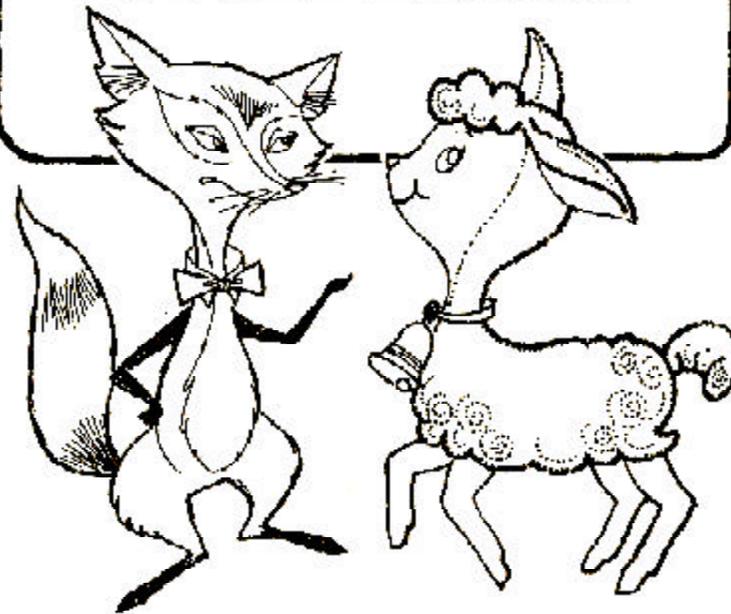




LITTLE FOXES and LITTLE LAMBS



by Martin C. Mitchell
Illustrations by Vida E. Ott

BAKER BOOK HOUSE, Grand Rapids, Michigan

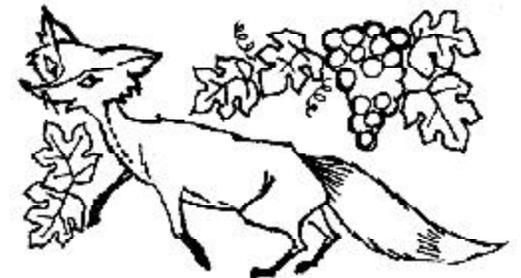
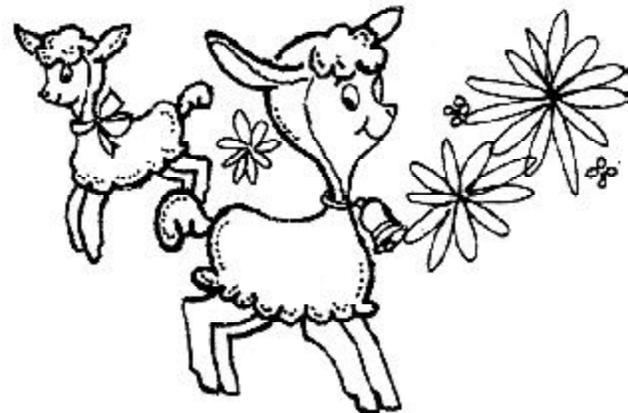


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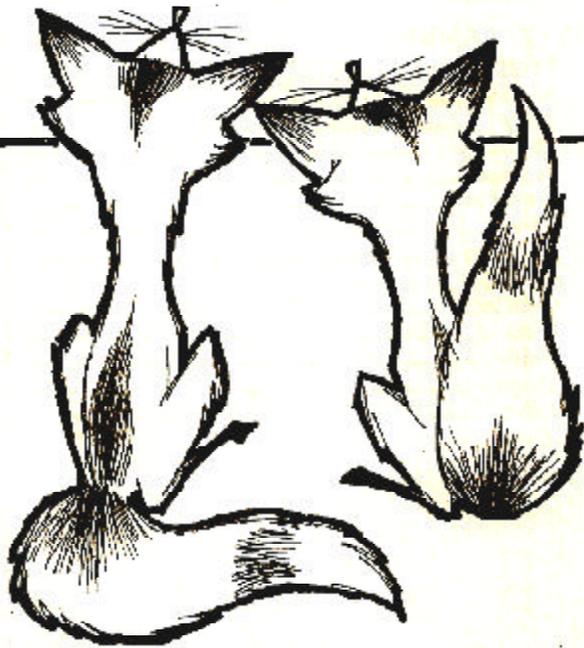


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LITTLE FOXES

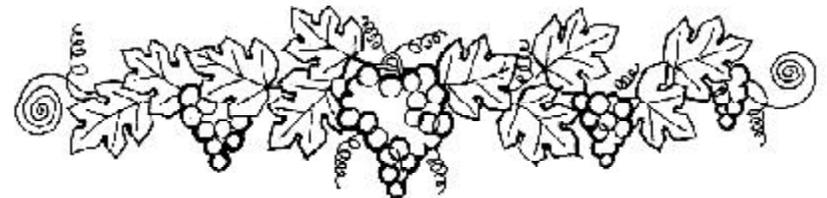


‘LITTLE FOXES’ (Song of Solomon 2:15)

Little Foxes so cute,
Tho they feed on the fruit,
Chew on root, tendril, and vine;
All of which they destroy as
they dine!

* * *

Like the foxes, our faults
Become habits so deep
That they dwarf and they spoil
The good we would reap.
Let us “take us” our faults
While as yet they are small,
Lest in growing they hinder
And cause us to fall.





LIE

Little fox number one,
Much harm has he done;
For he telleth lies,
Which right men despise.
Now Satan himself,
As an imp, not an elf,
Began with a lie
Saying, "Thou shalt not die,"
And so we perceive
His lie did deceive;
And now mankind grieve
That they did him believe.
We may make us use
Of an untrue excuse;
But fibs even small,
If we don't forestall,
Form the pattern for lies
Which grow to great size.



EVIL SPEAKING

Says Fox number two,
“What harm can it do
If I tell what I see
Whatever it be?”
So he told what he saw
(Against which is no law)
But part he did hide,
And part he implied;
So that which was good
Was misunderstood,
Even made to appear
As quite insincere.
Let’s not talk of the wrong
But ever be strong;
Evil speaking resist,
Thus each other assist
To capture this fox
And keep him in a box!

Psalm 34:13
Titus 3:2



PRIDE

Now this fox number three
We all must agree
Gives cause for alarm,
And could do us great harm.
If we follow his way
He will lead us astray.
He takes the best seat
Because of conceit.
He's like Satan of old
Of whom we are told
That no good can he win
Since pride caused him to sin.
Those who cultivate pride
And haughtiness – ride
In blindness to fall.
Which need not be at all,
If Pride and his kin
We refuse to let in.



LAZINESS

Now fox number four,
Has faults we deplore,
For when there was work
He always did shirk;
When there was a chore
He went out the door.
Away he would creep
To lay down and sleep.
With mind a bit hazy
And overall lazy,
He came to no good,
It was well understood.
Let us keep in the groove
And with energy move;
In time we shall reap
If at work we don't sleep.
Let us overcome more,
This fox number four.



ANGER

Our fox number five
Upon anger does thrive.
His temper is bad,
He gets easily mad.
He will not even play
Without his own way,
But quarrel and hit,
And throw quite a fit.
He's so often upset
Few like him, you bet.
Now anger's a sin
Like to murder akin.
With some gentle grace
Let us anger replace.
When we lose self control
Without brakes we will roll
Into trouble it's plain,
Down Friendlessness Lane.

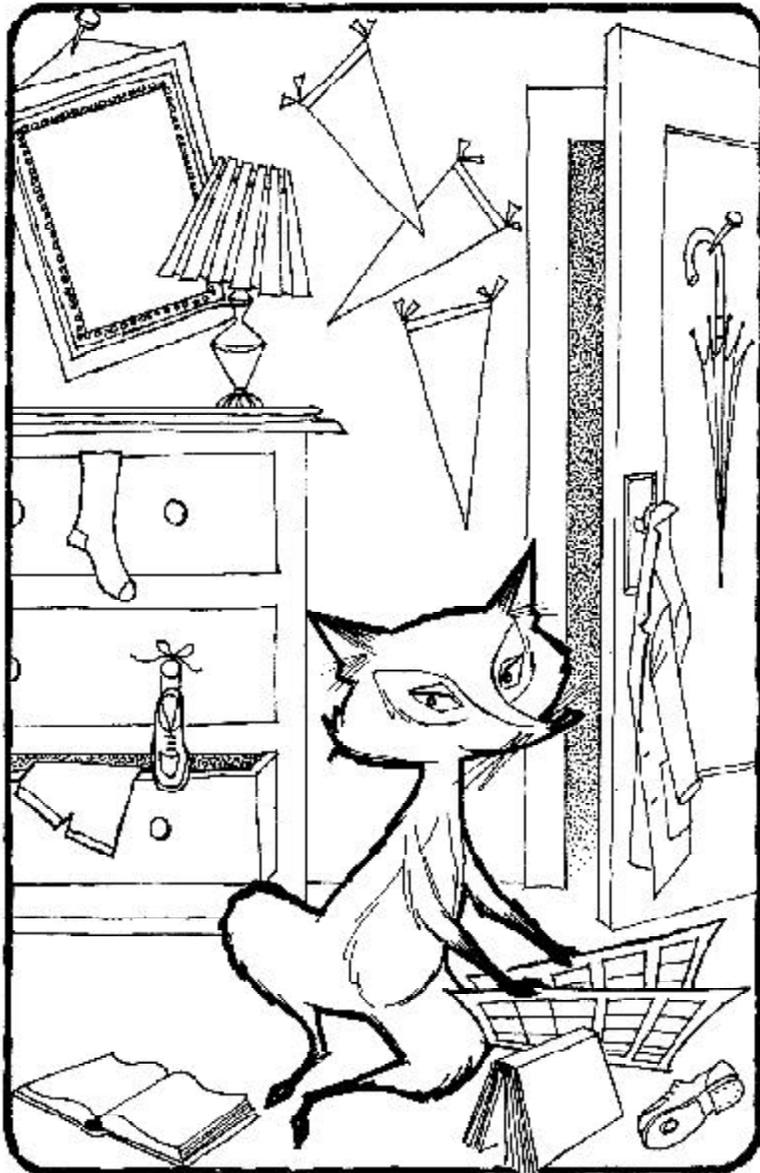
Proverbs 15:1; 16:32
Ecclesiastes 7:9



DISOBEDIENCE

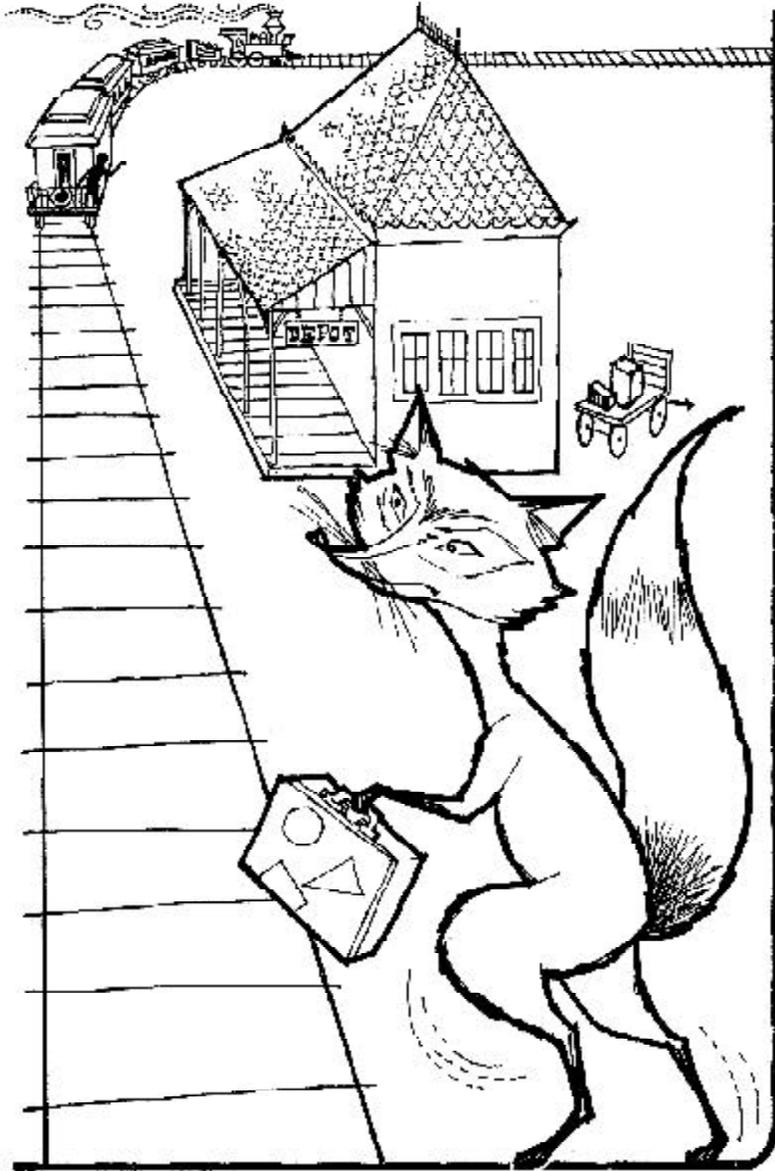
Little fox number six
Had a bag full of tricks.
This fox loved to play
In a dangerous way.
Out of bounds he would stray,
And tho he was told,
And his parents did scold,
He knew more than they
Where 'twas safe he should play.
But he ended his day
In a sad sort of way;
For when out of bounds
He was chased by the hounds,
And cornered and shot.
But who knows but what
He might still be alive
To play and to thrive,
If he had not spurned,
But had learned to obey.

1 Samuel 15:22
Colossians 3:20



CARELESSNESS

Now Fox number seven
Had brothers eleven.
His name you may guess,
For he couldn't care-less,
What he said, what he read,
When he woke, when to bed.
And his room, what a sight,
How unkept, what a fright!
In his work, in his play,
He puts nothing away.
He the family annoys,
He slams doors, making noise.
How careless in dress,
With his clothes out of press.
Let's be careful and neat.
With the thoughtful elite
Let us carelessness beat
And this habit defeat.



LATENESS

Little fox number eight
Forever was late
Whatever the date,
Be it early or late.
Whatsoever his state
He would dally and wait
And then always be late.
For the clock on the wall
Meant nothing at all;
Just ticking away
As he would delay.
Told of hurricane blast,
And to hide himself fast,
He did wait till the last.
But how sad was the fate
Of this fox number eight,
Of the *late* little fox,
Number eight!



GLUTTON

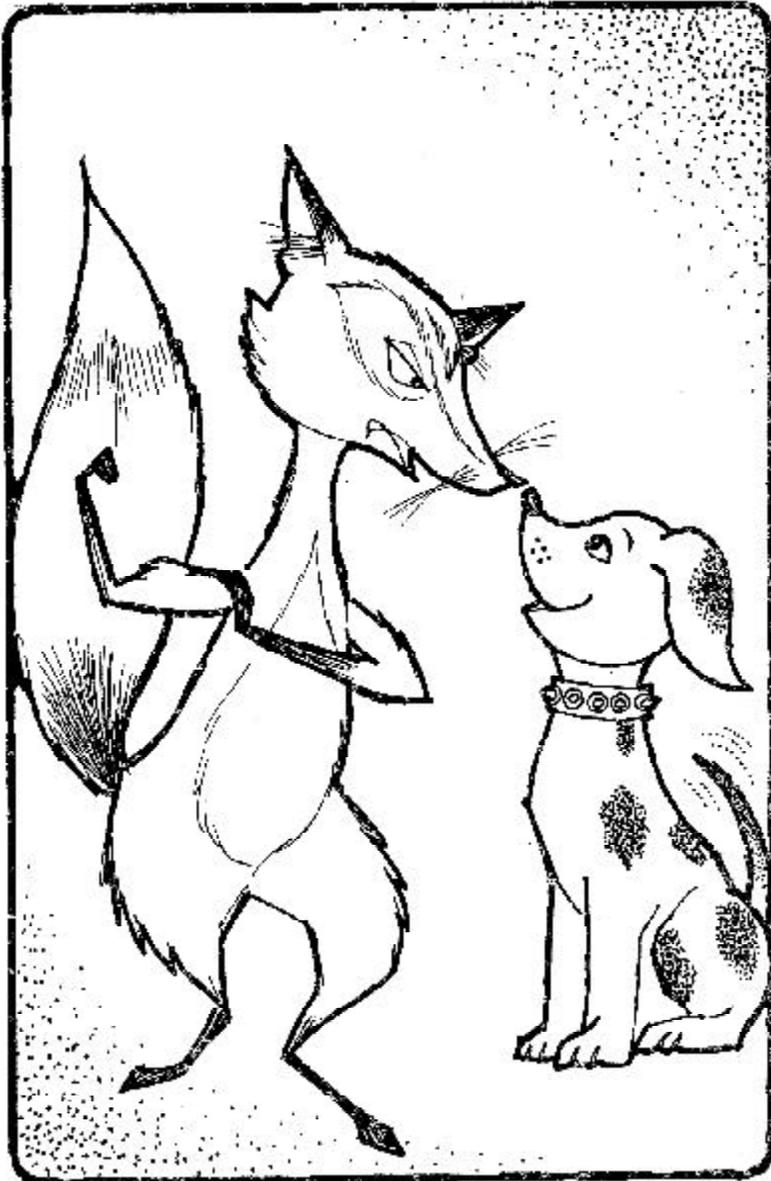
Little fox number nine
Was no slave of mine—
To his stomach he was,
He would eat without pause.
Like a piece of fat mutton,
Yes, a regular glutton.
And he shortened his days
In a number of ways,
To overheat strains
On the heart, not the brains.
Let us eat quite enough,
But not over-stuff.
Let all gluttony cease,
It may make us obese.
Let us temperate be
And then we will see
That we are not a slave
To the things which we crave.



STEALING

Little Fox number ten
Had a hankering yen,
An inclination real,
A weakness to steal.
With quite a bold start
He thought himself smart
And that no one would know
It was he took the "dough."
But tendencies small
Don't stop there at all.
Now he's been put to rout
For his sin found him out.
As he could not raise bail
He is now in the jail.
But so warped in his soul,
He's not sorry he stole,
And if he regret aught
It is that he was caught!

Exodus 20:15
Leviticus 19:11



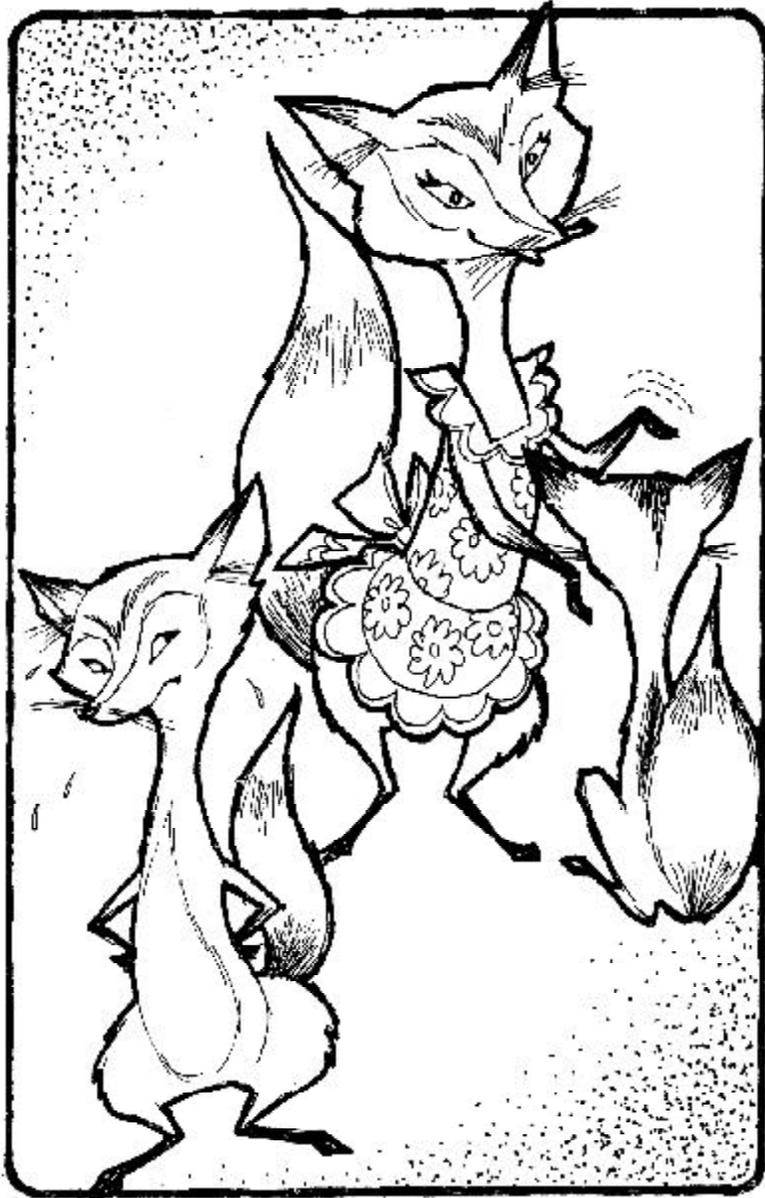
COMPLAIN

Little Fox number eleven
When he was just seven—
They named him “Complain,”
For his fault in the main
Was to fret and complain:
I don’t wan’a this
I don’t wan’a that;
He’d fuss with the dog
Or fuss with the cat.
Be it morning or night,
And a thing be quite right,
Seems he could not refrain,
To scold, fret, and complain.
On this fox let’s keep tab—
Why should we be a crab?
Let us not be like him,
But let us smile and grin;
For to murmur’s a sin.



WASTER

A great waster was he,
This twelfth foxie we see.
In his careless mood
He wasted his food;
And he'd leave the lights burn
Without any concern.
And he let water run,
Which should not be done.
Then he wasted his time
Without reason or rhyme,
And he wasted his money
Which wasn't so funny.
That which *he* threw away
Might have lengthened his day.
Should not *we* then be wise
To this habit despise?
Let us use, never waste
The good things we taste.



ENVY

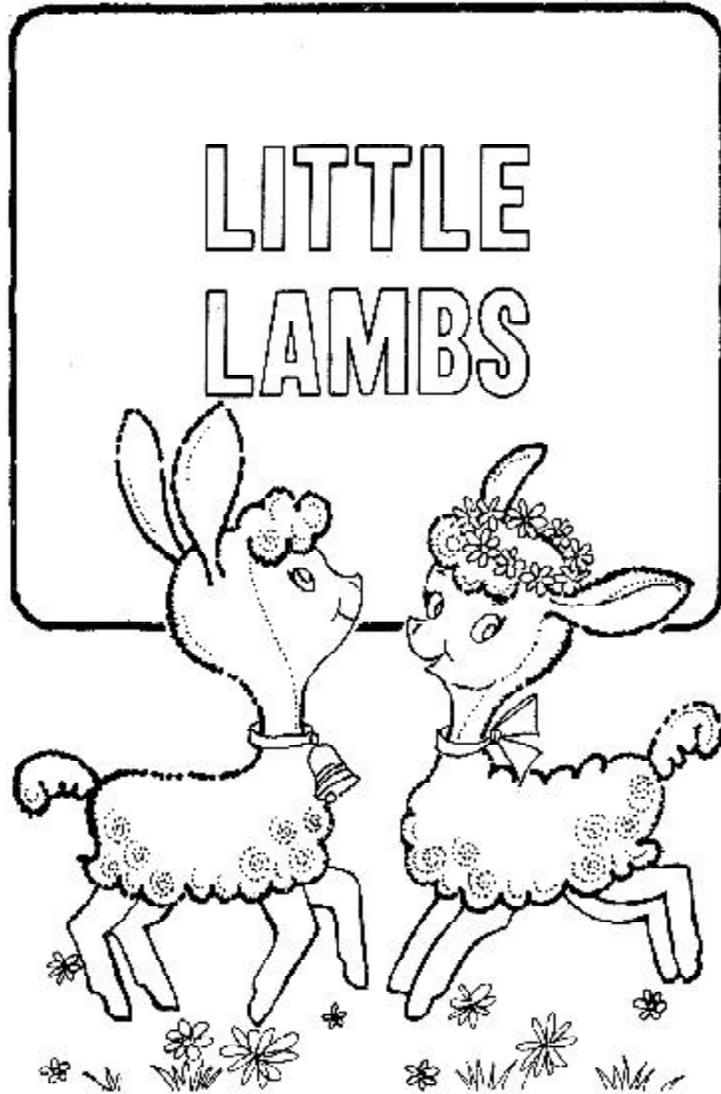
“Green with envy” they say—
Though his foxie was grey.
But he spoiled his whole day
For his work or his play
But his envy display.
All of which was akin
To the jealousy sin;
For with envious eye
On his friends he would spy,
And with covetous sigh,
Wish to self gratify
With the things not his own:
Evil thoughts thus are sown.
Now the green it is plain
On this fox left a stain.
So will envy stain you,
If you harbor it too.

Proverbs 14:30
Proverbs 27:4



SELFISHNESS

Now the last on our list,
Is a fox to resist.
He'd insist on his way
In his work or his play.
Greedy foxes will dare
To take more than their share,
Without thought, without care,
As to how others fare;
For self only to live—
How to get, not to give.
Selfishness in us all
Is a mark of the fall.
'Tis an evil indeed,
Let it not go to seed.
For the good it will bar
And our character mar.
But the cure from above,
Is forever—more love.



LITTLE LAMBS

In our story before
With out foxes galore,
They all stood for habits
We truly deplore.

But now sheep we will name
For good traits they maintain.
By the way they pursue
And the *good* that they do.

In each sheep it is found
That all graces abound,
Yet his name we can tell
By which grace does excel.



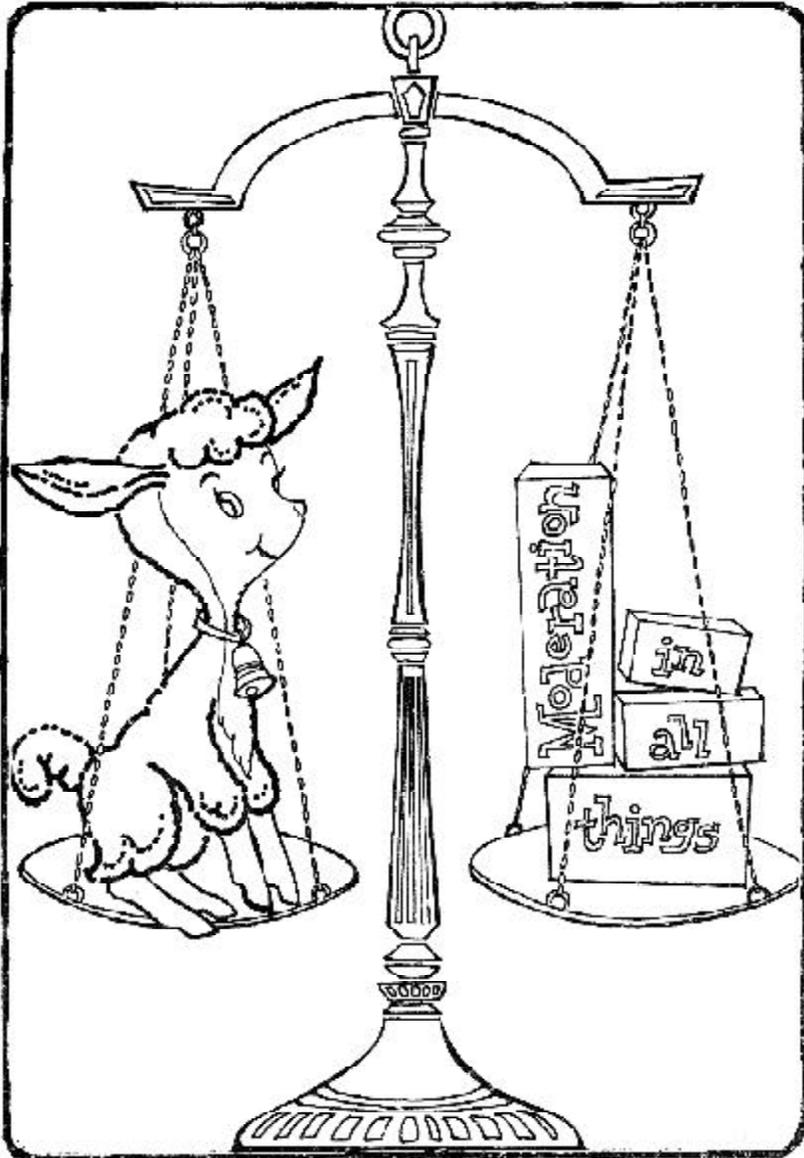


TRUTH

Now this lamb in his youth
Had well been named Truth.
When a lie might bring gain
He still made it plain,
Though it bring him much hurt,
He the truth would assert;
This he always did
And the truth never hid.
So his yea, it was yea,
And his nay, it was nay.
And his word stood as good
As a bond ever would.
Truth's defense brings its strife
But a satisfied life.
So this lamb in all eyes
Grew in stature and size;
For the false he despised—
'Twas the truth that he prized.

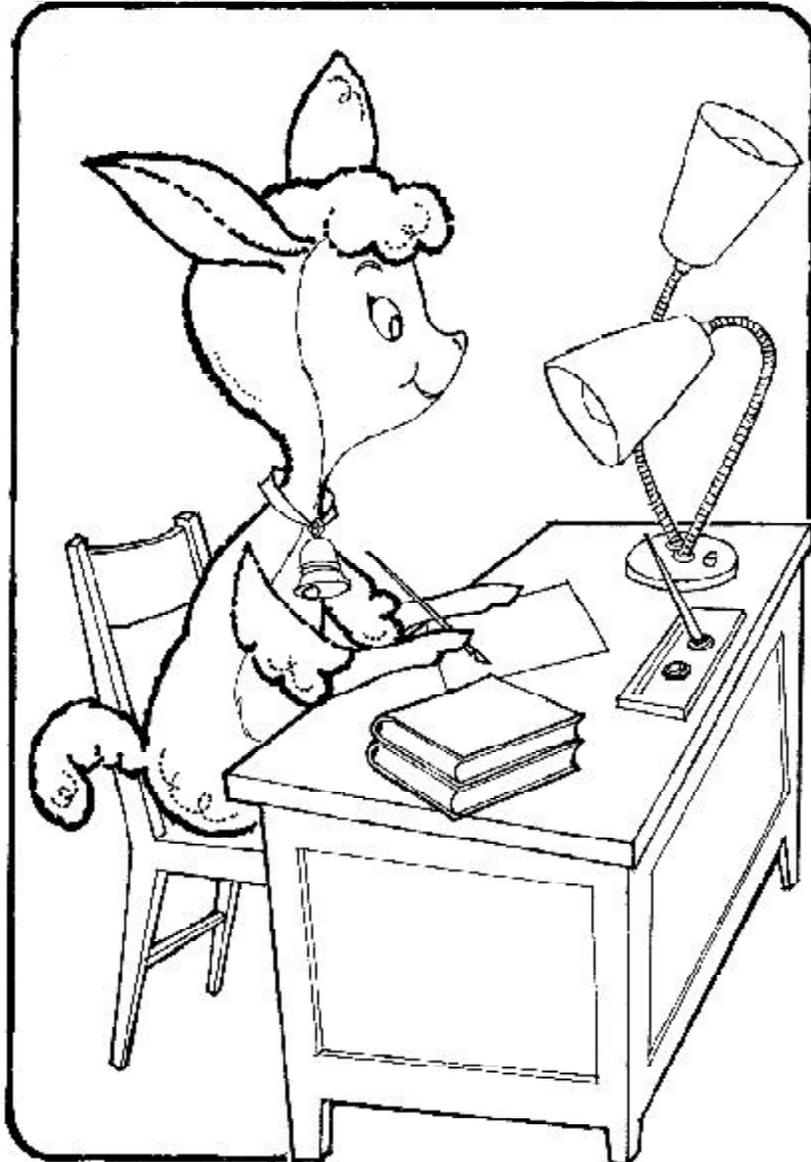
Proverbs 12:17

Psalms 15:2



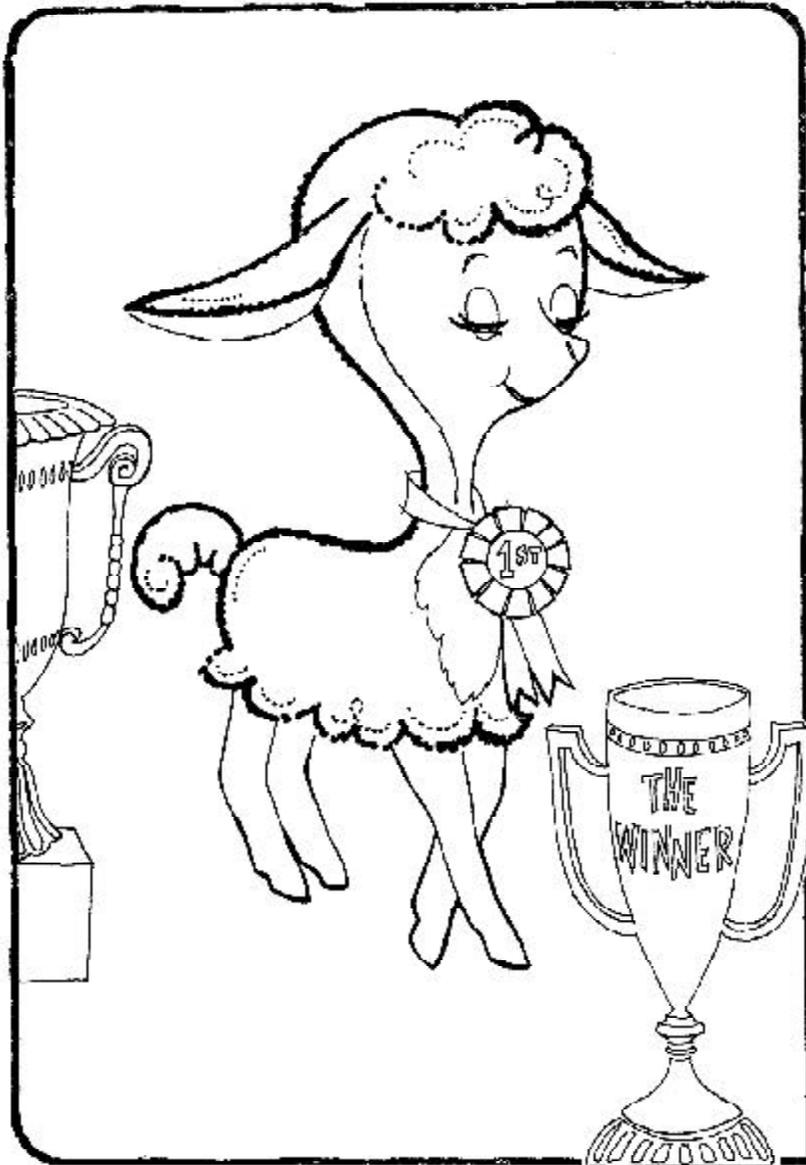
MODERATION

Our next lamb is quite tame;
Moderation his name.
Not immoderate he,
Though a real "busy bee."
Moderation and zeal
Both do mean a great deal,
For important both art,
And each play their part.
You can sunburn in sun;
Things can be over done.
Rain makes flowers glad,
But too much makes them sad.
Too much work, too much play
Can be bad either way.
It is well understood
That whatever is good,
We do not so account
If in excess amount.



BUSY

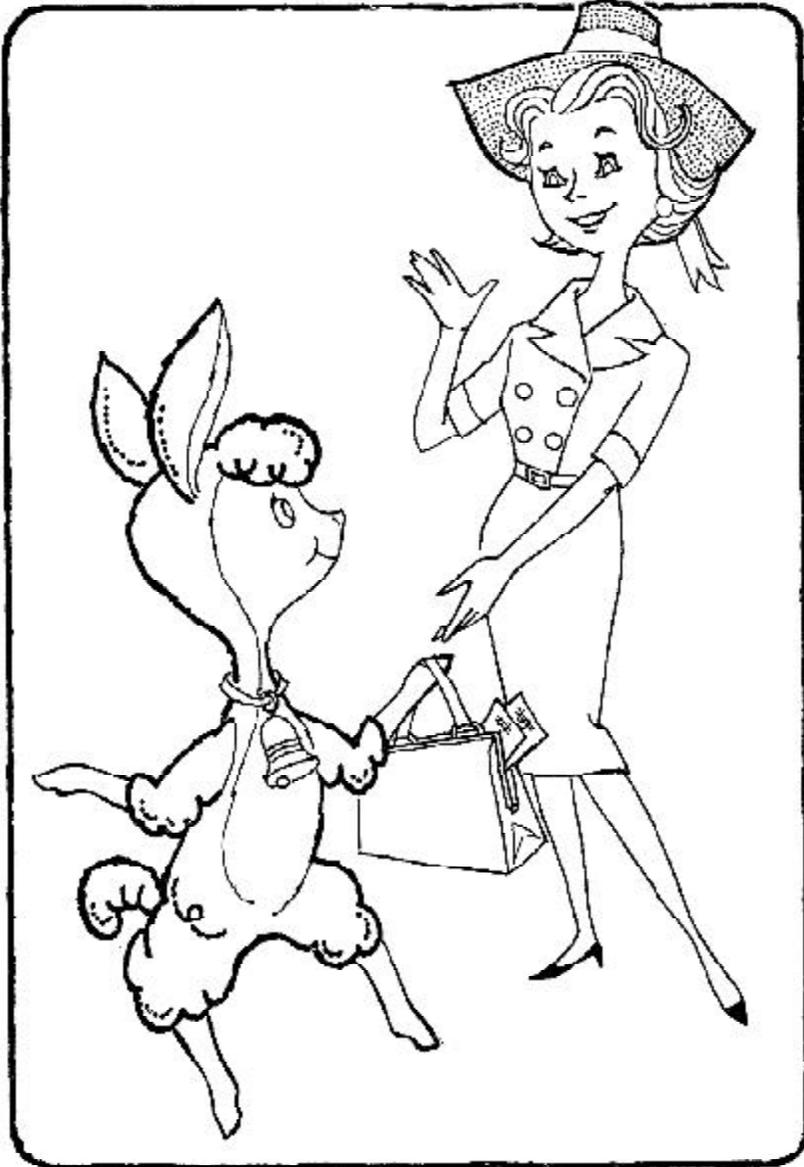
This young Busy Lamb
Took after his mam.
No dilly no dally;
He worked busily;
With might and with main
He sought to attain:
To work in ways good
As he understood.
He took much more stock
In his work, than the clock.
His industrious way
Brought an increase in pay.
Let us do with our might
What our hands find is right.
Let us work while it's light,
For soon cometh the night.
Sloth can rust us out
Before work wear us out.



HUMILITY

This lamb was real clever
But did not endeavor
To put on a show
Of what he did know.
In him pride there was none,
Though first prizes he won.
But others discovered
His good deeds though covered
With humility.

We modest should be—
'Tis a trait we admire,
Of which we don't tire.
In meekness let's scorn
To blow our own horn.
To accomplish one's aim
Means more than acclaim.
True greatness we know,
Is in service below.



HONEST

This lamb could well claim
The honesty name.
He was trusted by all
Both the great and the small.
He early did learn
To seek to return
Things taken on loan,
Or things not his own.
Once a nurse left her purse
In the park on the ground,
Which while looking around,
This Honest Lamb found,
And relieved her concern
By its prompt return.
The honest young youth
May prosper the truth,
To bring forth many fold,
Things better than gold.

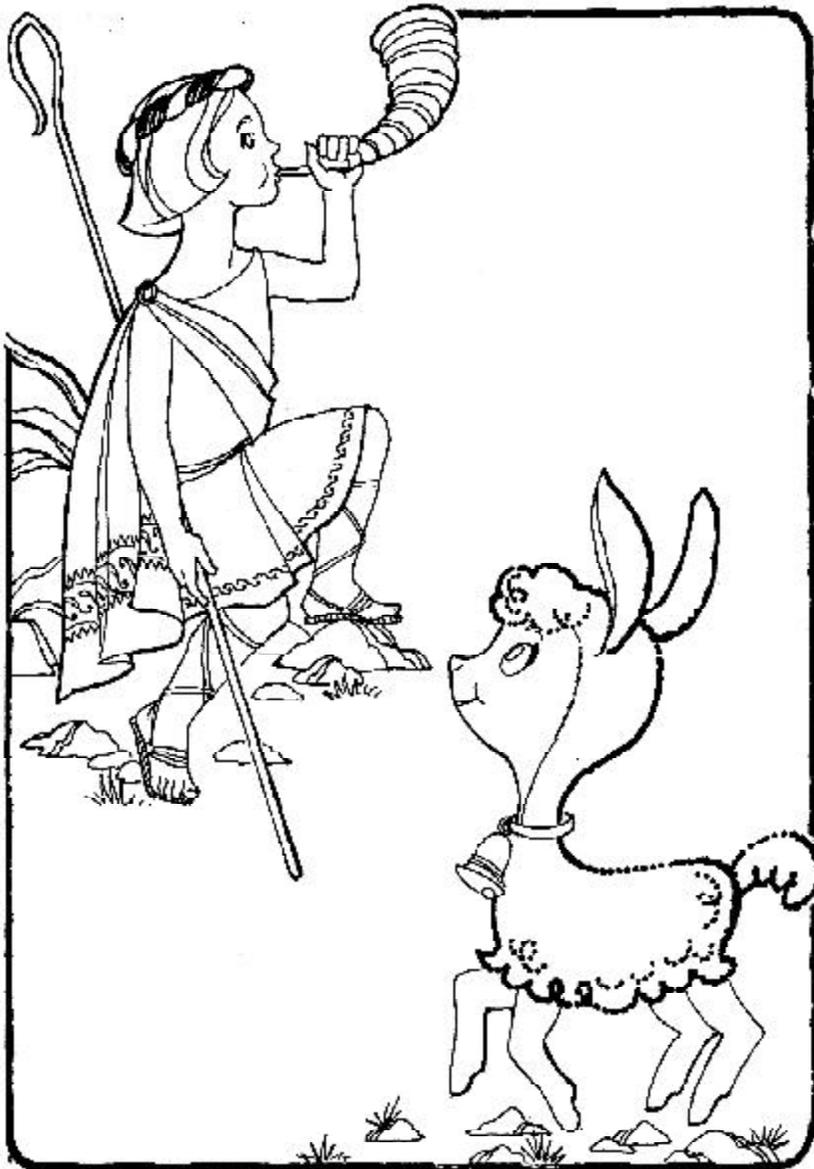
Philippians 4:8
Luke 8:15



GENEROUS

Generous was the name—
Both in fact and by aim.
He a true friend indeed
To all those in need.
Of himself he did give,
Helping others to live.
He'd give wool off his back
To supply other's lack.
Should not you and I
As time passes by
Opportunities see
To more generous be?
The most gen'rous of all
Is the one whom we call
Our Father above;—
Who by Lamb of his love,
Has opened the door
Our lost lives to restore.

Luke 6:38
Acts 20:35



OBEY

Lamb Mister Obey
Was one we must say
Ne'er suffered a loss
In the eyes of his boss.
He was willing—in truth
He had learned in his youth
To his parents obey,
And to do as they say.
Now that habit still stays
In maturity days;
And to do what is right
Is e'er his delight.
Should not you and I
As each day passes by,
To God praises bring,
Be thankful and sing,
As we "trust and Obey"
To the end of the way?

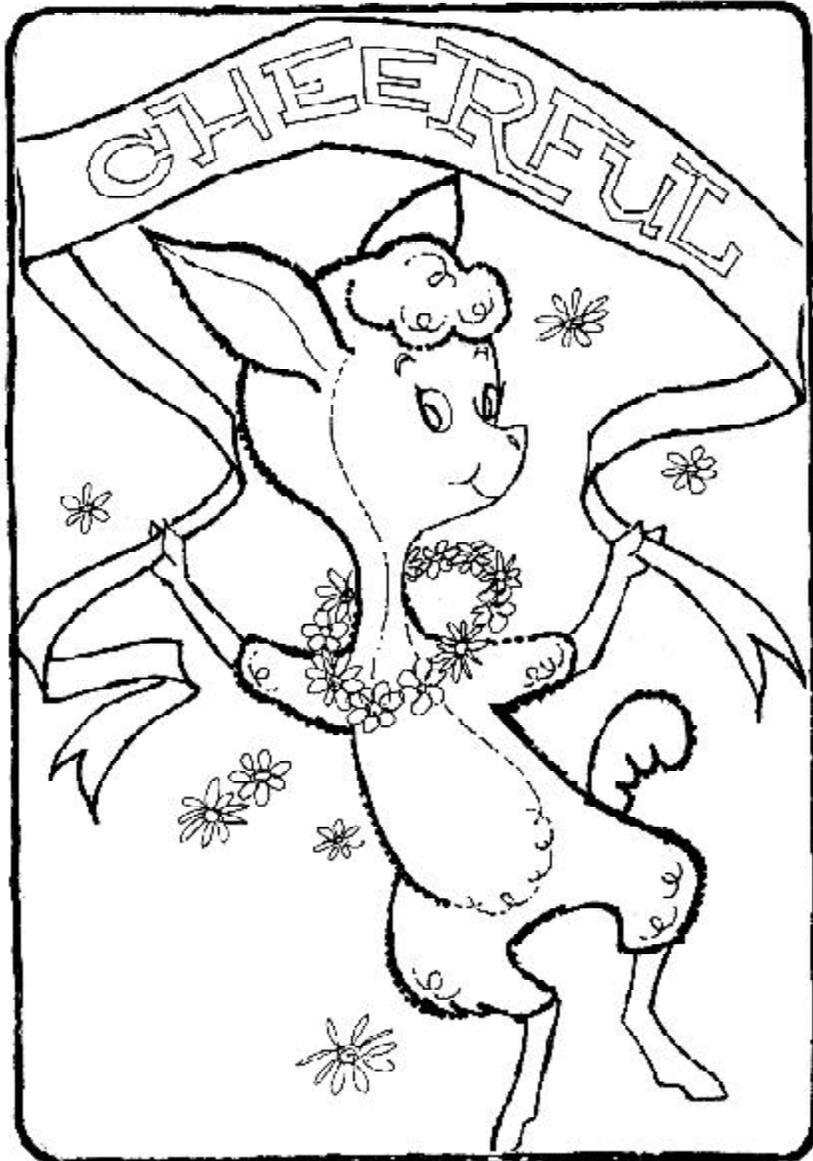
Proverbs 1:8
Ephesians 6:1,2



PATIENCE

Now Patience is a lamb
Who was not one to scam—
In adversity tough
Or when pathway got rough;
With persistence and care,
As the tortoise, not a hare,
He continued life's race
At a sure steady pace.
We Job's patience admire,
And we may it acquire.
Let's with patience pursue
Things worthwhile to do,
In sickness or pain,
In sunshine or rain,
With cheer and with grit
Refusing to quit
'Til they bring their reward,
A "Well done" from the Lord.

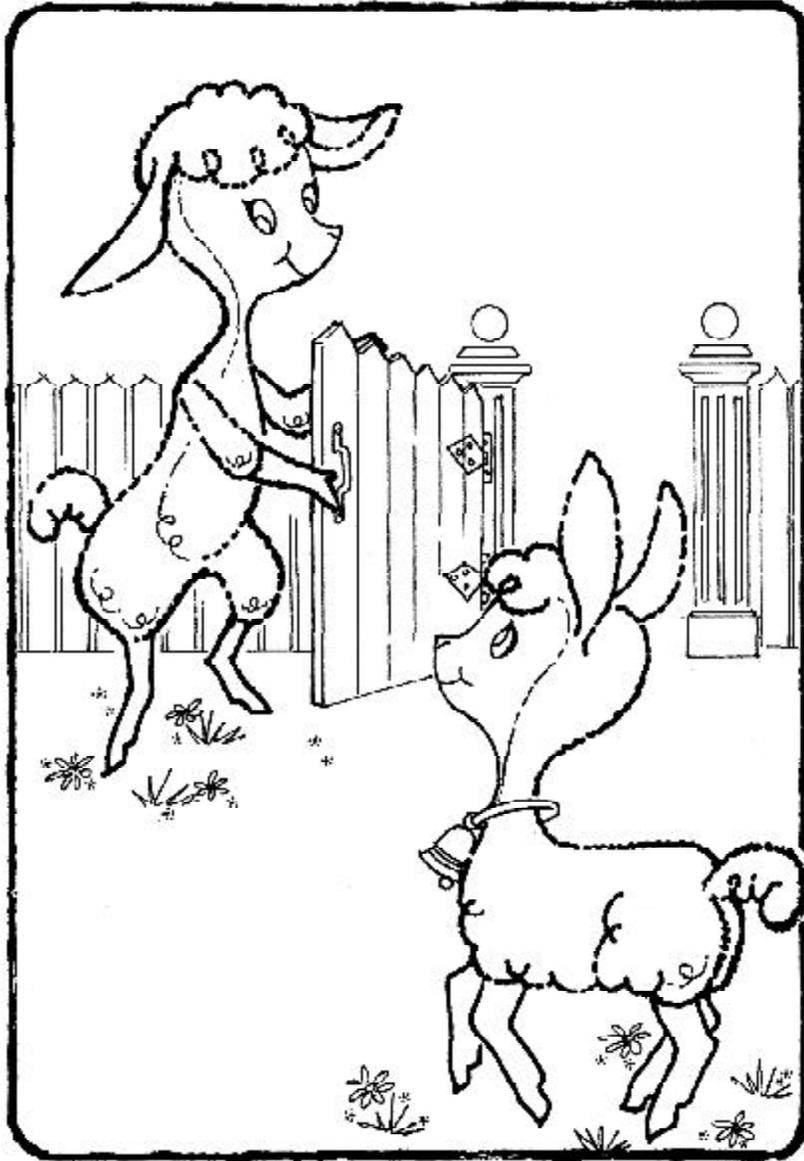
1 Timothy 6:11
James 1:4



CHEERFUL

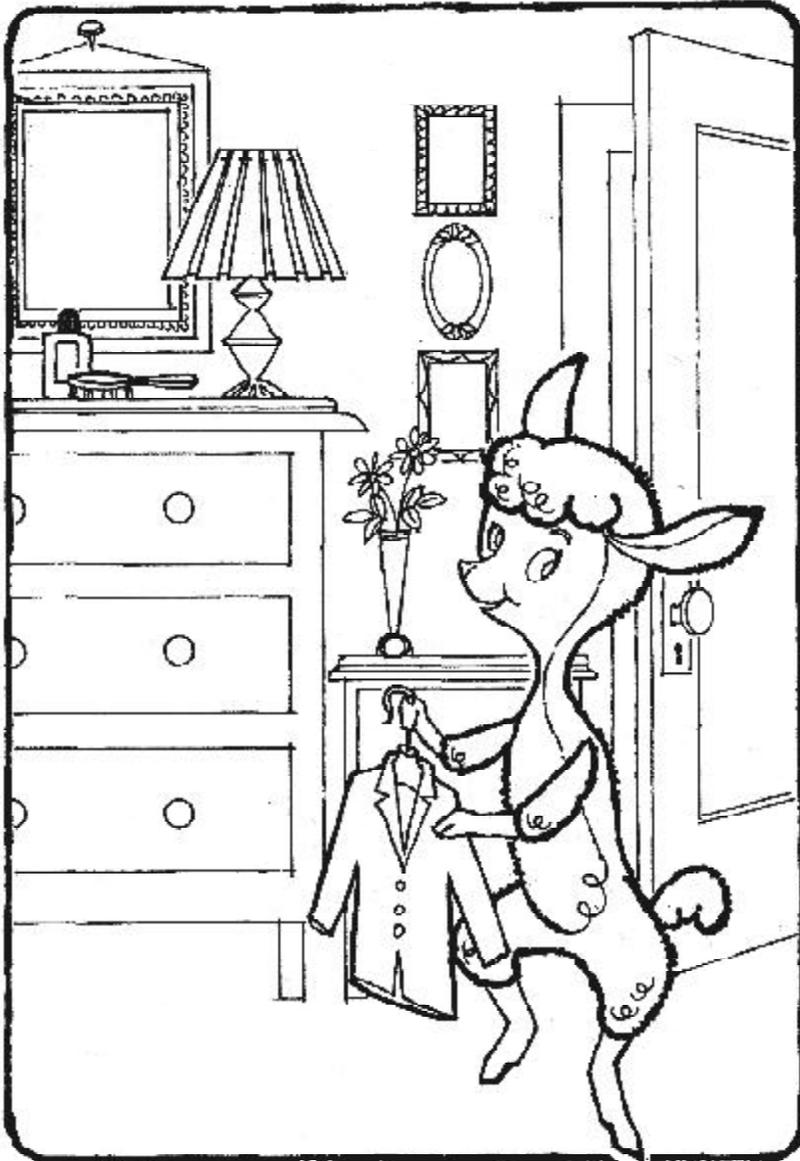
This lamb they called Cheerful,
He never was tearful.
His faith and his hope
Would not let him mope,
But ever rejoice
With heart and with voice.
Now this cheerfulness trait,
We can scarce overrate,
For the Wise man doth say,
"A merry heart may
Make cheerful the face,
And sorrow erase."
Good cheer aideth health,
Which is better than wealth.
Friends cheerful not gray
We want always to stay.
How cheerful are you
In all that you do?

Proverbs 15:13
2 Corinthians 9:



COURTESY

Mr. Courtesy Lamb
Was a dear little ram;
Was a gentleman true—
Was polite through and through.
His “Thank you” and “Please”
Did put one at ease
As he opened the gate
Or offered to wait
While others were served.
And his manners—observed—
Friends would think nice in you,
If you studied too,
Many courtesy rules
Not taught in the schools.
Let’s deport ourselves well
So that others can tell
That acts on our part
Come from love in the heart.



NEAT

This lamb was named Neat,
Because tidy and sweet.
His hands and face seem
Like his teeth, all a gleam.
His clothes were well pressed,
He most neatly was dressed;
He was trim, and the grin
Of his lamb got him in.
In his work, in his play,
He did put things away.
And his room "apple pie"
Was a treat to the eye.
He did use well his rule
In his drawings at school;
And his writing precise
Made his lessons look nice.
For a thing right and neat
Is a thing hard to beat.

1 Corinthians 14:40
Isaiah 52:11



FAITH

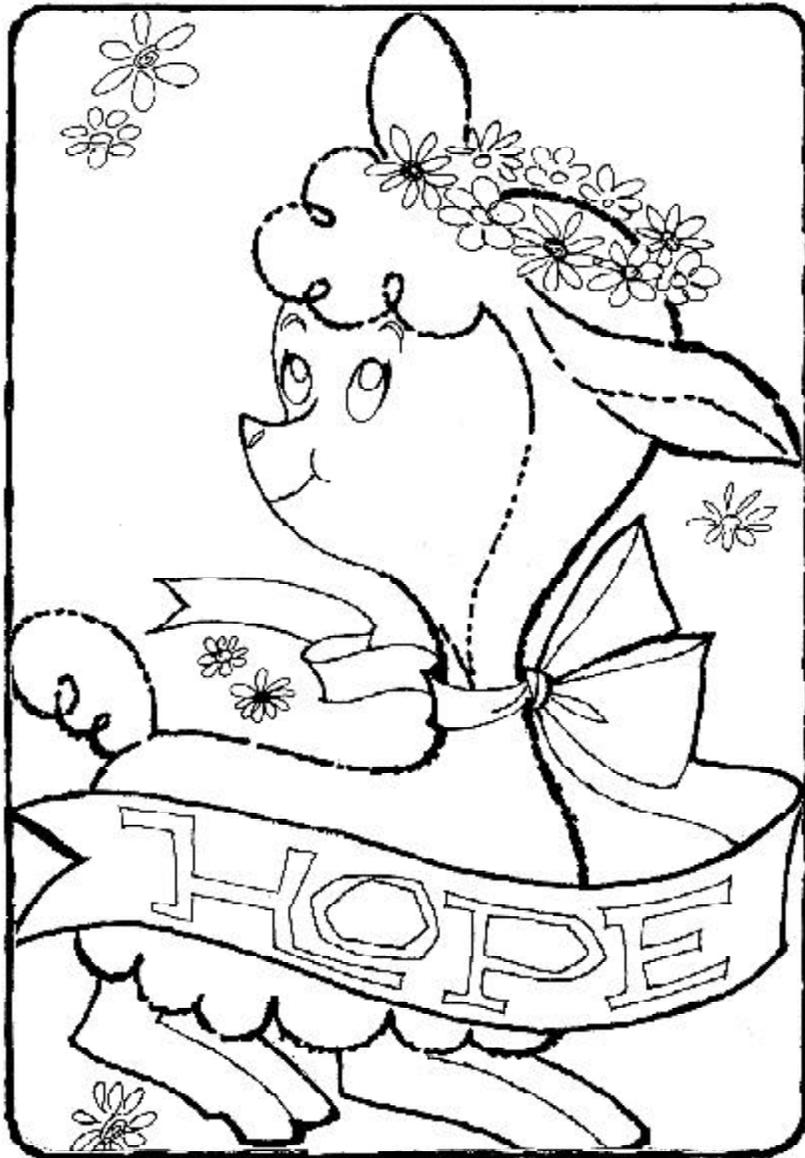
Now then Faith is the name
Which all doubt overcame.
This you scarce need be told,
That this lamb—he was bold.

So then Faith without fear
Followed on to be near
His shepherd and guide—
In his care to abide.

Now then faith is a gift,
Which our spirit does lift;
Gives assurance in God,
In the right, and the good.

Faith is that belief
That gives peace and relief—
For beyond what we see,
We perceive more to be.
So then Faith, Hope, and Love
Are thrice blessed from above.

1 Corinthians 13:13
Hebrews 11:1,6



HOPE

This Lamb was named Hope,
Which helped him to cope
With life from the start.
And through life plays a part.
With us hope is a must;
And though we turn to dust—
Eternal hope springs,
(In spite of all things)
Past the dark and the gloom,
Past the power of the tomb;
Past our limited sight
To the triumph of right.
Without it we lack
The power to bounce back.
This lamb named Hope may
Give us joy in the way,
Turn our night into day,
And bring gladness to stay.



LOVE

Now the last but not least
Is the best little beast,
A lambkin named Love—
(Like a name from above).

Today lion and sheep
Do not company keep;
But we picture a time
In a different clime
When together they may—
(As *Isaiah does say).

God is love, we do know;
In that love we should grow.
And if love ask a price
Which means sacrifice,
Consider it cheap—
For in time we shall reap
A thousand fold more
In heavenly store.