

Lèt Thèrè Bè Light.

It was growing dark. The sun was setting and the moon was rising, and Mrs Begum was finding it hard to read the words in her book. She took off her glasses, rubbed her eyes and lit the lamp on the table beside her.

'Ahhh, that is much better', smiled Mrs Begum as the soft glow of the lamp shone brighter and brighter.

But the lamp was a very proud lamp.

'Just look at me! I am the most beautiful lamp in the world. I am much nicer than the sun and the moon and the stars put together.'

Mrs Begum looked up from the pages of her book.

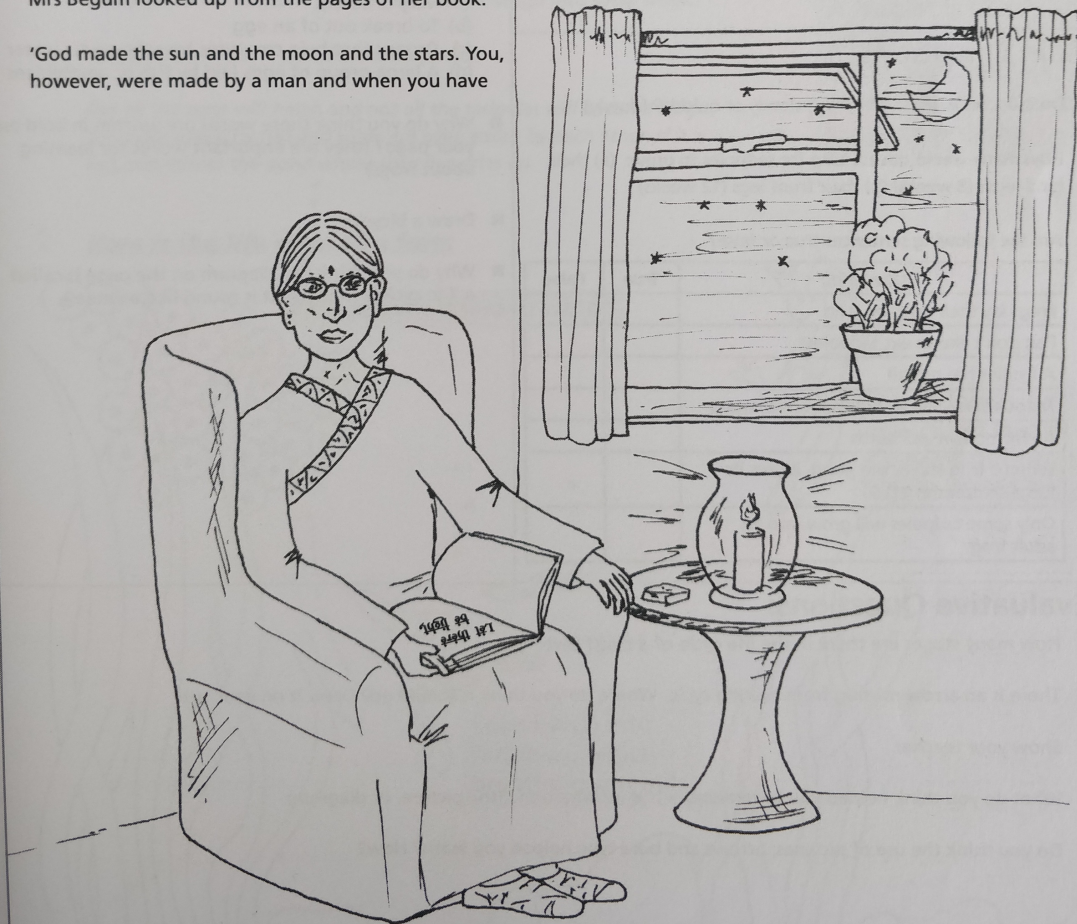
'God made the sun and the moon and the stars. You, however, were made by a man and when you have

become old and rusty and shine no more, the sun and the moon and the stars will still be here shining brightly'.

Just then, a sharp gust of wind blew into the room through the open window and blew out the lamp.

Mrs Begum picked up a match and lit the lamp once again.

'Now do you see how foolish you are?' asked the wise old lady. 'Man-made things will never outshine God's creation'.



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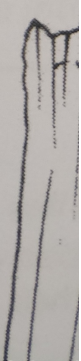
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