

followed us to our room, and bursting into tears blessed God for the message which had fallen upon his ears. "Glory to God," said he, "this is what I have been longing to hear for forty years." He then gave an account of his strange history. His home was some distance from Calcutta, and two months after he returned, says Mr. Vaughan, his beaming countenance telling of inward peace.

#### ANOTHER CONVERT.

The same gentleman relates the case of an Hindoo woman, mother of two children, who, convinced of the truth of Christianity, suffered the forcible opposition of her family and was driven from home with her infant child, the elder being retained. She was engaged in Zenana teaching, and wrote: "It is a great joy to do the Lord's work." Thus she worked for three years, when her child sickened and died. The plaintive tale is but the cry of many another bereaved heart, but her circumstances gave to it special force and pathos. She wrote: "Oh, sir, you have heard of the terrible affliction which has befallen me. The Lord, my merciful God, has snatched from me the one precious child which was my stay and support in my earthly pilgrimage. Alas! how wearisome now does my journey seem; how destitute I feel myself to be. I did not so much bewail my banishment from home and from all that were dear to me, because God gave me this one precious jewel as my consolation. Oh how very dear he was to me and how he showed his love to God. When dying he said: Mother, dear, do repeat the hymn, *Obi Klaritho*, (*Art thou weary, Art thou languid*). Oh! when shall I listen to that sweet word mother? Never, never again in this world. Repeatedly in his sleep would he cry out: 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' He was dearer to me than my own soul. Do pray for me. Do pray for me. From your sorrowing sister in Jesus."

"If it be true," as Mr. Vaughan remarks, "that 'a touch of nature makes us all akin,' then perhaps more than one Christian reader will breathe a prayer to Heaven for this sorrowing sister,