

"tyrants of our childhood." There, in the foreground, is the embodiment of withered, decrepit old age, an old age companionless, childless, cheerless, freely venting on mischievous school-boys and school-girls the irritability and spleen, which no fond wife or gentle daughter was fated to assuage or absorb. There is the dark-shadowing brow and stern, hard face of a middle-age already wrinkled with the cares, and soured with the disappointments of life, and about as full of sympathy with the warm, impulsive heart of childhood as the Sahara of daisies and forget-me-nots. There, too, is the youth of nervous step and irascible spirit, fretted by the restraints of the school-room, and chafing inwardly with impatience for the hour to which he daily looks forward as the time of release from a prison-house to an outer world of congenial occupations and companions. Let us not forget to throw in the appropriate accompaniments around the various figures—the old, defaced arm-chair from whose upright post hangs the ominous walking-stick, or cat-o'-nine-tails—the ever-ready ferule on the writing table—the mysterious, carefully locked desk, from which comes out, on the great occasions when revolt or insurrection threatens, the murderous raw-hide, and which childish curiosity and terror have made the dread abode of a thousand other untold horrors—the old pine desks ranged around the wall, bespattered with the ink, stained with the tears, and curiously carved with the jack-knives of youthful genius—here, in one corner, an urchin half-dead with no groundless terror, blubbing over his blotted copy-book—there, in another, a trembling, cowering culprit awaiting the swift-coming vengeance for some morning misdemeanour—yonder, a third, in dire disgrace, conspicuously perched upon table or bench, with one foot in his hand, a

stick in his mouth, and the terrible dunce's cap on his head; while through the crevices of dust and cob-web which line the seven-by-nine window-pane, may be seen a fourth, ploughing his way through wintry drifts to the nearest grove, to replenish "the master's" armory and prepare, for aught he knows, a rod for his own back. Nor is the awakened memory less active in reproducing the architectural and decorative surroundings which constitute the background of the picture. There is the low-roofed, small-windowed building whose exterior is as innocent of projection, or cornice, as its brown clap-boards of paint, planted, to save the greatest possible amount of the surrounding land for its fine crop of underbrush and weeds, within a few feet of the zig zag fence of rails which bounds the treeless street.

Such the without. Within, the dingy ceiling whose want of height sometimes sadly obstructed the "master's" more vigorous disciplinary efforts with the cat-o'-nine-tails; the dark, dank walls of crumbling plaster and grinning laths, and the floor of well-worn pine or spruce, long since divorced from all connection with mop, or scrubbing-brush, giving, in its yawning crevices, ample accommodation for the dust and litter of years of literary effort.

I should be sorry to be understood as supposing that such is the invariable character of the school-day reminiscences of Canadians of my own age, or as doubting the existence here and there in the minds of more favoured auditors of memories of a very different character. I rejoice to believe that there are probably those before me whose recollections of wise, gentle, sympathetic "school-masters" and "school-mistresses," are such as to call forth rather the thrill of grateful emotion, and the tear of affectionate regret. But I count those happy, in-