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HINDU IDOL.

WHAT a hideous looking idol this is. Yet just such idols millions of people in India worship; yes, and they make their little children bow down and pray to them. How thankful you ought to be that you live in a Christian land, and are taught to love and serve the dear Lord Jesus who came down from heaven to die for us. How willing you should be to do all you can to send the blessed Gospel to the poor heathen, that they may learn to love and serve the living and the true God.

THE OLD TREE.

THUD! thud! went the ax, brought down by John's strong right arm; and young Webster stood watching.

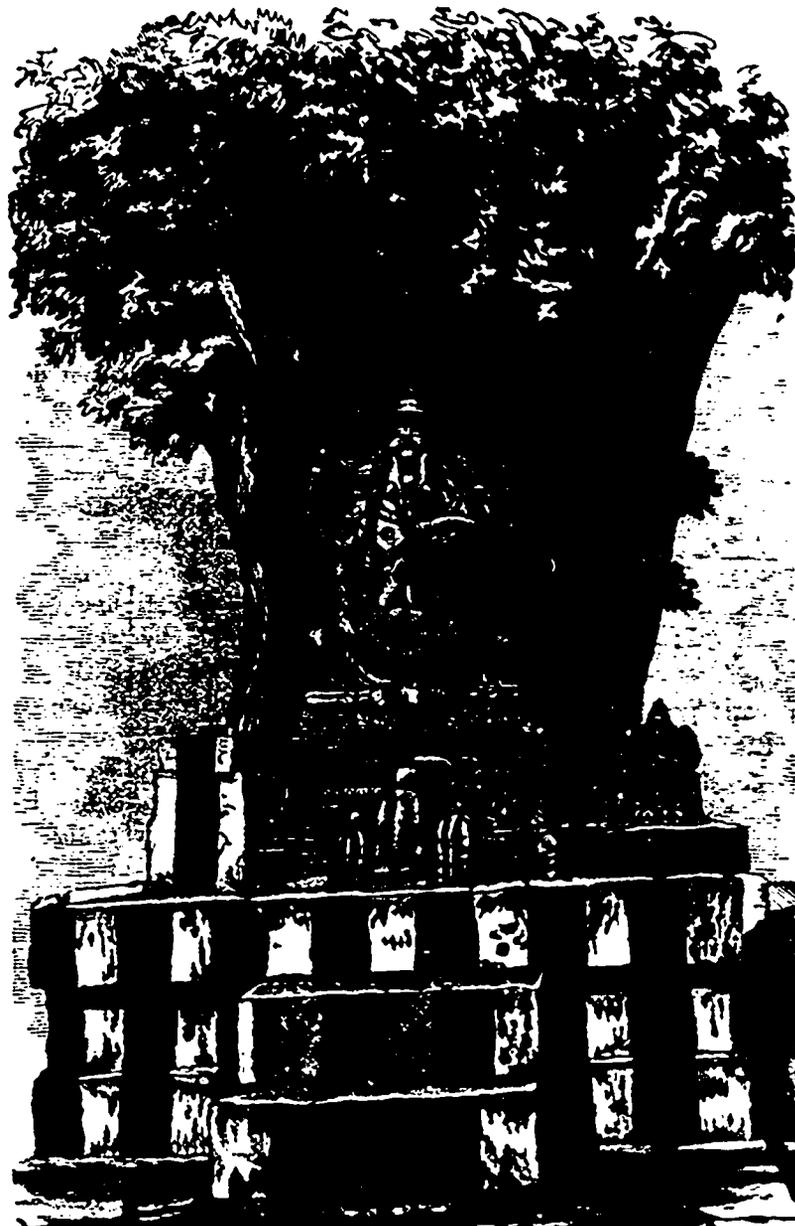
"What are you cutting that tree down for?" he asked at last.

"Dead!" said John promptly—"not worth a red cent. We've coaxed it and buttered around it for weeks, and it didn't do a mite of good—kept getting more dead-looking all the time; and it made the other tree look bad, and kept the sun from it, and was a nuisance generally; so down it comes!"

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Chop it up for kindling wood, it will start the kitchen-fire for ever so long. It is good to burn, and that's about every identical thing it is good for."

"Yes," said Webster; "I read about it."



HINDU IDOL.

exactly what it said, and that's what you are doing."

"That's true enough," said John; and he said not another word, but he thought about it a good deal, for away back in his childhood, one day when he sat in a chair that was too high for him and swung his feet, he studied over and over those words in his Sunday-school lesson; he knew just who said them, what came next, and how Jesus made the trees stand for men, though he had not thought of it before in years.

"John," said Webster, "it wouldn't be nice to be chopped down good for nothing, would it?"

"No more it wouldn't," said John.—*The Pansy.*

"I FORGOT!"

ANNIE had a beautiful canary; but one day she forgot to put fresh seed and water in the cage. For several days in succession she forgot poor birdie. When she thought of it, poor little canary lay dead in the bottom of his cage. She only "forgot!"

Tom lighted his candle one night, and threw down the match. He forgot that his mother had told him to be

"Read about it?" said John, much astonished. "You don't say this old tree has gone into the papers, do you?"

"It's in a book," said Webster. "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." That's

careful where he threw a burning match. That burning match fell into a waste basket. In the night the house was found to be on fire. It was burned to the ground, and all because of Tom's foolishness and carelessness. He only "forgot."