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I have Labored In Vain.

"I HAVE labored in vain," a teacher said, And her brow was wrinkled with care; "I have labored in vain." She bowed her head, And bitter and sad were the tears she shed, In that moment of dark despair.

"I am weary and worn, and my hands are weak, And my courage is well nigh gone; For none give heed to the words I speak, And in vain for a promise of fruit I seek When the seed of the word is sown."

And again with a sorrowful heart she wept,
For her spirit with grief was stirred,
Till the night grew dark and she slept;
And a silent calm o'er her spirit crept,
As a whisper of peace she heard.

And she thought in her dream that a soul took
To a blessed and bright abode; [flight
She saw a throng of such dazzling light,
And harps were ringing and robes were white—
Made white in a Saviour's blood.

And she saw such a countless throng around
As she never had seen before;
Their brows with jewels of light were crowned,
And sorrow and sighing no place had found,
For the troubles of time were o'er.

Then a white-robed maiden came forth and said,
"Joy! joy! for thy trials are past;
I am one that thy gentle words have led
In the unseen pathway of life to tread;
I welcome the teacher home at last."

And the teacher gazed on the maiden's form, She had seen that face on earth, When with anxious heart in her wonted place, She had told her class of a Saviour's grace, And their need of a second birth.

Then the teacher smiled, and the angel said, "Thy place is with Jesus to reign; It is not in vain that the tear is shed; If only one soul to the cross is led, Thy labor is not in vain."—Baptist Weekly.

A Teacher's Personal Appearance.

BY REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

PERHAPS a slovenly person may be a good Christian. There are many exquisitely neat and beautifully-dressed persons who are not Christians; but this fact need not place personal cleanliness and tidiness at a discount.

A teacher whose care of his person and apparel is so slight that he habitually presents himself before the class in slovenly condition, is seldom apt to be a very careful and studious teacher. Beyond this, the example to his boys is bad. I knew a teacher whose long finger nails were habitually in mourning for the soap. knuckles had no close acquaintance with the nail-brush, and his wristbands looked as if he and the washerwoman were not on good terms. He was a man of ample means, and had no occasion to be so unclean. The boys made fun of him, and he did them very little good.