

### The Teacher's Diadem,

Sitting 'mid the gathering shadows, weary with  
the Sabbath's care ;

Weary with the Sabbath's burdens, that she  
dearly loves to bear ;

For she sees a shining pathway, and she gladly  
presses on ;

'Tis the first Great Teacher's footprints,—it will  
lead where He has gone ;

With a hand that's never faltered, with a love  
that's ne'er grown dim,

Long and faithfully she's laboured, to His fold  
the lambs to bring.

But to-night her soul grows heavy ; through the  
closed lids fall the tears,

As the children pass before her, that she's taught  
these many years ;

And she cries in bitter anguish, "Shall not *one*  
to me be given,

To shine upon my coronet amid the hosts of  
heaven ?

Hear my prayer to-night, my Saviour, in Thy  
glorious home above ;

Give to me some little token—some approval of  
Thy love."

Ere the words were scarcely uttered, banishing  
the evening gloom,

Came a soft and shining radiance, bright'ning all  
within the room ;

And an angel in white raiment, brighter than  
the morning sun,

Stood before her, pointing upward, while he softly  
whispered "Come."

As he paused, she heard the rustle of his starry  
pinions bright,

And she quickly rose and followed, out into the  
stilly night ;

Up above the dim blue ether ; up above the silver  
stars ;

On, beyond the golden portals ; through the  
open pearly doors ;

Far across the sea of crystal, to the shining  
sapphire throne,

Where she heard amid the chorus, "Welcome,  
child ; thy work's well done."

Surely 'tis her Saviour speaking ; 'tis His hands,  
aye, 'tis His feet ;

And she cries, "Enough ! I've seen *Him* ; all  
my joys are now complete."

All forgot earth's care and sorrow ; all forgot the  
starry crown ;

'Twas enough e'en to be near Him ; to behold  
Him on His throne.

"Not enough," the Saviour answered ; "thou  
wouldst know through all these years,

If in vain has been thy teaching, all thy labour  
and thy prayers ;

That from thee the end was hidden, did thy faith  
in Me grow less ?

Thou hast asked some little token, I will grant  
thee thy request."

From out a golden casket, inlaid with many a  
gem,

He took—glistening with countless jewels—a  
regal diadem ;

Bright a name shone in each jewel ; names of  
many scholars dear ;

Who she thought had passed unheeded all her  
earnest thought and care ;

"But," she asked, "how came *these* names here ;  
names *I* never saw before ?"

And the Saviour, smiling, answered, "'Tis the  
fruit thy teachings bore,

'Tis the seed thy love hath planted ; tended by  
My faithful hand,

Though unseen by thee, it budded, blossoming  
in many lands ;

Here are names from darkened Egypt, names  
from Afric's desert sands ;

Names from isles amid the ocean, names from  
India's sunny strands ;

Some from Greenland's frozen mountains, some  
from burning tropic plains ;

From where'er man's found a dwelling, here  
you'll find some chosen name.

When thine earthly mission's ended, that in love  
to thee was given ;

This is the crown of thy rejoicing, that awaits  
thee here in heaven."

Suddenly the bright light faded ; all was dark  
within the room ;

And she sat amid the shadows of the Sabbath  
evening gloom ;

But a peaceful, holy incense rested on her soul  
like dew ;

Though the end from her was hidden, to her  
Master she'd be true ;

Sowing seed at morn and even, pausing not to  
count the gain ;