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BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

"PLEASE, pa, do give me the money to buy Ed Norris's goat?" said Lionel White one day as he stood by his father's side in the library.

"I doubt, my son, the fitness of a goat to be a pet," replied Mr. White, stroking his son's head.

"Please do, papa! Nannie is a splendid creature. She has such a beautiful fleece, and it is real fun to see her bunt at the dogs. And I want her to draw Bell's carriage, as Cæsar did before he died. Please do buy her, papa!"

"I think you will be disappointed in Nannie, Lionel," rejoined Mr. White, "but I will buy her because I want to give you a practical lesson on the folly of having your own way. But I warn you that you will soon wish you had not been so determined to have your own way."

Lionel blushed a little at this pointed hint at his wilfulness, but his heart was so set on owning the coveted goat, that gladness on account of the success of his plea, soon triumphed over the pain caused by his father's rebuke. He thanked his father, took the money, ran down to Ed Norris's

home, and was soon the joyful owner of the goat.

His joy was, however, of very short duration, for no sooner did he try to lead Nannie away than she proved to him very clearly that she had a will as strong as her horns. Instead of following him quietly along, she pulled this way and that; she tried to bunt him; she showed fight to every dog she met, and she cut up so many odd capers that, when Lionel finally got her home, he was so tired and so vexed that, after tying her to a post, he sat down on the grass, wiped the sweat from his brow, and exclaimed, "Bother the goat!"

Then he thought of his father's warning, and the small voice in his heart whispered, "Your father was right. His way is better than yours."

Before he had time to attend to this honest voice his sister Bell came out of the house, exclaiming:

"O, Lionel, have you really bought Nannie? Isn't she a beauty!"

She then began patting Nannie's head, but the creature did not fancy strangers, and resented the liberty by poking her horns at Bell, who started back, saying:

"O what an ugly thing she is!"

"She feels strange," replied Lionel, "but

I'll bring her into order after awhile. You go and get me my whip, while I harness her into your little carriage."

Bell went for the whip. Lionel led Nannie to the carriage-house, and after a long time made out to get the restive creature harnessed to the miniature carriage. After much plunging and stopping, and many attempts to run away, Nannie was led round to the house. Bell mounted the seat. Lionel, whip in hand, cried "Get up!" Nannie reared, and plunged. She became furious, and finally, dashing suddenly forward, knocked him down, ran the carriage against a tree, upset poor frightened Bell, broke the harness and the thills, and ran off.

This was a bad spill truly. Lionel picked himself up, helped his sister—she was not much hurt—into the house, righted the little carriage, and went in search of Nannie. When he found her he saw, to his great horror, that she had begun to strip the bark from a beautiful young magnolia on the lawn. He chased her, and after a long run, and when Tom the gardener had come to his assistance, caught the ugly goat and led her to the barn, where he chained her to a post, heartily wishing he had never coaxed his father to help him buy her of Ed Norris.

At the tea-table Mr. White, who had been an unobserved witness of Nannie's tricks from his study window, asked, while a merry twinkle played about his eyes, "How did you enjoy your play with the goat, Lionel?"

"I wish I had never seen the creature!" replied the boy rather curtly. "She is as ugly as sin, sir."

## GOD IS LOVE.

ALL things beautiful and fair,  
Earth and sky, and balmy air,  
Sunny field, and shady grove,  
Gently whisper, "God is love."

Every tree and flower we pass,  
Every tuft of waving grass,  
Every leaf and opening bud,  
Seem to tell us, "God is good."

Little streams that glide along,  
Verdant, mossy banks among,  
Shadowing forth the clouds above,  
Softly murmur, "God is love."

He who dwelleth high in heaven  
Unto us all things hath given;  
Let us, as through life we move,  
Ever feel that "God is love."