

[SELECTED]

## The Worker's Dream.

I HAVE just been reading the following dream ; it was written and published many years ago :—  
 "I sat down in an arm-chair, wearied with work ; my toil had been severe and protracted ; many were seeking the pearl of great price, and many had found what they sought."

"The church wore an aspect of thrift and prosperity ; joy, and hope, and courage were the prevailing sentiments on every hand. As for myself, I was joyous in my work. My brethren were united, my sermons and my exhortations were constantly telling on my hearers. My church was crowded with listeners. The whole community was more or less moved with the prevailing excitement, and, as the work went on, I had been led into exhausting labour for its promotion.

"Tired with my work, I soon lost myself in a sort of half-forgetful state, though I seemed fully aware of my place and my surroundings. Suddenly a stranger entered the room, without any preliminary tap or 'Come in.' I saw in his face benignity, intelligence, and weight of character, but, though he was passably well attired, he carried suspended about his person measures and chemical agents and implements, which gave him a very strange appearance.

"The stranger came towards me, and, extending his hand, said, 'How is your zeal?' I supposed when he began his question, that the query was for my health, but was pleased to hear his final word ; for I was quite well pleased with my zeal, and doubted not the stranger would smile when he should know its proportions. Instantly I conceived of it as physical quantity, and put my hand into my bosom, and brought it forth and presented it to him for inspection. He took it and placed it in his scale, and weighed it carefully. I heard him say, 'One hundred pounds.' I could scarce suppress an audible tone of satisfaction, but I caught his earnest look as he noted down the weight, and I saw at once that he had drawn no final conclusion, but was intent on pursuing his investigation. He broke the mass to atoms, and put the crucible into the fire. When it was thoroughly fused he took it out and set it down to cool. It congealed in cooling, and when turned out on the hearth exhibited a series of layers or strata, which all, at the touch of a hammer, fell apart, and were severally tested and weighed, the stranger making minute notes as the process went on. When he had finished he presented the notes to me, and gave me a look of mingled sorrow and compassion, as without a word, except 'May God save you,' he left the room. I opened the 'notes,' and read as follows :—

*Analysis of the zeal of Junius, a candidate for a crown of glory.*

Weight in mass, 100 lbs. ; of this, on analysis, there appears to be—

Bigotry.....	10	parts
Personal ambition.....	23	"
Love of salary.....	19	"
Pride of denomination.....	15	"
" talent.....	14	"
Love of authority.....	12	"
Love of God—pure.....	4	"
" Man—zeal.....	3	"

100 lbs.

"I had become troubled at the peculiar manner of the stranger, and especially at his parting look and words ; but when I looked at the figures my heart sank as lead within me. I made a mental effort to dispute the correctness of the record, but I was suddenly startled into a more honest mood by an audible sigh—almost a groan—from the stranger, who had passed into the hall, and by a sudden darkness that had fallen upon me, by which the record became at once obscured and nearly illegible. I suddenly cried out, 'Lord, save me!' and knelt at my chair with the paper in my hand, and my eyes fixed upon it. At once it became a mirror, and I saw my heart reflected in it. The record was true. I saw it, I felt it, I confessed it, I deplored it, and I besought God, with many tears, to save me from myself, and at length, with a loud and irrepressible cry of anguish, I awoke.

"I had prayed in years gone by to be saved from hell, but my prayer to be saved from myself was now immeasurably more fervent and distressful. Nor did I rest or pause till the refining fire came down and went through my heart, searching, probing, melting, burning, filling all its chambers with light, and hallowing my whole heart to God.

"That light and that love are in my heart to-day, and when the trials and tears of my pilgrimage shall be at an end, I expect to kneel down in heaven, at the feet of the Divine Alchemist, and bless Him for the revelations of that day, that showed me where I stood, and turned my feet into a better, higher, narrower path.

"That day was the crisis of my history ; and if there shall prove to have been in after years some depth and earnestness in my convictions, and some searching and saving pungency in my words, I doubt not eternity will show their connection with the visit of the Searcher of Hearts, at whose coming my sins went to judgment before hand, and I was weighed in the balances, and found wanting.

"Seekest thou great things for thyself ? seek them not" (Jer. xlv. 5). "Seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God" (Col. iii. 1). And while on earth, seek to save poor sinners ; and "seek that ye might excel to the edifying of the Church" (1 Cor. xiv. 12). In order to do all this effectually, seek to be filled with the Holy Ghost !

It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing.—Gal. 4 : 18.