

The Green Sheaf

CHARLES AT THE SEASIDE.

“PRAY, Fisherman, what is this great water?” “It is the sea; did you never hear of the sea?” “What! Is this great water, the same sea that is in our map at home?” “Yes, it is.” “Well, this is very strange! We are come to the sea that is in our map. I can lay my finger over it.” “Yes; it is little in the map; the towns are little, and the rivers are little.”

“Pray, Fisherman, is there anything on the other side of this sea?” “Yes; fields, and towns, and people. Will you go and see them?” “I should like to go very well; but how must we do to get over, for there is no bridge here?” “Do you not see those great wooden boxes that swim upon the water?” “They are bigger than all Papa’s house. There are tall poles in the middle, as high as a tree.” “Those are masts. See how they are spreading the sails.” “They are like wings. These wooden boxes are like houses with wings.” “Yes, and I will tell you what, little boy! they are made on purpose to go over the sea; and the wind blows them along faster than a horse can trot.” “What do they call them?” “They call them ships.” “What have those men in the ships got on?” “They have jackets and trousers on, and checked shirts. They are sailors. I think we must make you a sailor; and then instead of breeches you must have a pair of trousers. Do you see that sailor, how he climbs up the ropes? He is very nimble. He runs up like a monkey. Now he is at the top of the mast. How little he looks! But we must get in. Come, make haste; they will not stay for us.”

Mrs. Barbauld.