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THE SAVOYARD BOY AND HIS PET.

A TRAVELLER was once making a walking tour, and met a pretty little Savoyard boy. His short stunted figure, his dark complexion, his blooming cheeks, his black sparkling eyes, the stick in his hand, and the little animal which, fastened by a string, he carried under his arm, left no doubt as to the country and calling of the lad. He was a poor little Savoyard, and he went about exhibiting a marmot.

When he saw the traveler, he at once hastened his steps, and began to sing out, "Here is Hannchen, a living marmot; would you like to see my marmot? It is prettier than anything in the world, and climbs up any stick like a cat. Will you not look at it, good sir; it will amuse you very much."

The gentleman had little desire for this amusement, but the poor boy looked so happy as he took his marmot out of the



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box, he regarded it with such tenderness, with such pride, that it seemed cruel to disappoint him. He placed his pet on the ground, and covered it with his hands to warm it. The poor little animal was so sleepy, it was with great difficulty it could be made to stir. Little Jacob was troubled at this; he stroked the little beast, scratched it, scolded it, cheered it up, all by turns. "Now, my little Hannchen—I call it so, dear sir, because it reminds me of my little sister, who also bore that name—now, my little Hannchen, stand up, then, and show the good gentleman what you can do. Ah! you should see it when it has dined sir, it is then lively as a cricket."

"And I suppose you are too," said the gentleman. "Well, here you are, go and dine both of you," and he gave the boy half a franc—about ten cents of our money. So the little Savoyard went begging his way through Europe—not a ver-