Rachel’s mother, gently.

The child was curled up in the wide window seat absorbed in a book of fairy stories. When her mother spoke she closed the book and, with a long sigh, slipped down from the window.

‘I wish I didn’t have to go, mother,’ she said, soberly.

‘But, since you do, run up stairs and put on your clean-gingham. Aunt Elizabeth won’t like you to be late.’

Rachel went up stairs, but she did not hurry. Her mother heard her moving about in her room, and presently she came slowly down. She had brushed her hair and put on a fresh blue and white checked gingham, with a sunbonnet to match.

‘Good-by, dear,’ her mother said, as she tied the bonnet strings under the round chin and then kissed the sober little face. ‘We must always do what is right, you know, even if we don’t really want to.’

‘Yes’m,’ answered Rachel, gravely.

Through the window her mother watched the little figure as it went slowly down the road.

‘She doesn’t intend to get there too soon,’ the mother said to herself, with a smile.

But, though she walked so slowly, it seemed to Rachel only a few minutes before she came to a big white house set quite a distance back from the road. She went up the path and around to the kitchen door. As she opened the door she smelled the sweet, sickish odor of boiling fruit. Mary, the ‘hired girl,’ was doing up preserves. She looked up as the child entered.

‘O, it’s you, is it?’ she said. ‘Your aunt is in the sitting-room.’

Rachel walked silently across the big kitchen and through the hall to the sitting-room. Aunt Elizabeth sat in the big rocking-chair by the window. She was a tiny old lady, with snow-white hair and very black eyes that seemed to Rachel as sharp as needles.

‘You’re late,’ she said, as the child pushed open the door. ‘Why didn’t your mother send you earlier?’

‘She did. I—I guess I didn’t walk very fast,’ answered Rachel, her cheeks getting very hot.

‘Well, well, now you are here take off your sunbonnet and get the book and read to me. There it is on the table.’

With a sigh the child obeyed. She knew what the book was—it was Fox’s Book of Martyrs, and Rachel hated it. She would not look at the dreadful pictures, but she stumbled on through the reading, her aunt frequently correcting her pronunciation.

At last the old lady said, ‘There, that will do. I must go and see if Mary is cooking that fruit as it ought to be.’ She rose and, glanc-