

offering was accepted with a benignant smile. Then the dreamer remembered how, while that teacher had few advantages of education—had twelve or fourteen hours of daily work—he had yet found time most carefully to study and write out all his lessons for the classes. The same figure bent again before that altar with deeper humility than before and laid his earnest prayers, the outpourings of his heart for his scholars, at his Master's feet. Most graciously were they received. And it flashed through the dreamer's thoughts how that dear friend, when his health threatened to give way, used to be found on his knees, long after midnight crying to God on behalf of the souls for which he watched, and when urged by a friend, who found him so engaged, to spare himself replied, "Oh, let me pray—let me pray!"

Suddenly the atmosphere round the altar brightened, and that Christian teacher's figure was seen again, his eye brighter than ever; his smile reflecting faintly that of his Lord, but his bodily frame was worn and wan. He approached the altar, and folding his arms, he bent his head, and exclaiming, "My Lord and My God," gently laid his wasted frame on the altar, and breathed his last! It was done, and the whole scene vanished into dazzling brightness. Then the superintendent remembered how that devoted labourer caught fever whilst visiting a poor sick scholar in one of the wretched hovels of the city, and how, standing at his bedside, he had seen him fall asleep in Jesus.

The dream passed away, but two thoughts remained—"How many of us serve Christ with what costs us nothing?" "How few of us dare present our work in the Sabbath school as an offering to our Lord Jesus?"

Surely these questions deserve our consideration. Let those teachers who profess to be Christians either take up the service, whatever it is, which they give to the cause of Christ in the Sabbath school, and looking to the cross of Christ that they may remember what He gave for them, let them offer it to their Lord; or, if they find they dare not do so, let them inquire why it is that conscience interposes. Will it not be found that the reason is, they dare not offer to to their Lord that which "costs them nothing"?—*Scottish Sabbath School Teacher's Magazine.*

WHAT A SIXPENCE MAY BUY.

GEORGE had a long Sunday school lesson to learn, but he tried hard, and recited it without a single mistake. So his father