O. M. B. A.

Hall of Branch No. 13, C. M. B. A.

Stratford, August 3rd, 1887.

At a regular meeting held this date it was moved by Bro. E. O'Flaherty, seconded by Brother M. J. Hanavan and Resolved, That whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His wisdom to remove by death our late Brother and Marshal, Michael Nolan, be it further resolved that we the members of Stratford Branch, No. 13, of the C. M. B. A. do tender Mrs. Nolan and family our sincere sympathy in the sad loss which they have sustained by the death of an affectionate husband and kind father and we commend them in their sad affliction to Him who orders all things for the best. Be it further resolved that in the death of our late Brother Branch No. 13 has less one of its most faithful and honored members and in respect to his memory the charter of this branch be draped in mourning for one month.

And a copy of this resolution be sent to the family of our late brother, also to the CATHOLIC RECORD and C. M. B. A. Monthly.

TROMAS J. DOUGLASS,

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

The new library of the University of Ottawa is now receiving the finishing touches, and on the 15th of August will be ready. The faculty have purchased many new volumes, which will be for the excinsive use of the 400 students who attend their institution. All modern works of merit on science and literature have been added, and this library is now one of the best in the Dominion.

The space formerly occupied by the old chapel will henceforth be utilized as an infirmary, which will be under the especial care of the Sisters of Charity.

The incandeacent light apparatus has been improved by the addition of a new dynamo machine, which will be powerful enough to illumine every room in the immense college buildings.

ABERDEEN'S ADVENTUROUS BRO-

The recent visit of the Earl of Aberdeen to New York recalls the story of his lamented elder brother, who once resided in Richmond, Va., and was known by the name of George Osborne. His peerage was not then suspected. It is said that before leaving his Scottish home he had often remarked that it was possible for one to go to see before the mast and return in command of his own ship, and it is supposed that in order to demonstrate the possibility of this he abandoned rank, wealth and influence, and became a sailor on board an Ameriabandoned rank, wealth and iniluence, and became a sailor on board an American ship. He found employment in different vocations, sometimes going to sea, again working on the ice, then at rigging vessels. He was recklessly daring in the latter calling, and often recaired a bindly rangingand from his wed a kindly reprimend from his wriggers for his carelessness when In 1870 he was swept overboard rota the schooner Hera, bound on a byage to Australia. It was then discovered that he was the Earl of Abardeen covered that he was the Earl of Aberdeen. His parents, who had for years sought in vain to find the wandering son, finally learned that he had chosen Richmond for his temporary home. Here they found his effects, photograph, etc, in possession of an estimable young lady now living in Vermont. Many substantial presents were made to those giving information concerning the young nobleman's life in Richmond. The Richmond Library Association received from his mother, in consideration of her son having spent many hours in its rooms, a ing spent many hours in its rooms, a case of valuable books, bearing appropriate inscriptions to his memory.

The First Duty of a Catholic Teacher.

School exhibitions are not infallible tests of scholarship; yet there has undoubtedly been agradual improvement in our Catholic schools generally in every respect. We do not, for a moment, yield to the absurd dictum so often repeated in certain quarters, that our schools are inferior to the public schools in point of scientific and public schools in point of scientific and public schools in point of scientific and literary attainment. On the contrary we insist that the very reverse is true. And, then, there is the tremendously important and indispensable consideration of the superiority of our schools in a moral and religious point of view. But whether our schools are all that could be desired, even in that which constitutes the reason of their being, may perhaps admit of question.

their being, may perhaps admit of question.

We have sometimes thought that some even of our most successful teachers, whether in convent, college, high or parochial schools, were in dauger of overlooking the very great importance of our children being taught to love religion rather than to look upon it as a mere duty—an unwelcome task. It strikes us that this cannot be too strongly insisted upon, for we are convinced from our observation and experience that multitudes of nominal Catholics, some of whom give scandal and seem wellingh to have lost the faith entirely, were made to hate religion, and have consequently cherished a secret disgust for it all their lives, by an injudicious mode of treatment when they were tought. Here his voice failed him! the were tought in a word, they were taught religion as a necessary part of the cirriculum in a perfunctory manner, and with incorposit leas secular spirit than that in the ministers of selicition is an an experience that multiple in the captes of the same to the figure. The captes of the captes. The captes of the captes. The captes of the captes. The captes of the captes. The captes of the captes. The captes of the captes. The captes of the

Recipline of whip and good, of humiliation and diagrace.

We do not mean, of course, to be inderstood as saying that punishment hould not be resorted to to compel young cople to perform their religious duty. Doubtless there are some children who can to be naturally wayward and not o ausceptible to mild, persuasive methods as others, and it is necessary ometimes to hold over them the "symbol f authority in reserve," and even to be monstrate, occasionally, the efficacy of the authority by a judicious application of the symbol. But our idea is that, wen in such cases, the enforcement of authority should be preceded and coompanied by appeals to the reason and understanding of the child, and with such patient, unwearied efforts to convince him of the merit as well as the uty of obedience, of the joy of a good conscience and happiness of doing right opplease God, backed if need be, by the cest earnest affectionate appeals to his etter feeling, his nobler sentiments, as ill be calculated to subdue his pride and obstinacy and disarm him of all satility, both to the duty and to the one bo enforces it.

We readily admit that this mode of

hostility, both to the duty and to the one who enforces it.

We readily admit that this mode of treatment implies qualifications not always found even in some who stand high as instructors of youth. We believe that teachers themselves will be ready, very generally, to acknowledge that there is apt to be more of an inclination among them to rely upon the exercise of authority, and to visit dereliction of religious duty with condign punish nent, than to call in the sid of the mild means of appeals to reason and conscience and earnest, affectionate persuasion. We believe the spirit of the teacher should be the same as that of the Ambassador of Heaven—love and compassion for souls. The great purpose of all education should be kept constantly in view, and, though the milder means we have indicated may not always be attended with a full measure of immediate success, our observation among graduates for many years convinces us that the seed thus sown will not be without good fruit in due season.

—Catholic Review.

[Translated for the "Indo-European Correspondence" from the Lite of Abbe Claud Dhiere quoted by the "Petit Messager" of Toulouse.]

THE PRIESTS

AND THE GALLEY SLAVES, OR ENGLIS

Ford, S. J., in Indo European Correl pondence, June 8, 1887.

J. Ford, S. J., in Indo European Correspondence, June 8, 1837.

During the palmy days of the French Revolution, whose apotheosis is now in contemplation, the Jacobin functionaries of the Republic, impelled by their implacable hatred against religion, gathered together from the different dungeons of France two hundred and fifty virtuous priests, imprisoned for having been true to God and His holy Church; and not content with accounting them as galley slaves, they tied them one by one to as many lawless ruffians, and huddled them all pell mell together in a vessel bound for Guyana.

When the vessel fairly stood out to sea, the wicked crew for diversion's sake—diabolical diversion indeed—set to searching the pockets of the poor priests for the little money they were still thought to have. "What need have you of money now," said the wretched cut purses scornfully, "since the Republic will provide for all your wants?"

After a voyage of forty days, they began to descry the coast of Guyana, when an English cruiser, too, appeared in sight with an order to chase the French ship. Escape by fight was out of the question. Their only resource lay in a hasty preparation for defense. On the spur of the moment, they sent down to the hold all the prisoners. Meanwhile the English cruiser neared the French ship, and opened a formidable fire upon her. One may easily imagine the painful anxiety of the prisoners—uncertain of their fate—during this desagin! prisoners—uncertain of their fate—during this dreadful struggle between the two raging crews. After a desperate resistance, the Republican vessel struck, forced to surrender to superior skill and numbers.

raging crews. After a desperate realistance, the Republican vessel struck, forced to surrender to superior skill and numbers.

The English Captain immediately ordered his men to board her. As soon as he was on deck, suspecting there were innocent victims among the wounded, he walked up to one of them, and asked him who and where the prisoners were. "You will find below in the hold of the vessel five hundred prisoners," said the wounded man; "two hundred and fifty are palley-slaves. You will distinguish the priests by their mild and patient looks."

There and then the victor ordered them all to be brought up on deck, and their bonds and fetters to be taken off Then facing them all, with a thundering voice he roared out: "Let those that are priests, pass to the right; and those that are not, pass to the left. If any dare stand on the side on which he should not, him shall I pitch overboard;" accompanying his words at the same time with a peremptory motion of his arm showing them the sea.

Fifteen or twenty years latter, one of the priests, who stood there, used to say: "I cannot call to mind that terrible scene without trembling. We thought it was the day of Judgment." As soon as the "sheep" were sent to the right, and the "goats" to the left, the Captain turned to the former, and taking off his cap, in a solemu tone addressed them saying: "All hail! Reverend Sirs! Though I have not the honor to be of the same religion as you are, yet I admire it; and I asknowledge its sovereign influence sways the world. Men of your stamp sooner or later triumph: success crowns your efforts wherever you go. Be not afraid; you are under the protection of the English flag. Until I take you to London, where you shall be hospitably welcomed, you are free.

Here his voice failed him! the wretched livery of the saintly prisoners.

religion as a necessary part of the cirriculum in a perfunctory manner, and with
scarcely less secular spirit than that in
which their instruction in science was
given; the lessons of duty and obligation
being enforced by the same inexorable

so; and turning gruffly to the left, he thundered out: "And you, galley-slaves what shall I say to you? You herd of rescals. Down to the held you shall go, and I will take good care not to land you in England. On the coast of France will I leave you, and the liberty thus restored to you shall be the greatest vengeance my country will take upon yours.

A Noble Character.

It is a sure sign of a noble character in a son when in going from or returning to his home, he always kieses his mothor. Many a sorrowing mother is there who while mourning the sudden death of a deeply loved child, finds a holy consolation in the thought that before leaving her on the day that proved his last on earth, be kiesed her an affectionate farewell. Therefore, sons and daughters, young or old, grown or growing, in all earnestness, all sincerity, and for potent reasons which will gradually dawn upon you by following our advice—we say: never refrain from kiesing your mother for fear of the covert sneer or the mocking sooff of "your friends" who may be witnesses of your action. Believe us such friends are serpents fit only to drag themselves along the mire of debased ignorance—serpents that you should trample under your feet, and be rid of. Smallness of character is always a sign of ignorance or imbedility, and he that laughs at a son who kisses his mother, has a character so small that it could squeezs through the eye of a needle. Never let any such objections over rule your love for your mother. Embrace her whenever the sensitive promptings of your heart urge you to do so, and never leave for any length of time without first raising your lips to hers to receive the protecting chrism of her holy kiss.

FOOLED THE TRAIN ROBBERS.

Cincinuati Enquire

Just as they entered his car he turned in his seat, and with an appearance of anxious dispatch proceeded to squeese a small satchel behind the shutters of the next window. They could not help noticing his manœuvre, and promptly ordered him to stand up and fold his hands. When they collared him in due coarse, their spokesman at once turned to that window.

"What's this here? Try to beat up

to that window.

"What's this here? Try to beat us, you poor sinner, did you? Logale—hold him, let me see that bag; aha! bank notes; I thought so."

"Oh, don't! don't!" wailed the poor sinner, 'that's my children's money; they will starve: they will die: my poor little oirla."

"Girls, you say? Send them this way, and we'll take care of them," was the brutal reply. "How much is that, any-"Oh, Lord, Senor, all I have in the world; \$12,000 in American money—\$12,-

"Is that so?" fingering over the notes.
"Yes, more or less; let's see your pockets A handful of silver was turned out, bit

A natural of silver was turned out, bit by bit—some \$10, perhaps.

"Oh, Senor, you are surely not going to take my last penny?"

"D—n it, no!" broke in the leader.

"Let him keep that, and his watch, too. This will do us," shoving the roll into his gripsack. "Good boy"!" with a slap on his back.

"Next," with a complacent grin, which "Next," with a complacent grin, which a week or so later was probably seen on the other side of his face, when he ascertained that those "American bank notes" had been issued by the Confederate Government. A package of less irredeemable securities had in the meanwhile been sticking safe under the cushion of the wily passenger, who had taken that satchel along for the special purpose of diverting attention from the main stake.

A LEGEND OF DONEGAL.

STORY OF HOW THE CHURCH OF KIL-As the traveller passes from the town of Donegal towards Killybegs, and when a mile and a half from the former, he can observe as he emerges from the closely planted wood which clothes the hill on his left and the blooming orchard on his right, a finely outlined gable of what is undoubtedly a very ancient ruin, crowning a beautiful eminence, which rises gently and uniformly from the waters of the creek before him, and by which his way leads. Standing alone on its lonely little hill it is, or would seem to be, the only vestige remaining of what was once a neat little church, within whose walls generation LYMARD CAME TO BE BUILT.

occupy his thoughts on the beauty of his surroundings that he noticed not that the day was fast advancing, and that a fearful storm was approaching, and that his ship was in strange waters, with great frowning cliffs and dangerous sandbanks on every side. Slowly and majestically, the stately ship glided on past Durin Head, and for some distance further up the bay, when the order was given to let go the anchors and prepare to ride to their chains for the night. This was at once obeyed, and the wandering natives heard with alarm the clank of the iron cables as the heavy anchors edescended. By this time great black to banks of angry looking clouds began to rise, as it were from the sea in the west, over which the parting beams of the fiery red sun was still streaming. Once and a while would come a sharp cold puff of

deep around, and rattle the cordage of the rigging above, but the captain or his hardy crew knew no fear as they deemed themselves secure and asfe. At lest a rudely formed curragh put out from the shore, manned by a man and two boys. Slowly they came, and with great caution, ventured to the side of the vessel, up which the Captain beckoned them to ascend. Having got on board, the usual greetings passed between the crew and their visitors, for each knew not a word the other said. But the native by signs and gesticulations informed the captain that he had anchored in dangerous ground, and that a dangerous rock was not far above him in the bay; but the captain had much faith in his anchors, so he heeded not the warning. Immediately the native left, and the wind increased as darkness set in. Clouds covered the sky, black inky clouds which seemed to fall lower, until they rested on the waters around hiding everything within their cold dark folds. High and higher rose the wind, and fierce and still more fierce the already angry billows rolled and seethed and foamed around the ship tossing high into the air, from which position she would plunge with terrible thuds into the trough below; every hand was buy, every heart beat, and every eye was strained, for now they knew that a terrible storm had broken over them, and that danger and death were pictured in every wave. Those well braced masts, those well set yards, how firmly they still resist the efforts of the howing tempest; but, alas, better had they gone, better had these strong pine masts nipped at the deck and gone overboard, than that they should be a lever to snap in sunder the cable, and send the good ship to destruction. One desperate heave, one desperate plunge, one sway, and then another, and both cables are gone and the ship is gone too. She reels, she turns, she staggers and whirls as if within a boiling caldron. Then one terrible crash, and she parts in pieces on that fatal rock, over which he has been borne. The storm had now ceased, and throwing himself

spared to his native country he would organize a small expedition and return and build a church on the ground on which he knelt as a Christian memorial of his providential deliverance from its watery grave. His prayer was heard, and his vow was kept. He was restored to his home, and he returned to Ireland and built a church, within whose walls the worship of God has been conducted for so many centuries. Tradition says no more of the worthy captain—whether he resided for any length of time here or not or what a became of him—but the offering of his devotion has kept him in lasting remembrance. Modern history tells us that at the time of the "Reformation," Alexander Conyngham, son of the first Protestant minister of Inver and Killymard, which parishes adjoin each other, officiated in 1161 in the old church referred to above, as it was then the only one in the parish. This Alexander Conyngham was the ancestor of the noble family of Conygham of which the present Marquis is the head.—Derry Journal. ANTI-TREATING CRUSADE.

> NEW SOUTHERN METHOD OF PROMOTING SOBRIETY AND TEMPERANCE From a Macon (Ga.,) Special.

From a Mason (Ga.,) Special.

A new temperance crusade, which recently had its origin in Macon, promises, by reason of its direct method and of its economy, to spread over a wide territory. There are many, in fact, who look upon it as a practical solution of one of the great drink evils. It is an antitreating society, and its energy is directed not against all drinking, but only against the social cup. Thus it does not deny to anybody "personal liberty," but it is thought to have the germ of a great social reform in it.

The Anti-Treating Society is the cut-some of a remark by the late S, H. Jemison, a lawyer, and at the time a member of the Legislature. He was not fan advocate of prohibition, nor did he

would seem to be, the only vestige remaining of what was once a neat little church, within whose walls generation after generation met and worshipped, for as the following story would have us believe, over one thousand three hundred years. Like a vast wreath over a single grave, a closely planted hedge of flowering hawthorns surrounds the sacred little spot on which it stands and whion contains the graves of all who died in the parish from time immemorial.

It was a beautiful morning in the early harvest that a strange vessel entered the bay of Donegal. The date is very uncertain, but it is supposed to be early in the fifth century. On her deck stood the captain, a tall, noble looking fellow, with a tawny, sunburned skin, but possessing a heart full of love and kindly feeling. As he paced too and fro he could not refrain from expressions of admiration for the beauty of the country which rose on each side of the bay up which he sailed. So much did he occupy his thoughts on the beauty of his surroundings that he noticed not that the day was fast advancing, and that a fearful storm was approaching, and that his ship was in strange waters, with

As Dean Wagner, who has in hands the work of the Catholic Colored Mission of Windsor, wishes to begin the erection of a suitable school-house and church at the earliest possible date, all persons who have received his appeal for help are kindly requested to fill their lists as soon as convenient, and send the proceeds, tegether with the benefactore lists, to the reverend gentleman. All moneys received will be immediately acknowledged. Persons not receiving in due time such acknowledgment, will be pleased to notify Dean Wagner by postal card.

451-tf

GOSNELL.—At Port Hope, on the 28th at. the wife of R. E. Gosnell, of the clanet, of a daughter.

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VOLUME 9.

NICHOLAS WILSON & CO HAVE REMOVED

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THE DEMON OF THE PIRE.

An uspublished poem by Edgar Allan Poe.

It is well known that the author of "The Bean" made, previous to the publication of "The Bells" in its completed form, as new issued in the published works of the poet, a "study" of his greatest descriptive poem, and printed it in a popular magazine long before the work appeared in its present form. It originally consisted of but sixteen lines, while the revised version was built up to over 100. The published history of "The Raven" should, it now seems, include the account of a juvenile poem by Poe written when he was 18 years of aga, while a student of the University of Virginia. These verses, which the author then named "The Demon of the Fire," contain obvious suggestions of the alliterative word painting adopted with powerful effect in "The Raven," and both in their rhythm and in the atmosphere of the supernatural investing them are significantly suggestive of the welrd and fateful pictures limped with so masterly a hand in "The Raven." The original copy of these verses was given by Poe under the powerful of the proposition of the southern companions at the university. The poem has never been published.

THE DENOM OF THE FIRE. In the despect death of midnight,
While the sad and colemn swelt
Kill was ficating faintly echoed
From the Forest's chapel bell;
Faintly, faitering. floating,
O'es the sable wave of air,
That were through the midnight rolling,
thated and billowy with the toiling,
in my chamner [isy dreaming,
and my dreams were dreams torahs dowed
Of a heart foredoomed to care.

As the last long lingering echo

of the midnight's mystic chime,
Lisping through the sable billow

of the thither shore of time,
Leaving on the starless sience,
Not a shadow or a trace,
In a quivering sigh departed
From my couch, in fear, I started—
Started to my feet lu terror
For my dres m's phantasmal error
Painted in the fittuil.fre

A frightful, flendish, flaming face.

On the red hearth's reddest centre,
From a blasing knot of oak,
Seem to grin and gibe the phantom,
As in terror I awoke,
And my slumbering eyelids straining
As I struggled to the floor—
Btill in that dread vision seeming,
Tarned my gaze taward the gleaming
Hearth, and then, O God! I saw it,
And from its flaming jaw it
Spat a caseless, seething, hissing,
Bubbling, gargling stream of gore.

Speechies, struck with stony silence,
Frozen to the door I stood,
Till my very brain seemed hissing
With that hissing, bubbling blood,
Till I felt my infe stream coting,
Cosing from those iambent lips,
Till the demon seemed to name me,
Then a wondrous calm o'ercame me,
And I felt hack on my pillow,
In apparent soul collpse.

Thus, as in death's seeming shadows,
In the loy pall of fear,
I lay stricken, came a hoarse and
Hideous murmur to my ear.
Came a murmur like the murmur
Of assassins in their skeep,
Muttering, bigher, higher, nigher,
"I am demou of the fire."
I sm arch-fiend of the fire,
And each blasing roof's my pyre.
And my sweetest incease is.
The blood and tears my victims weep.

"How I revel on the prairie," How I roar amidst the place,
How I roar amidst the place,
O'er the anow the red fiame shines,
How I hear the shriek of terror,
With a life in every breath.
How I scream with lambent laughter
As I hurl each orackling rafter
Down the fell abyes of fire.
Until higher, aigher, bigher,
Leap the high priest of my sitar,
In their merry dance of death

"I am monarch of the fire,
I am royal King of death,
World incircing with the shad
Of its doom upon my breath,
With the symbol of bereafter
Gieaming frem my fatal face
I command the eternal fire,
Higher, higher, higher, bigher,
Leap my ministering demona,
Like phantasmagorie iemans,
Hugging universal nature
In their hideous embrace,"

Then a sombre silence shut me
In her solemu, shroused sleep.
And I slumbered like an infant.
In the oradie of the deep,
Till the belfry from the forest
Trembled with the matin stroke;
And the martins from the edge
Of their lichen hidden ledge
Shirm-ared through the russet arches
While the light, in torn files marked the stroke in the st

Through my open fretted casement
Filtered in a tremulous note,
From the tall and shady linden,
Where the robin swelted his 'hroat.
Thy wooer, brave breasted robin,
Quaintly calling for his mate
From my slumber, nightmare ridden,
With the memory of that dire
Demon in my centras fire,
In my eyes interior mirror
Like the shadow of a fate.

But the fiendish fire had smoldered
To a white and formiess heap,
And no knot of oak was blasting
As it blazed upon my sleep,
But on the red hearth's reddest centre,
Where that demon's face had shown,
The shadowy lightning seemed to linger,
And to point with spectral finger
To a Bible, massive, golden,
On a table carved and olden,
And I howed and said. "All power
Is of Gos and God alone,"

- Mobile Register

Michael Gilessie.

Few men were as highly esteemed in the community in which he lived as the late Michael Gilessie of Kenmare, Tp of Osgoode, who was buried on the Stinst. Mr. Gilessie had attained his fiftieth year and might reasonably havy looked forward to a much longer life. He did not, however, fear death, but mei it in that spirit of Christian faith and fortitude which had marked his whole life. The deceased was a devoted Catholic, a useful and esteemed citisen. The vast concourse which assisted at his funeral testified to the regard in which he was held. We condole with his fam.