

best selections of these authors, but the following strike us as eminently beautiful: "Fidelis's" "The Long Pine Branches Lightly Bend," and "Methought in Visions of the Night;" Kirby's "But when Fierce August Suns Career High," and "Now Indian Summer's Golden Vapours Flying;" Sangster's "The Spring is Gone;" Miss Johnson's "We are Waiting in the Nightfall by the River's Placid Rim;" Griffin's "There's a Day of Life that I Love Best;" Lampman's "The Woods that are Golden and Red for a Day;" and "Seranus's" "They Call it Spring, and so it is, I know."

Of poems of the imagination we have an equally large and choice representation, from such writers as Reade, Griffin, "Barry Dane," Ryan, Plumb, Cockin, Campbell, Fuller, Lépérance, Wilson, Davin, Murray, Chapman, and King, among men, and McLean, "Fidelis," Wetherald, Duncan, Crawford, Horton, and Espérance, among women. Of these, for felicity of expression, as well as for fine, reflective thought, the following have an infinite charm: Reade's "What Can I Do that Others have not Done?" Miss Wetherald's "If I were Blind, and Could not See the Leaves?" Miss Duncan's "Where Dwells the Poet?"—

O very, very far from our dull earth,  
The land where poets spring to glorious birth;

Mrs. McLean's "Here are no Books to be Written or Read;" Espérance's "How Sweet the Songs that have been Sung!" Miss Horton's "Low Lies the Summer Swallows, Scenting Rain;" "Seranus's" "With Some it is Shippes and Golde;" Carroll Ryan's "I would not Pray for Lengthened Days;" Dixon's "When I Grow Old;" Murray's "O May my Spirit Find its Final Home;" Lépérance's "Like a Wail on the Desolate Seashore;" Wilson's "Did Ever on Painter's Canvas Live?" Lighthall's "The Year has Cast Aside its Dress;" and Dixon's "A Song Begun—Begun, but never Ended." Full of a tender fancy, also, are those ballads of bird-life and bird imagery, on pages 94, 126, 128, and 388. Nor must we fail to commend the verse evoked by the North-west Rebellion, from such patriotic writers as Bowes, Devlin, Peachall, and Wetherald; still less must we omit mention of the examples given us in the book in the restricted, because most difficult, sphere of the Sonnet. Of sonneteers, it will be readily admitted that Miss Wetherald stands easily at the head, as even the fragment beginning, "There were no parting if there were no meeting," will suffice to show. Other beautiful examples of the sonnet are those drawn from A. Stevenson, A. W. Gundry, Dr. Withrow, and "Gowan Lea" (Miss M. Morgan). But we have exhausted our space, and must close our too brief notice of the lyrical treasure enshrined in this truly national little work. Lovers of poetry will ever owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Harrison for the labour she has expended and the cultured taste she has manifested in the compilation of the book. That it will receive the hearty and interested recognition of the book-buying public of Canada no one can doubt, and no one can gainsay that its success will be merited. To its success, also, the printer and publisher has contributed much.

G. MERCER ADAM.

### "FAUST" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, LONDON.

THIS wonderful piece, which has run over 350 nights, remains as popular as ever, and night after night the theatre is thronged; to secure good seats, therefore, it is necessary to take them weeks in advance. After Easter, however, "Faust" will take its turn with other plays that are to be taken over and performed in America. There are only three rows of stalls in the Lyceum, the best part of the house being given to the pit, which is filled with not only respectable people, but with many of the thoughtful and intellectual among the working classes. From the way a new piece is received by the pit does Mr. Henry Irving fairly judge of its success, so much does he value its criticism.

As presented at the Lyceum Theatre, "Faust" is adapted and arranged from the first part of Goethe's Tragedy, by W. G. Wills. "The legend itself is remarkable, not only on its own account, but also as being the latest important specimen of a myth arising, and gaining general credence, in distinctly historical, although unscientific, times. The age itself, comprising the period of the Reformation (1517–1555), during which Faust lived, was one in which belief in the reality of the Devil and his emissaries, as actual persons manifesting themselves in bodily shape, prevailed in what seems to us now a quite incredible manner."

The curtain rises in scene i. of act i., on the study of Faust. He, as an old scholar, is discovered sitting among his books, and surrounded by implements of magic and its weird symbols, phials, skulls, hour-glass, etc. Stuffed carcasses of crocodiles and other reptiles are suspended from the ceiling. Mephistopheles, the evil spirit, appears, issuing from a blue, sulphurous vapour, and flames play about his feet. He is dressed entirely in red, tight fitting, but has a loose red mantle flung around him. He offers to become Faust's servant, and undertakes to restore his youth, and satisfy his thirst for knowledge. Faust defies him to fulfil this promise, and Mephistopheles accepts the challenge, on condition that Faust shall be his, body and soul, hereafter. He compels Faust to sign the bond with blood, which Faust is made to draw from the wrist of Mephistopheles with a prick. This done, loud peals of thunder are heard, accompanied with vivid flashes of forked lightning, amid which they both disappear upon Mephistopheles' magic mantle, to the Witch's Kitchen. It is a weird, dark cave, a gloomy cavern. On one side is a huge cauldron of liquid fire from which, in the smoke or steam, rise bats, rats, lizards, etc. It is stirred by an imp-aape with a large ladle. Other imps play and gambol about, and climb on the rocks on the other side of the stage. When Mephistopheles enters with Faust, they all gather round him, and clamber on his

knees, while he fondles and calls them by pet names. The Witch of the Kitchen appears with a broomstick, her garments are tattered and mouldy-looking; she prepares, at the bidding of Mephistopheles, the draught of youth for Faust. Faust drinks it, and immediately, with long drawn breaths, feels and becomes young. Suddenly all disappear, and the Witch, sitting on the broomstick, rides through the air, and vanishes. A transformation scene, effected by means of shadowy gauzes let up and down, and giving the semblance of cloud-land, brings one from this weird and gruesome cave to a beautiful scene of Nuremberg. The cathedral bells ring for service, and the people, in picturesque, old-world looking dresses, pass into the lovely building. The organ peels out, and exquisite chanting is heard in the distance. Then some citizens assemble outside the church, and begin to gamble. Mephistopheles joins them, and to their astonishment, causes wine to flow from the table. They drink, but it burns their throats. Flames jut up from the ground, and play round the feet of Mephistopheles wherever he stands. The people troop out of the cathedral, and Margaret, a village maiden, returning from confession, is seen by Faust, who is immediately enamoured of her, and wishes to escort her; but she hurries away, and leaves him.

The first scene of act ii. introduces us to Margaret's chamber. Mephistopheles shows it to Faust, who leaves a casket of jewels in it for Margaret. In the evening light, she enters, and sits down to think of the beautiful stranger who accosted her coming out of church. He has made a deep impression on her, and she cannot forget him, cannot take her thoughts off him. With shadowy fears of unknown evil, she kneels down to pray to be kept from all danger. She discovers the casket of jewels, and her delight knows no bounds. It is a very pretty scene. She puts them on one by one, looks at herself in the glass, and wonders who can have left them in her room. The next day she visits her neighbour, Martha, and tells her all about the jewels, how her mother discovered and took them, and how she had found another casket. While she is in Martha's house, Mephistopheles enters and arranges that he and Faust will come and meet them in Martha's garden that evening. This garden scene is beautiful. Faust declares his love to Margaret, and she accepts it. The widow Martha makes advances to Mephistopheles, who remains supremely indifferent. This is truly comic, and Mephistopheles raises a laugh by saying in an aside, "I wonder where she will go to when she dies—I'll not have her." Much in this scene expresses how incapable evil natures are of experiencing or understanding the passion of real, true love. Mephistopheles is maliciously delighted to see his scheme prospering. For refuge against temptation and himself, Faust flies from Margaret. A drop-scene of trees and mountains brings Faust and Mephistopheles alone together. Mephistopheles uses his utmost persuasion to tempt Faust back to Margaret. His real love for her makes Faust detest the continual assaults of the fiend. Mephistopheles suggests, and offers, a sleeping-draught to be given to Margaret's mother. Faust scorns it, but Mephistopheles insidiously slips it into Faust's pocket.

The next scene discovers Margaret sitting in her garden, spinning. She is sad at heart for loss of Faust, and cannot understand why he has left her. She begins to fear she loves him more than she ought—more than her Maker. Mephistopheles appears to her, and she loathes his presence. He tells her if she ever sees Faust again she must never speak of religion to him, that it will separate her again from him. Margaret, at this, holds up the cross at the end of her rosary, and Mephistopheles at the sight of it flies. This incident always calls applause from the audience. Faust, overcome with his great desire to see his loved one again, enters the garden. Once more together, the thought of ever being parted seems intolerable. Evening draws on. Faust remembers the sleeping-draught, and tells Margaret it will only cause her mother a deep sleep. She takes it, little dreaming it would cause the sleep of death, and disappears in the house.

Act iii. opens on a street in Nuremberg. Girls gossiping are drawing water from a well. Margaret, with sorrowful and downcast mien, comes with her pail. The girls upbraid and point the finger of scorn at her, with one exception; one of them kisses her, and the touch of kindness causes Margaret to burst into floods of tears, and she kneels and prays at the shrine of the Virgin outside the church. Her brother Valentine returns from the war, and hears quickly enough about his sister. He meets Faust outside Margaret's house, and fights a duel with him. Mephistopheles looks on, and, now and again, crosses their swords with his own, causing flashes of fire. Valentine is wounded. Citizens crowd round. Margaret comes to aid, and finds it is her brother, and that it is her lover who has inflicted the death-blow. Valentine utters a hard speech—almost curse—on Margaret before he dies, which is the climax of her sorrowful shame. In this incident Goethe has struck the attitude of most brothers in such situations. They do not appear to realise that love alone—innocence alone—is the frequent cause of a woman's fall. Pity and sympathetic sorrow seem to have no place in their hearts, and scorn for lost virtue in their own sisters is generally great. George Eliot, in her wide ken of human nature, well depicts this in Tom Tulliver. Valentine's dead body is carried off, and once more the cathedral bells summon for service. Margaret, overwhelmed with sorrow, is seen kneeling at the end of the church. Mephistopheles haunts and pursues her, and now whispers that, having killed her mother, and been the cause of her brother's death, she may as well destroy her babe.

Act iv. is the scene on the summit of the Brocken. Mephistopheles, accompanied by thunder and lightning, appears leading Faust. A flight of witches on broomsticks flit across the air; a flock of owls flap their weird wings. Goblins, spectres—half men, half beasts—hooded things and winged fiends, swarm out of the mountain with unearthly shrieks and cries,