

Far away her gaze is set,
 Upon the haunted west;
 As one whom tender memories fret
 Of lovers laid to rest.

She pales by wood and lake ; each day
 Sadder than the last,
 Until she vanishes away
 Into the spectral past.

E. C. M. T.

Poe's Prose Tales.

" Much of crime and more of sin
 And horror the soul of the plot."



HE story of Edgar Allen Poe is a strange, fascinating tale, one that commands interest and sympathy wherever the English language is spoken. Tis the story of a young man, born, we may say, an orphan, for his mother died in a distant city only two years after his birth, and his father was burned to death a few days after her decease. Reared for a time in princely fashion, Poe's twenty-second birthday found him adrift in a pitiless, hard world, in whose gloomy environment his melancholy muse was quickened, until his name shone afar, high upon the immortal scroll of fame.

No poet in ancient or modern times has written so few poems, to acquire by them so great a fame. Of the two thousand pages of his writings, less than one hundred are occupied by poetical compositions. The 'Raven' and 'Amabel Lee' established his reputation, and they with 'The Bells' are the only poems that have attained to anything like celebrity. But his Prose Tales equal in imaginative power, vividness of description and thorough artistic finish, any of his metrical creations

In his writings, Poe's leaning toward the dark and the mysterious, offers a certain analogy with the morbid tendencies of that singular German, Hoffmann, who is said to have left the courtly 'salon' and the haunts of men, for gloomy vigils and intercourse