

are hard to understand, they have, nevertheless, a magic power over the reader because they lead him into strange and unknown regions. A sense of fear will come over him, but powerless he must follow; he is inspired with awe by some sublime influence, but lacks power to rid himself of the spell by which he seems to be enchanted. But apart from such a feeling the reader is carried along by a rare cadence of melody, in which Poe undoubtedly surpasses most poets.

There is yet another impression felt by reading Poe's poems—a gloomy sadness. But we must remember that the most appealing verses of many poets have been inspired by their own life's regret or despair.

The hopelessness and despair that prevails thruout his writings are, however, the reflection of his own soul. He saw nothing but darkness before him. And how could it be otherwise, he was born with a weak character, and in spite of his best wishes and desperate battles he was overcome by the temptations that beset him. Here is a man striving to overcome his weakness, and if he gains a step upwards, it is only to be hurled so much deeper into despondency. It is a genius battling against the unyielding fate—a tragedy.

What might not Poe have been, had not destiny been against him.

It can not be said that he was a bad man. Judging from the way he loved his wife and his wife's mother, it can truly be said that if there ever was a man with a heart, it was Poe.

It is indeed a sad sight that a man of such noble feeling, a man with such practical ability, shall go to perdition on account of his inborn weakness.

But nevertheless, tho there may be those who will look down on Poe as a man of no character, there will yet be many who

will read his poems and be inspired by them. Many there will be who, by studying him, will like him in spite of his weak character and his fate.

THE BUILDING OF CHARACTER.

(Lief H. Aas).

The building of character may be likened to a sculptor slowly moulding a human countenance. Every stroke brings out new features and characteristics. The work is not done in one day, but may often require years of patient and painful labor. At last the likeness comes out and stands fixed and unchanged in the solid marble. Likewise every man is a sculptor, day by day moulding his own character; every act and thought tends to shape the features and expressions of the soul and give color to his future. This process is clearly brought out in the words of J. Hawes, when he says: "A good character is, in all cases, the fruit of personal exertion. It is not inherited from parents, it is not created by external advantages; it is no necessary appendage of birth, wealth, talents or station, but it is the result of one's own endeavors—the fruit and reward of good principles manifested in a course of virtuous and honorable actions."

Character is the only thing that lasts; it gives firmness in the right. How often have not the words, exclaimed by Horace Greely when dying, proved to be true: "Fame is a vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wings, those who cheer to-day will curse to-morrow, only one thing endures—character."

There are certain essentials in the building of character that deserve earnest deliberation. The first essential is the cherishing of noble thoughts. A man nurturing his mind with great thoughts will always be found to be a man of noble character. Before action there must be thought, and noble thoughts will prompt to right actions. As