

Original Sin is the root and fountain of all other sin, from which every actual abomination does proceed. Atheism and pride and baseness and cruelty and profaneness, and every other vice which the most wicked wretch in the world is guilty of, doth proceed from hence. Hell itself, which is the proper place of sin, is not more full of sin, for the kinds of it, than our natures are. If there be any particular sins which we have not fallen into in our lives, 'tis not for the want of corrupt principles and dispositions in our natures, which do incline us to act, but by reason of God's restraining or renewing grace, which has as yet restrained us from them, without which we should break out into as great abominations as were ever committed by any of the vilest of the sons of men. All that pravity and baseness, which fill up every part and power about us, are but dilutions of our original corruption. What a work of mischief is there in our several parts!—our wills, affections, our tongues, eyes!—and yet all these are but as little rivulets; the fountain or rather the sea that feeds them, is our corrupted nature. 'Tis this that fills us with enmity against all spiritual truth and ordinance, makes us haters of God, though he be the God of our life and happiness, in whom we live and move and have our being. This contains in it not only an utter deficiency of all good, but also a loathing and disliking of it; not only a liableness to evil, but also an inherent desire and propension to it. All which is as natural to us as blackness to an Ethiopian; and, like the fretting leprosy, adheres to our nature with so much pertinacity, that it cannot be utterly removed while we are on this side of the grave, till these our earthly tabernacles shall be dissolved. No soap or nitre can purge it. The general deluge could not wash it away; that swept away sinners indeed, but not one sin. Neither shall the fire of the last day cleanse it.—*Dr. Wilkins, (1663.)*

We are not only deprived of grace, but defiled by sin. The image of God is not only raised out, but the image of the devil is engraven upon our souls, all men, and all of men, being now quite out of order.—*Bishop Beveridge, (1704.)*

Juvenile Reading.

A BLESSED FEVER.

In the month of March, 1849, a little boy named Thomas Small, was playing marbles, on the Sabbath, in Lafayette Square!

He was a fine looking boy, with dark hair and dark eyes. He was also a good player at marbles, but he was very far from minding his mother, who was a poor widow, and who tried all she could to make him obedient, and make him go to Sunday School.

He would not pay heed to his mother, nor to any one else but Satan.

In April last, he was playing, and sometimes swearing in the Square, on a beautiful Sabbath day. The bell of the Presbyterian church was calling the good, and certainly the bad, children to prepare for school and the services of the Lord's Holy Day, and many dear, good little boys and girls were seen with their Union Hymn Books and Bibles going to learn how to serve God, and love Jesus, their Saviour.

One of the good teachers in the Sabbath School saw Thomas, as he was down on his knees playing marbles, instead of praying to God, and with a pained heart he asked Thomas to come into the school, join his class, and get a Bible, a Catechism, and be instructed in the ways of the Lord. "It is too warm and pleasant to-day," said Thomas, "and besides, I hav'n't finished my game. Some text Sunday I'll come."

"Ah!" said the teacher, "how thou remindest me of him who spoke of a 'more convenient season!'"

So saying, he left Thomas, after finding out where his mother lived.

The Sunday School services were all over. Most of the children had gone into the church to

listen to the word of God, when a dark cloud appeared in the direction of the Lake, threatening a heavy rain.

Now, boys when they are playing, seldom notice the weather, and so Thomas in his wickedness played on, and disregarded God!

In a few moments big drops of rain began to patter among the boughs and leaves of the trees in Lafayette Square, and the winds whistled and swept among them, and the marble playing boys began to disperse.

Thomas was in his shirt-sleeves, and long before he got home, he was wet through.

Oh how he wanted a fire! The wind was indeed cold. He was chilled, and when he did get home, he saw nothing but an empty house, and a cold fire-place. His mother had gone to church to hear of the Saviour, and then Thomas remembered how she had the night before, begged him to go out and pick up some chips, and he refused to do it.

He sat down and wept! But when his mother came home he had a violent cold, and soon was in a hard fever!

His mother put him to bed—got a little girl to pick some wood—made him a warm cup of sage tea and put his legs in a foot-bath, but still the fever raged. Thomas had heavy pains in all his limbs, and was almost crazy.

All night he lay in this agony; sometimes thinking he never would disobey his mother again; sometimes seeing two great balls of fire; at others thinking he heard the church bell; and all the time in his fancy, seeing the teacher that spoke to him!

Finally, burning hot, he thought of hell!

I dare not say what he experienced under that thought. This will appear at the Judgment-Day!

After tossing all night, in the morning his poor mother (without a dime in the house) asked Thomas what he would have?

"A Sabbath School teacher," said he, "and oh, a glass of water."

"The water was got. "How do you feel now son?" said his mother.

"No better—this water does me no good. Do send for the teacher."

Hardly had he spoken these words, when a rap came to the door, and the very teacher that Thomas had seen on the Square, came in! He looked mildly on the boy; knelt, and prayed! There was holy stillness in that illly furnished room, and the wings of the Spirit of God seemed to be brooding there. Little Thomas sobbed and wept as the teacher presented him before the Lord in all his sins; and his heart seemed almost broken. He soon became so excited that a profuse perspiration covered his body, and before the teacher left, he was asleep.

Next day this good man called again, bringing Thomas some nice things, in case he might be better. Truly not only had God heard his prayer for the child's health of body, but also for the health of his soul.

Thomas was found by the teacher with a moist, pleasant skin, and a calm conscience. He told the teacher he didn't know what was the matter, but that he felt a light, vapory kind of warmth in his soul; something as if he wished every body to be happy and good, and to feel as he did.

"Don't you want to play marbles on the Sabbath?"

"Oh no! The thoughts puts a black cloud over my heart. It makes me feel sick."

"What would you like to do on the Sabbath?"

"Go to school in your class, and then go up stairs to church to hear of Heaven."

"Well, you shall do so," said the teacher. "I have brought you a Bible, and now let us read the 12th chapter of Isaiah."

When they came to the 3d ver-se, Thomas said, "Mother, that was the water which cured my fever."

"BLESSED FEVER!" said the mother. "It has given me a son in my old age."—*N. O. Presb.*

STARTING IN THE WORLD.—Many an unwise parent labours hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of giving his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives, is like tying bladders under the arm of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will loose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to laws which govern man, and you have given him that which will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend on his own resources the better.

WHAT IS LEFT?—He is dead! A life, shorter or longer, filled up with plans, labors, hopes, fears, successes, disappointments, pleasures, pains, has come to a close; and the spirit has gone to render its account at the bar of God, and to hear the solemn sentence from which there is no appeal. Stand now by the pale clay recently inhabited by that spirit, look over the life now closed, and say, aside from the moral character he formed and the moral influences he exerted, what is it that is not vanity and vexation of spirit? Think how that individual, now in the clear light of eternity, views the interests of time; and learn a lesson of wisdom. So live that the retrospect will afford satisfaction, and thou wilt live wisely.

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