



HOW OLD BILLY GOES COASTING.

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Billy is an old gray horse kept by a family in a town near Boston. When the boys and girls go out coasting he goes out with them to take part in the sport; that is to say, the children have the sport and the old horse does the work, as you will see in the picture.

The boys have a long "double runner" that carries a good many of them at once. It is fine fun to coast down the long hill upon it, but hard work to drag it up again; so they harness Billy to the sled, and he drags it up for them.

Sometimes they all get on and ride up, and even take some of the single sleds in tow; but usually the boys walk up, as they need the exercise to keep them warm. When they get to the top they throw the reins on Billy's back, and he jogs down to the foot of the hill and waits for them to come down again.

Old Billy seems to enjoy the sport as much as any of them. Sometimes a party of merry boys and girls get on the "double runner" and drive all about town. If the

snow is deep they are pretty sure to be upset once or twice, but they don't mind that, as the snow is soft and nobody is hurt. The boys always keep a guard at the foot of the hill while they are coasting, so that no harm can be done to the people who are passing by. The hill is steep and the sleds come down with great speed, but the track is always cleared when the word is given. Nobody is so surly as to stop the boys' fun.

## WHAT A LITTLE BIRD SAID.

Mamma had told Phoebe she could not go to play with Jenny Wright that morning, so when Phoebe knew mamma would not see her the naughty little girl ran away.

A little bird lit on the fence and sang, "Phoe-be! Phoe-be!" Phoebe stopped. Again the bird sang, "Phoe-be! Phoe-be!"

Then Phoebe turned and went back home, saying to herself, "If the birds have found out I'm running away, I'd better go back home just as quickly as ever I can."

## A WONDERFUL BOY.

We met in the midst of a dream;  
But I'm waiting for him to come true!  
The style of his nose I've completely forgot,  
But his eyes, I remember, were blue.

It was just 8 p.m. by the clock—  
Which stood, I recall, on its head—  
When his mother spoke up and said:  
"Kiss me, my son,  
And run away quickly to bed."

I thought that the next thing would be  
Loud wrath and perhaps even tears;  
But instead—well, I really give you my  
word  
That I've not been so staggered for  
years!

For he mumbled, this wonderful boy—  
(I can feel my astonishment yet!)  
"It's a pity I can't go at seven, when you  
know  
How tired and sleepy I get!"

I felt myself falling away—  
(In dreams chairs collapse without  
squeaking),  
And when I came to, the first thing that  
I heard  
Was the voice of the fond mother  
speaking.

She was kind, she was patient, but firm;  
And her calm words deci'ded his fate;  
"It is settled, my son, that a boy of your  
size  
Must learn to sit up until eight."

I sat on the floor, and I stared  
In a dazed way from one to the other;  
Then I said, "You are truly a wonderful  
boy,  
And the son of a wonderful mother!"  
—Frances Wilson, in *St. Nicholas*.

## WHAT BETH THOUGHT.

"We always have a good time, mamma, when we play with Flossie!" cried Priscilla, as she came running into the room followed by her older sister Beth.  
"I wonder why?" Mrs. Allan said smilingly.

Priscilla shook her head and ran out of the room to find her kitten. But Beth, who remained behind, said in her sweet, quaint way, "I think it's because we all try to make a good time for each other, and don't try to make it just for our own self."

"Wise little woman! I am certain that is the reason!" exclaimed Grandpa Allan, suddenly sitting straight up in his chair and startling Beth, who had been quite sure he was asleep.

So we have written about the unselfish plan these small folks had for making a good time.