

nothing." With his mind occupied by these occurrences, and haunted by the thoughts suggested by the lesson, our superintendent threw himself on the sofa, and fell asleep. But his sleep was restless, and he dreamt.

In his dream he thought his fellow-teachers and himself were gathered together in an upper room, on the first day of the week, as the disciples were long ago—and suddenly, as then, our Lord Jesus Christ entered into the midst of the company, and blessed them. A calm, serene light filled the room, yet there was no symptom of fear on any countenance. By some strange, mysterious arrangement, Christ seemed to be present, and to address only one of the teachers at once. He thought he saw Christ standing before that teacher who had been absent that evening on his own pleasure: the Saviour's hand, marked with the nail, seemed extended to hold up the bloody cross on which He had hung and died, and a still, gentle voice asked the question, "I gave up my life for thee—wilt thou give up thy pleasure for me?" Oh, it sounded like blasphemy when the teacher said, "*I will not! the cost is too great.*"

A shade first dimmed and then hid this scene from the dreamer's eye; and when it cleared away, he saw the Lord standing behind an altar, addressing another of their company, one who, though regularly in her place every Sabbath evening, never seemed to benefit her class. She was asked for Christ's sake to give thought and love to these little ones. She advanced to the altar, but instead of laying mind and heart on it, she laid only the shred of time the school required each Sabbath evening! She offered her Lord what cost her nothing! She had nothing to do on Sabbath evening at home, and she found it dull to stay in the house.

Again, at that altar another teacher stood: he had left the school some time before, in consequence of being jeered and laughed at by his friends at home for being "*so good,*" and in mockery they used to call him "Teacher." Solemnly the words were directed to Him—"By the buffeting and spitting, by the scourging and the shame, by my crown of thorns and my cross of anguish, Wilt thou feed my lambs?" Alas! he turned from the altar, and refused to make such a sacrifice!

Once more the dream brought up another friend, a teacher who had died twelve months before. His figure was seen kneeling before the altar; his eyes filled with tears, and raised upwards towards his gracious Lord, as he offered his whole intellect for Christ's service in the Sabbath school. The