

tell your Lord what the diseases, the sins, are, which beset you, and lead you to disobey him, that he may wash away their guilt in his own blood, and give you grace and strength in future to resist them. This is his will; for though he knows you far better than you do yourself, he has commanded you, and me, and all his people, to confess to him, to pray to him, to pour out our hearts before him, to make our requests known to him, and to do this without ceasing. Now, if you cease to seek him in the way he has appointed, he will cease, my dear Anna, to proceed in healing your diseased soul; but if you return to him, he will return to you.'

"Anna listened to every word her uncle said with the greatest attention, and she loved him more and more, but she made no answer.

"Shall we come to our Physician together, and ask him to receive and forgive us?" asked her uncle, gently.

"Anna scarcely knew what her uncle meant, but she did what he wished; and he knelt down, and made her kneel down also in his bosom, and he took one of her little hands in his, and then he confessed the sins she had told him of, and many others that Anna wondered how he knew; and then he prayed for forgiveness, till Anna could not keep from crying. He prayed too for Uncle Ross, and Aunt Ross, and all the family, just as Anna would have wished to pray for them. When he rose from his knees, he took Anna again into his bosom, and put his hand upon her head, and prayed God to bless her. He then said she could go and spend what time remained with her cousins; and as Anna crossed the passage to the school-room, she thought within her heart, 'I should be sorry now not to go with my Uncle Murray.'"

A BLESSED FEVER.

In the month of March 1849, a little boy named Thomas S—was playing marbles on the Sabbath, in a west end 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 go to Sabbath 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 on the services of the Lord's day, and many dear, good little boys and girls were seen with their bibles and hymn-books 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 hands and 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 and catechism, and be instructed in the ways of the Lord. "It is too warm and pleasant to-day," said Thomas, "and besides, I haven't finished my game. Some wet 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 Sabbath 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, 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 the square, and the wind