

after my dream ; but she gave costly presents to the priests, and they said she would be a beautiful *nat* up in one of the regions above."

I noticed the old devotee had told most of his history in a very cold, unaffected manner, but I observed a great softening in his voice when he spoke of his wife, so I continued, "What if you should not meet your wife in the fairy country?"

"Dare you tell me this might be so," said he, "white lady? During these thirty long, dreary rains, this thought has cheered me. I have often abstained several days from food, I have not even allowed the birds to sing before my shed. Underneath these trees once grew fragrant flowers, but in order to adhere strictly to my rules, I dug up their roots, that their beauty might not bloom near my home. You look with disgust upon my dreary place," he continued, "but it was made so in order to obtain a reward. When I first chose this life I used to linger about the homes of the people, for there I lived over again my domestic happiness; but this was a source of joy to me, so I turned from these homes, and receive my food only when the people bring it to me."

As the sun was getting high in the heavens, I asked the old man if I might go into his shed. He looked about a little and said very gently, "It is not a fit place for you to sit down, but perhaps you wish to obtain merit, so come in. You will get merit, and I shall by receiving you." He moved away a bundle of rags, and I sat down in his doorway, and while he was lighting his cigar I examined his room. On one side hung some dried *snake-skins*, a string of beads, and a bunch of feathers, which he said were his trappings when he went on a pilgrimage to the pagodas. His furniture consisted of two broken dishes. He did not have to make a change of clothing, and as he seated himself I mentioned it, but he replied, "Certainly not, I must abstain from all these comforts." The air was very much confined—indeed became so offensive to me, that I was obliged to go out. As I did so, the old man asked with much softness of tone if I could not remain a little longer, so I spread out my handkerchief, raised my umbrella, and sat down.

The old Burman seated himself at a respectful distance, and then I told him that their doctrines and customs were very bad, and that it was clear to my mind that the astrologers and priests had deceived him in order to get his property. I told him that this was not the way to obtain bliss, and if he continued in his course he would not go to the happy land, but where there would be an eternal weeping and gnashing of teeth.

The old man looked sad, and said, "I should not like to be cheated in this way."

The heat was becoming intense, so I arose to go, fully intending to visit him again, for I had only opened a way for my teachings, but the devotee did not ask me to come again. During the day I thought often of him, and in the evening I called some Christians and repeated my visit. He was cooking his rice, and when we approached he would not speak. The Christians saw this, and went to the river side. The Burman was glad, or seemed rather pleased, when he saw that I had only a little girl with me, and said he had thought much about my remarks; and if one could not obtain merit by these sacrifices, how did I expect to escape misery? I told him that I was glad he had been thinking, and that I had come to tell him this blessed way. My people returned, and then we told him that our race was once holy, but that we had sinned and broken the law of our great King; that this King, who was holy, could not look on sin with any degree of allowance, and that eternal misery was pronounced upon us; that the only Son of this Great One proposed to come to our world and himself to suffer the punishment of our sins, and if we trusted in him there would be mercy for us; that he left his Father's court, came down to this world and suffered in our stead, and, after conquering death and the grave, returned again to his Father's court, to plead our cause; and that the Father promised to accept us, if we would