

It was afternoon when Seetamma's brain cleared and she looked up wonderingly at her father. She did not remember the night's events, and did not understand what her lying there meant. But she felt very weak, and closed her eyes, too tired to think.

"Papa!" It was Seetamma's voice, but low and weak. The doctor bent down to listen.

"I don't understand papa, but I am so weak and tired! I think I am going to die. Won't you have me buried after the manner of the Christians, with the words of Jesus for my epitaph? 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

A remembrance of her trouble seemed to come back with the words, for a cloud flitted over her face, but she was too weak to pursue the thought, and sank back into unconsciousness. She spoke not another word. She woke no more to consciousness. The Hindu father found his drugs ineffective, and was made to feel that his daughter was slipping from him. He could not stay the outgoing life. The golden bowl was broken, but his hands could not gather up the fragments. His skill, which had won him Continental reputation, which had brought back many a life from the grave, was of no avail now. At last, yielding to the pitiless inevitable, he sat down by her side, clasping her hands in his own, for he could do nothing more. He knew now that he would never hear her voice again, no more see her glad, surprised look. It was the bitterness of death to him, and crushed down all the pride of his strong nature until he felt like a child. Her life had ebbed away; her hand lay cold and still, and gave back no answering response. The hours slipped by; the night came on; the Hindu father moved not, but still sat clasping his dead child's hand. The old woman became alarmed, and touched him to rouse him. He raised his head, but his face was so full of pain that she fell back again.

But he must bury his dead out of his sight, so he rose to make the preparations for the last sad rite. He found them already made, for the kind hearted official had haunted the bungalow to keep himself informed of