

who told him to sit down. He wouldn't, and dared the conductor, showed 'a bit of spirit' in fact. The father backed him; it was a free country and all that. There was a row, and the father assaulted the conductor, half killed him, and was had up for attempted murder.

*George.* That was the father's fault.

*Jem.* Yes, twice over. First for not teaching his child to control his temper, and secondly for losing his own.

*George.* I hear that in the Colonies children are let to have their own way too much.

*Jem.* So I believe. Their own parents regret it. But even here, as we know, there are fathers who admire 'a bit of spirit' in their sons.

*George.* Come, that's one for me. And yet I do keep a tightish hand on my lads. One of my boys keeps his temper, but then he mocks at the other, and that drives him wild.

*Jem.* Your lads have learned the Catechism, I am sure.

*George.* Oh yes, both of them.

*Jem.* They can say their duty to their neighbour?

*George.* Right through without missing a word.

*Jem.* You should get them to remember, then, that they are to do unto others as they would be done unto.

*George.* I'm afraid lads are too apt to say 'Tit for tat,' and 'Give as good as you get.'

*Jem.* But those are heathen sort of sayings, George.

*George.* That's true. And we're Christian folk. Can we be Christian folk, Jem, while we speak so? I sometimes ask myself that.

*Jem.* I know what you mean, George. But if our sins of temper and our hasty sayings are slips, and not our real thoughts and intentions, why I don't doubt they will be forgiven.

*George.* But you wouldn't have a man quite without spirit, would you?

*Jem.* What do you mean by 'without spirit?'

*George.* Why taking insults, and that sort of thing—a meek, poor sort of chap.

*Jem.* Meek! That word seems somehow to have got a wrong meaning tacked on to it nowadays. Moses wasn't ashamed of being meek in the old times. Our Lord was meek and lowly of heart, and He said 'Blessed are the meek.' Yet He was brave enough.

*George.* The lads think it would be poor-spirited if they didn't turn on anyone who mocked or ill-treated them.

*Jem.* But really it is the bravest who can bear scorn and ill-usage without showing anger, without getting into a temper, in fact.

*George.* But it is hard, you'll allow, to keep quiet when one's blood's up?

*Jem.* Very hard. One wants three things to do it. The knowledge that it's right to keep from getting angry, practice in holding oneself in, and a bit of a prayer to help one.

*George.* Well, I suppose I'd better start at once with little Sam. Show him how to cool that hot temper of his. Would you give him the stick, now, any time he breaks out?

*Jem.* No, I should go the other way to work with a little chap of four. Give him a cake or a bit of sugar every night when he had been good all day. And tell him why he should try to be good.

*George.* To please the Lord. He knows 'Gentle Jesus' all through, and he'll stand and look at His Picture over his bed quite sensible.

*Jem.* Yes, he's all there is Sammy. Why, here he comes, as bright a little lad as you need want to see!

*George.* The thunderstorm's over. Well, I'll try and keep the little chap at 'Set fair' in future, for I shouldn't like any child of mine to come to trouble through his temper. The worst of it is, though, that they must never catch father in a temper either.

*Jem.* Right you are there. No good preaching what you don't practise.

*George.* Well, I'll put the drag on myself then, for I do break out sometimes