

trust in his beloved Son, yea, he had told us that we should be his sons and daughters.

The old devotee's countenance brightened, and then we told him that the heavenly city was made of jasper and gold, with precious stones; that the King was so resplendent with glory, that the dwellers needed not the light of the sun nor moon; that there was no poverty, no hunger, pain, nor death; that the people were all washed and made holy before they entered the new *Jerusalem*—all was bliss, no old age, sorrow, nor trouble, no longings for another state.

"And when do you go there?" inquired the old man with great interest.

I told him "sooner or later."

"Ah!" said he, "I like the description you give of this *King* and *that Son*. He was *so good*. Oh, that I could see him; I wish I were white, I should like to live there."

We assured him that this King had invited people of all climes and of all tribes to come, rich or poor, "without money and without price;" and that before the Son returned to his Father, he commanded his disciples to go to the ends of the world, and proclaim these invitations; and that was why I had come to *Burmah*.

"If I were young," said the old man, "I would certainly go to that country, but I must soon die."

When we saw how much interest he manifested, we told him that this was no hindrance, it was the spirit which could go, and the body was only the dwelling. We told him that he would live if this old shed were burned up. "Oh yes, I see; I understand; go on, please." We told him that this King was God the Creator, and the Son Jesus Christ, and that blissful land, heaven.

The old man seemed somewhat confused, and we heard him muttering as he marked on the ground, "This is all very strange, but it is good; and if my forefathers had heard of this, they would never have worshipped *Gaudama*."

We continued our blessed story, but the old listener was silent. We held out all the precious promises of our Saviour, and when the dew began to fall we told him that we must go, but we would give him a book, which would tell him more about the way, and that we would come again. He took the book rather unwillingly, and we bade him adieu.

Early the next day we left, and as we passed by the bend of the stream, we spoke of the old devotee, and just then, as the fog cleared away, we discerned the form of a man. We looked again, and as the beams of the rising sun fell upon the spot, we recognized him. He had not thanked us for the book, but rather unwillingly received it; yet *now* he held it out, pointed up to heaven, and then clasped it to his breast. Our words could not reach his ear then, so we all bowed in our humble canoe, and prayed that the Holy Spirit might teach him to trust in Christ.

Not long after this, one of our Christians went to the place, and we commissioned him to visit the old devotee and bring him to us, if he wished to come; but when they returned, the tidings were brought that the people near him did not see him for several days, and when they went to his house they found his corpse. Underneath his hand they found a hamboo, and in the hollow of it there was a book—the book that we had given him. We are ignorant of his last days. He was old and feeble; but the remembrance of his form on the bank of the river pointing up to heaven, and his care of the book, inspired us with hope that he had turned to Christ as his refuge. If we are permitted, through the mercy of Christ Jesus our Lord, to enter those golden gates, would it be strange if we should be welcomed by this one, now redeemed, no longer ragged and filthy, but clothed in the white robes of Paradise?

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Lost—Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are lost forever!