



COASTING.

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WHAT rare fun it is coasting! Little Harry on his new sleigh is having a grand time of it. He seems fairly to fly down the hill side, and his dog seems to enjoy it as much as himself. See how cleverly he steers with his foot. It may be cold, but he doesn't mind that a bit. The brisk exercise makes the blood tingle in his veins, and brings the rosy glow to his healthy cheeks. Little folk must be careful that the hill isn't too long, nor too steep, and that there is nothing in the way; then there is not much danger about coasting. Very little ones should never go down alone, but always on the same sleigh as their older brother or sister.

MUSICAL FISHES.

THE fishes are supposed to have no voice at all; and indeed, this is the case with most of them. But there are exceptions to every rule; and so it is with the fish. One fish utters a cry when it is seized. There is another which wails, like a child, when it is taken from the water. Another fish makes a sound as it swims—that is, at one season of the year; all the rest of the year it is silent. But what do you think of a fish that sings?

There is a little white fish, with blue spots on its back, which lives in America, and which can actually make a sound like music. A traveller was one day lying on the beach resting himself, when suddenly he heard a sound; it was like music in the distance. He got up and looked about him; but nothing was to be seen. A boatman was close by, and he asked him if he had heard anything. "Yes," said the boatman; "I heard a fish singing." The fish was called by some people the "siren;" by others "music," or "musician." The traveler

pushed off in a boat, to hear the music better. He heard a number of voices singing together. It was like a concert in the water. The sound was a little like an organ playing in the distance.

These musical fishes are said to begin to sing at sunset, and keep on singing during the night. They are not very timid, and will continue their music even if people are standing by to listen.—*The Sea and its Wonders.*

TEACHING DOLLY TABLE-MANNERS.

TILLIE'S Aunt Jane gave her a nice set of dishes on her last birthday, and now she often has "tea" for her friends. Often those "friends" are not real persons, but are Dolly and the chairs.

One evening her mamma was in the next room and heard her talking to Dolly. When everything was ready, Tillie said: "Now, Dolly, you must keep very still while I say, 'We thank thee, heavenly Father, for this food.'" And Tillie folded her hands and said this in a very quiet, earnest way, and asked God to bless the good things he had given them.

Do you always remember to sit still while papa asks the blessing, and do you thank God in your heart for your daily bread? Or are you like those people the Bible tells about? God says that the very oxen are more thankful than they are. Would you like God to say that you are less thankful than the ox?

"O but dinners and breakfasts and suppers come so often! they are such common things! What is the use of thanking God every time for them?"

Yes, but who makes them such common things? What would come to you if God should take away his hand, and not feed you any more? *Hunger and starvation,*

Let us not forget to thank him for every-day good things, and to thank him because he thinks of us every day.—*Olive Plant.*

THE STORY OF BETHLEHEM

WHAT little child can tell the story
Of Bethlehem and its great glory!

How Christ the Lord left heaven above
To come and show his Father's love.

How he, a little babe was found,
By shepherds wise to Salem bound.

How, in his mother's arms he lay,
Upon an humble bed of hay.

How the bright shining of a star
Led the wise men from East afar.

How the glad men poured at his feet
Most precious gifts, their Lord to greet.

And Joseph at the oxen stall
Blessed the dear Lord who loves us all.

O children, 'tis a wondrous story
Of Bethlehem and its great glory!

—*Exchange.*

HAVING CHRIST.

I HAVE read a very beautiful story about a poor heathen woman out in India, who was converted, and became a Christian. I do not know for how long she served the Lord Jesus, but at last the call came for her to go.

As she lay on her death-bed a friend came to see her. He asked her how she felt, and she answered in a faint whisper,

"Happy! Happy!"

Stretching out her thin hand, she laid it first upon the Bible lying next to her, saying, "I have Christ here," then touching her heart, "And I have Christ here," and lastly, pointing upwards, "I have Christ there!"

Dear children, what a happy death! This poor woman had Christ. Let me ask, "Is this true of you?"

It is in the first instance, for you have Christ in the Bible as she had. But have you got him in your heart? Oh, stop and think before you answer this question, because, if you have not, you cannot have him in heaven.

Is there any real love to the Lord Jesus in your heart? Are you trying every day to please him in all you say and in all you do? Are you trusting in him as your own Saviour?

If you feel you cannot say "Yes" to these questions now, do not rest until you can. Then you too will be able to point up and say, "I have Christ there."—*Selected.*