

Higher, a little higher, a little more high. "Hah!" cried the master, darting round; and there stood poor M—— all his courage gone, fascinated to the spot, the very pin upright between his fingers! I forget what task he had: something impossible to achieve; something too long to say by heart at once, and that would ruin the whole of his next holidays. So much for fear and respect.

I could tell tales of this man's cruelty and injustice, almost inconceivable in many such schools as we have at present. Our greatest check upon him, or hope of a check, (for it was hopeless to appeal against a person of his great moral character and infinite respectability,) was in the subjection he himself lived in to his wife: a woman with a ready smile for us, and a fine pair of black eyes. She must have been the making of his family, if he left any. When she looked in at the door sometimes, in the midst of his tempest and rage, it was like a star to drowning mariners. Yet this man had a conscience,

such as it was. He had principles, and did what he thought his duty, working hard and late, and taking less pleasure than he might have done, except in the rod. But there it was. With all his learning, he had a nervous mind and untrained passions; and unfortunately the systems of education allowed a man at that time to give away to these and confound them with doing his duty.

He was a very honorable man in his day, and might have been rendered a more amiable, as well as useful one in this: but it is not the less certain (though he would have been shocked to hear it, and willingly have flogged you for saying so) that with precisely the same nature under another system of opinion, he would have made an inquisitor.

So dangerous it is to cultivate the antipathies instead of the sympathies; and so desirable for master, as well as scholars, are the healthier and cheerfuller roads to knowledge, which philosophy has lately opened to all of us.

## FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Father of truth! who dwell'st in light,  
Where sinks in endless day, the night—  
Where Jesus reigns 'midst joys untold,  
Shepherd of Heav'n's dear little fold!  
Where the blest pilgrim dries his tears,  
His home through never ending years;  
Fix thou my soul's chief joy above,  
The object of a mortal's love.  
Lead me to bend in faith, the knee,  
And turn adorer, Lord—of Thee!

Suppliant at thy feet I fall,  
On thy name I humbly call!  
Oh, Sun of Righteousness! impart  
Thy warming influence to my heart,  
Arise! and let thy beams divine  
Into my soul with healing shine;  
First lead me by their light to see  
And feel my heart's depravity—  
And then with sorrow to confess  
My soul's exceeding sinfulness.  
Probe deep the wound, increase the smart,  
And reach the bottom of my heart,  
Open the sluices of my breast,  
Nor give my wounded spirit rest,

Until contrition have no sigh,  
The windows of my soul be dry;  
Until th' appointed hour draw near,  
The Lamb upon the Cross appear,  
Then lead me to his bleeding side,  
Then be that cleansing blood applied;  
There bid me from my slumbers rise,  
And be with Thee in Paradise!  
Grant, not I only, but the world  
May see thy banner—love, unfurl'd,  
Each one may see thy shield outspread,  
To cover his defenceless head—  
Each feel thy love, and make it known,  
That Thou—that Thou—art Lord alone!  
Thus, may thy Kingdom spread abroad,  
Till all mankind confess Thee—God!

Plac'd in this troubled world of care,  
Of sorrow, man his part must bear,  
Pursuing follies every day,  
He thinks not that his soul's astray,  
And drifting o'er life's stormy deep,  
He careless lulls himself asleep,  
Nor dreams that he, so far from shore,  
May sudden sink to rise no more: