

will make you bad, yet you do not listen to me. Sea in the condition of the apples that which will happen to you if you keep company with wicked boys."

Robert did not forget the lesson. When any of his former playfellows asked him to join in their sports, he thought of the rotten apples, and kept himself apart from them.

### The Sabbath School Compared to a River.

The Sabbath-school should, in the grace and beauty of its working, resemble a river. The river flows ever onward till it reaches the wide, wide sea, where it is lost, as the things of time are swallowed up in the great Ocean of Eternity.

Again,—the Sabbath-school should be to the community, what the river is to the country through which it winds its way.

It should in a moral sense refresh and invigorate all within the range of its influence; as the river does the trees, plants, and verdure, along its banks.

Again,—the Sabbath-school should resemble a river, which takes in with a welcome, every little rivulet which finds its way to it—so should the Sabbath-school welcome all who seek a place within its borders.

Again,—the Sabbath-school should resemble a river, which parts with none of its gathered waters, except it be those taken up, as it were to heaven, to dwell for a time in the beautiful cloud, or such as are needed to give life and vigor to the trees, fruits, and flowers, along its banks.

The Sabbath-school should, in this respect, resemble it—never parting with any of its members, except as they are called away to dwell above in the heavenly Jerusalem, or go into the world to figure in a new sphere of usefulness among their fellows.

Again,—the Sabbath-school should

resemble a river, which once formed never divides, unless it be to embrace some fertile and lovely spot, that it may, with the effort make its own, and around which its waters again meet in kindly embrace.—So should the Sabbath-school be undivided in its end and aim,—never dividing except it be an opening of its ranks to take in some stray lamb or heaven-ward bound fellow traveler.

THOS. WRIGHT.

OTTERVILLE, March 6, 1865.

TO J. T.,

A YOUNG BOY ANXIOUS ABOUT HIS SOUL.

MY DEAR BOY.—I was very glad to receive your kind note, and am glad to send you a short line in return, although my time is much taken up. You are very dear to me, because your soul is precious; and if you are ever brought to Jesus, washed and justified, you will praise him more sweetly than an angel of light. I was riding among the snow to-day, where no foot had trodden, and it was pure, pure white; and I thought again and again of that verse, "*Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.*" That is a sweet prayer—make it your own. Often go alone, and look up to Jesus, who died to wash us from our sins, and say, "*Wash me.*" Amelia Geddie was one day dressed in a new white frock, with red ribbons in her bonnet, and some one said to her, "No doubt you will think yourself very trim and clean?" "Ah no," she said, "*I will never think that until I have the fine white robe of my Redeemer's righteousness put upon me.*"

I am glad my dear boy, you think that God is afflicting you to bring you to himself. It is really for this that he smites you. His heart, his hand, and his rod are all inscribed with love. But hush, see that he does bring you to himself. Do not delay. The lake of fire and brimstone stretches beneath every soul that lives in sin. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. If the Lord Jesus would but draw the curtain and let you see his own fair face, and his wounded side, and how there is room for the guiltiest sinner in him,