

SUNDAY SCHOOL BAZAR

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOLUME VI.]

APRIL, 1873.

[No. 4.

I'm Growing Old.

BY JOHN G. SAXE, LL.D.

My days pass pleasantly away,
My nights are blest with sweetest sleep,
I feel no symptoms of decay,
I have no cause to mourn nor weep;
My foes are impotent and shy,
And yet, of late, I often sigh,—
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
My growing love of easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold,
All whisper in the plainest voice,
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
I'm growing careless of my dress,
I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise; I'm growing—yes—
I'm growing old.

I see it in my changing taste,
I see it in my changing hair,
I see it in my growing waist,
I see it in my growing heir;
A thousand signs proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That even in my vaunted youth
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years, whose rapid flight
My sombre muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of their wings.
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
Where all are blest, and none may sigh,—
I'm growing old!

A Source of Encouragement.

BY JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D.

"I AM tired of teaching; I don't do any good," says a discouraged Sunday-school teacher. "I must let some other person take my class—some one who can do better with it than I can."

My friend, would you like to have the superintendent come to you and say, "I have come to the conclusion that Miss B. can do better with your class than you, I will therefore put the class in her hands. Would you like that?"

"Of course I should not; but I presume it would be true."

"Do you regard Miss B. as a very superior woman?"

"Not very superior."

"Do you regard her as to natural talents and culture as superior to yourself?"

"Her advantages have not been better than mine."

"And you are not prepared to say that she can teach any better than you can. If you really believed that she could be of more service to the class—if you really believed that in her hands all the class would be led to Christ, you would not be unwilling to have the class taken out of your hands and placed in hers?"

"It would not be pleasant, but I should desire to have it done."

"For what reason? To get rid of the labor of teaching?"

"No, but for the sake of the class."

"I have no doubt you speak the exact