

LITTLE FOLKS

Christobel.

(A Story for Children, in 'Sunday at Home,')

Christobel was crying—sobbing herself to sleep.

Everything seemed to have been going wrong all that day. She had not known her lessons. She had been very dull and slow, and people had been annoyed with her.

Poor little Christobel! she felt such a stupid worthless little girl. 'And, oh!' she cried to herself, 'I wish they understood—it isn't because I want to be naughty!'

Christobel was a delicate little girl with large brown eyes and a pale face. She was not good at games like her brothers and sisters; in fact they were always trying to 'wake her up,' she was so quiet; and she was not good at lessons. Her governess said she was always thinking of something else.

To-day things had been worse; Uncle Chris had been telling her a beautiful fairy-story, and her imagination had wandered back to it so often that day; it seemed impossible to get away from it. Oh! why couldn't one live in fairy-land, where life is so easy and so beautiful, with lovely gardens and children running about, and birds playing in them! Why don't grown-up people understand?

And to-day the young soldier, Uncle Chris, who was the hero of all his nephews and nieces, had gone, and nobody else cared to talk of the silly things he talked about to her—and, oh! it was lovely going into the woods with him, and hearing about the fairies and the sprites who lived in the flowers and had glow-worms to carry their lamps for them at night!

And sometimes one felt a door might have opened in one of those funny old trees and have disclosed the way to fairy-land, and have given you just a tiny feeling that you wouldn't like to be there quite alone. Oh, dear! poor little Chrissie couldn't help thinking of all these things!

People said Uncle Chris was foolish to fill her head with so much nonsense, especially when he knew that she could think of nothing else afterwards.

What good would her brains be to her if she knew of nothing but fairies. 'She is too much wrapped up in herself,' they said; and Christobel found the process of unwrapping very chilly and sad.

Sometimes our little friend had beautiful thoughts, and when the

would wander away alone to think about wonderful things, and listen to the birds' song. I wonder if Christobel was rather a selfish little girl.

And now as she was crying in her little bed and wondering why it was so hard to be good and why it



"SEE," SAID THE ANGEL. "THOU MAYST TAKE THE FLOWER WITH THEE."

sky was blue and the sun was shining, she loved to walk in the garden and look at the flowers. She learnt their names very quickly, and had all sorts of stories about them which she would sometimes tell to her baby-brother or to her dolls; but nurse said she would never be a healthy little girl if she did not give up her strange fancies and learn to play and run about more with her brothers and sisters.

'No! they don't want me!' Christobel would say; and then she

was that she felt so lonely, she fell asleep.

She dreamt that she was walking in a great and glorious garden. She did not remember ever having seen such a garden before. 'This must be one that Uncle Chris has told me of,' she thought.

(To be continued.)

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