

women. When she came to us there seemed little hope of her conversion. All arguments, we were informed, had been used, but in vain. Little by little, however, we had the happiness of seeing her difficulties crumble away, and we may now think of her as a devout Christian, anxious only to bring home to the hearts of others the blessedness and happiness which she has herself attained. The silent influence of a Religious House has done that which teachers, however capable and zealous, found to be beyond their powers. We are now very anxious as to her future. Her conversion will naturally exclude her from the friendship and intercourse of her fellows, and it has to be considered how she may earn her own living, and dispose to the best advantage of her very remarkable intellect. . . . The history of Ramabai's conversion shows that it is only by the setting forth of Christian life in its highest forms—the life of self-sacrifice, the life of love, and the life of constant prayer, that there is any hope of a real and solid impression being made on the Indian mind."

QUARANT' ORE.

Sweet hours of peace !
Our fainting spirits rest,
And in that shelter blest,
Our sorrows cease.

Sweet hours of grace !
In silent ecstasy,
Adoring, rapt, we see
The FATHER'S face.

Sweet hours of prayer !
Within the Sacred Shrine,
We seek the Life Divine
And find HIM there.

O, radiant hours !
Glisten with golden light,
Thine on earth's weary night,
Till morn appears.

POST-COMMUNION HYMN.

COME, let me for a moment cast
All earthly thoughts away ;
And muse upon the precious Gift,
Which I received to-day.

This morning my most precious LORD,
Who is my Judge to be,
Came to this lowly tenement
And stayed awhile with me.

With His celestial Flesh and Blood
My fainting soul He fed ;
With tender words of love and grace,
My heart He comforted.

He, Who of all that live and breathe,
Is all the Life and Breath,
This morning deigned to visit me,
In this, my house of death.

He, Who in awful Godhead sits
Upon His Throne on high,
This morning entered my abode,
In His Humanity.

He, Who for me, a trembling Babe,
On Mary's Heart reclined,
This morning, in my heart of flesh
His Deity enshrined.

O, soul of mine, reflect, reflect,
Consider, one by one,
What marvels of surpassing grace
Thy God in thee hath done :

His tender love, with love repay,
Extol His Sacred Name ;
To all the world His Greatness tell,
His Graciousness proclaim.

Amen.