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The Sabbath School Teacher's Reward.

Labor on, ye faithful teachers,
Sow with an unsparing hand;
Precious seeds of truth ye scatter,
Cast them freely o'er the land.

In the earth the grain abideth, Long before the fruits appear; And the husbandman hath waited, Ere the harvest crowns the year.

So in many youthful bosoms Germs of truth, though hidden, lie; Which shall yet bear fruit abundant, To the praise of God most high.

Sow with prayer that showers of blessing May refresh you from above; Plead the promise of the Father, Purchased by redeeming love.

Sow in faith; the Word assures you That you cannot toil in vain; He that goeth forth, and weepeth, Shall return with sheaves again.

Sow in hope; e'en now to cheer you
Light is coming from afar,
O'er the mountain tops it beameth
From the "Bright and Morning Star."

He who bought these souls immortal Smiles upon you from His throne, Sees your self-denying efforts, And your work of love will own. Looking unto Jesus ever, Strive to win the priceless gem; Place another and another In His glorious diadem.

Labor on, though men despise you, And you gain no laurels here; Crowns of life and joy await you In you brighter, happier sphere.

M. W.

Teachers as Evangelists.

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THE Church has espoused the cause of the children, and proposes for their benefit that every effort shall be made to bring them, as Philip brought Nathaniel, to the Lord Jesus. The conviction forces itself upon us, that the children are not safe in going out in the great thoroughfares of life armed with the modern Sunday-school philosophy; superficial teaching like this is by no means the demand of the present day. The Sunday school ought, in fact, to be the children's church, and the work of the teachers the work of evangelists, thus making a personal knowledge of the Saviour in the conversion of the soul a specialty in all their instructions. should warm and inspire the teacher's heart. A teacher that does not love the souls of his scholars is not qualified to For as a cold sunshine would teach. never bring us golden harvests, so will a cold heart neither win the affections of the young nor lead immortal souls to Christ. - Selected.