

*FOREIGN MISSIONS.*A TRUE ACCOUNT OF AN INDIAN
SCHOOL-BOY.

His name was "Sandosham." That is a Tamil word which means "happiness," and a right happy little man my Sandosham was. Let us go and have a look at him. See, he is busy with his books, and although only a bit of a boy scarce ten years old, and not four feet high, he is reading in the highest class but one in the school. He maintains his place, too, at the top of the class, and has won prizes for rapid progress and general proficiency. He is a clever boy and a good boy, and as happy as the day is long. Look at his face. It is round and smiling with two glistening, intelligent eyes as black as jet. His color is a dark brown, but Sandosham must not be called black—he would be indignant if he heard you say that he was black. His hair is cut much shorter than many of his school-fellows wear theirs, and he does not tie it up in a knot like a farmer's bob tailed nag, as other Hindu boys do. Although shorter than is usually worn, it is long enough to hang in little curls about his face. His body is sparely built—a mere framework to imprison as bright a little life as ever breathed out of God's paradise.

But the school hours are over, and the boys are all flocking to the gymnasium. See that lad on the trapeze swinging high in the air, whilst others look on with admiration and fear. Something has gone wrong. Suddenly the boy falls to the ground. It is our Sandosham; but he is as light as a feather, and moreover, has fallen on a prepared bed of sand, so that he is not hurt much, and to

show his fearlessness he is on his feet in a moment, and in a twinkling has mounted the ropes and is flying through the air again as though nothing had happened. Watch him a little longer he has been lifted up to the horizontal bar, for he is too little to reach it by himself, and now he is whirling round and round the bar like a windmill, doing what is called the "music-grinder." He sits on the high bar, clasps his hands together to show that he is not holding to anything, then puts his head back, throws his feet over his head, and turning a graceful summersault in the air, he lands on his feet whilst your heart is almost in your mouth, as you wonder what is going to become of him. A minute later you see Sandosham with his feet where his head ought to be, for look! he is walking on his hands with his head down and his legs high in the air. He has won many a race in that fashion. The bell rings, and the choir boys are summoned to practice. Sandosham excels in leading the service of God just as in many other things. His motto seems to be, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," and both at the Tamil and at the English service the boy's sweet voice may be heard carolling high above the rest. How beautiful he looks in his long, white cassock and his little surplice! He is the flower of the flock, and all the boys love him.

He is a favorite, too, with the clergyman, and goes with him on tours to congregations in the out-stations, for besides being clever and happy, Sandosham is useful in setting a devout example to other Christian children who come to church; and the missionary in India,