

# LITTLE FOLKS

## The Disobedient Duckling.

'Oh, mother, mother!' cried Downy, 'look at that lovely dragon-fly, all the colours of the rainbow in his beautiful wings! Do come quick and catch it for me!'

'Don't be foolish!' said his mother, who was comfortably seated on the nest in the bank, and did not mean to disturb herself to please

'Ah, I'll soon have you!' cried Downy as he clambered up the bank.

But Gauzy-wings sailed off in the sunlight without even a word. Downy chased him along the bank, and across the corner of the field, meeting with many mishaps in his headlong career. To crown his misfortunes the farmer's dog caught

## Noises in the Night.

(By Allen French, in 'Youth's Companion').

The creaking in our rooms at night  
is only just the noise  
The flooring makes discussing if we  
little girls and boys  
Are sleeping well and cozily, or if  
our dear mamma  
Had best be roused up from her  
bed, to see just how we are.

The rustlings in the wall we hear  
are whispers of the news  
That Up-stairs tells to Down-stairs  
when Down-stairs has the 'blues,'  
For below it's very lonesome when  
we're all up here in bed,  
So Up-stairs tells to Down-stairs  
everything we last have said.

The squeaking in the hallway and  
the creaking on the stair  
Are just the timbers trying to be  
very silent there.  
You know how 'tis yourself when  
you are anxious to be good;  
You're always making noises that  
you never meant you should.

Thus the dear old house is waiting  
all through the quiet night,  
And watching for the dawn to show  
our faces fresh and bright.  
So if we hear a single sound it only  
goes to prove  
That we are guarded close by things  
that hold us in their love.

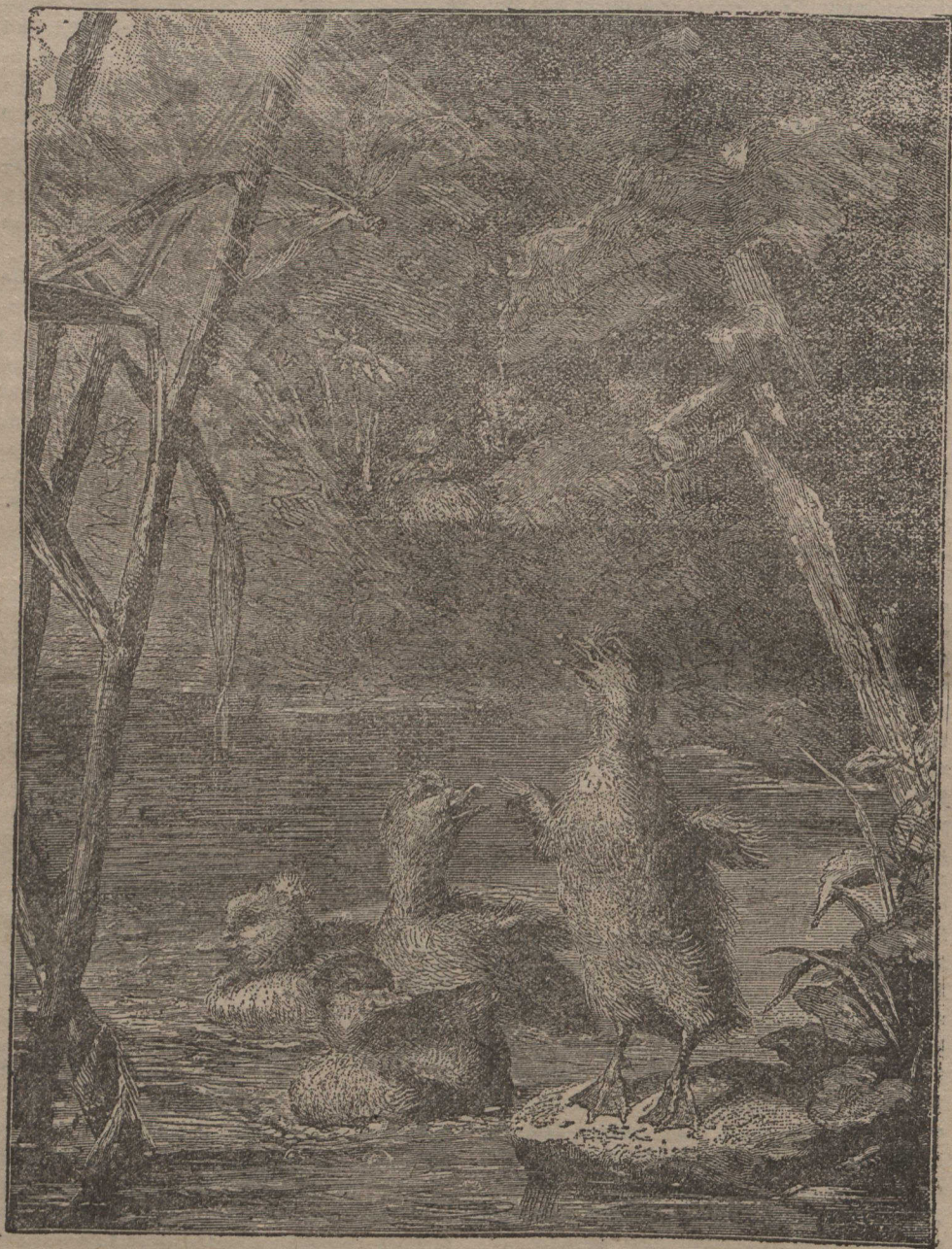
## Elsie's Puppies.

A True Story of the North Woods.  
(By Alice W. Clark, in 'Advocate and Guardian'.)

Elsie Danvers was a little golden-haired girl of six, when she went with her family to camp out for a few weeks on one of the beautiful Adirondack lakes.

It was all new to them, this life in the forest, where the cooking is done over an open fire, and where one rolls up in a blanket at night, to sleep on the softest of balsam mattresses.

The little camp was situated on a point between two small bays. Around it great hemlocks and pines rose to a height of ninety feet, and a fringe of silver birches on the shore completely screened the camp from view.



AH, I'LL SOON HAVE YOU, CRIED DOWNY.

Master Downy. 'A nice juicy sight of him, and, with a loud bark, started in pursuit.

Poor Downy was now in a terrible fright. He ran as fast as he could to where the tall rushes grew by the brookside, and stumbled down the bank into the water. It was a sad little quack that told his mother, as plainly as words could do, that he was sorry he ran away from home, and would never do so any more.—'Child's Companion.'

But the dragon-fly knew better than to come within the duckling's reach, and with a flash of his jeweled wings took refuge in the tall rushes.

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