

## SLEIGH SONG.

JINGLE, jingle, clear the way,  
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh.  
As it swiftly scuds along  
Hear the burst of happy song;  
See the gleam of glances bright  
Flashing o'er the pathway white

Jingle, jingle, past it flies,  
Sending shafts from hooded eyes—  
Roguish archers, I'll be bound,  
Little heeding whom they wound;  
See them, with capricious pranks,  
Plowing now the drifted banks.

Jingle, jingle, mid the glee,  
Who among them cares for me?  
Jingle, jingle, on they go,  
Capes and bonnets white with snow:  
Not a single robe they fold  
To protect them from the cold.

Jingle, jingle, mid the storm,  
Fun and frolic keep them warm;  
Jingle, jingle, down the hills,  
O'er the meadows, past the mills.  
Now 'tis slow and now 'tis fast;  
Winter will not always last.  
Jingle, jingle, clear the way,  
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh.

## LUTE'S LARGE STORY.

LUTE and Nell went down to Coney Island one day with their parents. It was a lovely day in June. They went by steamboat from the city, and there was not a crowd, so the little girls had a lovely time.

As soon as they reached there, the children scampered up the long pier and across the platforms, stopping only a minute to watch the merry-go-rounds, for they were in a hurry to get on the beach, since there was only an hour to stay.

Little boys were wading in the edge of the ocean, and very small children, with their little pails and shovels, were digging in the sand.

Lute and Nell chased the waves out as far as they dared, and then scampered back to keep from getting their boots wet. They picked up shells and pebbles, and wrote their names in the sand to see the waves come in and wash them away.

Tired at last, they sat down on the sand to rest a little, and look away out over the broad ocean, where sky and water seem to meet.

"Nell," said Lute, "there is a hill near our home in the country, where you can see ninety-five million miles in a clear day."

"Really and truly?"

"Yes, really and truly."

Nell told mamma that night. "It seems like a very large story," she said, soberly.

Mamma laughed. "How far is it to the sun?" she asked.

Nell saw through it then.

## DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

"KITTY, dear, will you run up-stairs and bring me my work-basket from my table?"

Kittie put down her book and went slowly out into the hall and glanced up the wide stairs.

"Mamma, Susan hasn't lit the gas yet; it is all dark up there."

"Don't you think you can find your way to my room, dear? Surely you don't need a light for that."

"But it is so very dark, mamma, and I—"

"Come, Kittie, don't be foolish," interrupted her mother. "There is no need of your having a light to go up-stairs. You are getting to be a great big girl, and it is quite time you—"

"There's Susan!" exclaimed Kittie, as the light was lit in the hall above, and she dashed up stairs and followed the girl into the room, keeping very closely beside her, and only breathing freely when the gas was lit.

"Did you go up in the dark?" asked her mother, as Kittie entered the room with the basket.

"No, mamma, Susan went in and lit the gas," she said, hanging her head.

The next day after her lessons were over Kittie's mother said, drawing her to her side:

"Now, Kittie, you must try to overcome your fear of the dark. What is it you are afraid of then any more than in the light? You are nine years old, Kittie, and it is foolish for such a big girl to be afraid of nothing. God is with us in the dark just the same as in the light, and why should you be any more afraid? Now will you try, dear?"

Kittie said yes, and resolved she would, and then her mother gave her a verse to learn and remember: "Darkness and light are both alike to Thee."

Her mother said no more about it at the time, but a few evenings later she asked Kittie to bring a book from the third story. Although the halls above were entirely dark, Kittie started bravely up, and her mother heard her singing on the third-story stairs in a voice that would tremble a little, "Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war!"

She said nothing when Kittie came back, but her pleased face told as plainly as words could have done that she knew Kittie had remembered that darkness and light are both alike to God.

## THE CHILDREN.

A SHIP sailed forth from yonder bay;  
'Twas on a fair and shining day;  
The wind was still, and fearlessly  
She floated outward to the sea.

But lo, on the unbounded tide  
The swelling surge rolled deep and wide;  
The wind grew fierce and waves tossed high,  
The storm-cloud hung across the sky.

Yet stoutly built and ably manned,  
One wise and prudent in command,  
She steered the furious currents through  
Till the far port appeared in view.

So, from the sheltered bay of home,  
Buoyant with hope the children come,  
And outward float on life's vast deep.  
Oh, who each precious sail shall keep?

Our Father, when the night is dark,  
And storms betide the trembling bark,  
Be thou their help: In hate of wrong,  
In love of truth, may they be strong.

Steadfast and firm upon the tide  
Of change and sorrow may they ride;  
And safely reach the heavenly shore  
When life's rough voyage shall be o'er.

DON'T SKIP THE HARD NAMES  
WHEN YOU READ.

Eddy was a bright little scholar. He could read very well for a boy six years old. He liked to read stories about birds and beasts. But he had one fault. One day his mamma talked to him about it. He would read fast until he came to a hard word. Then he would stop, and if he could not tell at once what it was, he would skip it and go on.

"Don't skip the hard words, Eddy," said his mamma.

"Why, mamma, I don't like the hard words. I am in such a hurry to go on that I can't stop to spell them."

"That will not do, my dear boy," she said. "You will never be a good reader if you do not stop and spell the long words. You will never be good at any thing if you do not do the hard things that come to you. When you are at work do not skip the hard things. God expects all his children to do faithfully the duty which comes to them. A boy who bravely tries to overcome hard things is a hero."

"A hero, mamma?" said Eddy laughing. "Why, I thought a hero was a man who went to war and was a brave soldier."

"You can be a hero, dear, while you are a little boy. A hero is any one who does his best, even in such small things as spelling the hard words. You are not too young to be a true soldier of the Prince of Peace."