

herself standing by a school-house the exact counterpart of her own. There were all her scholars, and she seemed to herself in their midst laboriously striving to train aright their tender minds. While she seemed conscious of no loss of identity, she was equally conscious that the gentle, earnest, industrious girl, who was working among eighty boys and girls, was no other than Jennie Faithful. There were the pupils who had so often given her trouble; there were the many bright and smiling faces which cheered her in her labors. And spread around in the distance were the farm houses where resided her many warm friends, as well as unjust and prejudiced enemies.

After contemplating this scene for some time in silence, her guide again took her hand, and with great velocity she soon found herself in another scene, apparently at an immense distance. She saw scattered around her former pupils now grown to be men and women. Her vision, strengthened supernaturally, could behold them in the various walks and vocations in life. A few of them alas! were nearing the dark clouds on the left, drawn thither by some infernal influence. That boy whose reckless impetuosity had often distracted her, was standing on a platform addressing a large audience, and was advocating eloquently the educational and philanthropic projects so intimately connected with human happiness. Cheer after cheer rose from the multitude, as he poured out his impassioned oratory; and when at last he sat down it seemed as if "an angel had spoken." An old man rose to propose a vote of thanks, and in doing so dwelt on the shining virtues, the brilliant talents, the great usefulness, and the Christian generosity and philanthropy of the speaker. After this was carried amid thunders of applause, he sprang to his feet and said in a voice husky with emotion, "Gentleman while desiring gracefully to acknowledge the compliment

you have paid me, I would say that your gratitude should rest upon another and worthier object. I was once a wild and wayward boy, ripe for a career of ruin and shame. What saved me from such a fate? A gentle, faithful teacher. If I have ever been of any use in the world—if I have ever aided any good cause, or assisted my fellow creatures in approaching nearer yon brilliant summit, I owe it under God, to the tender care, the persevering training, the wise instruction, and above all the good example of Jennie Faithful. May heaven's richest blessings ever rest on the head of my first and truest friend!"

His words had hardly died away when a little further to the right, rose up a costly and beautiful school-house with its grounds in perfect order. In the room was one of the very girls that had attended Jennie's school,—one of the wildest and most refractory—now grown to mature age. Everything seemed to go on with the regularity of clock work, and when the school was dismissed, and departed to their respective homes, she fell on her knees, and as her sweet accents of praise and prayer swelled out, among other expressions of gratitude she thanked the great Creator that she had in her younger days been under the care of a teacher so kind, so true, and so earnest, as Jennie Faithful. Still further to the right she saw a lady ministering to the wants and sorrows of the poor and distressed, and she too, seemed never weary of sounding the praises of her old teacher. A minister of the Gospel was taking his way among fallen humanity, and as he walked he spoke and encouraged others to usefulness by the example of his old teacher, Jennie Faithful. Going a little further she recognized in the most distinguished artist of the age, the very boy who was so dull that he had been pronounced a dunce—as he transferred to the canvass those brilliant creations of genius, which woke the wonder and admiration of the world. Sitting