

with us while translating the Scriptures, and I am not far from thinking that he died in the Lord Jesus; I have often seen him meditating over the Arabic Bible Mr. Thomson gave him. He was in the habit of going almost every evening to the house of a Christian friend to read the Scriptures, and in answer to repeated questions declared his belief that Jesus Christ was the Son of God. Thus the Spirit of God, and the power of His Word, is able to drive away the thickest darkness, and pierce the grossest superstition. Let us pray the Lord may come quickly, and gather all his sheep into a fold, when there shall be but one fold and one shepherd.



A Lesson to Sabbath Scholars about doing good.

From Moffat's Farewell.

It is astonishing to witness the good little children do in their heathen families in Africa. I remembered an amiable little girl, in a school at Namaqualand. She had got a part of the Testament, and was beginning to read nicely. She lived at a little distance, and I knew little about her parents; I did not know that they lived there. After she began to read, she did not come so regularly to school as before,—she was often late in the morning. I found fault,—I complained of it with softness and mild admonition. I said, “how is it that you come to school rather late? Can you not get up earlier?” Poor thing,—she did not tell me the reason,—she remained quiet. Another and another day she was late again,—and I thought there was something the matter. I asked where she lived, and she said, I will take you to where I live. On the evening of that day I followed the little girl with her Testament under her arm. She took me over a hill, and down a ravine, where there was a village of a few houses together. She took me to the house, and there I saw a venerable old woman, a woman on whose brow were the hoary hairs of age. When I asked her who is this? She said, “my grandmamma.” I asked again, and who is this? “My