

Saviour; I want to hear about them." When he had read them, she said, "My father, will you pray for me again?" The father, who began to be afraid lest she should be resting upon him, rather than on the arm of Christ, said, "My child, I am afraid you are trusting to your father to be your Saviour." "Oh, father! how can I? for is it not written, 'All we, like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way: but the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.'" That was the last sound the little girl uttered. She was immediately seized with croup, and in a few hours her spirit was in another world. Oh, how sweet was the departure! Her father said to a minister, as tears streamed down his cheeks, "I felt it to be God's solemn testimony, that I had done right in teaching my child the Bible alone."

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### A SABBATH SCHOLAR.

Mr. Moffatt the Missionary told the following anecdote about a person whom he met in South Africa, and who had formerly attended a Sabbath School.

"I remember," says Mr. Moffatt, "meeting with an individual in an hospital at Cape Town." He was a young man who had fallen from the mast-head and broken his leg, and was conveyed there. When I went and conversed with him about his soul, he returned answers that were like fiery darts. He cursed me, he told me 'to go about my business, he was not going to have any of my methodist humbug, he knew better,' and so on. I called on him again another Sabbath. I spoke, and spoke, and spoke, and by and by, I dropped an expression that touched some tender chord in his heart—it vibrated in his soul. He paused, he was silent, he gazed on me, and the tears ran from his eyes. I asked him the cause, he replied: what is a man profited if he