

HOW QUARRELS BEGIN.

"I wish that pony was mine," said a little boy, who stood at a window looking down the road.

"What would you do with him?" asked his brother.

"Ride him; that's what I'd do."

"All day long?"

"Yes, from morning till night."

"You'd have to let me ride him sometimes," said the brother.

"Why would I? You'd have no right in him, if he was mine."

"Father would make you let me have him part of the time."

"No he wouldn't!"

"My children," said the mother, who had been listening, and now saw that they were beginning to get angry with each other, all for nothing, "let me tell you of a quarrel between two boys no bigger nor older than you are, that I read about the other day. They were going along the road, talking together in a pleasant way, when one of them said:

"I wish I had all the pasture land in the world."

"The other said: 'And I wish I had all the cattle in the world.'"

"What would you do then?" asked his friend.

"Why, I would turn them into your pasture land."

"No, you wouldn't," was the reply.

"Yes, I would."

"But I wouldn't let you."

"I wouldn't ask you."

"You shouldn't do it."

"I should."

"You sha'n't!"

"I will!"

"And with that they seized and pounded each other like two silly, wicked boys as they were."

The children laughed, but their mother said:

"You see in what trifles quarrels often begin. Were you any wiser than these boys in your half-angry talk

about an imaginary pony? If I had not been *here*, who knows but you might have been as silly and wicked as they were."

THE OLD CAP.

"Toss it in the air!" said one.

"Hurrah! there it goes! Catch it, and heave it up again!" said a well-dressed boy, with a smart, new cap on his head.

There were so many boys that I could not at first see what they were playing so merry with. At last the wind blew towards me a little cloth cap, not made, to be sure, in the fashion, but it was done very neatly, and was good enough to be worn by any boy of sense. A little boy ran after the cap, and tried to get it from the rest of the boys. His head was bare; so I thought the cap must be his.

"Oh! Charles," said he, "give me my cap! It will be all dirty."

But the rash and cruel Charles only kicked it up in the air again, and cried:

"Hurrah for the Dutchman's cap!"

This stroke of wit, as they all seemed to think it, caused a loud laugh, and they went on with their cruel sport. The little owner of the cap could scarcely keep from tears; and the boys, having had sport enough, at last gave him his cap.

For boys or girls to plague or make sport of their comrades because they are poorly-dressed, is very sinful. It was no more to the credit of Charles that he was well-dressed, and had a nice cap, than it was to the discredit of the little boy that he had poorer clothes, and a cheaper hat, made by his mother's hands. Boys and girls deserve our love and regard, not by reason of the clothes they wear, but because of their own qualities as boys and girls. May we all learn thus to regard each other.—*Young Pilgrim.*