

# THE SUNBEAM

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## WHAT AILS HIM?

This is Master Jimmy Bounces whom you see sitting in the grass with his hands on his face. Jimmy ought to be a happy boy, one would think. He has kind parents and a sister; he lives in an elegant house, with beautiful grounds; he has plenty of money, and fine clothes to boot; there is hardly anything he wants which he cannot get.

You would suppose that with all these would be very happy, would you not?

But you must remember that happiness depends not so much on the outside as on what is within. Jimmy's outside is all right, but it is the inside that troubles him. I do not mean by this his brain, or his stomach, or his liver, or his heart, or his lungs. These, it is true, are all in good order, but they do not give him much trouble. His troublesome inside is hidden from all eyes. I do not know exactly where it is, but I believe nobody has ever yet found that out. It is sometimes called the "think," a little girl once called it "The think."

Ah, that's it! It's the "think" that troubles Jimmy. He thinks that he would like to have his way in everything;

and some one else thinks differently, and there's trouble. Jimmy is unhappy because some one gets in his way, and the more he thinks about it the worse he

feels. He does not take any pleasure in the beautiful garden, or the fine house, or the elegant clothing, so long as the inside is unhappy.

When he saw the small hoe he was to use, he smiled and said, "It was made for a lady, but it is just small enough for me to use."

I told him just what I wished him to

do. "I must go to my room at the head of the stairs for rest, but will leave my door open," I said, "and the hall door too; so if you wish, you can easily speak to me."

While resting I listened to the music of the hoe, thinking how glad I was of that honest lad to help me; but the music ceased. Then came the sound of bare feet on the stairs, and glancing at the door, there stood Clark with the hoe in one hand and the handle in the other.

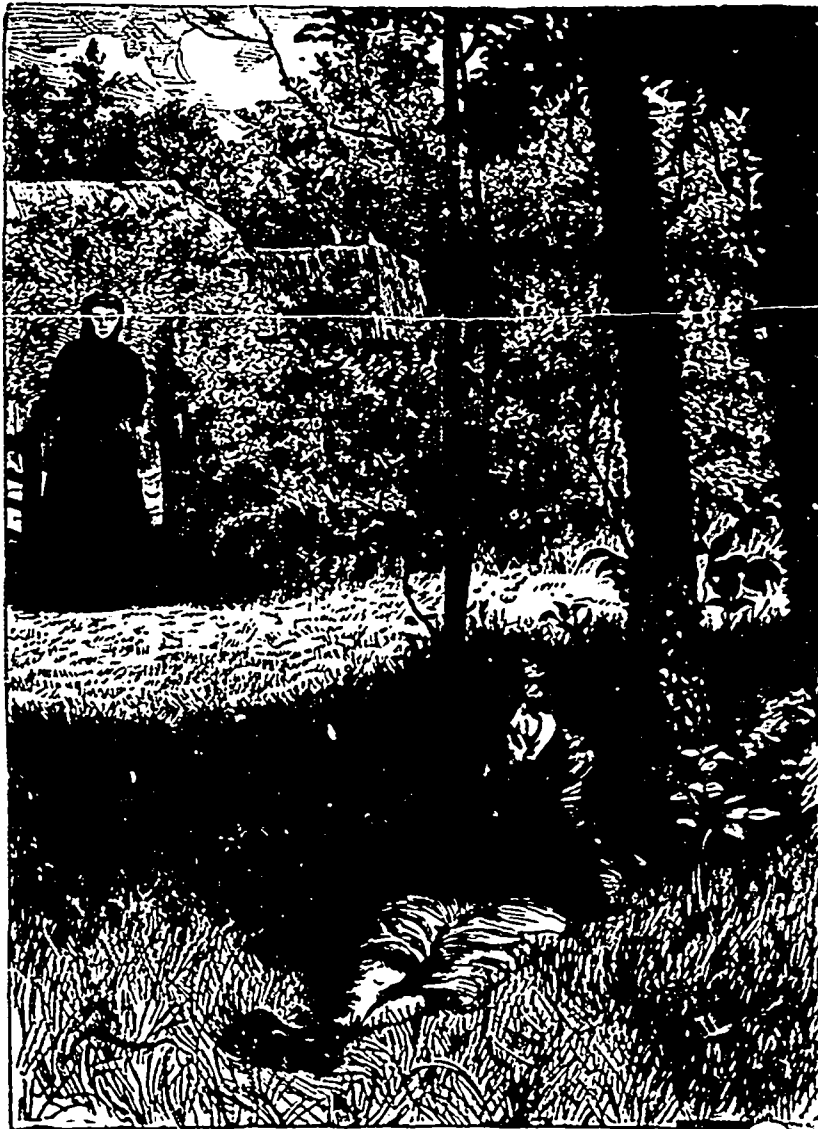
His face flushed, but he bravely said, "I am sorry, but I have broken your hoe-handle; I was using it as you wished."

Taking the handle I found it decayed. I saw that the handle could not have held together if used. "You are not in the least to blame," I said, "but I am glad you had the courage to come and tell me. When I have a new handle, you are the very boy I want to use it."

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LITTLE Susie coming home from her first attendance at church, was met

with the playful remonstrance from her mother, "They tell me you went to sleep, Susie, how did that happen?" "All the mens did," said the child, in answer.



WHAT AILS HIM.

## TRUE COURAGE.

CLARE BENSON came to help me in my flower-garden last summer. He was small, and had an honest, bright face. When he