

Beneath the setting sun;  
A long farewell, a parting prayer,  
That day for Sweet Adare.

Long laid in consecrated rest,  
Slumbers her faithful breast;  
But when remembrance dreams of thee,  
Dear isle, far o'er the sea;  
Methinks I see her, young and fair,  
Again, in Sweet Adare.


Oh! not in sorrow does the joy  
Of memory steal away,  
To walk with her in visions vague  
Beside the silvery Maig;  
Nay, for we are a happy pair  
To-day, in Sweet Adare.

—E. C. M. T.

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## The Poe Centenary

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 HE catalogue of centennial commemorations, for which this year stands unparalleled and pre-eminent as compared with the other years of the twentieth century, was opened on the nineteenth of last month by the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Edgar Allen Poe,—that genius who has been styled the true original contributor to the literature of America. As a proof of that genius, we have only to take notice of the emulation now existing among different cities in being regarded by their respective inhabitants as his birthplace. It has been said that in ancient Greece, various cities vied with one another in claiming the place of birth of the great Hellenic poet, and if this may be taken as a criterion of greatness, Poe was undoubtedly a genius of note.

That Edgar Allen Poe has rendered infinite service to American literature there can be no question. Prior to his advent upon the field of letters, in the first half of the nineteenth century, America had practically no definite style of literature; she could not call her