

# LITTLE FOLKS

## A Legend of the South Wind.

The lazy, soft-eyed South Wind lay upon his downy couch of cloud mist, and looked away to the distant north.

He sang softly to himself as he swung to and fro, and wondered what there might be of joy and

But the South Wind was indolent; he wondered and he dreamed, but never once did he rise from his soft cloud-mist couch.

One morning he looked again toward the north, and lo, a great change had come upon the field of golden flowers.

fields; their heads waved to and fro, and the grasses whispered softly to one another.

Then, even while the South Wind looked, behold the little shining white crowns disappeared. It was a strange change. The South Wind could not understand, but the air for miles and miles around was filled with tiny, white-winged filaments; and they flew hither and thither, rising and falling with the wind, and frolicking only the faster when the sad South Wind sighed.

'The dandelion seeds are looking for a place to sleep through the winter,' said the little Red Children. 'See how the South Wind helps them.'

But the South Wind said, 'What do the children mean? It is very strange.—'The Canadian Teacher.'

## Marion and the Shadow Man.

Marion was in her room one afternoon, feeling very cross; for she had quarrelled with her cousin Jane and had come home in tears.

'Dear me,' half sighed a voice behind her, 'you do make me so much work!'

Marion turned around quickly and saw a little gray-bearded man with a sad countenance, carrying a large bag quite full of something that bulged it here and there very roughly.

'Well,' she exclaimed, 'I don't see how that can be! I do not know you, and I certainly never told you to do anything. Who are you?'

'Why, I am the Shadow Man. I pick up and carry away all the shadows you make. You have rag men to take away the rags, junk men, to take away old bones and bits of iron and such things, and of course you need to have a Shadow Man to take away the shadows. If you did not, you would soon be covered so you could not have any sunshine at all.'

'What do you give for shadows?' asked Marion.

'O, I never give anything for them. Shadows are things no one wants, so the ones who make them pay for them.'

'I do not understand,' said the little girl.



THE LAZY, SOFT-EYED SOUTH WIND LAY UPON HIS DOWNY COUCH OF CLOUD MIST.

beauty away off toward the northern sky.

And as he looked, he saw a great field; and among its waving grasses were bright yellow flowers, shining like bits of gold.

'They are like my own soft yellow light,' thought the South Wind; 'the soft yellow light with which I mellow fields, and hills, and valleys, and dales, when the Indian summer broods over the earth. But I wonder, wonder what the little yellow flower is, whence it came and whither it will go.'

The rich yellow had disappeared; and in place of the golden crowns each flower shone fleecy white, among the waving grasses.

'Alas, alas,' the South Wind sighed; 'my brother, the North Wind, has wrought this change. He has touched the heads of these golden flowers with his icy breath.'

'Why need he blight the summer fields; why need he rob them of their beauty?'

And as the South Wind sighed, there was a flutter among the flowers and grasses in all the sunny