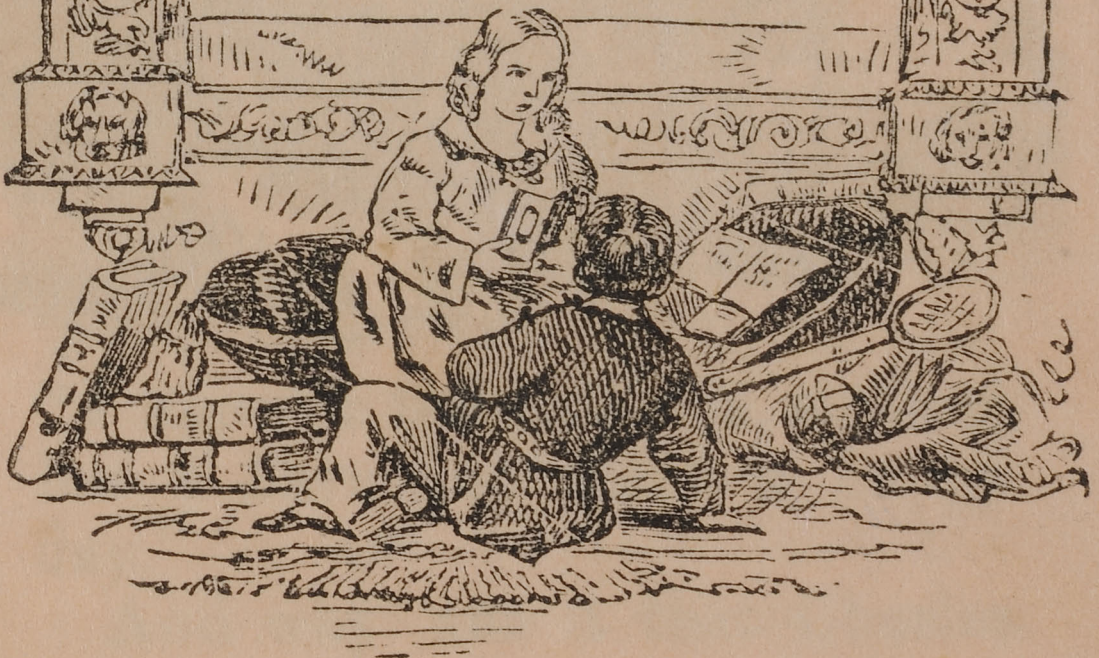


THE  
UNHAPPY BOY  
MADE HAPPY.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;  
56, Paternoster-row; 164, Piccadilly,  
LONDON.









# THE UNHAPPY BOY MADE HAPPY.



“I CANNOT tell how it is, mother,  
but I have not spent a happy  
day.”

And why was it that Charles

*d*



had not been happy? The day had been just such a day as a boy or girl loves to see. The sun had shone in the sky; the birds had sung very sweetly; and the flowers were in full bloom in the garden. Charles was in good health; he had a nice home, and kind friends. What then could make him unhappy?

“The reason is plain, Charles,” said his mother. “The fault has been in yourself. You began the day in a wrong way. Instead of rising early, you lay in bed a long time. You were called two or three times, but you thought you would lie a little longer. When at last you got up, you hurried over your prayers, and did not with your heart ask God to bless



and keep you. Then when you came down from your room, breakfast was over, and you had to sit alone. This, you know, put you sadly out of humour, and you had no mind to think of the blessings which should have made you happy and thankful. But what happened next?"

"When I was ready to go to school, I could not find my 'History,' because Mary had taken it to look at the pictures."

"Yes, Charles, and I am sorry to say you left home in a naughty temper. How did you get on at school?"

"Why, mother I lost my place at the top of the class. George Jones spelt a word which I could not. And you should have seen



how proud he was of it! Then as I was coming home, my cousin William knocked my hat off."

"Perhaps he only did it in play. Did he not pick it up again?"

"Yes, and said that he did not mean any harm."

"Why, then, did you look so cross when you came home? You know I saw you sitting in the garden with quite a sullen look: you were pulling some flowers to pieces, and treading them under your feet. My dear Charles, you have let evil passions dwell in your heart; and if you do so, you cannot hope to be happy. Does not this show you that your heart is evil, and that you need the grace of the Holy Spirit to cleanse



and renew it? Do you not feel that you have sinned, and should ask God to pardon you, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord?

Charles's mother now kissed him. As he lay down that night to rest, he thought he would try to be on the morrow a better and happier boy.

The next night, when Charles was in the garden looking at the setting sun, his mother gently said, "I think my Charles has been more happy to-day than he was yesterday."

"Yes, mother," he said, "I got up early, and it did not seem near so hard as when I lay and thought about it. I had time to pray, and came into the garden, and had a run round all the walks.



The birds were singing so very sweetly; I never heard them sing better; the flowers were very nice to smell; and the air seemed so fresh and pleasant."

"The boy who lies in bed," said his mother, "is not the boy to find out these things. Then, I think, you had time to look over the school lessons of the day."

"Oh yes, and I was in good time to have my breakfast along with the rest, and my run in the garden made me enjoy it too. Then I was early at school, with my lessons all ready. When we were in class. George Jones was very near misspelling a word, but I thought if he lost his place he would feel as bad as I did, and



so I waited a moment, and he spelt it rightly. In coming home one of the boys tried to vex me, but I knew it would be wrong to be angry, so I took no notice of what he did. When he slipped in running, I went to him and helped him to get up."

"I was glad, Charles, when you came in and found your sister Mary with your library book, that you did not rudely snatch it from her, as I have sometimes seen you do."

"I am sure, mother, it was kind in my sister to give it to me when she saw I wanted it."

"Now, Charles, it is time for us to go into the parlour, for family prayer. I hope that God will give you his grace, and help

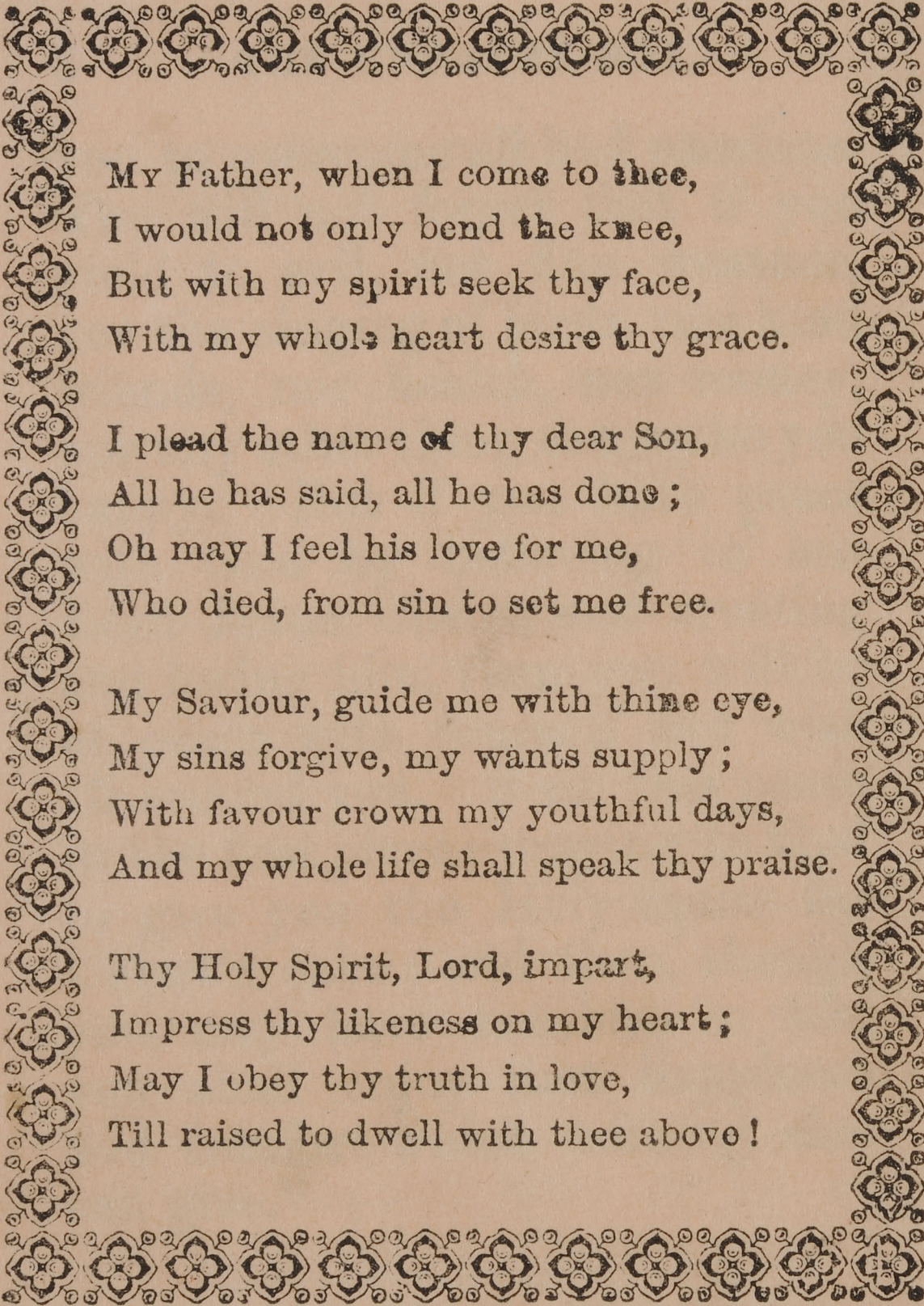


you to overcome all bad passions. You will not forget that if you yield to evil, not fine weather, nor the singing of birds, nor kind friends, nor health, nor money, nor any other thing can make you happy. But if you have peace with God by believing in our Lord Jesus Christ, and trusting and loving him, then you will be at peace with yourself and with all around you. Seek this peace in the first place; praying to God to give you the Holy Spirit for Christ's sake; and then, though you may have troubles in life, you shall enjoy that happiness and comfort which nothing else can give."



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A decorative border of repeating floral motifs, possibly a stylized four-petaled flower or a similar geometric design, surrounds the text on all four sides.

My Father, when I come to thee,  
I would not only bend the knee,  
But with my spirit seek thy face,  
With my whole heart desire thy grace.

I plead the name of thy dear Son,  
All he has said, all he has done ;  
Oh may I feel his love for me,  
Who died, from sin to set me free.

My Saviour, guide me with thine eye,  
My sins forgive, my wants supply ;  
With favour crown my youthful days,  
And my whole life shall speak thy praise.

Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, impart,  
Impress thy likeness on my heart ;  
May I obey thy truth in love,  
Till raised to dwell with thee above !