

### All Hail to the Teacher

All hail to the teacher, the every day preacher,  
Who spreads out her sermons through moments and hours,  
With judgment judicious and manner propitious,  
Rough-hewing young ideas and shaping their powers.

Not only on Sunday, but, starting with Monday,  
Her sermons continue till Saturday night;  
Her torch not a flicker, but stronger and thicker,  
And lasting much longer to give forth its light.

The pastor in preaching and Sunday school teaching  
Condenses his labors to part of the day;  
But teachers as preachers are broader-gauge reachers,  
And tick on like clocks from September to May.

They spread out the knowledge absorbed at some college,  
Diluted to suit every infantile brain,  
And into youths fickle let true wisdom trickle,  
Thus filling same pitchers again and again.

Their learning is various, and in soil precarious  
They scatter the seeds of a learning immense,  
To harvest long after deep groaning or laughter,  
Light weeds or the sound grain of good common sense.

She weighs out her potions to fit needs or notions  
Of children who differ, from fairies to fools;  
In order to hit them and properly fit them,  
Her skill must adjust countless methods and tools;

Brains built in all sizes and full of surprises,  
Queer angles and tangles, wit twisted by will,  
The teacher must measure, then dole out her treasure,  
Each noddle correctly to fit and to fill.

Not easy her mission to mould her tuition,  
In order these warped twigs in wisdom to bend,  
Their naked souls draping, well shingling and shaping  
To perfected patterns each child's latter end.

So hail to the teacher, the every day preacher,  
Who gives to each urchin a pass to the sky;  
Her sermons, well knitted, are skilfully fitted,  
Her thoughts are fast colors, her rest by and by.