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**SUMMARY.**—**LITERATURE.**—Poetry: The giant, by Charles McKay.—Persevere.—Wit and humor.—The late Freeman Hunt.—**EDUCATION:** How to govern a school.—To parents.—Catechism of methods of teaching (continued), geography.—Red River settlement and the buffalo hunters.—**OFFICIAL NOTICES:** Laval Normal School.—School commissioners.—Donations to the library of the department.—Situation as teacher wanted.—Notice under 19 Vict. chap. 54.—**EDITORIAL:** Convocation of McGill University.—Laval Normal School.—Report of the Superintendent of Education for Lower Canada for 1856, (continued).—**MONTHLY SUMMARY:** Educational intelligence.—Literary intelligence.—Scientific intelligence.—Artistical intelligence.—Statement of monies paid by the Department of Education for Canada East, between the 1st. January and 31st. May 1858.

## LITERATURE.

### POETRY.

#### THE GIANT. (1)

There came a Giant to my door,  
A Giant fierce and strong,  
His step was heavy on the floor,  
His arms were ten yards long.  
He scowl'd and frown'd ; he shook the ground :—  
I trembled through and through ;—  
At length I look'd him in the face  
And cried :—" Who cares for you ?"

The mighty Giant, as I spoke,  
Grew pale and thin and small,  
And through his body, as 'twere smoke,  
I saw the sunshine fall.  
His blood-red eyes turn'd blue as skies,  
He whisper'd soft and low.  
" Is this," I cried, with growing pride,  
" Is this the mighty foe ?"

He sunk before my earnest face,  
He vanish'd quite away,  
And left no shadow on his place  
Between me and the day.  
Such Giants come to strike us dumb—  
But weak in every part,  
They melt before the strong man's eyes.  
And fly the true of heart.

CHS. MCKAY.

#### PERSEVERE.

Never weary, ever toiling  
On thy course still persevere,  
In the right, whate'er thy calling,  
Never weary, never fear.

Though the skies are dark and lowering,  
And the tempest fierce and high,  
Gloomy mountains round thee towering,  
Piercing through the very sky ;

Never fear ; beyond the mountains  
Lies the land forever blest,  
Gushing streamlets, living fountains.  
Region of eternal rest.  
In the morning, in the evening,  
Labor stoutly for the right,  
Future time will bring the blessing,  
Truth is full of power and might.

In the right, 'tis safe to struggle,  
Ever constant at thy post,  
In the darkness, never slumber,  
Labor on, whate'er the cost.  
Friends may leave thee, foes may gather,  
Bitter words may greet thy ear,  
Show thy manhood in the conflict,  
In the truth still persevere.

On thy journey, never tarry,  
Idly sporting by the way,  
Time is flying, night is coming,  
Make the most of every day ;  
Thine to labor, thine to struggle,  
Thine to hope and persevere,  
God's to give the final victory,  
When thy toils are ended here.

" Victory," every blow is telling,  
Words of triumph, day by day,  
Tones of certain victory swelling,  
All along the toilsome way.  
Stout of heart, and brave of spirit,  
Living, hoping for the best,  
Thou the " kingdom shall inherit,"  
Mansion of eternal rest.

J. W. B.

Niagara Falls.—New-York Teacher.

#### Wit and Humor.

Wit and humor are of different species. One may be likened to a flash of lightning, the other to a rosy sunlight. Swift, Voltaire, Talleyrand, Jerrold, Congreve, and Sheridan, were masters of wit ; Fielding, Smollet, Dickens, and Shakspeare, are the greatest of humorists. Moliere and Rabelais had more humor than any two French writers that ever lived, for it must be confessed that the French are not famous for that faculty.

Johnson defines wit as the faculty of associating dissimilar images in an unusual manner. We take it that the leading feature

(1) A French translation in verse will be found in the last number of *Le Journal de l'Instruction Publique.*