

The Goat-Cart.

(By Susan L. Bacon, in 'The Sunday-School Messenger'.)

'Dick Meade's got a goat cart,' said Harry one day when he came in from school, 'and he's so mean he won't lend it to any of us. He's dreadful stingy.'

'But I thought you boys didn't like Dick!' said mamma.

'Well, we didn't. He isn't jolly to play with a bit; never wants to do things we want to do. But now he's got a number one goat cart, I can tell you.'

'Well if you didn't treat him nicely you can't expect him to lend it to you,' said mamma.

Harry did not say anything. He knew all the boys in school had been very unkind to Dick Meade just because, though he was older and taller, he had never been to school before, and they had made a great deal of fun of him.

But now they all wished they had a goat cart like his. Nearly every day Harry had something new to tell mamma about Dick.

'His goat just goes like a pony, and his name is Jake and he eats everything, but Dick don't let us touch him he's so mean.'

Mamma smiled but did not say anything.

One afternoon she sent Harry and his little sister Hattie to the village on an errand.

'Take good care of Hattie,' she said, 'and be very careful with her.'

Hattie was delighted to go, and trotted off holding Harry's hand.

When they reached the main street there were so many gay things in the windows to look at, that they stopped very often. Presently they came to a window where there was such an odd mechanical toy, and Harry stopped a long time to look at it. He was so intent that he did not notice that Hattie was not by him, until all at once he heard a scream.

Hattie had wandered some distance up the street, and in trying to climb up to look in a window, she had fallen on the pavement. She was crying terribly.

'I've broke my foot,' she said, when Harry came up to her. The little boy did not know what to do. They were so far from home, and



A DELIGHTFUL DRIVE.

Hattie said she couldn't possibly walk, her foot hurt so dreadfully. She was still crying when just then Harry saw Dick Meade coming down the street with his goat cart. How he wished he had never treated Dick badly, so he could ask him to lend him his cart now. He made up his mind he never would be mean to any boy again.

Dick came along whistling. As he passed he looked at Harry and his sister very hard. Harry did not look at him. He felt ashamed. All at once Dick turned his goat-cart around, and, leaving it in the road, came up to Harry.

'Hurt your foot? he said to Hattie, who was holding it in both hands, and crying.

'Yes, it hurts awfully, and I can't get home,' she said.

'Want to ride in my cart?' said Dick. 'Jake'll take you fast.'

Hattie stopped crying.

'Oh, yes,' she said.

'I'll take her home for you,' said Dick. 'We'll get there before you do.'

Harry tried to say 'Thank you.' Then, as they started off, he called out: 'You're a good fellow, Dick, and I'm never going to be mean to you again.' And Dick looked back and smiled.

Hattie's ankle was sprained, and it was some time before she could walk. Dick Meade came very often

and took her for a little ride in his goatcart. He was so gentle that Hattie grew to love him dearly.

He and Harry became warm friends, and Harry wondered how he ever could have thought him mean.

If I Were You.

If I a little girl could be,
Well, just like you,
With lips as rosy, cheeks as fair,
Such eyes of blue and shining hair
What do you think I'd do?
I'd wear so bright and sweet a
smile,
I'd be so loving all the while,
I'd be so helpful with my hand,
So quick and gentle to command,
You soon would see
That every one would turn to say:
'Tis good to meet that child
to-day.'
Yes, yes, my bird, that's what I'd do
If I were you.

Or, if I chanced to be a boy,
Like some I know;
With crisp curls sparkling in the
sun,
And eyes all beaming bright with
fun—
Ah, if I could be so,
I'd strive and strive, with all my
might,
To be so true, so brave, polite,
That in me each one might behold
A hero—as in days of old.
'Twould be a joy
To hear one looking at me say:
'My cheer and comfort all the day.'
'Yes, if I were a boy, I know
I would be so.
—'Independent.'