

plaintains.' The mother of this little boy saw that he was very ill, and she told him that she wished to go and make offerings to one of her idols, in order that he might get well. But he requested her not to go. 'I do not worship idols,' said he, 'I worship Christ, my Saviour. If He is pleased to spare me a little longer in the world, it will be well; if not, I shall go to Him.' The last words which he uttered were, 'I am going to Christ the Lord,' and he died. Through the instrumentality of this tract, also, the young woman who afterwards married the brother of this little boy (the receiver of the tract) was converted; and to crown all, the hoary-headed old father, after having bowed his knees for half a century before idols, was through its means brought to bow himself to the Saviour."

### SWEET MEMORIES OF BURMAH.

BY MRS. INGOLLS.

It is a hot day in the Burman *Zayat*; so hot that the preacher sitting there has wet cloths round his head. He rests his arm on a large book. His turban is thrown aside, and his fingers twine lazily in his long hair. I passed by and called to him as a Christian sister—"What are you doing, Ba-loke-the-la?"

"Oh, I am a little discouraged; there are so few people to listen to-day."

"But who is this man? You have one listener."

"I do not think he cares to hear very much."

"Well, but arise and speak to him, *he has a soul to be saved!*" and cheered by a word of sympathy, the good labourer revives, the book is brought forward, and the good news of the gospel set forth anew. Then a man passing by with bells for a pagoda also steps in to listen, and was persuaded to remain.

Presently the first man said, in his own language, "Now I am going thoroughly to investigate this religion."

He heard more, and then returned home to his brother, to whom he had come upon a visit; but his brother finding where he had been, turned him out of doors as a heretic.

He came again to the *Zayat* next day, and I also was there with the preacher. That man became, in the end, an earnest Christian; he is still proving himself to be so. He was employed as a school teacher, by the name of Tom-bu. We never saw again the man with the pagoda bells—one was "taken and the other left."