

sort of victimized angel, who does evil against his will, and who wins our sympathy.

The opening scene of storm, with Lucifer and the Powers of Darkness attempting to throw down the Strasburg Cross is highly imaginative, and a striking instance of the scenes which Goethe loved to paint. Henry of Hoheneck is the name of the prince. His malady is described in these words addressed to the disguised physician :—

“A smouldering, dull, perpetual flame,  
As in a kiln, burns in my veins,  
Sending up vapors to my head ;  
My heart has become a dull lagoon,  
Which a kind of leprosy drinks and drains ;  
I am accounted as one who is dead  
And, indeed, I think I shall be soon.”

From this disease Lucifer promises to deliver him without fail, provided that he imbibes freely of the wonderful liquid called the elixir of perpetual youth. In his great misery the prince eagerly accepts the medicine ; but serious consequences follow. Just here Longfellow is a little obscure. This liquor, it seems, partook of the nature of strong wine ; and the prince for a few departures from the paths of sobriety, was, as we are informed by one of his servants, taken in charge by the monks, who compelled him to do penance in the Church of St. Rochus in several strange ways, and then excommunicated him. Such proceedings may be laughable, and give an interesting turn to the drama, but our poet is at fault in several places throughout the poem for scenes like this which are not narrated, but vividly pictured. Here the monks are extremely ascetic ; later on when a different occasion requires it, they are as lax as need be ; an inordinate love of the very same liquor being their greatest weakness. That there were gross abuses in some monasteries during the Middle Ages, we freely admit, but that such were the general rule, we emphatically deny, and the history of those times will amply bear out our claim. Now that artists should paint typical characters of the age which they intend to represent, is a rule admitted by all. Our reason for taking exception to those scenes in the *Golden Legend* which describe the shameful excesses in which some unfortunate religious delighted, is that the author,

against the rules of true art, draws his lessons from particular, and not from general sources. We are perfectly satisfied that our poet was actuated by no base motives. In all his works there is a deep and holy veneration for religion. Even here contrast the scene of Friar Pacificus transcribing and illuminating the Holy Bible above, with the scenes of lawlessness below. His words are :—

“It is growing dark ! yet one line more  
And then my work for the day is o'er,  
I come again to the name of the Lord !  
Ere I that awful name record,  
That is spoken so lightly among men,  
Let me pause awhile, and wash my pen,  
Pure from blemish and blot must it be  
When it writes that word of mystery !

What heavenly thoughts are put into the heart of Elsie when trying to discover the will of God as to whether or not she should die for the prince. We give the first and last stanzas :—

“My Redeemer and My Lord  
I beseech Thee, I entreat Thee  
Guide me in each act and word,  
That hereafter I may meet Thee  
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning  
With my lamp well trimmed and burning.  
If my feeble prayer can reach Thee  
O my Savior I beseech Thee  
Even as thou has died for me  
More sincerely  
Let me follow where thou leadest  
Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest  
Die, if by dying I may give  
Life to one who asks to live  
And more nearly  
Dying thus, resemble Thee.”

Not less beautiful are the words of the priest, walking up and down the church, while waiting for the prince. This is the second stanza :—

“The day is drawing to its close  
And what good deeds since first it rose  
Have I presented, Lord, to Thee  
As offerings of my ministry ?  
What wrong repressed, what right maintained  
What struggle passed, what victory gained  
What good attempted and attained ?  
Feeble, at best, is my endeavor !  
I see, but cannot reach the height  
That lies forever in the light,  
And yet forever and forever  
When seeming just within my grasp  
I feel my feeble hands unclasp  
And sink discouraged into night !  
For thine own purpose, thou has sent  
The strife and discouragement !”

After the very severe treatment inflicted upon him by the monks, Prince Henry is