

have had a tough time of it, my poor child. It was a blessing the good lady, your mother, at the last stage, worried herself so about you, and made us all promise, driver included, to be on the look-out for you. He heard your companion call for help, and by the aid of our big lanterns we fished you out, and here you are; a little longer and it would have been all over with you. Your comfortable wraps and that warm hood helped to keep life in you—here now, take another drop out of my flask, 'twill stop that shivering; brandy is a good servant, but a bad master,' said he, laughing at his own joke. 'Where are Tom and poney,' I inquired. 'Oh! all right. The lad was made of stouter stuff than you, you see, and is up on the box in front with the driver; he whose place he took has followed closely behind with the poney. We tied up the shaft, and the poney is a good, tough little bit of horseflesh, for the driver said not long ago he was keeping up well with our four large horses. Now put your head back here, and try to sleep; I have daughters older than you at home, so you need not be shy of an old man's shoulder.' I was ill many days after this, from the effects of the exposure, though my mother did not know it. Ah, children, what a blessed thing it is to seek the Lord while young, and then you have a refuge in any storm.

"But I hear Mrs. F——'s voice in the hall, and there is Hannah, the cook, standing a perfect monument of patience at the door, waiting for orders—so run off and say your lessons well."

#### THE TWO GOATS.

TOMMY and BILLY were two young goats, With nice dark eyes, and with good brown coats; And they both set off on one fine spring-day To enjoy the smell of the new-mown hay; To admire the flowers all wet with dew; And to call, perhaps, on a friend or two.

But, although on the selfsame errand bent, Alone from their different homes they went; For Tommy resided with Farmer Best, And his well-sown acres were in the west; While Billy was dwelling with Mistress Wise, And her cottage was where the sunbeams rise. So they came from opposite quarters; yet,

As they took their ramble, it chanced they met.

Yes, tney met; and I'll tell you exactly where: They had left the lanes where the morning air Is full of the scent of flowers; had passed The meadows where lambs shared a rich repast; And now, where the mill-stream rushed along, They met on the bridge.

The bridge was strong, But narrow; so narrow, that only one At a time could over it walk or run: So the goats, now standing face to face, Must, one or the other, his steps retrace, And politely await his turn.

But then, Goats can be awkward as well as men; And Tommy and Billy alike declined To yield their rights, and each spoke his mind. "Go out of my way! make room for me!" Cried Tommy.

At which Bill laughed: said he, "I entered the bridge the first: and so It is you, proud sir, who must backward go."

Tom curled his lip with a scornful air: "Give place to a fellow like you! How dare You insult a goat of my rank and breed?"

"A fig for your rank! I take the lead; For I am the elder, and age can claim Far more respect than an empty name."

Thus wrangled the foolish goats, till they— Each being determined to gain his way, And not give in to his foe—began To wrestle in deeds, not words: they ran Their horns against each other, and tried To clear their path.

Had the bridge been wide, One might have conquered, and won the day: But now the force of their wild affray Upset the balance of each, and flung Both off the bridge, to which both had clung; And into the rapid stream they rolled, Where the water was deep and dark and cold.

In this sudden plunge they forgot their strife; And all they were eager for now was life. They struggled, and struggled: and just at length, When they feared they must sink through loss of strength, They managed to reach the shore; but, oh, What a plight they were in!

Now, I do not know Whether they learned from this woeful mess To curb their pride, and indulge it less; Whether in future they strove to be Courteous and civil to all.

But we May take the hint for ourselves, and seek, In our daily walk, to be kind and meek; Gracefully yielding, when fit we should, Our own desires to another's good: For obstinate, self-willed folks, I think, Are as bad as the goats on the mill-stream's brink.—*Child at Home.*