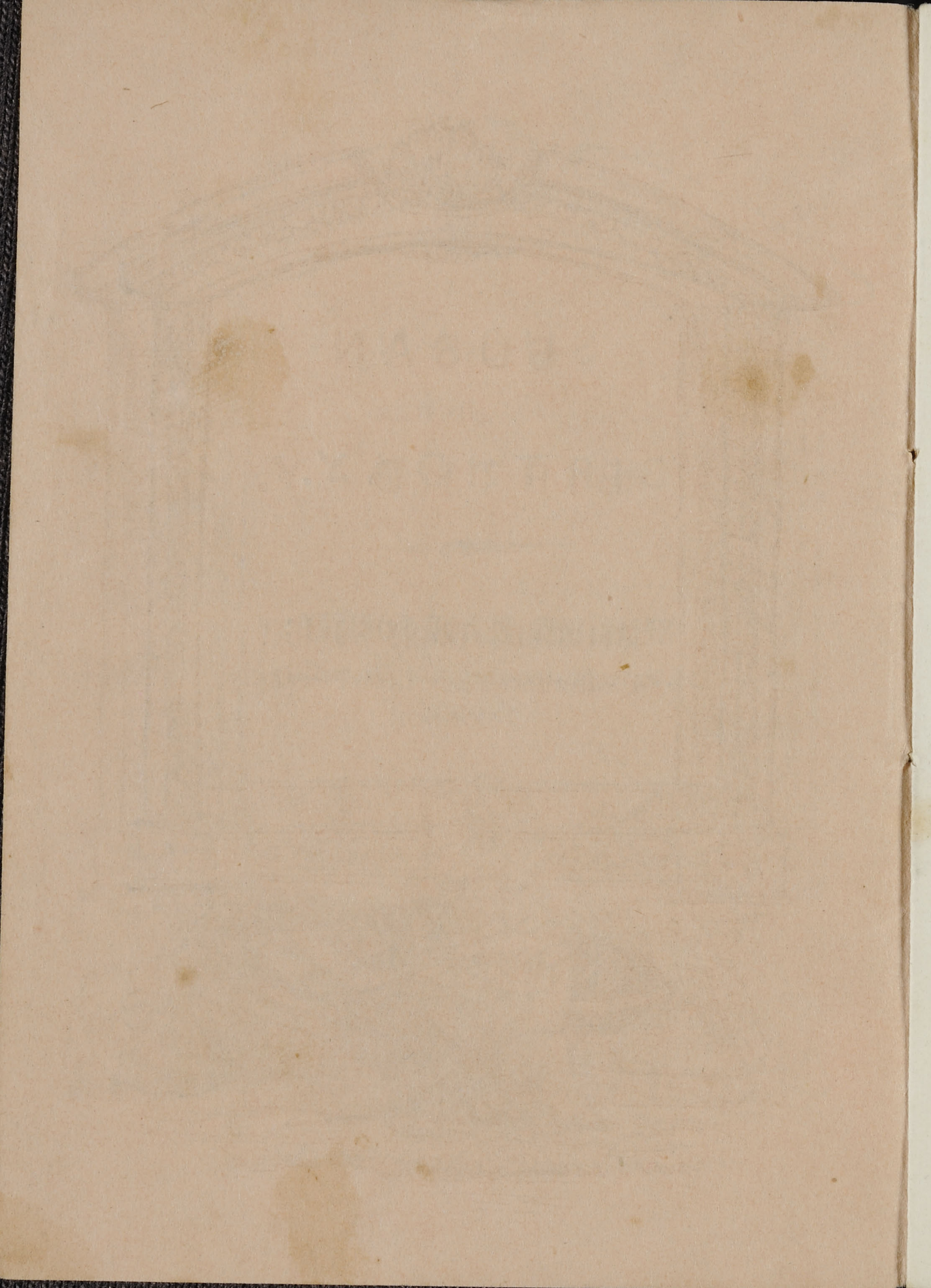


SUSAN
AND HER
BIRTHDAY.

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





SUSAN AND HER BIRTH-DAY.



SUSAN is a little girl, and is now nearly ten years old. She was always a kind and pleasant child, except that she once had a very sad fault. When she could have her own way, her face looked

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bright and happy ; but when she could not, she showed a sullen and naughty temper.

It was Susan's ninth birth-day, in the month of June. She had looked forward with great delight to this time for many weeks, for her kind parents had promised her that she should have some of her young friends for company on that day. As there is a beautiful park about two miles from her father's house, it was planned that Susan and her visitors should go about three o'clock, and take with them the tea-things, and have a very happy time of it under the shade of the trees. No wonder that she had set her heart upon this treat. It was to be *her* party, and on *her* birth-day. The ride, and the feast, and

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the romp, were all pleasant to think of.

Susan thought the day was a long time coming, but at last it did come. But it came with a storm of rain. It was cold and cloudy the day before, and in the night it began to rain. And when the little girl arose on the morning of her birth-day, the rain was falling in a slow, steady way, which promised to last all day long.

Susan was angry at the rain. She said it always rained when she wanted to go anywhere. Then she began to pout, and grow sullen. She did not wish anybody to speak to her, or to speak to any one. She went up stairs after breakfast, and sat down on a chair by the window

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and looked out at the rain, with swollen eyes, flushed cheeks, and a stubborn heart. Her mother went up to her, and tried to comfort her by saying that it might be pleasant on the morrow, and she should then have her party, and keep the birth-day; but she was too sullen and repining to be satisfied with such a way of getting over her trouble.

In the course of the morning Susan's father asked for his daughter. He had a pretty birth-day gift in his pocket to give to her. But when he was told that she had shut herself in her room in the sulks, he went up stairs. He then sat down and talked to her very calmly and seriously. He showed how

wicked it was to cherish angry thoughts and sullen feelings, and that they would make her unhappy in herself, and unlovely in the eyes of others. "And now, Susan," said he, "I do not ask if you are sorry, for I fear you are not. You still murmur at the providence of God, and are angry because you cannot have your own way. Your conduct is sinful, and must be punished. And you shall be punished by letting you have your own way. You have chosen to come up into your own room, and have nothing to do with the rest of the family, who would be glad to enjoy the day in-doors with you. We would have tried to please you; you might have been with us, and

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you could have had the party of little friends some other day. But as you have chosen to be ill-tempered and sullen, sit here by yourself. Your dinner and tea shall be sent up to you, and you can go to bed in the evening; but I hope not till you have repented of your sins. If you feel in a better temper to-morrow morning you can come down stairs: if you do not, stay here till I send for you." Susan's father then told her to kneel down with him while he prayed that God would give his Holy Spirit to change the heart of his stubborn child, that she might be sorry for her sins, and look by faith to Jesus Christ to take away their guilt.

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Susan was struck with surprise. She supposed that she had a right to *feel* just as she pleased; but now she was taught that sinful feelings are offensive to God, and that they showed her heart was wrong. Instead of being humoured and coaxed as she expected, she was punished.

It was a long, sad birth-day for Susan; but before night she began to think of what her father had said to her, and she saw she had been very wicked in sinning against God, who had sent the rain. She then knelt down by herself, and wept as she asked God to forgive her for the sake of Jesus Christ. After she had prayed, instead of idly looking out of the window at the rain, she got her sewing, and

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went to work. In the evening also she read a little book, and a chapter in the New Testament.

At breakfast next morning, Susan went into the breakfast-parlour, in a very humble manner, yet with a smiling face. She kissed her parents and said, "Do please, forgive me, and I will not be so naughty again."

In a few days after this, Susan had a party of her young companions: it was a very fine day, and they were all quite happy together in the park. Since that time, Susan has not forgotten to pray to God for his grace to keep her from a sullen and bad spirit. We are pleased to add that all Susan's friends say she is now quite an altered girl.

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A HUMBLE MIND.

SINCE I am a little child,
Humble I should be and mild ;
Always ready to be taught,
And to do the things I ought.

When I cannot have my way,
I must no ill-will display,
But must learn to bend my will,
And be kind and gentle still.

Pride and anger I must shun,
Nor be rude to any one ;
Evil tempers must not rise,
To offend God's holy eyes.

Lord, thy help and grace I seek,
Make me humble, modest, meek ;
Poor in spirit may I be,
And submit myself to thee.