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**SUMMARY.**—**LITERATURE.**—Poetry: Father, take my hand. (*Montreal Gazette*).—O Sing to me Canadian Songs. *Id.*—**EDUCATION:** Qualifications for Teaching.—Teaching Natural Philosophy.—A Valuable Historical Record.—**OFFICIAL NOTICES.**—Books approved by the Council of Public Instruction for Lower Canada.—Appointments: Examiners.—School Commissioners and Trustees of Dissident Schools.—Erections, &c. of School Municipalities.—Diplomas granted in Jacques Cartier and Laval Normal Schools.—Teacher wanted.—**HORIZONTAL:** The School Question in the Last Session of Parliament.—Sites for Schoolhouses.—Distribution of Prizes and Diplomas in the Normal Schools.—Public Examinations and Distribution of Prizes at the Universities, Colleges, Boarding-Schools and other Educational Institutions.—Notices of Books and Recent Publications.—Meeting of the Teachers' Association in Connection with Laval Normal School.—**MONTHLY SUMMARY.**—Educational Intelligence.—Literary Intelligence.—Necrological Intelligence.—Scientific Intelligence.—Miscellaneous Intelligence.

The thron is great, my Father! Many a doubt  
And fear and danger compass me about;  
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand  
Or go alone. O, Father! take my hand,  
And through the thron,  
Lead safe along  
Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne  
It long, and still do bear it. Let my word  
And fainting spirit rise to that bright land  
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand;  
And, reaching down,  
Lead to the crown  
Thy child!

## LITERATURE.

### FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.

The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud  
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud  
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand  
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,  
And through the gloom  
Lead safely home  
Thy child!

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night  
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight  
Sees ghostly visions. Fears of a spectral band  
Encompass me. O, Father take my hand,  
And from the night  
Lead up to light  
Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul  
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;  
While yet I journey through this weary land,  
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand;  
Quickly and straight,  
Lead to heaven's gate  
Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn  
Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn  
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command  
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;  
Then safe and blest,  
Lead me to rest,  
Thy child!

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### O SING TO ME CANADIAN SONGS.

O sing to me Canadian songs,  
Let loud their music ring—  
The songs our sons will love to hear,  
The songs our daughters sing;  
When after days of manly toil,  
Wi' bairns roud their knee,  
They sit beside the glowing hearth  
And sing for mirth and glee.

O sing me songs that in our grief  
Shall make our spirits glad,  
And songs to chasten wildest glee,  
With thoughts deep, true and sad.  
For human life, where'er we be,  
Is streak't with dark and bright,  
But e'en as brightness shows the shades,  
The shadows show the light.

Then sing the new world songs to me,  
To deep and stirring times,  
Like mighty ocean's heaving voice,  
Or our Norse forefather's rimes,  
And if by day ye sing new songs,  
And toil and keep ye true,  
The night will watch you in your sleep,  
And sing auld songs to you.

*Id.*