God of the Sandwich Islanders.

The above is a representation of a god of the Sandwich Islanders, a god to whom they used to pray and offer sacrifices—a god, who, they believed, taught them to leave their old parents to die alone in the forests, and to bury their little sick babies in the mud, because they did not want the trouble of taking care of them—oh, it was a wicked god!

Yes, indeed, you will allow, while you shudder at the thought of worshipping such a being. The poor Sandwich Islanders were heathen then, bowing down to blocks of wood and stone.

"Are they heathen now?"

No, they are not heathens now. Did you ever hear how good people first began to become interested in them? Obookiah, a poor orphan boy, whose parents were killed in a bloody fight, sailed from the Sandwich Islands in a ship to this country. He felt so lonely and desolate, after his parents were dead, that he did not care where he went. The ship came into New York; Obookiah was very much astonished at the strange sights he saw there; the churches, and Sabbaths, and Bibles surprised him too, and the kind conduct of every body who loved these things. When he saw people read, he wanted to learn to read too: he found it rather hard work at first, but he learned at last; and then he wanted to find out what was in the Bible. There he discovered something about the True and Living God;—oh, how foolish did idol-worship appear to him. "Hawaii gods! they *wood, burn,*" he exclaimed, "me go home, put 'em in the fire, burn 'em up. They no *see,* no *hear,* no *any thing—we make them;* our god," looking up to heaven, "*He* made *us.*"

Obookiah prayed Jesus to wash his sins away and make him very good.