

ARE YOU HAPPY WHEN  
YOU ARE CROSS?



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Lucy was just six years old. One day she was sitting on a little stool, by the side of her mother's chair, and reading the last chapter of St. John's Gospel. "Mother," said Lucy, "what did Christ mean when he told St. Peter to feed his lambs?"

*Mother.* My dear, do you not recollect reading, some time ago, that Christ said he was the Good Shepherd, and that his people were the sheep?

*Lucy.* Oh yes, mother, I recollect reading that; but I forget where it is.

*M.* It is in the 10th chapter of St. John.

*L.* Stop, mother, please let me find it; Oh, here it is, the 14th verse, "I am the Good Shepherd." I suppose Jesus said so?

*M.* Yes; have not you sometimes seen a shepherd taking care of his flock?

*L.* Oh yes, mother; we saw a shepherd that day you and father took me a walk by the side of the wood.

*M.* Do you recollect how pleased you were to see the little lambs skipping about?

*L.* Yes; you told me to repeat the verse,

'Abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs  
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,  
With fleeces so clean and so white.'

But, mother, some of the little lambs have black faces, and, mother, don't you re-

collect, as we returned home we met the shepherd, and he had got a little lamb in his arms, which had fallen into a pit and hurt itself. How kind the shepherd was in taking care of this little lamb!

*M.* The prophet Isaiah spoke of the Saviour many hundred years before he came from heaven, and compared him to a shepherd. In the 40th chapter, the prophet says, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."

*L.* But, mother, I do not quite understand this; Christ is not now upon earth, and when he was here he did not keep sheep.

*M.* No, my dear; but it is to make us understand that our Lord takes care of his people, as the shepherd takes care of his sheep; and he does not forget children, as you saw the shepherd did not forget his lambs.

*L.* But who are *his* lambs?

*M.* You, my dear Lucy, are one, if you love him and believe in him as *your*



Saviour, and seek to do his will in all things, and are willing to follow his word.

*L.* Oh, mother, I should like to be one; how quiet and happy the lamb seemed to be when the shepherd was carrying it.

*M.* Well, then, my dear love, pray to the Saviour; he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not;" pray to him, that he may give you a new heart, which will be happy in loving him, and obeying his word, through the power of the Holy Spirit, which he has promised to give to all that ask it; and try to be a good girl, and to subdue all naughty and unkind tempers.

Lucy again thanked her mother; and as she had finished her lesson, she went and put her book away in its place. I hope my young readers will remember this, for it is very untidy to leave books littering about upon chairs or the floor. She then took her work, and went and sat down by the window, and began to sew very busily.

Just as she had begun, her little bro-

ther Samuel came into the room ; he went up to her, and said, " Lucy, dear, if you please, will you cut out this paper stag for me? I have drawn its legs very nicely, as you see, but I am afraid I shall not be able to cut them out properly, they are so very slender, and I want to put it on father's table before he comes home, to surprise him."

I am sorry to say, that instead of doing this directly, and in a kind manner, Lucy frowned, and said, in a short, sharp tone, " How troublesome you are! you are always teasing me! I have just sat down to work, and I am too busy ; go and do it yourself."

Little Samuel was a good boy, and instead of returning a sharp answer to her cross speech, he said, " Lucy, please do cut it out, you will do it so much better than I can, and it will not take you a minute." Lucy put down her work and took up her scissors ; but when people set about a thing in an ill-humour, they never do it properly, and this was the case with Lucy. Her brother had taken a great deal of pains to draw the stag

very nicely, but she cut it out very carelessly, and presently poor Samuel saw that one of its legs was cut quite off.

"There," said he, "there, my poor stag! it is quite spoiled; you have cut its leg off."

"Finish it yourself," said Lucy, throwing the stag one way and the scissors another. "It is all your fault, you ought to have let me go on quietly with my work, and not come to interrupt me, as you always do."

Poor Samuel looked quite surprised; he was sorry to see his nice stag spoiled, but he was still more sorry to see Lucy so out of humour, and he could not think it was his fault. Indeed, I have generally found that when people are very ready to blame others, the fault has commonly been their own after all.

"Lucy," said her mother, "is this like one of the little lambs we were talking about? Remember, my child, God sees you, and do you think he is pleased that you should speak in such a manner to your brother? Is that following the example of Christ?"



Lucy felt that she was wrong, and burst into tears. Her mother took her upon her lap, and said, "Lucy, now you feel that it is necessary to pray to the Saviour, to give you a new heart, and to enable you to subdue all naughty and unkind tempers, and that you should try to do so. Do you feel happy because you were so cross and out of humour?"

Lucy was now convinced that she had done wrong; and that if she had behaved to Samuel as a sister should act to a brother, she would neither have spoiled his stag, nor have done what was a great deal worse; I mean she would not have given way to a naughty temper, quite contrary to what the Bible tells us, "Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love." "O mother," said she, "I do feel very sorry, and I will pray to the Saviour—"

"That you may be one of his lambs," said her mother. "Do this really from your heart, then you will feel more happy. For God is very kind to us, and we ought to try to be the same to others. Remember, Christ said, 'All

things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets.”

Lucy kissed her mother, and went to her little desk. She then took out a very pretty drawing of a basket of fruit, and gave it to Samuel, saying, “Here, Sammy, pray take this instead of your stag which I spoiled, and this besides:” she then gave him a kiss; he gave her another, and then away he ran quite consoled for his loss.

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Lord, we are taught to read thy word,  
 Which makes the foolish wise;  
 Oh may we know a Saviour's name,  
 And learn his worth to prize.

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**THE** Lord inclines his ear  
To those who humbly pray ;  
From the devout and fervent prayer  
He will not turn away.

Why, then, should prayer appear  
A burden and a task ?  
More ready is the Lord to hear  
Than our cold hearts to ask.

Abundant mercy, Lord,  
Pour down on us, we pray ;  
Pardon for all our sins afford,  
And wash our guilt away.