

in my labours? What years of toil they had been! Under what discouragements had I laboured! Many a time my hands had hung by my side as I had striven to work out my plans, when I found that the parents' influence and example were undoing what had been done with such labour. At times the irritation of the work of the school had made me impatient, and my own example had injured the work I was doing. How thick and fast the thoughts came up as I looked back. What a gloom settled upon the work. True, there were gleams of light here and there. Once one of my boys, having gone to a distant city to earn his bread, wrote to me:—"I knew it must be you who had written, for you were always trying to do something for us young fellows." I had written to a friend about him, and the friend had hunted him up. Little things like this had encouraged me at times. As I now look back over the past, however, it seemed as if my high ideal had not been reached, and my heart was sad. It is not pleasant to look back over your life's work and feel that your strength had been spent for nought. The toil seemed to be endured once again by the pain which the want of success brought. Where were the nobler beings I had hoped my training would produce? Where? I could not answer. The darkness deepened. My heart sank within me. The past seemed to become one confused mass, until sympathetic nature came to my aid, and I slept, and in my sleep I dreamt. Lo! One stood by my side whose countenance was radiant with beams from a bright world. "Well

done, toiler," the watcher said. At his touch the vision of the past once more came up before me. It was not now the toil that I saw. There were the smiles from little faces whose hearts had been gladdened by my words. There were the difficulties which had been surmounted by my encouragement. There was the spirit of self-reliance which my training had brought out. The nobler manhood of the child was showing itself as it advanced in years, in spite of the influence exerted elsewhere. The ideal was not there. Perfection was not reached. But a grander, nobler manhood was there than otherwise would have been. The evil within had been dwarfed, while the good had been developed. But the work did not end there. Just as wheat in its wild state, unfit for human food, may be found which, cultivated year after year, ultimately attains the perfection in which we find it; so the future generations passed before me, in which the nobler manhood was developed until perfection was reached, and, as I looked on this, I felt gladdened. The seed sown would bear fruit. I might not reap the harvest. It sufficed me to see the blade. It needed time for its growth. The influence for good would go on, until a better and nobler manhood was developed. It had been my lot to toil, but I foresaw that by-and-by the toiler and the reaper would rejoice together. My dream passed away, but the remembrance gladdened my heart and cheered my spirits; and, as I bade farewell to the old school, I felt my labour had not been in vain.  
— *Wodonga Sentinel.*

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THE greatest boon possible on earth comes to the soul when it finds rest in God. The celestial life then begins as the foretaste of what awaits that soul in the life to come.

There is no earthly sorrow which this boon will not mitigate. All men need it, and all must have it, or be strangers to real rest. God himself is man's only resting-place.