

He noted not the sun's o'erclouded rays,
Till flashed the lightnings forth with lurid glare,
And crashing thunder shook the quiet air.
He grasped his paddle, and, at every stroke,
The swelling billows into foam-wreaths broke.
Onward he dashed to gain the wished-for shore.
Alas! his feet would press its sands no more;
For o'er the boiling tide the Manitou,
The evil spirit of the waters, flew,
And as he came he laughed in frenzied glee,
Another victim in his power to see.
The Indian, horror-struck, in slight of land,
Let slip the paddle from his nerveless hand;
When from the darkened cloud above there came
A voice which called the Indian by his name.
And downward through the storm a maiden fair,
With swarthy cheek, and loosely flowing hair,
Descended to his side, then upward bore
The trembling savage to the Spirit shore.
The baffled demon gazed upon the cloud,
Then raised his voice, and shrieked and wailed aloud;
The green-robed forest shuddered at the sound,
The winds affrighted dashed in circles round,
A while his fury raged; but, tired at last,
Down to Niagara's slimy caves he passed.
The maid, pursuing, chained him while in sleep,
And there for ever must the Demon weep.
And now, when evening's pensive moonlit ray
Lights up his glittering chains of silvery spray,
His loud voice, echoing through the liquid wall,
Makes the wild music of the water-fall.

(Written for the Journal of Education.)

By MRS. LEPROHON.

OCEAN BEACH ON A STORMY EVENING.

Sad was the scene and lonely
Down by that wave washed shore,
Where the wide, boundless ocean,
Heaves, tosses, ever, more;
Shadows were thickly falling,
O'er chuff and rocky steep,
O'er dark and low' ring heavens,
O'er wild and foam-licked deep.

No golden gleams of sunset,
No clouds of rosy hue,
Illumed that scene so dreary,
No glimpse of azure blue,
But the dark tinted billows,
With deep and muttered roar,
Came swiftly rolling landwards,
Breaking upon the shore.

Long line of foam, white, seething,
Checkered the wide expanse,
With wierd and ghostly gleaming,
Seeming the gloom t'enhance;
Whilst now come softly creeping
Gray, mists along the coast,
With motion vague, uncertain,
A phantom, shadowy host.

Hark! 'bove the roar of waters
List to that sullen boom!
Is that a gleam of lightning
Flashing across the gloom?
A minute gun sad signal
From o'er that stormy sea,
Come to their help, oh Father!
They have no hope save Thee!

Blacker come down the shadows,
Fiercer roll in the waves,
Deeper the muttered thunder
Booms up from ocean's caves,
Higher the stormy billows
Fling up their foam wreaths white,
Earth hath no scene more lonely
Than ocean beach to night.

We desire to draw the attention of our readers to the following advertisement of Mr. Desbarats. Many of them may find it a source of profit and amusement to enter into competition for the prizes so generously offered by that enterprising publisher.

W A N T E D ! !

\$1275 REWARD.

To the Literary Men and Women OF CANADA.

We want to become acquainted with you!

We want to unearth the hidden talent, now buried in our cities and hamlets, inland farms and seaside dwellings, primal forests and storm-tossed barks.

We crave narratives, novels, sketches penned by vigorous Canadian hands, welling out from fresh and fertile Canadian brains, thrilling with the adventures by sea and land, of Canadian heroes; redolent with the perfume of Canadian fields and forests, soft as our sunshine, noble as our landscapes, grand as our inland seas and foam-girt shores.

What inexhaustible fields in the realms of fact and fancy lie open to your industry and genius, women and men of Canada! What oceans of romance! What words of poesy! Why then do we see so little worthy of note brought forth in literature by our countrymen and countrywomen? Merely for want of material support and encouragement! That is all.

Now we open a tournament to native talent, and invite all to enter the lists. We ask for novels and stories founded on Canadian history, experience and incident—illustrative of back wood life, fishing, lumbering, farming; taking the reader through our industrious cities, floating palaces, steam-driven factories, ship-building yards, lumbering shanties, fishing smacks, &c., and we offer the following prizes for the best Canadian stories:

| | 1st prize. | 2nd prize. |
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| For a story of 100 cols. | \$500 | \$300 |
| “ “ 50 “ | 250 | 150 |

For the two best short stories, complete in one number, \$50 for the best, \$25 for the next.

We want to have an essentially Canadian paper, and gradually to dispense with selections and foreign contributions, &c.

Stories will be received until the first of October, when the selections will be made and the prizes forwarded at once. Rejected stories will be preserved for three months, and the authors may have them returned on forwarding stamps.

Send along your manuscript now as soon as you please.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
Publisher, Montreal.

Catholic Commercial Academy. THE OPENING CEREMONIES.

Speeches by LORD LISGAR—By HON. P. J. CHAUVEAU and others.

The old style of entirely classical education is beginning to some extent, to give place to a more practical course, better suited to the wants of commercial men. In this country the new mode has of late years come pretty generally into vogue, and in many of the Roman Catholic educational institutions throughout the country a thorough commercial course forms an important part of the curriculum. Montreal alone was in this respect somewhat backward, especially among our Roman Catholic fellow citizens, but this want has at last been very well supplied by the Roman Catholic School Commissioners in the new Commercial Academy, which was opened yesterday with great éclat by their Excellencies Lord and Lady Lisgar.

The site for the institution has been admirably chosen, a more healthy and cheerful situation could not have been found within the city limits. It stands on the height of land between Ontario and St. Catherine streets, and its grounds abut on St. Urbain street. It is a substantial limestone structure of a massive and imposing appearance, and from its commanding position may be seen in almost any part of the city. The interior