

sionary and his assistants busied themselves in attending on the sick and dying.

It was midnight when the over-wearied foreigner was roused from his slumbers by the calls of the faithful KoShway-hay.

"Teacher, teacher, you are wanted."

"Where?"

The man lowered his voice almost to a whisper, but putting his hands to each side of his mouth, sent the volume of sound through a crevice in the boards.

"At the sah-ya's."

"Who?"

"I do not know, tsayah; I only heard that the cholera was in the house, and that the teacher was wanted, and so I hurried off as fast as possible."

In a few minutes the missionary had joined his assistant, and they proceeded on their way together. As they drew near the house, the Burman paused in the shadow of a bamboo hedge.

"It is not good for either of us that we go in together. I will wait you here, tsayah."

"No, you need rest; and I shall not wait you—go!"

The verandah was thronged with relatives and dependents, and from an inner room came a wild, wailing sound, which told that death was already there. No one seemed to observe the entrance of the foreigner; and he followed the sound of woe till he stood by the corpse of a little child. Then he paused in deep emotion.

"He has gone up to the golden country, to bloom forever amid the royal lilies of paradise," murmured a soft voice close to his ear.

The missionary, a little started, turned abruptly. A middle-aged woman, holding a palm leaf fan to her mouth, was the only person near him.

"He worshipped the true God," she continued, "and trusted in the Lord our Redeemer—the Lord Jesus Christ; he trusted in him, he called and he was answered; he was weary—wearied and in pain; and the Lord who loved him, he took him home, to be a little golden lamb in his bosom forever."

"How long since did he go?"

"About an hour, tsayah." Then joining in the wail again,—"An hour amid the royal lilies, and his mother, his own beautiful mother, she of the starry eyes and silken hand—"

"Was he conscious?"

"Conscious and full of joy."

"What did he talk of?"

"Only of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose face he seemed to see."

"And his father?"

"His father!—O my master! my noble master! he is going too! Come and see, tsayah!"

"Who sent for me?"

"Your handmaid, sir."

"Not the sah-ya?"

The woman shook her head. "The agony was on him—he could not have sent if he would."

"But how dared you?"

There was a look such as might have been worn by the martyrs of old upon the woman's face, as she expressively answered "*God was here.*"

In the next apartment lay the noble figure of the sah-ya, stretched upon a couch evidently in the last stage of the fearful disease—his pain all gone.

"It grieves me to meet you thus, my friend," remarked the visitor, by way of testing the dying man's consciousness. The sah-ya made a gesture of impatience. Then his fast stiffening lips stirred, but they were powerless to convey a sound; there was a feeble movement, as though he would have pointed to something; but his half-raised finger wavered and sunk back again, and a look of dissatisfaction amounting to anxiety, passed over his countenance. Finally renewing the effort, he succeeded in laying his two hands together, and with some difficulty lifted them to his forehead, and then quietly and calmly closed his eyes.

"Do you trust in Lord Gaudama, at a moment like this?" inquired the missionary, uncertain for whom the act of worship was intended. There was a quick tremor in the shut lids, and the poor sah-ya unclosed his eyes with an expression of mingled pain and disappointment, while the death heavy hands slid from their position back upon the pillow.

"Lord, Jesus, receive his spirit!" exclaimed the missionary, solemnly. A bright, joyous smile flitted across the face of the dying man, parting the lips and even seeming to shed light upon the glazed eyes; a sigh-like breath fluttered his bosom for a moment, the finger which he had before striven to lift pointed distinctly upward, then fell heavily across his breast, and the disembodied spirit stood in the presence of its Maker—*Mrs. E. C. Judson, in Wayland's Life.*