

tangible form or not, is to uplift us above all that is sordid and base on earth. For in the belief of Goethe Beauty had even the power of salvation ; and hence from this point the regeneration of Faust begins.

In the fate Euphorion Goethe laments the death of Lord Byron, who had—

“Song and courage fair and great,
Early erring o'erimpassioned,
Youth from him was early torn.”

In the last act Faust, whose high position and sight of human misery in the aggregate has only served to produce sympathy, has for the good of mankind drained and rendered fit for habitation a vast sea-swept marsh. As the completion of the work needs only the possession of one small lot which the owners refuse to sell, Mephistopheles, impatient at not yet having won his wager, murders the possessors, but is foiled in only receiving in return the curses of Faust.

Another scene: midnight, and four dreadful beings, Necessity, Care, Guilt and Woe, seek to enter Faust's mansion. But Care alone finds entrance, and being resisted she strikes him blind. Then the spark of virtue which had been smouldering in his breast burst into flame and all is made clear. The last work on the marsh is quickly completed and Faust at last explains to the passing moment:

“Thou art so beautiful, oh still delay.”

Then he falls dead.

Mephistopheles, sure of victory, gathers his legions to take possession of the soul ; but their attempts and his blasphemous exultations are cut short by a band of angels who descend scattering roses and singing songs of triumph. The demons flee and the spirit of Faust is wafted to everlasting peace. Thus was the riddle solved, the truth of the Evil One's words made clear, that he was:

“Part of that power, not always understood,
That ever wills the bad and ever works the good.”

And the saying of God was fulfilled, that a good man, however he may err, still retains in his heart a soul-saving knowledge of the right.

E. B., '94.

