

you stray into the school one half hour after it has commenced, only to find that some have gone off, perhaps never to return, and the rest disturbing the harmony of another class. Yes, we want *punctual teachers*.

*Lastly, we need teachers who will uphold Christ.*

No one need ever be at a loss what to teach children. You can tell them the strangest story the ear of man ever listened to: how once Christ came into this world, the guiltless for the guilty, and died that we might live. Tell them this. Make all your teaching to be about Christ; for He is the Resurrection and the Life, and at His voice their dead hearts can be made to live. If He is not *first* in your teaching, you will utterly fail, and your labour will only be a rope of sand to vanish in a moment from your grasp.

And to those who are laboring for the love of Christ, I say, go on. In due season you will reap, if you faint not. The rain-drops in the sandstones of the first ages of the world tell of refreshing showers that once fell and are now forgotten; and thus you too may pass away; but forgotten by Christ you will never be, and your work will only be known when the Great Book is opened that records the labors of Christ's faithful dead