

In sad soliloquy the teacher had said:

"I squander on a barren field,
My strength, my life, my all."

But after the dream, when walking home,

"His heart was full
Of peace, and trust, and love, and praise."

Of course the dream, having seen the bad and idle boys changed to honored and useful men—as though he had been the cause of this wonderful transformation—had induced him to alter his mind, and to deem the field, instead of barren, one of exceeding fertility and capable of yielding abundant and richest fruits. Indeed, what remarkable changes are sometimes wrought in the human mind! Perhaps his first conclusion, so far as individual interests are concerned, was correct. The other, one of those sentimental, immaterial, platonic conclusions, very becoming to the white-winged seraphs that hover about the courts of bliss and fan the brows of saints with their immaculate pinions, but rather inappropriate to one of flesh and blood who has need of something tangible of this world's goods that he may be able to see the bright and enjoyable side of an earthly existence.

Let us review the teacher's profession as it actually appears, divested of that peculiar sentiment, with which, for the sake of euphony, it is so often clothed.

First, years of invaluable time must be spent, and untold agonies of hard work must be done in preparing for the field. Then when life is brightest and hope looms highest, the teacher enters upon his duties at a salary of, say \$50 per month, or six hundred dollars per annum. In ten years from his first hour's teaching, if he has been steadily employed in the meantime, and has been successful, just in the prime of his life when his powers are at their best, he may command sixty dollars per month, or seven hundred and twenty dollars per annum. Alas! this is only too true.

Then what extravagant castle building can a teacher indulge in! What visions of future happiness must pass before his mind in his contemplative moments! Can he, like the young physician, look forward to a joyous home of wealth and luxury, surrounded by a happy family and everything else to make life blissful? Or like the

young farmer, know that his labor will be rewarded with substantial fruits and that in his old age he will be able to enjoy peace and comfort? Or like the young lawyer, who has no more intellect and not so much education, anticipate fame and fortune, and step gradually up through his profession to the forum, to the bench, to the Senate hall? I pause for a reply.

Such a venture as marriage, for the man who has chosen teaching as his life-long work, is entirely out of the question. It is a luxury of which he must deny himself. In the first place he can't afford it, and—in the second place—if he should be so reckless as to think he can, the woman who would be willing to join her future with his cannot be found. If she can I have only to say, that the fortitude, and pure unadulterated and deliberate bravery possessed by such a woman, amounts to that which is beyond sublimity itself, sublime.

Then the professional teacher, generally speaking, must be a celibate, without a home, because his income won't permit it, a wanderer on the face of the earth, contented to pass his best years—his life—in preparing others to win fame that he may have the honor, if it will bear so exalted a title, of being himself aware, for few others will ever know it, that he one time away back when he was young, taught some boy arithmetic and grammar, who now makes the world ring with his eloquence or entrances mankind with his enrapturing poetry.

But to return to the dream. Soon after the weary teacher fell asleep, there appeared to him in his vision, a vast room.

"It seemed a senate hall, and
One addressed a listening throng;
Each burning word all bosoms stirred,
Applause rose loud and long."

And after he took a good look at the speaker, he recognized him and declared his name was in his record book. Now suppose this had not been a dream, but that the teacher had been a teacher ever since, and that he really had heard burning words of eloquence fall from the lips of him whose name could be found in one of his old record books. The teacher would be an obscure old man, wrinkled and grizzled, leaning upon a staff, and moving with slow and faltering steps. He would probably approach the distinguished

senator and remind him that at one time he had the honor of being his teacher. The senator would receive him with a gracious smile, shake his hand heartily, look admiringly upon him and be as pleased to see the good old man as he would to see the trundle bed upon which he slept when a boy, or the cradle in which his mother rocked him when an infant. Each occupy about the same relative position in the mind of the senator. After a brief conversation he would bid his old teacher a good afternoon, inviting him to call some day, and with a coach-and-four he conveyed to his palatial residence. At dinner he would sip his wine at a table glittering with silver and china, backed up by a salary of eight thousand a year, and then in his princely parlor he would recline upon magnificently upholstered mahogany, and listen to "music's voluptuous swell," as it arose from a three-thousand dollar piano, discoursed by an accomplished daughter, beautiful as Venus; and as the hour draws late would lose himself in sleep on a couch soft as downy pillows are, and awake in the morning to read of his fame, that while he was sleeping had circled the globe on the wings of the lightning.

How with the teacher? It is soon told. He hobbles away to his obscure and lowly dwelling, enters its cheerless and chilly precincts and drops wearily into an uncushioned chair to think of "what might have been." He partakes of his frugal meal, and retires to rest—not amid laces and linen, satins and down—but upon a bed, fortunate indeed, if it be even comfortable.

Next, in his dream, he sees a clergyman dispensing words of grace, whom he found upon close examination to be a boy that he had flogged the same day. Yes, but the boy had decided not to follow teaching for a living. He rather had opened a gate into a field where are found a Luther, a Spurgeon, a Talmage and scores of others with a brilliant fame that will go down to the end of time, not to say anything of a Beecher with a hundred thousand a year.

Then he saw another who had been his idlest lad, and he? He was an author. Ah, yes, my good old friend; he preferred to go along with a Walter Scott, who could make a hundred thousand a year and astonish the entire