

POETRY.

HEAVEN IN PROSPECT.

Palms of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,—
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne:
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through his Cross alone!

Kings their crowns for harps resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom—it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of Lords!"

Round the altar, priests confess—
It these robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood, that made them so.

Who were these?—on earth they dwell,
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved from all by grace.

They were mortal, too, like us;
Ah, when we like them shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

MONTGOMERY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Guardian.

SOME THOUGHTS AS TO EDUCATION, &c.
MESSRS. EDITORS,

Education is loudly called for in every district which I have seen along these coasts. The people are shrewd, adroit, and versatile, and can give themselves to a variety of occupations, with uncommon facility and success. But their knowledge, save in the matters which directly concern their material existence, is small. This is owing to many circumstances. Much of the country is recently settled—population in general is thin and widely scattered. Of the religious persuasions that prevail in the province, some are more bent on diffusing their own peculiar tenets, than in propagating general piety and intelligence, others, unless they are greatly maligned, have gone on the notion that human knowledge and Divine grace are sworn antagonists, and that the proper method to secure the conversion of communities, is to shut them up in thorough ignorance.

From these, and other causes, the scholastic institutions of these districts, are still in a very young and weakly condition.

There are various practical evidences to prove, that the education of the country is imperfect and faulty. The pursuits of *fishing* and *lumbering*, to which so large a portion of the population devote themselves, furnish a strong proof that education has not yet taught the community its true interests, nor instructed it to apply to the most profitable branches. None but a population in a low state of mental culture, would addict itself generally to occupations, adverse to health, opposed to comfort, and little calculated to develop the real energies of a country. Economists are wont to place a community of hunters, at the foot of the social scale, a community of shepherds follows next in their system, a community of woodsmen and fishers, if higher, are but a shade more advanced than these last. These two occupations hold out excitement and enterprise, to the hardy but unlettered youth of these coasts, and caught by the fascination, they become unable to apply themselves to the steady, calm, and more improving pursuits of agriculture. Thus, though these parts of the province have been long settled, much of the best territory is but little improved, and of the inferior soils, large portions are in a state of nature. Numbers of the youth are annually swept away, by the fevers of the West Indies, and the casualties of the sea. Numbers more lead a comfortless existence, as fishermen and lumberers, and there are comparatively few, who settle down to elicit the powers of the soil, and to taste the sober enjoyments of rural life.

The usual argument employed to justify these proceedings is, that farming requires capital, and that much of the soil will not repay the expense of culture. The most direct and tangible answer to this, is the fact, that even in the least fertile districts along these coasts, such as those of Yarmouth and Shelburne, the portion of the population, which is in the most prosperous condition, is that portion which applies itself steadily to the cultivation of the soil.

Improved education would, amongst other things, introduce a more long sighted policy, it would instil

habits of industry and regular application, it would bring in a more enlightened system of things, it would implant higher notions of comfort, it would detain a large portion of the youth, on the spots which gave them birth, it would drive back the forest into the interior, and it would scatter plenty over tracts, that are now tenanted by discomfort and squalid indigence.

But how is this education to be come at?

A scheme, in order to be generally efficient, ought perhaps to emanate from the legislature. Until such a scheme shall be organized and matured, much may be done by individual exertion. Let there be but one really good academy in each county, and even that one may be rendered a nursery, for the enlightenment of the whole surrounding district. Let the teacher of such an institution, lay himself out to be in a measure a normal instructor. Let the teachers of the adjoining quarters, be drafted from this seminary, and let the inhabitants of such districts be taught not to expect a teacher from the central institution, unless they are fully prepared to award him a respectable position and a comfortable maintenance. The benefits that would accrue from such a system, are almost incalculable. The parent seminary would be strengthened, by including within it the materials for the future education of the vicinity. The youth of the district would be stimulated by the prospect of a literary career, held out to the most deserving. The views, as to education and its functionaries, would be elevated and expanded. The country would rear its own improvers, and a system efficient, but not complicated, would direct its well combined energies, against ignorance and its hateful brood. Something of this kind is being organized in this quarter. An intelligent teacher has been procured, a respectable grammar school, which, though but a few days old, numbers 44 pupils, has been set on foot—two or more youths, already think of devoting themselves to the career of tuition; three or four neighbouring districts, have caught the infection, and are thirsting for like institutions. The results will demonstrate, whether the scheme be chimerical or no. In the meantime, I submit the project to the friends of education in these provinces, and I shall be happy to listen to their strictures, on what may seem to them faulty, to benefit by their suggestions, or to take encouragement from their sympathy and co-operation.

W. T. W.

Shelburne, 22d April, 1840.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

CHILD OF LIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SMUGGLER,"
"THE OLD HALL," &c.

"Eternal summer lights the heart,
Where Jesus deigns to shine."

It was a thick foggy evening, in the month of November, when the curate of one of the overwhelming parishes in the outskirts of London received information from the visitor of a district-society, that in a certain alley there was a person dangerously ill, who would be glad to see him. The scene in which this excellent young man was now called to labour was widely different from that which he had recently left. His first cure had been that of a delightful village in a northern county, where he was familiar with every face, and tolerably acquainted with every character. The death of the incumbent had, to the regret of his parishoners, caused his removal to another sphere of usefulness; and he had exchanged the fields and the woods of R—, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, with its picturesque scenery, and smoothly gliding streams, and rural cottages, for almost interminable rows of meanly built houses, in many of which misery dwelt, and, in not a few, vice in its most revolting forms. His was, in fact, a missionary station. He was called on to minister amongst heathens in a Christian land. Perhaps there is no situation in the Church more fearfully responsible, or more depressing at times to the spirits, than the cure of a large suburban population. To the merry Sunday observer all appears carried on as a clergymen would wish. The well-conditioned and elegantly furnished church; the services conducted in the most solemn manner; an overflowing and attentive congregation; the thrilling peal of the organ,—all tend to foster the supposition that the situation of a town minister is most enviable. Alas, this is not always the case! should these remarks meet the eye of any one, who conceives himself to be buried because his is the rustic congregation and his the village-church, and is pining, because, as he conceives, his talents are wasted, let him be assured that the situation of a country parochial minister, if he has with him the hearts of his people—and he will, generally speaking, have their hearts with him, if he preach fully and faithfully the great doctrines of the Gospel, and does not by his own conduct cause his

sincerity to be questioned—is one of the most important and enviable in the Church. There is the homely bow, the respectful salutation, the kind greeting, which awaits the faithful minister, as he walks along the path leading to the church-porch, which are infinitely more gratifying than the most splendid pomp of divine worship, or the flocking together of excited and too often captious hearers.

With a very heavy heart, though fully desirous of fulfilling his office, and ministering to the comfort of the invalid, the curate found his way to the alley to which he was directed. Vice presented itself at the entrance—on one side of which there was a gin-shop, on the other a pawnbroker's. Misery was apparent at every step; but at length he found the number to which he was directed, and he was informed that there was a man on the second floor of the name for which he inquired. He knew nothing of the character of the individual, whom he was about to visit, and dark forebodings crossed his mind. The place was peculiarly lonely, in a certain sense. It was not that in which a man of common moral decency would wish to be found. He ascended the staircase, and entered into the sick man's chamber, where he found him sitting by the dying embers of a fire in a most emaciated state, attended by an old nurse.

"Ah, sir, I am glad to see you," was the old man's salutation; "I think you are the clergyman. The visitor said that you should be informed how ill I was; and I thought you would come some fine day, but not on such a night as this. I thank you for your kindness."

There was something in this address which much pleased the curate; an indescribable something about the whole appearance of the invalid, which found its way to the young man's heart, who was relieved from his anxiety.

"Are you in pain?" inquired the curate. "Not in much pain, thank the Lord," was the reply.

"Are you in want of necessary comforts?" was the next question. "Not at all. I am liberally supplied by the visitor; and I have a few shillings yet by me, and two or three kind friends, who come to me and desire to supply my necessities."

"Have you applied to the parish?" "No, I have not: I never would apply there; for I think it would be wrong while I have a trifle of my own. But what the visitor gives me—and I told all my circumstances—I do not think it is to be regarded as parish-money. I was urged to accept it." It were well could such views be more widely extended. Parochial relief, it is notorious, is often claimed by those who ought not to be dependent on parish-bounty. A spirit of honest independence should be cherished among the lower ranks.

It is unnecessary to enter into details as to the conversations (for they were several) which took place between the minister and the sick man: but the following sketch of the history of the latter, given on one of those occasions, may be interesting:—"I am a native of the county of Norfolk, and was apprenticed to a shoemaker by my parents, both pious people of the established Church, who set me a good example, and gave me the best advice. I came to London as a journeyman when my time (i. e. apprenticeship) was out, and got into good work. By degrees my religious principles were corrupted, and my solemn vows of dedication to God's service regarded as no longer binding—vows, the sacredness of which had been strongly set forth to me, by our old rector previous to a confirmation. The greater part of the Sunday morning I worked as hard as on other days, and after dinner used in the winter to go to a convivial club, as it was called, where the greater part of the week's earnings were spent; and by the dissipation of the night, I was unable to work on Monday—sometimes even on the Tuesday. I was once carried to an hospital, having been found nearly dead in the street from drinking. In the summer used to go by water to Greenwich or Richmond, and our expenses were quite as great. The French Revolution broke out about this period; and many of my companions, as well as myself, were greatly delighted with that work of blood. We thought we should be the great folks. We cast off religious obligations altogether. One of our number, after spitting on the Bible and trampling on it, cast it into the fire; and in a certain alley, leading from Fleet Street, we had a regular debating society on the Sunday evening, which lasted all night; but I cannot bring my tongue to utter what was then and there said. I often look back with horror to that awful period of my life, and think what must have been my eternal portion, had not God in his long-suffering, spared me."

"It was on my return from Richmond, on one of these Sabbath visits—sad, sad visits they were to me, and many poor souls have been lost by such—that, as I passed through the streets, a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning came on. I had been unwell for some days, and left my companions at an early hour, to return by a passing boat; and I was