

guide of all, he was an unspeakable blessing. What our excellent friends of the Privy Council might think of the architecture and ventilation of his school-house and the arrangement of his desks, the pitch of his voice or the modulation of his accents, I know not. But many that have been taught by him bless his memory for his sound instruction, Christian sympathy and tender heart.

Walter was sent to a very different school in the borough. It was taught by a broken-down surgeon, who began it on his own account. As his father had been a respectable tallow-chandler and magistrate, and had two uncles who had sat in the august council of the borough, with sundry relations rearing very large families, it was thought that Mr. Pettigrew, with such antecedents, must necessarily prove a most efficient teacher. The man had a smattering of Latin, was wholly ignorant of Greek, and possessed only a tolerable acquaintance with arithmetic and grammar; but knew no more of the art of teaching than of painting or statuary, and had no idea of its objects beyond the quarter's wages. The only art which he thoroughly mastered was that of flogging, making boys miserable, and training them up to hate teachers and teaching. To this might be added some considerable skill in brewing whisky punch, which was supposed to intensify occasionally his more material demonstrations. This was the ignorant, unprincipled man to whom a boy of finest nerve, tenderest affection and promising genius was sent, in order to be trained up as a citizen and Christian in the way he should go. There was a good parish school, but David feared to offend the Pettigrews, if he removed the boy for any consideration; and to quarrel with the old or young Pettigrew was a *coup d'état* which David could not have imagined, far less attempted. For was not Mrs. David Thompson's cousin married to Mr. Pettigrew, the teacher's nephew? and had not Thomas Pettigrew, his brother, a bond over one of David's houses? And in such solemn circumstances how could Walter be sent to any other school! Besides was not the school examined once a year by the local presbytery? Yes; and, where there is a zeal for education, and an honest independence on the part of the clergy, this is no superficial duty, but one ably and patiently performed. Unfortunately in this institute of Mr. Pettigrew's it was otherwise. Dr. Multiple, the parish clergyman, did not like to give offence by discovering deficiencies or hinting at any, if perceptible. As the teacher was a dissenter, he feared to engender unworthy suspicions. The Dr. suffered, moreover, often from a severe asthmatic attack on such occasions. Young Mr. Temple from the neighbouring parish did not like to occupy ground declined by the venerable Multiple; while Mr. Porteus, the dissenting clergyman, was sensitive lest he might be thought partial, and also disliked any entanglement in the wide-spread web of the Pettigrew interest, and the tender feelings of all were thus considered—everything, in short, except the little affair of how eighty boys and girls were to be reared for the awful work of time and eternity.

"Methinks I see around them wait  
The ministers of human fate—  
Ah! tell them they are men,"

Whether you do so or not, they will find it out; and, when they realize how these precious years were wasted, how the golden hours of spring were allowed to pass, the tillage for autumn forgotten, and how their prospects have been blighted, their mental habits ruined, their means of mental enjoyment so grievously crippled, they will rise fiercely up and accuse the whole race of incompetent teachers as robbers and soul-destroyers! Oh! see to it that by all

possible means we may be saved from the incubus of such shams. Value a good teacher as, next to the parent, the most important of all powers on earth which help to build up our spirits to what they are. If he is really efficient, encourage him heartily, pay him liberally and ungrudgingly, ay, and pray for him sincerely. But, if he is not fit for the discharge of his mighty duties, flee from him as at once the most dangerous and most expensive of all quacks. Let us be thankful that such schools as Mr. Pettigrew's are becoming every day rarer, in Scotland at least, and all honour to the Privy Council Committee for leading on this reform. And let us hope also that the country through education may be taught to appreciate more and more what education implies, as the glorious art for developing the powers of the whole man to fulfil the end of his existence here and hereafter. School reform will make University reform a comparatively easy matter, for, when the root is healthy, depend upon it the top of the tree will always flourish.

Walter's parents died when he was only thirteen years of age, and he was consigned to the care of an uncle of his mother's, where he appears to have led but a very indifferent life. Being of a meditative turn of mind, and receiving in his new home but little of that "human kindness" so necessary to youth, he betakes himself to lonely walks and poetry, and also falls in love. Stirring aspirations grow within him. He would be and do; he would act. He decides on becoming a medical student, and does so.

Poor Walter's story is soon told. He goes to the University of Glasgow, full of hope and noble resolves, studies hard to make up for the deficiencies of his early education, is sorely pinched for want of money, health gradually gives way, and after a short struggle the spirit, freed from earth, goes back to Him who gave it. The story is simple in the extreme, but also melancholy in the extreme, and how often told in Scottish student biography!

We conclude our short notice of a lecture full of valuable comments by extracting the concluding words:—

Young men, I add no further comments to this story; nor any "practical conclusions," as they are called. What it is capable of teaching you must learn from it as from real life, of which it is intended to be a faithful transcript in its spirit, and a literal one in most of its facts. But, perhaps, you will kindly accept in rough lines of my own a few of the lessons which are embodied in the old captain's aphorism of "Trust in God and do the right:"—

Courage, brother! do not stumble,  
Tho' thy path is dark as night;  
There's a star to guide the humble—  
"Trust in God and do the right."

Let the road be long and dreary,  
And its ending out of sight;  
Foot it bravely—strong or weary,  
"Trust in God and do the right."

Perish "policy" and cunning,  
Perish all that fears the light;  
Whether losing, whether winning,  
"Trust in God and do the right."

Trust no party, church or faction,  
Trust no "leaders" in the fight,

But in every word and action  
"Trust in God and do the right."

Trust no forms of guilty passion,  
Fiends can look like angels bright;  
Trust no custom, school or fashion,  
"Trust in God and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,  
Some will flatter, some will slight;  
Cease from man, and look above thee,  
"Trust in God and do the right."

Simple rule and safest guiding,  
Inward peace and inward light;  
Star upon our path abiding,  
"TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT."

## POETRY.

### ALL THE WAY BY WHICH THE LORD THY GOD, LED THEE.

When we reach a quiet dwelling  
On the strong, eternal hills,  
And our praise to Him is swelling  
Who the vast creation fills;  
When the paths of prayer and duty,  
And affliction, all are trod,  
And we wake, and see the beauty  
Of our Saviour and our God:—

With the light of resurrection  
When our changed bodies glow,  
And we gain the full perfection  
Of the bliss begun below;  
When the life that flesh obscureth  
In each radiant form shall shine,  
And the joy that aye endureth  
Flashes forth in beams divine:—

While we wave the palms of glory  
Through the long eternal years,  
Shall we e'er forget the story  
Of our mortal griefs and fears?  
Shall we e'er forget the sadness,  
And the clouds that hung so dim,  
When our hearts are filled with gladness,  
And our tears are dried by Him?

Shall the memory be banished  
Of His kindness and His care  
When the wants and woes are vanished  
Which He loved to soothe and share?  
All the way by which He led us,  
All the grievings which He bore,  
All the patient love He taught us,  
Shall we think of them no more?

Yes! we surely shall remember  
How He quickened us from death—  
How He fanned the dying ember  
With His Spirit's glowing breath;  
We shall read the tender meaning  
Of the sorrows and alarms  
As we trod the desert, leaning  
On His everlasting arms.

And His rest will be the dearer  
When we think of weary ways,  
And His light will seem the clearer  
As we muse on cloudy days.  
O, 'twill be a glorious morrow  
To a dark and stormy day!  
We shall recollect our sorrow  
And the streams that pass away.

## STANZAS.

Written at the beginning of the 17th Century.  
We take from an *Exchange paper* the following beautiful lines. They are from the *Landsdowne Manuscripts* in the British Museum, and were written over 200 years ago.