

says Mr. Croasy, "a boy of frank, generous, and conciliatory disposition, and of a bold, manly, and unflinching spirit." His Latin versification obtained him great distinction, as attested by his compositions in the *Musæ Etonenses*. He had written English verses from a very early age; and at Eton, in his sixteenth year, he planned with three schoolfellows a periodical work called the *Microcosm*, which was published at Windsor weekly for nine months.

Among Canning's contributions was a poem entitled "The Slavery of Greece," inspired by his zeal for the liberation of that country from the Turkish yoke, which one of the latest acts of his political life greatly contributed to accomplish. Another of his papers in the *Microcosm*, his last contribution, thus earnestly records his love of Eton: "From her to have sucked 'the milk of science,' to have contracted for her a pious fondness and veneration, which will bind me for ever to her interests, and perhaps to have improved by my earnest endeavours the younger part of the present generation, is to me a source of infinite pride and satisfaction."

At seventeen, Mr. Canning was entered as a student at Christchurch, Oxford, where he gained some academical honours by his Latin poetry, and cultivated that talent for oratory which he had begun to display at Eton. His splendid Latin poem on the Pilgrimage to Mecca, "*Iter ad Meccam*," gained him the highest honour in an University where such exercises are deemed the surest tests of scholarship. At Oxford he formed an intimate friendship with Mr. Jenkinson, afterwards Earl of Liverpool, who is supposed to have been of service to him in his political career. Canning's college vacations were occasionally passed in the house of Sheridan, who introduced him to Mr. Fox, and other leaders of the Wig party. On leaving Oxford, Canning entered at Lincoln's Inn; but he soon abandoned the study of the law for the political career that was promisingly opening to him.

Canning had a strong bias in favour of elegant literature, and would have been no mean poet and author, had he not embarked so early on public life, and been incessantly occupied with its duties. Even amidst the cares of office, he found time for the indulgence of his brilliant wit; and, in conjunction with Mr. John Hookham Frere, Mr. Jenkinson, Mr. George Ellis, Lord Clare, Lord Mornington, afterwards Marquis Wellesley, and other social and political friends, he started a paper called the *Anti-Jacobin*, some of its best poetry, burlesques, and *jeux-d'esprit*, being from Mr. Canning's pen. As party effusions, these pieces were highly popular and effective; and that they are still read with pleasure is attested by the fact that the *poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, collected and published in a separate form, is still kept in print by the publisher.

Among the coincidences in Mr. Canning's career, it may be mentioned that he was the same age as his fellow-collegian, the Earl of Liverpool, and each became Premier, Canning succeeding Lord Liverpool, on the illness of the latter, on April 12, 1827: he died in the following August, in his 57th year, and was buried close to the grave of Pitt, his early patron. The next day after his burial, his widow was made a peeress.

Canning, as a statesman, we are reminded by his statue in Palace Yard, was "just alike to freedom and the throne;" and as an orator, eloquent, witty, and of consummate taste.

(To be Continued.)

Suggestive Hints towards Improved Secular Instruction.

BY THE REV. RICHARD DAWES, A. M.

(Continued from our last.)

XVIII.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

In having put forward these views on the subject of secular instruction in our schools, I hope it will not be supposed that I am either indifferent, or would give less attention than ought to be given, to those Scriptural truths which are the foundation of all sound teaching, and without which an education of a merely secular kind may be a very delusive guide.

My own experience tells me that the more the labouring classes have of secular knowledge—the more they know of their own language, the grammar of it, etc., so as to get at the construction of a sentence, the better they will understand, and the greater in-

terest they will take in those fundamental truths of Christianity which it is essential for them to know, and without which they cannot even be called Christians—truths which they ought to know and believe for their souls' health; the more also they will feel that the precepts of the Gospel are intended for their guidance through life—to be acted upon, and not merely to be talked about—to guide their thoughts and words and actions—and that, if they do not take them as their guide, and, by God's help, endeavour to act up to them—they are merely nominal Christians, and might as well be called by any other name. That if religion does not make them better in all the relations of life, as parents doing their duty to their children and all around them—as children (1) obedient to their parents, grateful to them in after-life, truthful and honest in all they do—so far as they are concerned, it has failed in its intention, and that they are not doing what they profess they ought to do. That practical good conduct is the best proof which they can give that they believe what they profess.

It has been asserted, "that man acts more from habit than from reflection," and of the truth of this no one can doubt—but how important then that, in the education of youth, the training of the mind should be such as to influence for good the habits which are then formed, and on which the character of the man so much depends; not only should he be made to feel that, in a worldly point of view, his success and his respectability in after-life depend upon the habits of industry, of manly virtue, and of honest, straightforward conduct, the groundwork of which is laid at this period of life—but that all his actions and all his feelings should partake of the spirit and of the devotional feeling which sees, as one of our sweetest poets has beautifully expressed it—

"There lives and works

A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
Happy who walks with Him! whom what he finds
Of flavour, or of scent, in fruit or flower;
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God."

Not that children should be made to feel that there is anything gloomy in religion, or in those feelings which spring from viewing the works of nature in a devotional spirit; on the contrary, I should wish to have them taught to look on the cheerful side of things, and to find lessons of happiness in the works of nature which are around them—

Behold! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them nor stores nor granaries belong;
Nought but the woodlands and the pleasing song
Yet your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To Him they sing when spring renews the plain,
To Him they cry in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their music nor their plaint in vain—
He hears the gay and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow;
Yet see how warm they blush, how bright they glow.
What regal vestments can with them compare—
What king so shining, or what queen, so fair?
If ceaseless thus the fowls of heaven He feeds;
If o'er the fields such lucid robes He spreads;
Will He not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is He unwise?—or are you less than they?

THOMPSON.

(1) And canst thou, mother! for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy drooping head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink,
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought! where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond Memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While Duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

H. K. WHITE.