

INDIAN IMPROVEMENT.

The following remarks occur in the *Christian Gaurdian*, of May 23 :

"On our first page will be found an original Poem, on '*England and British America*.' The author is an Indian youth, whose educational opportunities have been exceedingly limited, but whose praiseworthy assiduity is as creditable to himself, and his too much despised countrymen, as it is gratifying to his friends and instructors. The Poem is far from being faultless, and cannot set criticism at defiance ; but we hazard nothing in saying, that it exhibits an incipient genius which deserves cultivation, and which, under due religious influence and direction, may yet be of essential service to a people who are nobly desirous to emerge from the barbarism and wretchedness in which they have long been enveloped."

The poem to which these observations refer, was written by *William Wilson*, a student in the Upper Canada Academy, and was recited by him at the public examination in April last. On looking at the poem, we found it quite equal to what we had been led to expect ; and on the whole highly creditable to the author, considering his disadvantages. The following is the conclusion ; and, though, not superior to some other passages, is more easily detached from its connection.

Hail to thee, Canada ! the brightest gem
That decks Victoria's brilliant diadem.
Thine is the happy seat, the blissful clime
Where art and nature form one vast sublime ;
Where temp'rate skies effuse their golden rays,
The fertile land the labourer's toil repays ;
Plenty and peace at every footstep smile,
And sunny scenes to gentler thoughts beguile.
A voice is heard upon thy mighty floods,
A voice resounds throughout thy trackless woods,—
Heard in the plaintive rill and cataract's roar,
Heard in the whisp'ring breeze on ev'ry shore :
'Tis freedom's voice ; 'tis on thy rivers roll'd
That in their course the sacred theme have told,
And bid the dwellers on the mountains swell
The choral strain, and wake the joyful knell,—
Till all mankind shall hear the gladd'ning sound,
Rouse from the trammel-yoke of sleep profound,
And o'er the earth Britannia's banner wave,
Each foeman crush'd—unshackled ev'ry slave.

OBITUARY.

PROFESSOR J. D. KNOWLES.

The last *Christian Watchman* brings us the unlooked-for and mournful intelligence of the departure of this useful and justly esteemed

brother. He attended as one of the delegates at the recent convention, participated in the proceedings, and returned in apparent good health. On Monday, the 7th of May, he was seized with varioloid, which it is supposed he contracted on his visit to New York ; and on Wednesday the 9th, breathed his last.

As a preacher, Elder Knowles held a high rank amongst his brethren. For several years, he was pastor of one of the largest churches in Boston, which station he relinquished on being appointed to the professorship of Pastoral duties in Newton Theological Institution, which he continued to fill with acceptance until the period of his departure.

It was as an Editor and an Author, that Elder Knowles had acquired the highest celebrity in his own and other denominations. His published works are the most durable monuments of his fame ; and by these, being dead, he yet speaketh.

As an editor, for a considerable period, he conducted the *Columbian Star*, with great ability, and rendered it one of the most interesting and able journals of the day. When the *Christian Review* was projected, he was viewed as the most suitable man to be entrusted with the responsible duty of editor. Under his watchful care, and vigorous pen, it fully answered the high expectations of its friends, and was daily acquiring the good will of the denomination. Some of the ablest articles were furnished by his own pen, and bore the stamp of his vigorous and well cultivated mind.

As an author, it will be sufficient to name his *Memoirs of Mrs. Judson* and of *Roger Williams*. Of the first, thousands of copies have been sold, and it has exerted a most beneficial influence in furthering the missionary enterprize, by increasing the number, zeal, and efficiency of its friends. His memoir of the catholic and enlightened Williams, one of the greatest ornaments of our denomination, in this or any other country, has not yet met with that extended circulation it deserves. It is, however, one of those works which will descend to posterity with increasing reputation.

Professor K. was still in the prime of life, and might justly have looked forward to many years of usefulness and important labor. But 'the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' We thank him for the grace and talents bestowed on our brother, and for the wise improvement he enabled him to make of them—that he spared him to us so long. Besides editing the *Review* and attending to the duties of his professorship, brother K. was the Recording Secretary of the Board of the General Convention.—*Religious Herald*.