

He breaks forth into a soliloquy of despair,

"No faith in knowledge to my soul is left,
"No longer doth the hope delude my mind
"By truth to better and convert mankind.

At length he resolves to die, but as he raises the poison cup to his lips, the bells of Easter morn, with choirs chanting the risen Christ—arrest him.

The women sing.

"With clothes of fine linen—all cleanly we swathed him,

"With spices and balsams—all sweetly we bathed him,

"In the tomb of the rock where his body was lain,

"We come and we seek him but seek him in vain."

Another choir sings—

"Christ is risen, praised be his name,
"His love shares our prison—of sorrow and shame.

"He has borne the hard trial of self-denial,
"And victorious ascends to the skies whence he came.

But these gently powerful tones, can only "min ls of weaker mould relieve." Poor, self-blinded Faust finds in them no more than pleasant memories of his youth; but as such, they have power to warn from death. He gives up the idea of suicide, and applying himself to magic, Mephistopheles appears on the scene.

Emerson says that Mephisto, is the first organic figure that has been added to literature for some ages, and which will remain as long as the Prometheus. This writer's idea of the character is that it is pure intellect, applied to the service of the senses. His element is necessarily that of magic, in order to preserve the veri-semblance of the legend, and to give dramatic effect to the play; but he comes before us, to quote Carlyle once more, "not arrayed in the terrors of Coeytus and Phlegethon, but in the natural indelible deformity of wickedness. He is the Devil, not of superstition, but of knowledge. Such a combination of perfect understanding, with perfect selfishness; of logical life, with moral death; so universal a denier, both in heart and head, is undoubtedly a child of darkness, an emissary of the primeval nothing; and coming forward, as he does, like a person of breeding, and without any

flavor of brimstone, may stand here, in his merely spiritual deformity, at once potent, dangerous, and contemptible, as the best, and only genuine Devil of these latter times."

The terms of the compact between Faust and this being of superhuman power, are expressed in these words

I'll pledge myself (says Mephisto) to be your servant HERE,

Near at your call to slumber or be still,

But when together YONDER we appear

You shall submissively obey my will.

The bargain is completed and Faust with the aid of supernatural power, proceeds to repeat his error on a higher scale. It is not mere vulgar pleasure however, that he craves.

"The end I am at is not joy,
I crave excitement, agonizing bliss,
Enamoured hatred, quickening vexation—
Purged from the love of knowledge my vocation,
The scope of all my powers henceforth, be this,
To bear my breast to every pang—to know,
In my heart's core, all human weal and woe,
To grasp in thought, the lofty and the deep,
Men's various fortunes on my breast to heap,
To therein dilate my individual mind,
And share at length the shipwreck of mankind."

A great deal might here be said of this characteristic aim of Faust, so different in conception from that of all other poets who have handled the subject. Goethe seeks to delineate the conflicting union of the soul, with the lower elements of human life—of Faust, the sun of light and free-will with the influences of doubt and obstruction. How all this is managed and the poem so curiously fashioned, its heterogeneous element, blended with such fine harmony, and the dark world of spirit, as mere metaphysical entities, playing like shadows among the palpable objects of material life, can only be learned from study of the work itself.

Mephistopheles has kept his promise well, he has led his victim through the bustling inanity of life; its pleasures have tempted, but not satisfied him; food has hovered before his eager lips, but he has begged for nourishment in vain. After a brief season of marred and uncertain joy, he finds himself sunk into deeper wretchedness than before. Margaret, the innocent girl whom he loved and has betrayed, is doomed to die;