

however, is not a character wholly despicable. Though he possesses no claim to the benevolent disposition, or the sublime unselfishness of Antonio, or the generous nature of the noble Bassanio; yet he is not an entire stranger to virtue. Behind the dark back ground of avarice and revenge there gleams at times fitful flashes of nobler feeling. His love for his daughter may be mingled with the baser love for his stolen treasures; the desire for justice may be lost in a thirst for vengeance, but his attachment to his ancient race, his strong sympathy for his dispised and oppressed brethren appear as redeeming features in a character otherwise dark and repellent. His determination to adhere to the strict letter of the law reveals the Jewish nature. With his habits of thought and peculiar training, a deviation from the *exact* literal interpretation of the bond would be regarded as an act of injustice. He could conceive of no justice that was not based upon a rigid administration of law. He did not, however, appear to accept his own doctrine when its affects recoiled upon himself. This Shylock is a representative character. His feelings, his claims and their results, are in miniature but the detailed history of his race for centuries.

In the merchant, Antonio, we have the very antipodes of Shylock. He is perhaps the central figure of the play, though not the chief dramatic character. There is a passivity about him, a certain lack of self-assertion, a mild resignation to circumstances which unfits him for the hero of the play. He lacks the stormy energy of Shylock and the intellectual vigor of Portia. He appears to occupy nearly a central position between the relentless force of the one, and the finely developed, cultivated powers of the other. Contrasted with Shylock his character soars into sublimity. Compared with Portia his generosity does not suffer, but he appears lacking in the keen preception, the excellent judgment, the real executive ability which distinguish the latter, and which were so successfully employed in Antonio's behalf. Antonio is always surrounded by friends. He is the hope and stay of the needy and the prompt friend of the unfortunate hence unlike Shylock, when reverses crowd upon him he receives aid and encouragement where he least expects it and thus exemplifies the truth that "good deeds are never lost."

In Portia, Shakespeare has given us an ideal woman and one who is probably the most perfect female character ever delineated by the pen of the great dramatist. Her charming sprightliness, her pure and exalted principle, her strong sense of right, run like a thread of gold through the entire play. She possesses fine sensibilities and affections controlled by superior intellect. In the language of Jessica, the rude world hath not her fellow. The poet first exhibits her in the shadow of uncertainty, but when she secures the man of her choice, she beams upon us in all the sunshine of love.

Her wit is keen and swift as an arrow, but never unkind. She is unselfish in her love and resolute in her aims, and finally she shows the very essence of all womanly virtue in her tribute to "Mercy." Lex.



ET TENEO ET TENEOR.

How apt are we to accept the former and deny the latter—the one so flattering, the other so distasteful to human pride—the one involving a belief co extensive with the race, the other a fact the knowledge of which comes with bitter experience—the one implies that man is supreme, the other that forces exist outside and independent of him which may be ignored but never eliminated from the problem of existence, and that circumstances hedge him in and narrow his sphere of activity; yet however restless he may be under his mental and physical limitations the fact of their influence cannot be denied. *Teneo* may be the proud exclamation of a spirit that claims superiority and proprietorship; *teneor* the plaintive cry of the same spirit convinced of its own inferiority and impotence. Qualities really inherent, such as pity and affection are often included in the former, while their opposites, cruelty and hate are seldom acknowledged as belonging to the latter.

The ability to hate! What a possession! It is interesting though sad to watch its progress in a human life. The child inherits a family feud. The son of his father's enemy with supercilious action and bitter invective so goads his proud young spirit that the nervous arm obeys the impulsive will and his tormentor is stricken to the ground.

Starting with the propensity thus displayed, Robert Buchanan has traced its development until we see the boy, now a man, orphaned, broken hearted, deprived of all those broad ancestral acres on which his forefathers were wont to look with so much pride, every earthly prospect blighted, an alien to his kind. All this he blindly attributes to the work of his enemy, his only absorbing prayer being that God might give into his hands the man he hates, to deal with as he might wish. To obtain a glimpse of that heart now, is to see all the deadly passions lashed into a wild and furious rage, a sight from which we recoil shudderingly.

Behold the power of love! This man and his enemy are cast away on a lonely isle, a murderous design thwarted by the intervention of the elements. First the injured man feels a savage exultant joy in the helplessness of so hated a being, but after a time his heart yearns for companionship, opening a door for pity to creep in, pity for such utter wretchedness in a fellow mortal. In supplying his enemy's wants a feeling akin to tenderness is awakened in his heart, but is quickly suppressed; afterwards the sight of tears, forgiveness craved and the promise of a christian