

### The Starless Crown.

"*They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.*"—DAN. 12: 3.

Wearied and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose,  
And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision rose,  
I thought, while slumbering on my couch in midnight's solemn gloom,  
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room.

A gentle touch awakened me; a gentle whisper said,  
"Arise, O sleeper, follow me;" and through the air we fled.  
We left the earth so far away that like a speck it seemed,  
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway streamed.

Still on we went; my soul was wrapt in silent ecstasy.  
I wondered what the end would be, what next should meet mine eye.  
I knew not how we journeyed through the pathless fields of light,  
When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in white.

We stood before a city's wall most glorious to behold;  
We passed through gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets of purest gold;  
It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night,  
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb himself its light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled the air,  
And white-robed saints, with glistening crowns, from every clime were there;  
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne—  
"All worthy is the Lamb," they sang, "the glory his alone!"

But, fairer far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face;  
And as I gazed he smiled on me with wondrous love and grace.  
Lowly I bowed before his throne, o'erjoyed that I at last  
Had gained the object of my hopes; that earth at length was passed.

And then in solemn tones he said, "Where is the diadem  
That ought to sparkle on thy brow—adorned with many a gem?  
I know thou hast believed on me, and life through me is thine;  
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?"

"Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow;  
For every soul they led to me they wear a jewel now.

And such **THY** bright reward had been, if such had been thy deed—  
If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in paths of peace to lead.

"Thou wert not called that thou shouldst tread the way of life alone,  
But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone  
Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of rest,  
And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been blest."

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The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake—  
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul which long I feared to break;  
And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering light,  
My spirit felt o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful sight.

I rose and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt below;  
That yet another hour was mine my faith by works to show;  
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,  
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.

And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be,  
"To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me."  
And graven on my inmost soul I'll wear this truth divine,  
"They that turn many to the Lord bright as the stars shall shine."

*American Tract Society.*

### The Teacher's Vantage-Ground.

We can conceive the bare possibility of a child coming up, as Romulus and Remus are said to have done, with no outward care. But that a child should grow up to maturity without food, is flatly and obviously impossible.

The same two things are needful for the mind—nursing and nourishment; school and text-books; somebody to direct and something to study; outside discipline and inward pabulum.

Precisely the same conditions are requisite for soul-culture. There needs the living teacher, friendliness, sympathy and personal help, spiritual comradeship. But more than that. There is needed the truth. Food more than nursing. "Sanctify them through thy truth," is the Saviour's prayer. Truth is the instrument in soul-culture. It is the material in soul-nurture. It is bread to