

HAPPY DAYS

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THE TWO FOXES.

A fable relates that in the depth of a certain forest there lived two foxes. One of them said to the other one day in the politest of fox language, "Let's quarrel." "Very well," said the other, "but how shall we begin?" They tried all sorts of ways, but in vain, for both of them persisted in giving way. At last one brought two stones. "There!" said he, "now you say they are yours, and I'll say they are mine, and then we will quarrel and fight and scratch one another. Now, I'll begin. Those stones are mine." "All right!" answered the other fox, "you are welcome to them." "But we shall never quarrel at this rate," replied the first. "No, indeed, you old simpleton. Don't you know it takes two to make a quarrel?" So the foxes gave up trying to quarrel, and never played again at this silly game.

It is to be feared that many boys and girls, and some grown-up people, are neither so wise nor so good-tempered as these fabled foxes are said to have been. I was lately reading in a book an article on temper, and it was stated that considerably more than half of all the people in England are naturally bad-tempered. And to show that there was some foundation for this opinion, he arranged to have about two thousand people put on their trial in various ways, and when the report had been carefully made out, the result was that fifty-two per cent were set down as decidedly bad-tempered people, though perhaps not all in the same way, or in the same degree. The dictionary contains as many as forty-six words which represent so many different shades



REBEKAH AT THE WELL.

(See the beautiful story of the marriage of Isaac and Rebekah—Genesis, 24th chapter.)

of badness, and, of course, as these people have to mix up in daily life one with another, and with others not quite so bad as themselves, quarrels are of frequent occurrence and some of these are reported in the newspaper to the gratification of those who like such things.

Now, cannot we learn a lesson of mutual respect and forbearance from the example of the two foxes? And in order to do this we must not always be looking at the

faults and infirmities of others, but rather seek to know ourselves, remembering that "could we but see ourselves as others see us, from many an evil it would free us."

We are none of us so gentle and amiable and agreeable as we might be. Some of us are easily provoked, and fly into a passion on very slight occasions, and others are haughty, domineering, peevish, fretful, or vindictive; and if these things are allowed to grow until they acquire the mastery over us, our friends will eventually get tired of us, and our lives will become miserable, and almost unbearable. The Cornish people have a motto of this kind, "Let us all try to mend one," and I have known several good men who used to offer this prayer, "Lord, help me to help myself." The writer commends both the motto and the prayer to all the young people who read this paper, and at the same time prays that "our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."

"GOD IS LOVE."

Every little child who goes to Sunday-school knows this verse, but how

many think every time they say this beautiful verse, "God is love!" that we are all God's children, and, if we are, we should be, like him, very loving and kind?

Perhaps sometimes you have heard ladies who come to call on your mamma say, "I should know this was your little boy because he looks so much like his father."

If we want people to know we are God's children, we must be like him, gentle and kind and loving