





A SANNIYASI, OR RELIGIOUS DEVOTEE IN INDIA.

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THE SANNIYASI.

THIS is a picture of a Hindoo Sannyasi, or Yogi. A Yogi is a religious devotee—a man whom the Hindoos think is a specially holy man. Look at the picture. Is it not frightful? I think you would run away if you saw such a figure sitting by the road-side. And yet the original drawing of that print was made from life. It is a true portrait of a Hindoo *saint*. But his holiness is altogether a bodily holiness. He has made a vow always to remain as you see him. He will never take his right arm down again. He *can* never take it down. He has held it up so long, and the sinews are become so hard and stiff, that the arm cannot be moved. Look at those hideous nails; they have grown through the hand of the wretched man, and are so long that they look like horns rather than nails. His face is just as frightful as his hands. Poor man, what torture he must have suffered when first he held up his arm in that manner day after day, and while the nails were growing through his flesh! Why has he done all this? It is a penance. It is intended to procure him the favour of God; so that it is also a sort of prayer. He thinks God will be much pleased at his doing this. He looks

at it as a sort of zeal for God. He thinks his soul will be made pure by the sufferings of his body, that God will come and confer great gifts on him; or else, when he dies, that he will flow into God, and become a part of God.

What a dreadful delusion! "He feedeth on *ashes*; a deceived heart hath turned him aside; so that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, 'Is there not a *lie* in my right hand?' " (Isaiah, xlv, 20). And he will not know that he has been trusting in a lie, until he wakes up in the Eternal World. Unhappy man! more wretched, infinitely more wretched, than the beggar who should dream that he was in a prince's palace, and wake and find himself on a bed of straw; or the malefactor, who should dream that he was to become a crowned king, and wake and find himself in a miserable dungeon.

Will you not pity such men? There is an earnestness in them. There is a zeal. Oh, that it were an earnestness rightly guided! Oh, that it were a zeal for God! Dear young friends, are you as earnest as this Yogi? You know God; have you zeal for the glory of the true God, as he had zeal to please his imaginary God?

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### TUTUILA.

TUTUILA is one of those sweet little islands in the South Seas belonging to the group named the "Samoas." It is in the great ocean called the Pacific, and is about 17,000 miles from England. It is nearly ninety miles round; it has many fine

bays; and about 4000 people live on it. If you have read the book Mr. Williams wrote, called the "Missionary Enterprises," I dare say you remember the account he gives of these beautiful little countries. One of his reasons for building his ship, the "Messenger of Peace," was, that he might go and see them. It is about sixteen years ago since he sailed in it to Savaii and Upolu, which are the names of two other islands of the same group as *Tutuila*. The people at these places seemed very highly pleased when he arrived, and so much wished to hear about his religion, that they asked him to stay with them. This he could not do, but he had with him some natives from other islands, who were Christians, and six of them said, they would stay and teach these poor people to read, and tell them all about the Saviour. This was kind and zealous of the teachers. Mr. Williams did not go to *Tutuila* at that time, but did in about two years afterwards, and then found that many people in Savaii had begun to love God, and that some of them had come to *Tutuila* to tell the natives about the religion of the white men. Now, when you, dear young friends, hear anything about Jesus Christ and His religion, be sure you do as these natives did—*tell it to others*. Mr. Williams found, that about fifty of the people there had left off praying to their idols. They wished for a Missionary to be left with them, and when they heard that there were none in the ship who *could* stay, they were disappointed and sad. Mr. Williams sent word to some good men in England, telling them all about this; and in the year 1836, some

English Missionaries sailed for Tutuila, leaving all their dear friends behind them, their fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, and the home they loved so much. These they left that they might go and live among these far distant people, and teach them how they might be saved. These good men, having safely reached Tutuila, laboured and prayed that these islanders might become truly religious and be happy. In the year 1838, five of them endeavoured to shew to their countrymen that they loved Jesus Christ by meeting together and partaking of His supper, because when on earth He told His disciples to do so "in remembrance of Him." What a delightful sight it must have been to have seen these five, who only a few years before did not know that there was a Saviour! had not heard of the cross, nor of a heaven where that Saviour had gone to prepare a place for them that love him! But although this was a very beautiful sight, the Missionaries thought it would be much more pleasing to see *all* the islanders become Christians, for *then* they would *all* be happy. They laboured hard, and asked God in an earnest manner to bless their endeavours. Our heavenly Father answered their prayers, as you will see from the following extract from a letter written by one of the Missionaries:—"My object now in writing is to tell you what God is doing for us that you may rejoice with us. Large numbers, who were unconverted, immoral, and vicious, have completely abandoned their former practices and become meek and humble followers of Jesus Christ." He adds, "that even some of the very worst men re-

pented of their sins, and that some of the islanders came as far as fifteen miles every Sabbath to hear the Gospel preached." And at the present time, instead of there being a church with only five members, there are as many as 600 Christians on the island.

Now, my dear young friends, I have told you about Tutuila because I wished you to see, that those things which God says shall come to pass, always do come to pass. You know what are called *the promises*. You have read that beautiful promise made to Christ, "I will give Thee the Heathen for Thine inheritance." Think what a number of Heathens in Tutuila, and in many other islands, have believed and obeyed, and obtained eternal life. God has granted His Holy Spirit to the people of Tutuila, and changed their hearts of stone to hearts of flesh. This is, indeed, wonderful and delightful.

Now, my dear children, you should do all you can for Jesus Christ, by prayers for the Missionaries, and helping the Society in every suitable way. There are also many promises in the Bible for children. Find them, read them, and pray over them: they will surely come to pass. Unless you love God yourselves, He will not be pleased with your services. And, therefore, I wish to tell you of one promise for yourselves, which I hope you will never forget. It is so plain that one would think Jesus Christ said to the good men who translated our Bible, "Make that into simple and easy words, because it is for little children:" "*I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me.*"

**A WEEPING MOTHER.**

WHILE Mr. Orsmond was Missionary in Borabora, the children in the school amounted to near 400. They made good progress; and, to encourage them, the parents, who were exceedingly delighted with the good order of their children at school, prepared for them a feast. Under some large trees, where the idol *Oro* used to be worshipped, there was a fine open space, which the parents cheerfully covered over with new grass. While the children were passing their examination in the chapel, called Beulah, which Mr. Orsmond's own hands had helped to build, the assistant teachers aided the parents in placing the food out in order. There were forty classes, consisting of ten children each. To every one there was put down an equal portion. The parents, between eight and nine hundred, sat as spectators. Some smiled, many wept, as the dear children passed from the chapel to the place to sit down on the grass. An assistant native teacher asked a blessing, and all were soon satisfied and all formed into a row. They had four flags and a bell. Mr. Orsmond walked before from one end of the village and back again. Every time the little bell rang, the whole of the children shouted out with one voice, "Let the reign of Messiah extend!" "Save the King!" "Drive idolatry far away!"

The scene was quite novel. Many of the parents ran away to hide themselves; but one poor woman stood regardless of every body, wringing her hands and crying most bitterly. Mr. Orsmond said to her, "Tell me why you cry; who has injured you? What is the matter?"

For some time she could not speak. All the children stood in their ranks to hear her answer; she said, "Oh, my teacher, my teacher, I have not been hurt, but I cry for my children. These hands have slain *nine* of my own children, and I thought, had I not slain them, they would be now in the ranks with you. Oh, my children, my children! My heart is pained; alas! I am a childless woman. I have no son to help me; no daughter to instruct me. Why did you not bring the Gospel sooner? Oh, my heart, my heart. I am a fool, a brute, a heathen!" She wept much, and so did others, both young and old. It was a day never to be forgotten. It was the first of the kind that had ever been known among the Islands of the South. After the march through the village, the flags were placed at the chapel-door, and thus the dear children, with affecting shrill voices, amidst weeping parents, and who wept the more because their Missionary wept too, sang the following little hymn:—

Jesus saves the outcast heathen;  
He brings back the soul to God;  
Not by force of carnal reason,  
But by virtue of His blood.

Now poor heathen tribes are blessed,  
Now their idols they despise;  
In their right minds they are seated,  
For the Gospel makes them wise.

Now the mother loves her infant,  
Once she all her babies slew;  
Now her kindness is incessant,  
She feels as tender mothers do.

Thro' the love of British Christians,  
We the blessed Gospel know ;  
Oh, let us, and all our chieftains,  
Live in holiness below.



### TSANG-HĒĒ, THE CHINESE WITH FOUR EYES.

We have taken from Dr. Morison's "Chinese Miscellany" the portrait of this celebrated man, to whom is attributed the invention of the Chinese symbols. Of course it is fanciful and fictitious. The idea is, that, as *he* must have been a very sharp-sighted man who could so cleverly construct symbols for the language, he must, at least, have had four eyes ! One of our correspondents somewhat wittily applies to his expressive face the salutation of the Roman poet : "Salve oculissime homo !"

