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JESSIE'S EXPERIMENT.

"MAMMA, I'm very miserable in spite of this day! I really don't know what to do! I have played with my dolls as long as I can, and I have built castles and houses and bridges with my bricks, till I cannot think of anything more to build; and I have looked over all my picture-books, and read the stories again and again, and I am quite tired of amusing myself!"

The little Jessie Sinclair sighed as she threw herself down on a stool at her mother's feet, and pressed her weary, discontented face upon the kind mother's knee.

Mrs. Sinclair put down her work, and stroking her child's flushed cheeks with her soft, cool hand, said gently, "Did you try to amuse yourself, Jessie dear, that you are quite tired of trying to amuse yourself?"

"Yes, mamma," replied Jessie, without lifting her face.

"Well, then," continued Mrs. Sinclair, "if you were you I should give up trying."

Jessie raised her head in astonishment, and looked wonderingly into her mother's face.

"What do you mean, mamma?" said she.

"Am I to do nothing all day?"

"I did not say so, my child," rejoined Mrs. Sinclair, smiling at her little daughter's surprise.



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ter's surprise. "There is still another alternative; if you are tired of amusing yourself, suppose you try the experiment of seeking to amuse or help others."

There was a moment's pause, then Jessie said, "But, mamma, there seems never to be anything that I can do—noth-

ing ever comes in my way."

"No, dear," replied her mother, "and so long as you sit here and say you know of no way in which you can serve others, I cannot expect you to feel at all in the mood for following my advice. You are forgetting, Jessie, that God has given you a head to think, and eyes to see, and feet to run. He has granted you not only the faculty to work for him, but the power to find out what that work is, and if you are waiting until opportunities of doing good present themselves of their own accord, and say, 'Here we are, Jessie, ready for you to avail yourself of us!' you will, I fear, continue to wait."

"But, mamma," said Jessie, "there are so few things that I can do, let me try ever so hard. It is not as if I could go to business like papa, or work in the garden like Peter, or cook the dinner like Blake, or make my dresses as you do."

"Jessie, dear," said her mother, gravely, "when God made the tiny daisy, did he expect it to grow into a tree and bear fruit? And when he has made such a little girl as you are, do you think he will claim from you such service as papa, or Peter, or Blake can render? No. He says to the daisy, 'See here, neck