
A Real Fairy.

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A REAL FAIRY



"What a pity there are no fairies now!" said Paul. "I would ask them to give me carriages and castles."



"I know one that still lives," replied a gentleman. "I will tell you what she has done for me."



When I was your age, I was an orphan, without home, and without food. A very poor woman gave me shelter, out of charity.



My benefactress had scarcely enough to keep herself. One night a Fairy came to me and said, "Go to the market to-morrow."



The next day I went to the market, several ladies gave me their baskets to carry, for which they rewarded me with half pence.



From that day, I earned my own living, and supported my foster-mother. I went errands, and chopped wood.



One evening I found a pocket book filled with letters and bank-notes. I put this treasure under my pillow.



While I slept, the fairy said to me, "You must not take other people's goods, nor keep anything that does not justly belong to you."



The next day, I went to return the pocket book to a banker, who had advertised his loss.



The banker took me into his house, and also my foster-mother, and he treated me as his own son. The Fairy told me to study.



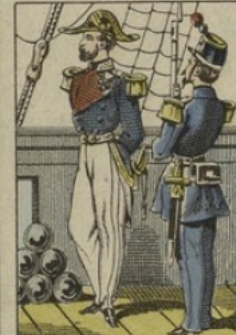
When I was sixteen, my patron, sent me to the Indies to establish a counting-house amongst the savages.



I went several voyages, experienced many storms: the Fairy told me to help the sailors manage the ship.



When I was twenty years of age, my patron died, and fortune no longer smiled upon me. The Fairy told me to enter the Navy.



A few years later the Fairy made me a captain and gave me honour in the wars.



As I knew the Indian language, I was sent to subdue the rebellious tribes on the borders of the Gange.



I conquered the rebels, and brought their chief to the Prince. Through the influence of the Fairy I married the daughter of a rich Nabob.



Our nuptials were performed according to the custom of the country. My future bride and I were driven to the temple, in magnificent palanquins.



Twenty elephants, with gold harness, and driven by a hundred slaves, were laden with the marriage-dot, and the jewels and treasures, of my wife.



To day I have more castles, than the Marquis of Carabas. I have come to take this news, to my foster-mother.



You wish to know the name of my Good Fairy, my young friends? She is called the Fairy "PERSEVERANCE."

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