

ther, deep, and pervading above all other love—the gentle look, the fond endearment, the untiring and earnest care, the affectionate or soothing word, or the almost tearful reproach, how many! how very many has the memory of such a friend saved from the pit of perdition? and the fancied remonstrances of lips long sealed in death have arrested many a thoughtless youth in his downward path.

It is indeed difficult to be wicked with such a mentor speaking, and speaking with such a voice, and such hallowed influences, even to a seared conscience. The recollection of a true mother is one intertwined so firmly and abidingly around our heart-strings that it perishes only when the last stage approaches, and memory and reason begin to swing from their moorings.

Next comes the school with its thousand associations of good and evil, of joy and sorrow, of boyish adventure and young ambition, of hair-breadth escapes, of sayings and doings of the boy man, of stolen enjoyments and moving accidents, of tricks innumerable, of tasks hateful and pleasant, of Bob and Harry, and Joe and Geordie, all characters unparalleled in their way, whom we now see before our mind's eye in all the glory of boyhood, on the topmost branch of some tall tree, or bringing up a penny from some unknown depth in the river, or thrashing some rural giant who had the audacity to go to another school, but who for long and weary years have been grey haired men. Who can or would wish to part with these memories. Oh! in those days time passed slowly and a year lasted a long time, and made many an abiding impression. And then the schoolmaster! Who does not recollect every cranny of his character, his foibles, his weak and strong points, his wondrous knowledge, his awful frown, and his queer stories. How he was tormented, or loved, or idolised, according to his peculiar idiosyncrasy. We have forgotten much, perhaps most, of what that great man taught or endeavored to teach us; but one thing we are sure never to forget, and that is, the very points of the man himself. In those days, to be sure, the dominie was generally a man of character, intellectually, made up of strength and weakness, often oddly and sometimes comically combined. Yet that character had its value, and certainly

ly exerted an immense influence in its day and generation. Sometimes it happened that a love of learning was mixed with a love for the bottle, and Virgil and Horace were worshipped in secret at the shrine of Bacchus. Or it may be, there was some extraordinary oddity of dress or appearance, or of mind or habits. How seldom was it that the village schoolmaster condescended to resemble mere ordinary every day mortals! Yet notwithstanding he was generally a man of worth and deep religious feeling, of substantial knowledge, to get which he had dug long and deeply and at last incorporated it into his living self. How different—how very different, from the empty jays, the paper doings, the brainless, pointless puppets manufactured to order nowadays in Normal Schools, and let loose on a community to convey the accumulation of three months cramming of heterogeneous portions of high sounding dogmas. There are no schoolmasters nowadays—worth remembering. One of the finest points of youthful memory to the rising generation must for the future be a painful blank. Greek and Latin are at a discount; plain reading, writing and cyphering are seldom mentioned,—they are too common. The venerable dominie who has grown white in the service, and has come in and out of the same school house for half a century—flogged and taught the fathers and grandfathers of the rural district—the phenomenon is now almost extinct, indeed has never taken root in this western land. But instead of the man with strong lines of character, who knows Virgil and Horace by heart, who can calculate a lunar or make a sun dial, and has at his finger ends every verse in the Holy Book, we have a set of wandering weaklings, who have been forced like mushrooms, who teach phythology, or ontology, or graphiology, or hydrology and such amazing things as our simple minded forbears never heard of—all learned in six months at that wonderful fountain of knowledge—the Normal School. The modern schoolmaster is nobody—nothing—a floating waif, a human weed, changing its locality every few months or so, never taking root in any soil, fed for a little upon meagre fare, and sent away with more meagre pay, on the wide bleak world, to seek with lack lustre eye and heavy heart, for another poor resting place