THE TWO BUILDERS

A builder builded a temple,
       He wrought it with grace and skill;
Pillars and groins and arches
       All fashioned to work his will.
Men said as they saw its beauty
       “It shall never know decay.
Great is thy skill, O builder:
       Thy fame shall endure for aye.”

A teacher builded a temple
       With loving and infinite care,
Planning each arch with patience,
       Laying each stone with prayer.
None praised her unceasing efforts
       None knew of her wondrous plan,
For the temple the teacher builded
       Was unseen in the eyes of man.

Gone is the builder’s temple,
       Crumpled into the dust;
Low lies each stately pillar,
       Food for consuming rust.
But the temple the teacher builded
       Will last while the ages roll,
For that beautiful unseen temple
       Is a child’s immortal soul.

Author Unknown
"For that beautiful unseen temple, Is a child's immortal soul."
The door to new opportunity for service