

that this was bringing solace and peace to the sick person, and as though this vision were not enough there was shown before the memory of the sick one a little room far away in the homeland. It was the evening hour and the room was the room of a child. Beside the child's bed knelt a very tiny girl who was saying her evening prayers and presently she came to the petition, "Dear Lord remember all missionaries, and bless them." As the words passed from her lips a look of unspeakable happiness rested upon the sick person's face. Neither the haggard pain, nor the sweat of death remained, but only peace and the murmured words, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, for I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Two days later the grove of palms was filled with natives, many of whom had come from long distances, and all were strangely quiet and moved as the hammock with its frail burden was committed to the earth, where not many weeks later a native vine planted itself and grew in tropic luxuriance.