

common readers it is a riddle from beginning to end; and I doubt very much if it dwells in the clear comprehension of any living mortal. It has the very same fault as we find in another of his minor productions, *Das Marchen*, the tale, heralded by Carlyle with loud flourish of trumpets, wherein we have such characters as the *snake*, the fair lily, the giant, the old woman, and the will-o'-the-wisps—mere symbols for which no key is provided, and which have no intrinsic beauty. It is only in proportion to your ingenuity in guessing the riddle, that you are at all interested in the means. Just as in the case of Wilhelm Meister, after his marriage with Natalie, he loses in a great measure his individuality, and the personal is merged in the universal; so with Faust, after the death of Margaret, he becomes in the second part, a mere generality, without a pulse of emotion; and Mephistopheles, formerly so marvellous a creation, becomes a mere mouthpiece.

Emerson makes metrical mention of a hero who attempts

"To rive the dark with private ray."

We sit down to the study of the completed Faust, with high hopes that such a great master-mind will *rive the dark* for us. It is hinted that he will be conducted to the light, and with eager anticipation we seek to know how. Here, if at all, are to be found the germs of that new dispensation, of which so many mysterious hints have been given. Alas, for simple men, who are not philosophical critics or priests of Isis, you must abandon all such high hopes, and either do with what you have or apply elsewhere.

If there is a meaning at all in the second part of Faust it may be enunciated in the form of a problem thus "To bring a soul out of mental and spiritual bondage by a way not usually travelled." Such is the enunciation. The solution may be expressed in these terms. "By renouncing a vain pursuit after the mystery of life, and after the enjoyment of life, by ripening to the acknowledgment, that man lives for man, and that only so far as he is working for humanity, can his efforts bring permanent happiness. I confess that these sentiments have the

appearance of good, sound, christian sentiments, and may possibly have deluded some into the belief, that being obviously of christian parentage, they were the sentiments of one, who was almost, if not altogether, a christian. But there is more in them than meets the ear—far more than we could at present attempt to show.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

CHANGING.

BY DR. NORMAN SMITH, (FRELIGSBURG, QBC.)

I have stood beside the streamlet,
Sparkling in the light of day,
Watching how the little wavelets,
Floated one by one away.
I have listened to its music,
Echoing sweetly o'er the plain;
Till it changed to notes of sadness,
Ending in a mournful strain.

I have seen the rosy sunbeams,
Softly o'er the meadows play,
Till the gloomy shades of evening,
Blotted out each golden ray.
I have loved a tender flower,
Sweetly blooming by my side;
But, alas! unwisely cherished,
For it faded, drooped and died.

I have seen the form of manhood,
Growing up from childhood's hour;
Full of vigor, strength and action,
Full of life and mental power.
I have seen it bowed and trembling,
Like a reed before the blast;
And I've seen it cold and lifeless,
Mingling with the dust at last.

Thus we're changing, ever changing,
On the shifting sands of time;
Scarce we catch the morning echoes,
Ere we hear the evening's chime.
Passing onward, swiftly onward,
Through our life's eventful day;
Till the silver chord is broken,
And we pass from earth away.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

UNDER A CALIFORNIA TREE.

BY PRINCETONIUS.

In 1851, I started for a tramp through one of the most unfrequented parts in California, on an exploring expedition. My kit consisted of a few lbs. of flour, a piece of pork, a short-handled frying-pan, a revolver, a rifle, and a pick, shovel, and hatchet. On all sides, throughout the weary