

mission consisting of schoolmasters declares that corporal punishments are altogether unnecessary in schools, we shall accept their testimony and bow to their decision. The doctrine of the English law is that the teacher stands *in loco parentis*, in the place of the parent; and we may ask, where is the father who does not require occasionally, to use the rod among his children? I *once* knew a man who never touched his boys, and he boasted of this on all occasions. He had but two sons, and they broke his heart. One of them turned out a reckless profligate, and shot himself in his twenty-fourth year. The other is at this moment a vagabond, hanging loose on society, and likely to end his days in a penal settlement. The general rule to be observed is, I believe: Never punish with the rod unless it is evident from the character of the culprit that is this the only effective means of correction, and let the punishment be always proportioned to the offence, neither too severe, nor too light; moreover, in every instance let the punishment be administered in a calm and dispassionate manner. When Socrates' bond-servant one day carelessly let fall a precious vase, and broke it in pieces, the philosopher exclaimed, "Were I not in a passion, sir, I would beat you!" an excellent example for teachers and parents to imitate.

I shall now draw towards a close what I had got to say about John Ratho, the Parochial Schoolmaster of F—. And let not the reader suppose that the individual mentioned is one who existed nowhere save on the pages of this *Record*. John Ratho (though he wore a different name) was a veritable man, a Parish Teacher or "Dominie" of the old race which has now almost totally disappeared. I know still of one or two fossil remains of this genus within the bounds of Scotland, old feeble dotard bachelors whom the late Educational Bill swept out of office, to make way for another generation. The old-fashioned Dominie seldom married. He was (as his successor almost always is) a Licentiate of the Church of Scotland and the expectant of a ministerial charge. In many of the lowland counties of Scotland, the ranks of the ministry were thus frequently replenished from the order of Parochial Teachers, and the fortunate aspirant, as soon as he found himself installed in the manse, generally took to himself an help-mate. If his hair, however, had become gray before he arrived at the summit of his wishes, he seldom thought of changing his solitary condition; and no doubt he acted wisely in this respect. It is too late to begin to dream of love when the sun has gone down behind the hills, and all the sky is dim and gray. The roses of June will not bloom amid the snows of December.

John Ratho was a Licentiate of the Church of Scotland, but he never found a patron, and he never took a wife. The reader may conjecture that the question of matrimony was

decided by him according to pure arithmetical rules. A wife was an article whose utility he would determine by averdupois weight. John had no other kind of scales than grocers' scales for weighing anything whatever. Yet there *was* a period in his history—though that period was long gone by before I knew him—when his eye, not wholly blinded by the dust of this world, had glimpses of

"The light that ne'er was seen by land nor sea."

In his early days, it was said that he stood in his pantaloons as bravely as any one, and wore his silver buckle over the knee, and lifted a clear and unwrinkled brow above the earth, and looked like a man; and once, while sitting in his garden in the quiet of a summer evening, an ethereal messenger, clad in shining wings, suddenly appeared before him, as if newly dropped from a rosy cloud. The features of her face were carved in lines of perfect beauty. On her brow sat Heavenly truth as upon a throne, and the light that beamed from her eyes was instinct with an inner glory which filled and overflowed its sanctuary. Innocent peace lay cradled in the twin rose-buds of her lips. She stood clothed all in white samite, and held in her right hand a golden rod, pointed towards the skies. "My name," she said, "is Love. I come to break the dread spell that is gathering over thy heart, sealing all its fountains in the icy chill of death. The god of this world is weaving his mortal coils about thee; and if thou wilt not listen to my voice, thy sinews shall soon be stiffened into stone, and thy forlorn spirit imprisoned in a living sepulchre." Having said these words, she vanished; but all the air was for a while purple with her light, and fragrant with her breath; and the young man arose and stalked hither and thither with stately strides, and seemed for a season the lord of the universe. To speak without parable: Young John Ratho once fell in love; and had he been united, in his early days, to the object of his affection, it is more than likely that all the future of his history would have worn a different hue. He would have been saved from himself. It would have been well for him if he had given away that heart of his, and received another in return. There is a popular belief that the bear, while shut up in his winter dormitory, sucks his own paw for nourishment; and, according to this theory, it is no wonder that he comes forth in the spring to the light of day with his features haggard and his sides fallen in. This is the kind of life which John Ratho lived for many a year. Like the bear in the cave, he preyed on himself and shrunk into a gaunt and bony spectre. Truly it is not good for man to be alone. If the natural affections of the human heart do not run forth in pearly streams, they will stagnate within and breed corruption. The Parish Minister of F— had a pretty daughter, on whom