

The Preacher had got to his 'secondly, and brother Brown, who had been nodding, was now fast asleep.

He dreamed; and the shadows that came and went on his wrinkled face told plainly that no ordinary visions were flitting through his brain.

He was suddenly in the vestibule of Heaven—he could hear the music distinctly—and when he first appeared, the door being slightly ajar he obtained a glimpse of its glories.

He was going right in, but he heard a stern voice near by, which said, "Stop mortal! only the just can enter here."

At first he was indignant, but his tongue seemed tied and a strange spell came over him; his heart and pulse were almost still.

"On what is your hope based?" said the apparition before him.

"I was a christian down in the world for forty years," said brother Brown.

"That avails you nothing!" was the solemn answer; "have you no other plea? Brother Brown began to tremble.

"I have always tried to do my duty," he said, with hesitation, stammering with emotion.

"We shall see," said his questioner as he took down a great book from a shelf containing millions of like appearance; "a strict account is kept here with every mortal."

By this time brother Brown was shaking like an aspen leaf.

The book opened readily to the page, having his name in bold letters at the top and the account:

ABRAHAM BROWN

To Almighty God Dr.

To breath of life,	_____
To sixty years of health,	_____
To eight sons and daughters	_____
To a farm	_____
To one lot of bonds,	_____
To money at interest,	_____
To Christian privileges during life	_____
To salvation through Christ,	_____
To all the sufferings of the Lord	_____
Jesus,	_____

Item after item, many thousands of them, aggregating the value of many worlds.

Brother Brown was sinking in anguish. At length he could speak. "It is unpaid" he moaned as he fell insensible to the floor.

"Stand up!" said a voice which with firmness and sternness was awful: "Behold the payments!"

And he saw what he had done in all

the years—so little so mocking to heaven's beneficence in its insignificance the pittance for God's poor and for a perishing world; the plenty, the ease, the luxury the hoarded store of treasure, of talent and of property for self that he cried out in sorrow, "What shall I do? I have no hope! lost! lost! lost!"

A hand rested upon his shoulder. He saw no form but a voice was heard:

"Thou may'st return to earth, and again at the end of thy years, thou shalt knock at this gate of pearl, and perchance shall find admission."

Brother Brown awoke as the people were singing:

"I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st be ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?"

Another score of years lived Abraham Brown. He could never give enough: in every cause his name was first, and in secret benevolence his bounty was without limit. He never thought of self but of his Heavenly Master's wish. The neighbors never knew the hinge on which his life turned, but when he died many saw Heaven's transformation scene as the glory hung over his dying bed, and they heard him whisper, oh, so earnestly:

The gate is open wide, I see, I see behold the veil! It is well with my soul!"

DOCTRINAL INSTRUCTION.

The religion of Christ is a system of doctrine. The sacred truths of revealed religion are employed by the Holy Spirit in regenerating and sanctifying the soul. The experience of the Church shows that those who have been early trained to the doctrines of the Bible, are her most hopeful and steadfast children. Truth, early imbibed, is like seed thrown into the ground. The idea that doctrines must not be taught until they can be understood, involves the practical dilemma of discovering exactly when a beginning should be made. The safest course is to begin very early. Teach a child to answer "What is the chief end of man?" as soon as you please. Such lessons will expand his mind, strengthen his memory, and lay up stores of precious truth, which God may early use for his salvation. The Sabbath school of every Church should teach the formularies of that Church.

A Presbyterian Sabbath school that neglects to teach the Shorter Catechism, needs conversion.—Westminster Teacher.