

raiment for the frail body, so soon to mingle with its native dust, but to feed the immortal soul with wholesome knowledge, and adorn it with the graceful display of wisdom and truth,—display which can never fade, grow old, or wear out. Thou art not called, like the pastor, to cultivate the hard, rough soil of mature mind, so often pre-occupied with care, indurated by the world, and callous from sin. Thy labor is in the yielding, fertile soil of impressible childhood, and wide is thy field,—too wide for the narrow-minded and bigoted to occupy; arduous and responsible thy duties, too arduous for the inefficient; too responsible for the imbecile; and pleasant is thy labor, for it is in the sphere of the heart, childhood's warm, loving heart,—too bright and sunshiny a sphere to be darkened by the lowering brow of the petulant and vindictive.

High and holy, indeed, is thy mission,—too high for the sordid and grovelling to fulfil, too holy for the gross and irreverent; in moral sublimity surpassed by no earthly mission except the mother's. If such be the dignity and importance of the teacher's mission, should not every teacher be self-consecrated to the work,—in heart and life, "pure and unspotted from the world?"

The true teacher loves his work. His heart lingers not in Vanity Fair, nor is he engrossed with any idol, but is devoted to his school. There cluster his sympathies, and there centre his warm affections. His school is his flower garden, devoted to the florescence of the soul; his studio, where God is recognized as the Supreme Artist, and each individual form, and soul, is invested with higher dignity, and regarded with deeper interest, because His handiwork, and predestined to embody and illustrate a divine idea; his Bethel, where angels linger, and the child-loving Immanuel abides.

The teacher who is true to his mission receives an abundant reward for his self-sacrificing toil,—not pecuniary remunera-

tion, but the high moral recompense which ever attends a faithful performance of duty, and the conscious fulfilment of a mission; not the fleeting treasures of earth, but the less perishable wealth of childhood's clinging love; not the honor and applause of the world, but the approbation of conscience, and the esteem and grateful remembrance of his pupils. Children never forget a devoted teacher, one who is uniformly gentle and kind, conscientious and faithful. Involuntarily they give him a large place in their hearts, and a generous share of their affections.

And often, in after life, when they suffer from the rude jostlings of a selfish world, and seriously question if there be such a principle in human nature as justice or disinterested love, they fondly revert to the beloved teacher of their early youth, whose character was a living personification of truth and justice, and whose heart was a deep fountain of love, pure and never failing; and check their incipient misanthropy, and forget their sorrows, in the sweet remembrance of his gentleness, fidelity and love.

A yet higher reward awaits him, when he closes his mission, quits the field, and rests from his labor; for then the angels will greet him as their fellow laborer and friend, and welcome him with delight to their society and home; then he will hear a voice from the excellent glory, saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant," and he will enter with triumph into the "joy of his Lord."

Upon his tombstone no panegyric needs be written, for upon the tablet of many a juvenile heart, he has traced his character in a living inscription, more honorable and enduring than was ever written upon the monument of sage or conqueror. Of his life no obituary needs be given, for his surviving pupils are his "living epistles," where may be read, in his own autography, the transcript of himself. Many charac-