

"Ugly, is she? What has she done, my son, beyond having her own way, eh?"

Lionel looked glum and remained silent. Mr. White resumed:

"Goats are independent, willful animals. They love their own way, and for that reason, perhaps, the Bible calls wicked people *goats*. Wicked people choose their own way, and will not walk in God's way. They have the leading quality of the goat. This makes them wicked. But good people follow God's way just as docile sheep follow their shepherd, and are called sheep. I hope, my son, you will remember this, and let the experience of to-day teach you to pray God to take you from among the *goats*, and by destroying your self-will, put you among the sheep, giving you a heart to choose, love, and serve him."

Lionel blushed, looked very thoughtful, and finally said, "Please, papa, will you sell Nannie?" From that time the boy was observed to be less self-willed than before. The goat had taught him the ugliness of self-will. He prayed, too, that he might be helped to submit to the will of Jesus, of his parents, and of his teachers. I trust his prayer was answered, and that he became one of the sheep of Jesus, the Good Shepherd, who gave his life for the sheep.

Let every goat in our Advocate flock go and do likewise! I want you all to be lambs in the flock of Christ.



The Three Friends.

BY ELIZABETH HEYWOOD.

I SUPPOSE you think I mean three little girls or boys who were good friends to each other, but I do not. I mean a dog and a cat and a little girl! You may laugh, for I do so as I write this true story. Annie Bailey was a little girl who lived with her uncle and aunt in the country. Her uncle kept the village store, and she had to go every day and call him to dinner. She did not go to school, but learned lessons at home, and recited them to her aunt, for she was only seven years old, and the school was at too great a distance for her to attend it.

One day her uncle brought home "such a cunning little dog," as Annie said, and told her she must feed it and train it till large enough to go into the store as a watch-dog. It was brown, with a yellow breast and black nose. She called it Carlo, and said she would "bring him up tight."

When Carlo was partly grown, a nice young lady brought Annie a beautiful spotted kitten, such as we call a tortoise-shell cat. Annie said she was perfectly delighted now, and called it Spotty. And she was a beauty! The black spots of her fur were so very black they looked like velvet, and the yellow spots so yellow, and the white spots as white as snow. And she was full of play. Carlo did not like such a pretty rival, and turned up his nose at her; but Annie made him "know his place," and by and by he grew quite friendly with her, and they would play together, and only quarrel when they had to eat out of the same dish. Then Annie said she would teach them better manners, so, when Carlo, who always began the quarrel, snapped at Spotty for taking her share of the meat, or lapped up her milk as quick as he could when Annie's back was turned, she shut him up in the cellar till Spotty had done eating, and then let him out to see the empty plate. He soon learned "to behave himself," and then he and Spotty were great friends, and ran races together through the kitchen and rolled over each other like two kittens; and Carlo would growl and snap at her, as if they were really in a fight, but never hurt her, and Spotty would raise her back and spit at him, and Annie had great fun watching them "make believe" as children do in play.

But in a few months Carlo was so big that he had to go into the store, and then he "put on airs." He still came to the house to his meals, and would rush in as if he had not a moment to spare from business, and if Spotty were lying asleep by the fire he would give her a toss over with his nose, as if to say, "O you lazy thing!" and Spotty would snarl and give him "a dig" with one of her claws, when he would yelp as a great boy does when struck by a little one, as if he were nearly killed when he is not hurt a bit. Then Spotty began to envy this great business man, and thought it was time for her to do something for a living, so she hunted in the cellar for mice. She caught little ones at first, and would come and lay them at Annie's feet to be praised for her smartness. Then Annie would pet her, and Spotty would walk around the little mouse so proudly, and rub herself against her mistress, and Annie would tell her she was the best pussy in the world, and then off she would run into the cellar to eat up the little mouse.

She grew famous as a hunter, and could catch birds. Annie thought this was out of her line, and the first one Spotty brought to her to be praised for the daring feat Annie gave her a good scolding, and taking the bird buried it, saying, "You naughty kitty, don't you know birds were made to sing, not to be eaten?" After that Spotty never brought any thing but mice to lay at her mistress's feet. Then Annie would say, "You are a good kitty not to catch birds any more. I will give you an extra saucer of milk." And Spotty would purr around her, and take all the praise; but I had seen her catch birds many a time, and run under the thick currant-bushes to eat them, so that Annie should not see. She was sly, you perceive, like some naughty children who steal sugar or fruit or raisins out of their mother's pantry, and hide away to eat it.

In the country, as most little folks know, there are no meat stores, but people are supplied from a butcher's wagon which comes around once or twice a week. The butcher of this place came twice, and Carlo and Spotty by some means knew the days as well as we did. He came on Tuesday and Friday, and on those days Carlo would not go back to the store till he arrived. He would lie down by the fire as if completely worn out, and all his master's whistling and coaxing could not get him to stir out of the house. He would keep his eyes shut close, but knock his tail on the floor as if to say,

"I hear, but do let me stay till the butcher has been here," and Mr. Bailey would say, "O you old rogue!" and go off without him.

And Spotty was just as cunning. She knew the butcher's ring at the door. Perhaps she would be lying asleep beside Carlo, or sitting washing herself, for not a step did she go from the fire either on the "butcher's day," and when the bell rang up she would start and rush to the front door, and begin to mew with all her might; and Carlo would be wide awake too now, and follow her up and begin to bark, and as Annie went to open the door she would say she never saw such a time. Then the good-natured butcher would say, "O I'll serve those good customers first!" and gave them some scraps as he cut the meat for the house.

I should like to tell you more about Carlo and Spotty and Annie, how they grew up, and how they "turned out," and perhaps I will some time; but now I must not take up all the paper, for there are other folks who like to write for children as well as myself, and I must give them a chance to say something.



Spring Carol.

THE morning's bright, our step is light,
Our hearts are full of glee;
We'll hie away to meadows gay
Wild flowers fair to see.
With hand in hand, a merry band,
We tread the dewy way;
Happy are we as song birds free
Who join our joyous lay.

Father above, we read thy love
Where'er we turn our eye;
In vernal green, in sparkling stream,
And on bright azure sky.
In forest shade and grassy glade,
Where bloom the flowers fair,
Whose robes of white and colors bright
Reveal thy loving care.

Thus in life's morn we would adorn
With love our pathway here;
Lord, give us grace, each in our place,
Some pilgrim hearts to cheer.
And may our life be free from strife
As this fair morning's calm;
And sweet our lays of ceaseless praise
As its unwritten psalm.

THE Bible has never made a good man bad; but, by the blessing of God, it has made millions of bad men good.—Fletcher.