

over again. When the spectre combat is over its spectators still remain. Under the direction of Homunculus, Faust and Mephistopheles now pass in review these various creations of the antique Grecian world of art, from its lowest to its highest expression of beauty. This highest form that Grecian art has attained, is represented by Galatea in her chariot of shell. Homunculus, whose critical functions are here ended, collides with the chariot, dissolves and vanishes in flame. The ideal is not in classical art.

We are then transferred back to the remote and misty age of Helen of Troy. She is returning to her husband's kingdom, a little in advance of him, who, as she is led to believe by Mephistopheles, intends on his return to sacrifice her to the Gods. But she is further informed of the proximity of a race of Gothic warriors, who had arrived during her absence. Their leader is Faust, who, Mephisto. thinks, will accord her protection, if she seeks it. To escape the threatened death, she quits with her woman her Grecian palace, and flees through a misty darkness to the medieval castle of the northern warrior, who gives her the protection sought. Their union follows, and they have a son, Euphorion, a winged, aspiring boy, who once essaying too high a flight, falls dead at his parents' feet. His form disappears, leaving the scanty garments alone behind. His voice is heard calling to his mother not to leave him alone in the gloomy depths, and she then follows him leaving Faust nothing but her mantle to console him. This scene, the gross anachronisms and confusion of allegory aside, symbolizes the union of classical and medieval art and their product, romantic art, towards which Goethe himself had leanings. As has been seen, Faust did not find his ideal in classical art alone. He does not now find it permanently in the union of the classical and romantic either. The poet's idea, then, seems to be that it is not to be found in art at all.

Transported thither by the cloud-like garments of Helen and Euphorion, Faust lands in the dominion of the emperor whose court he formerly visited. Here his aspirations take a new direction; and he expresses to Mephistopheles a wish for active employment, in the form of a struggle with the powers of nature—with the sea—in order to recover and possess some of the land submerged by its waters. On the suggestion of Mephistopheles, they decide to offer their aid to the emperor to suppress a rebellion, which his mismanagement had caused. For this valuable service they hope to receive from him the investiture of the worthless sea-covered land. The sorely pressed monarch accepts the offer, and recovers his throne by means of Mephistopheles' infernal battalions. But as war and court life have no charm for Faust, he hurries away to begin his struggle with the ocean, and to seek happiness in material possessions and wealth. He recovers the land, has harbors, and docks and vessels, and dwells in a stately mansion. In the acquisition, however, he has become an aged man, and there is something to mar his happiness still. The view from his palace on the open sea is interrupted by an intervening garden and cottage. Mephistopheles is commissioned to secure this property in exchange for another. But the house is burned and its owners perish, and Faust, who

wanted an exchange and no robbery, curses the deed when his emissaries return. Then there approach his dwelling the shadowy figures of Want, Guilt and Care. Care alone gains entrance and breathes upon her unwilling host and blinds him. Instead of succumbing, Faust collects his energies for one last effort. Though darkness is around him, his inmost spirit is light. The work which he has planned is not yet finished, and he now calls upon his vassals to complete it. Mephistopheles and his skeleton lemuress respond, but they come not to complete Faust's grand design but to dig his grave, for

"Out of the palace to the narrow home,  
So at the last our sorry end must come."

Though Faust has not yet experienced that supreme moment for which he bargained, Mephistopheles is, nevertheless, confidently relying on the words of the agreement, that for service in this world, Faust should render him the same in the next. But as the natural term of Faust's life is about over, the Devil of late so remiss, now summons back some of his former activity, and to make assurance doubly sure, prepares to claim his right. The blind Faust totters out to meet his workmen and urge them on to still greater activity in the prosecution of the work. Then the picture of a swamp, poisoning with its miasma the reclaimed lands, rises up before his mental vision. To drain and render it fit for human habitation, and to be a source of benefit and blessing to his fellow-men, the first time that he has thought of them in his search for happiness, seems to him now the height of bliss, and he calls on the moment to tarry:

"Yes, to this thought I hold with firm persistence,  
The last result of wisdom holds it true,  
He only earns his freedom and existence,  
Who daily conquers then anew,  
Thus here by dangers girt, shall glide away  
Of children, manhood, age, the vigorous day,  
And such a throng, I fain would see  
Stand on free soil among a people free,  
Then dare I hail the moment fleeing,  
Ah, still delay, thou art so fair,  
The traces cannot of mine earthly being,  
In aeons perish, they are there,  
In proud fore-filling of such lofty bliss,  
I now enjoy the highest moment this."

Thus in the last moments of his existence does our seeker after the ideal realize it, though only in anticipation. But what about his promise to the Devil on such a consummation, "Then bind me in thy bonds undying, my final ruin then declare?" The fulfillment of it would evidently depend on whether this moment was procured by the Devil's agency, or whether such a spirit could be capable of causing pleasure of this kind at all. Of this, however, Mephistopheles does not now think. As Faust utters the last word he expires, and the Devil, though with the agreement literally fulfilled in his favor, fearing some chicanery, takes out his bond to confound his adversaries; and in order to give it more weight, he calls out his demons to his assistance. But Faust's deliverance was fore-ordained by the Lord, who at the outset told the tempter that "A good man, clouded though his senses be by error, is no willing slave to it," and who