



A YOUNG IDOLATOR.

## DO IT NOW.

If you're told to do a thing,  
And mean to do it really,  
Never let it be by halves;  
Do it full and freely.

When father calls though pleasant be  
The play you are pursuing,  
Do not say, "I'll come when I  
Have finished what I'm doing."

If you are told to learn a task,  
And you should *not* begin it,  
Do not tell your teacher, "Yes,  
I'm coming in a minute."

Waste not moments nor your words  
In telling what you could do  
Some other time; the present is  
For doing what you should do.

PHOEBE CARRY.

## TWO QUESTIONS.

A GENTLEMAN one time stepped into a Sunday-school, and said to the scholars. "I have two questions to ask you. The first is so simple that you will smile, and wonder why I ask it; but the second is not so easy. First," said he "who made you?"

"God!" "God!" rang out all over the school.

"Second," continued he, "what did he make you for?"

That was not so easily answered. All were silent. Presently a little "cherub," but a few years old, stepped forward in the gallery, and, with almost angelic tones, sung out, "To be good and happy!"

That was the key-note God made us "to be happy," and he knows that we can not be happy unless we are good. So he

made us to be good and happy. Little one, are you trying to be good and happy? If so, give your young heart to Jesus, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and he will help.

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WE give in this number a picture of a mission scene in India. Here you see a little boy being taught by his mother to pray to a stone bull. The god Shiva is said to ride upon a bull, and, therefore, all the followers of Shiva worship it. Is not this like making a polite bow to a horse, instead of the gentleman upon its back? In all parts of India images of the bull are found. They are often very large, more than twenty feet long, and sometimes not more than half an inch. Incense is burned before them; flowers put upon their breasts; garlands and strings of bells round their necks; and the people walk three times round them.

Some devout people consecrate bulls to Shiva. These are stamped with a seal that all people respect, and turned loose. They go in and out of the temples and people's houses at pleasure, help themselves from the baskets of grain and other things in the open shops, no one daring to interfere with them, and get so bold as to be dangerous.

Oxen are used for riding, drawing carriages, common carts, ploughs, harrows, etc., as horses are in Canada. But the followers of Shiva do not work their oxen on Monday. This is their day of rest.

But, oh, how sad to see people bowing down to and worshipping as God a bull made of wood, or stone, or metal, or mud! Millions of children are now being taught to do this. But many of them in Mission-

ary schools learn that "an idol is nothing in this world, and there is no other God but one." These refuse to bow down to an image, and many of their parents, who are pleased to hear what their children learn in the schools, acknowledge that it is wrong to worship idols.

## THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER COPY.

A LITTLE girl went to a writing school. When she saw the copy set before her, she said, "I can never write like that." But she took up her pen, and put it timidly on the paper. Her hand trembled; she stopped, studied the copy, and began again. "I can but try," she said; "I'll do the best I can."

She wrote half a page. The letters were crooked. What more could be expected from a first effort? The next scholar stretched across the desk and said, "What straggly things you make!" Tears filled the little girl's eyes. She feared to have the teacher look at her book. "He will be angry, and scold me," she said to herself.

But when the teacher came, he looked and smiled. "I see you are trying, my little girl," he said kindly; "and that is all I expect."

She took courage. Again and again she studied the beautiful copy. Then she took up her pen and began to write. She wrote very carefully, with the copy always before her. Still she was not satisfied. The letters straggled here, were crowded there, and some of them seemed to look every way. She trembled when she heard the step of the teacher. "I'm afraid you'll find fault with me," she said; "my letters are not fit to be on the same page with the copy."

"I do not find fault with you," said the teacher, "because you are only a beginner. Keep on trying. In this way, you will do better every day, and soon get to be a very good writer."

"Thank you, sir," said the girl, and went on trying to imitate her copy.

And this is the way we are to try to be like Jesus. He is our copy. We must try and make our lives like his. But when we read about Jesus, and learn how holy, and good, and perfect he was, we must not be discouraged if we do not become like him at once. We cannot become like him in a minute, or a day or a year. But if we keep on trying, and ask God to help us, we shall "learn of him to be meek and lowly in heart;" and we shall become daily more and more like him.

"Why should we be timid about telling a man who has some of the Lord's money in his pocket to shell out a little?"