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Queen's College Journal

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All literary contributions should be addressed to the Editor, Drawer 1104, Kingston, Ont.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Business Manager.

WE call the attention of our readers to the inaugural lecture on "Faust," delivered in Convocation Hall by Professor Macgillivray, and published in this issue. Unfortunately the Professor was suffering from severe hoarseness, and failed to make himself distinctly heard throughout the building, so that his able lecture was lost to a large proportion of the audience. It is needless for us to add words of recommendation, as the lecture speaks for itself. It will no doubt be perused with interest by all our readers, especially by students of German literature.

The readers of the JOURNAL, and especially our medical friends, will be delighted to find in this number the familiar face of Professor Fowler, Dean of the Medical Faculty. To his untiring efforts on behalf of the Royal, with which he has been connected since its inception, is due, to a great extent, the success of that institution. Through his energy and tact, together with the help of an able staff of assistants, the Royal has steadily advanced with the times, and has maintained its position as one of the leading medical schools of Canada. Wherever students of the Royal are found, whether in the cities and towns and villages of Canada, or in various parts of the U.S., by their almost invariable success in face of the keenest opposition, in which only the fittest survive, they exemplify satisfactorily the excellent quality of the instruction they have received.

The *Mail* criticises the JOURNAL'S report of the last match for the championship between Queen's and Hamilton. The sporting editor of the *Mail* is apparently a warm supporter of Hamilton, and of course it would never do to detract from the lustre of the champions' laurels by admitting unfairness or incompetency on the part of the referee. In all the matches in which Queen's took part during the past season, except those with Ham-

ilton, ample satisfaction was given by the various referees. In the match with Ottawa, the referee nominated by the Ottawa team was accepted, and our men were satisfied with the fairness and impartiality of his decisions. These facts are mentioned to show that we are always satisfied when a reasonable amount of fairness is shown on the part of the referee. We are always willing to acknowledge an honest defeat, and to respect opponents who have won from us laurels we prized, but in the last match with Hamilton the question of victory or defeat need not enter. Whether victorious or defeated, it is not unworthy of us (though the *Mail* says it is, but on what new principles we are at a loss to know), to protest against what we believe to be unfairness, and what, if persisted in, will eventually destroy the game of football. Is it fair, we ask, on the part of the Union, to persist in the appointment of a referee against whom Queen's had protested as having entirely forfeited their confidence, notably, by giving two different and irreconcilable statements with regard to the first match with Hamilton? We must also inform the *Mail* that those who saw the match in question were by no means unanimous in their opinion that Hamilton won because they had the stronger team. Some of the decisions during the match were admitted to be unfair to Queen's, even by men on the Hamilton team, and independent spectators who understood the game have stated that it was the referee who won the victory for Hamilton. If the referee was impartial in his decisions, then he must have been incompetent to fill the position he occupied.

A NOVEL OFFER.

We note that the publishers of *The Dominion Illustrated* have organized a plan by which over \$3,000 worth of prizes are to be distributed among the subscribers to that paper, subject to their correctly answering simple questions on the current contents of each number. We learn that the first prize will be \$750 in gold, the second a Heintzman piano worth \$600, and that the rest of the many prizes in the competition will be of an unusually costly and valuable nature.

They are also offering a second series of prizes for the best specimen of type-writing, open to type-writers all over the world.

We have very much pleasure in noting such liberal offers from our leading illustrated journal, and hope that all our readers will take advantage of them.

We understand that on receipt of 12 cents in stamps the publishers of *The Dominion Illustrated* (Sabiston Litho. & Pub. Co., Montreal,) will send a sample copy of that journal with full particulars of the plan.

LITERATURE.

THE SILKEN SASHES.

(HISTORICAL.)

The Turks were many—the Greeks were few,
But their blood was hot, and their hearts beat true,
And they swore an oath before God on high
Never like dastards to yield—but die.

But how can a band of a hundred hope
With foes eight hundred and more to cope?
Death comes, however, but once to all,
They will sell life dearly, and nobly fall.

One Greek alone to the Turks passed o'er,
And from his comrades this charge he bore:
"Go, watch the scene till the combat ends:
And tell the tale to our wives and friends."

At dawn, they quitted the mountain glade,
Where each his couch on the turf had made,
Then down to the valley they marched, and there
Upread a breastwork with toilsome care.

The Pacha's envoy made curt demand:
"Lay down your arms, and at once disband!"
The Chieftain answered: "It is too late:
Tell how you found us. We bide our fate."

Their silken sashes they had untied,
Those crimson sashes, the soldiers' pride:
And bound together, lithe limb to limb,
They loudly chanted their battle-hymn.

The onslaught followed: the heroes fell,
Cut down by sabre, and shot, and shell:
But ere the life of the last Greek sped,
Five hundred Moslems had joined the dead.

When months had passed since the bloody fray,
An English Colonel who rode that way
Saw sun-bleached skeletons, strewed around,
With crimson sashes together bound.

GEO. MURRAY.

The Presbyterian College Journal.

MOVERIN'.

(We publish this song by request. Words by D. Strachan, B.A.)

Just wait a little while till I tell you 'bout our College,
The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.
The nursery of truth and emporium of knowledge,
The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.
Just fifty years ago her colors started flyin',
And still she is a moverin', a moverin' along.
True, once or twice her friends thought she surely was a
dyin',
But no, she kept a moverin', a moverin', along.

On Colburne street the torch was lit, and since has kept
a burnin',

The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.
A lighting all the world and disseminatin' learnin',
The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.
She kept travellin' round the city till she struck a good
location,

And still she is a moverin', a moverin' along.
And now she stands like Zion for the future generation,
But no, she kept a moverin', a moverin' along.

The Senate as a body, they need no peroration,
The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.
As the're known throughout the world with profoundest
veneration,

The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.
The Principal, of course, you know attracts the most at-
tention,

And still she is a moverin', a moverin' along.
His name will live as founder of the Jubilee invention,
But no, she kept a moverin', a moverin' along.

His voice is heard throughout the land on every great
occasion,

The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.
But say, you ought to hear him on Imperial Federation,
The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.
Dr. Williamson, the Vice, what a long time Queen's has
known him!

And still she is a moverin', a moverin' along.
The sun and moon feel proud that for fifty years he's
run them,
But no, she kept a moverin', a moverin' along.

Then Dr. Ross the theologues look to with greatest
admiration,

The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.
As he tells them of election and pure foreordination,
The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.
Dr. Mowat, from his pulpit, tells of Jewish hieroglyphics,
And still she is a moverin', a moverin' along:
And puts the boys through every form of Israelitish tiffics,
But no, she kept a moverin', a moverin' along.

Then Dr. Watson, from his chair, expatiates on ethics,
The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.
From Thales with his Mundian egg to Kant's trans-
analytic,

The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.
In History we have got the man to pulverize the nations,
And still she is a moverin', a moverin' along.
And who knows the signs and symbols of all previous
generations,

But no, she kept a moverin', a moverin' along.

Ad Infinitum.

On one occasion a quiet game of "nap" was being
carried on in the back benches, the players reclining with
their heads on the desks oblivious to everything save their
"hands." The name of one of the party was sud-
denly called out by the lecturer to go on with a piece of
Greek translation, and the class was electrified by the
quick "I pass" of the unconscious card-player. He did
not pass at the next examination.—Ex.

**All subscriptions must be paid in by
the end of January.**



FIFE FOWLER, M.D., L.R.C.S. EDIN.,

DEAN ROYAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

COLLEGE NEWS.

Y. W. C. A.

WHILE visiting the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Cossum kindly gave a portion of his time and attention to the Y. W. C. A. of Queen's. In accordance with his suggestion it was decided to set apart one meeting each month, not merely as an hour in which to lay up a supply of facts about the various missions among non-Christian people, but chiefly as a means of stimulating the missionary spirit among the members—of learning through what others have done and are doing, what it is our duty to do both at home and abroad. The second meeting in December was accordingly devoted to India, as two of our members (one, our President of last year) are now at work among their Hindoo sisters, that country has a peculiar attraction for the members of the Association. The meeting was in every respect a success, and we trust that it is but a foretaste of those which are to come. Some of the members read short papers on different phases of the work as now carried on in India. The leader, Miss Turnbull, seems to have her whole heart in the work, and well she may, since she, too, expects to join the faithful few who are already in the field obeying that pathetic appeal. "The harvest truly is plentiful, but the labourers are few."

THE ELOCUTIONARY CONTEST.

The contest for the prizes offered by the A. M. S. took place on the evening of Dec. 12th, in Convocation Hall. There was a large attendance of students and citizens. President Strachan occupied the chair. The Banjo and Glee Clubs contributed the music, the former organization making its first public appearance.

In the contest among theological students, which was the first on the list, Messrs. Ross, Hamilton and Rattee competed.

In the next competition, open to undergraduates in arts and medicine, Mr. Rollins was the first competitor. He recited in splendid style "Spartacus' Speech to the Gladiators." After him came Messrs. Byers and Horsey, the latter of whom gave an extract from John Bright's speech on "National Morality."

Mr. McLean recited "Mary, Queen of Scots," and was followed by Mr. Bawdin, who gave "Shamus O'Brien." Mr. N. Raymond, the only medical who competed, recited well.

The judges, Profs. Ferguson and Shortt and Mr. Conery, then retired, and after some delay Prof. Ferguson came forward and announced the prize-winners, Mr. Rattee in the first competition and Mr. Rollins in the second. President Strachan then presented the prizes to the successful competitors.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The A. M. S. held its regular annual meeting on the evening of Dec. 13th, 1890, but the attendance was not as large as might be desired. Pres. D. Strachan, B.A., occupied the chair, and conducted to a successful close his twelve-months' occupancy of the honored seat. Secretary

Gillies read the minutes of the last annual meeting, and after their approval the usual reports were brought in.

Mr. W. F. Gillies in presenting his report as Secretary reviewed briefly the events of the year. He hoped that the agitation of the gymnasium question would not be allowed to cool. The control of the reading room had been given to the A. M. S., and the present curators were appointed by the Society. The growing interest in the meetings was referred to, and the members urged to support the officers energetically. The report was received and adopted, and the Treasurer's report called for. Mr. F. Hugo, in rising to present his report, congratulated the Society in his usual happy way on having had such a successful year. Much of the success he attributed to the untiring efforts of our worthy and efficient President. His report showed a very favorable state of affairs indeed, and below we give a summary of it:

Receipts—

Balance from 1889.....	\$ 64 00
From fees, concerts, etc., '90.....	151 14
	<u>\$215 14</u>

Expenditure—

From Feb. 26th, '90, to date....	107 89
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Balance on hand.....\$107 25

The conversazione account, presented separately, would make the full report read:

Total receipts.....	\$454 38
Total expenditure.....	347 13

Balance on hand.....\$107 25

The Society is to be congratulated on having this year the largest balance on hand yet shown by any previous A. M. S. Treasurer. Mr. Hugo concluded his report with a few words of advice as to the disposal of the funds in hand. On the report being received, Mr. Rowlands was appointed auditor for the Society and Mr. Davis for the Treasurer.

Mr. Strachan, in his closing address, thanked the members for the honor they had given him in making him President, and for the indulgence they had shown him in the year now past. He would always look back with pleasure to 1890. The Executive Committee had proved themselves excellent coadjutors, and especially might this be said of the Secretary and Treasurer. The Secretary's duties were onerous, yet they had been performed to the satisfaction of all. The meetings of the present year had been exceptionally good. Heretofore business had had a rather prominent part in the programme, but it afforded a means of education not to be despised. He was pleased to see the Society with such a good balance financially. The future of the A. M. S. was a bright one. Occasional debates in Convocation Hall during the winter on living subjects would help much to awaken and sustain interest.

At the close of the address the officers elect were declared and duly installed. Immediately after adjournment the regular weekly meeting was called to order by our new President, Mr. N. R. Carmichael, M.A. Several members having spoken in feeling terms of the death of Mrs. Fowler, a motion of sympathy with the bereaved family was passed unanimously.

A vote of thanks was tendered the retiring officers for the efficient manner in which the business of the past year had been transacted.

At the close of the business Mr. W. H. Davis read an excellent paper on "Immigration." There were four causes which led to an exodus :

1. Famine.
2. A desire to improve the condition of life.
3. Religious prosecution.
4. Political oppression.

The introduction of a new element from other nations, which had effects both good and evil. Among the evil effects were a tendency to undermine the existing forms of government, a deterioration of the general moral tone of the people, and the growth of insanity. To counter-balance these were benefits in the added strength and importance, the gain in labor and capital, and the very evident advantages accruing to the immigrants themselves.

An energetic and fruitful discussion followed, and the critic elect, Mr. J. McC. Kellock, closed with a brief review of the points made.

DIVINITY HALL.

Every divinity student heaved a sigh of relief when the last lecture was finished and the ever welcomed holidays arrived. To work is pleasant enough, but prospects of a few days respite, of getting home, and of seeing one's friends and relations, or those who may be relations soon, are just as pleasant. We had an enjoyable term. Lots of work, lots of enthusiasm, no sickness, and no "At Homes." Whether the boys have done their share of the work well, we are certain the Professors have, and we justly feel proud of our staff, who are doing their utmost to fit us for our places in the world.

The elocution contest was not a taking card with the men of the "Hall." Only three put in an appearance, and, as is elsewhere announced, Mr. Rattee was the successful competitor. It is unfortunate that more interest was not aroused among the divinities, as they are the men above all others who should be able to read the Scriptures intelligently, and that is a rare treat to hear to-day in Canadian pulpits.

THE ROYAL.

Early in the year 1854, the late Mr. John Mowat, then a trustee of Queen's University, and one of Kingston's noblest citizens, received a letter from the late Robert Douglass, a man greatly beloved, who had graduated in arts at Queen's College in 1851, in which it was stated that he had been pursuing his medical studies at the city of Toronto for three years, but that he could neither obtain the degree of M. D. nor the license to practice his profession unless he subscribed to certain religious tests which were utterly repugnant to him. In the difficulty which confronted him Dr. Douglass naturally appealed to his Alma Mater for aid to enable him to practice the profession of medicine, for which he was fully prepared and admirably fitted. In his letter he also mentioned that there were many others in the same unfortunate position. Mr. Mowat showed this letter to Dr. Stewart and, in the

name of the trustees, solicited him to institute a medical faculty in the University, which Dr. Stewart says "I did." Dr. Stewart, or as he was called and is still wont to call himself "John Stewart," may be said to be a most remarkable man, a Scotchman to the very core. He received a liberal education in Edinburgh, where he studied Anatomy under the celebrated Dr. Knox. He came to Canada upwards of fifty years ago, where his splendid physique made him a conspicuous character and his conversational powers gained many friends. As a teacher, by his complete mastery of his subject, his keen intellectualism, ardent temperament, tenacity of purpose and sturdy dogmatism, he compelled his students to learn. Even now at his advanced age he refers to his aggressive and compulsory style of teaching with evident relish—doubtless his old students remember it well too.

The trustees after due deliberation appointed the following to constitute a Medical Faculty, as part of the University of Queen's College: James Sampson, M. D., Professor of Clinical Medicine and Surgery, and President of Faculty; John Stewart, L.R.C.S., Edinburgh, Professor of Anatomy, Physiology and Practical Anatomy, and Secretary of Faculty; John R. Dickson, M. D., Professor of Principles and Practice of Surgery; Horatio Yates, M. D., Professor of Principles and Practice of Medicine; Fife Fowler, M. D., L.R.C.S., Edinburgh, Professor of Materia Medica and Pharmacy; William Hayward, M.R.C.S., England, Professor of Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children.

As stated in the first Medical Calendar which was published, the lectures on Chemistry were at that time delivered in common with the course of Natural Philosophy by Professor Williamson. The College was opened on Monday, Nov. 6th, 1854, in that building on the north side of Princess street, now occupied by Mayor Drennan. As is stated in the *Daily News*, of Nov. 8th, access to which has been kindly accorded by Mr. Shannon, Dr. Sampson made a few introductory remarks, after which Dr. Stewart, in an able lecture, stated that young men after receiving their preliminary education had to travel to a distant part of the province or to a foreign country to receive a medical education, and in addition could not receive a medical degree without passing under a "jugum ignominiosum" of professing belief in the creed of a religious denomination to which they did not belong. To afford relief to such he went on to say it was proposed that a medical school should be established in connection with Queen's College, the medical degrees of which, on account of being established by royal charter, would confer all the privileges which can possibly be conferred by any chartered College in the province. In accordance with this suggestion a meeting of all the medical practitioners of the city was called, in consequence of which the several professors, whose duty it would be to lecture, had been appointed to their respective chairs. It was considered that thus there would be afforded as complete a course of medical study as anywhere in the province. Dr. Stewart said he had alluded to the restrictions placed on obtaining degrees not from any spirit of opposition, but by the necessity of the cases to afford to all, without distinction of sect, the opportunity of entering a noble

profession without bartering religious opinions. The doctor concluded by remarking that their future success depended not so much on the professors as on themselves, that no barrier was placed to that success but idleness, and that what they had to do should be done according to the old Roman maxim—in brief language with heart and soul.

The following students were in attendance during this first session, of whom the first eight graduated at the end of the session: Daniel Chambers, Robert Douglass, Samuel Dunbar, Weston L. Herriman, William Hillier, John F. Mercer, William Sumner Scott, H. W. Spafford, John Bell, Dugald McKellar, Robert Blakely, Francis Blakely, Henry Evans, Oliver Thibodo, William Fraser, George Sparham, John R. Benson, Benj. W. Franklin, J. P. Sutton, Harvey F. Chisholm, Michael Sullivan, Marshall Brown, Wm. Mostyn.

Previous to the commencement of session 1855-56 an annual grant of \$1,000 had been obtained for the Medical School at Kingston from the Government, and accommodation well adapted for teaching purposes was provided in the wings of the building now occupied as College residences. The Government grant enabled the trustees to furnish the funds required for equipment and for the erection of the building now occupied by the Royal College. In the year 1866 it was thought desirable that the Medical Department should possess independent powers, and that it should no longer continue as a Faculty of Queen's University. In consequence an Act of Incorporation was obtained from the Dominion Parliament, and John B. Dickson, John Mair, Fife Fowler, Michael Lavell, Michael Sullivan, Roderick Kennedy, Donald Maclean, Richard A. Reeve and their successors were constituted a body politic and corporate by the name of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Kingston.

The Royal then became affiliated to Queen's University, and, while undoubtedly there have been dark days, a happy and prosperous union it has been proved to be. The Government grant was withdrawn upon the federation of the provinces, and about that time Queen's College, in consequence of its rapid growth, required for the Arts Department the building now occupied by the Royal. Fortunately a commodious building situated on Princess St. became available. This building was purchased in 1874. There good work was done—the teaching became more and more practical and efficient and the number of students steadily increased. When the new University building was completed, the trustees of Queen's College put the Royal again in possession of their old quarters, since which time the march of improvement has gone rapidly on, and the most sanguine anticipations of success have been realised to the great gratification of its friends and well wishers. Many changes have occurred from time to time in the teaching staff, rendered imperative by the hand of death, by resignations and by additions required to be made in order to keep abreast of the times. The professoriate, which at first consisted of but five actually engaged in the work of teaching, now numbers nearly twenty.

It was a source of deep regret to all connected with the

College when such eminent men in the profession as Drs. Dickson and Yates passed away, and more recently when Dr. Irwin was struck down, whose geniality and kindness of heart endeared him to all, and whose finely balanced intellect made him a greatly valued co-laborer. The loss by removal long ago of Dr. Lawson, the able teacher of Chemistry, was much felt by all who were at that time associated with him, and a great void hard to fill, but now well filled, was left when Dr. Lavell resigned, in consequence of his assumption of an office entailing great responsibility, and requiring in its occupant great tact and executive ability.

The professors of the Royal desire to conduct and uphold the College on the same principles and in the same spirit in which it was founded, in a spirit of friendly emulation and honorable rivalry, with good will towards all the Medical schools of the Dominion, feeling convinced that the interests of students are better subserved, scientific teaching more fully attained, and the standing of the profession better upheld where the teachers know their students personally, can call them by name and bring their personal magnetism to bear upon them, rather than when a heterogenous crowd is assembled in a vast theatre to listen to one they know only by name, and whom many can hardly hear or see. Germany, where colleges are spread broadcast, bears testimony to this. The brilliant achievements in Medical Science in that land have evoked the wonder and admiration of the world.

FAUST.

A LECTURE BY PROF. MACGILLIVRAY.

Lessing once said of a book, that had appeared, that much of it was new and much true, but that which was new was not good, and what was good was not new. How far such a criticism may apply to this lecture, I need not say. Its application may, doubtless, be left with the gentlemen of the gallery.

It is not my intention to treat of modern languages in any specific manner to-night. I shall not attempt to define their value from an educational or practical point of view; neither shall I endeavor to revive the once famous quarrel of the Ancient and Moderns; nor shall I attempt to give methods of teaching them, for methods must vary according to circumstances.

It is from the literature of one of the modern languages—the German—that I have taken the subject of this address. This is Faust, or, as it is often called, Dr. Faust. I shall endeavor to briefly trace its literary development till it reaches its culminating point in the Faust of Goethe, the masterpiece of German literature, and one of the literary masterpieces of the world.

The main idea of the Faust legend existed in somewhat varying forms long before it received this name. Among the Jews it was the rebellion of the angels, or the eating of the forbidden fruit; among the Greeks the struggle of the Titans against Jupiter, or the stealing of the fire from Heaven by Prometheus, attempts followed always by the same disastrous consequences as in the case of Faust. This development of the primary impulse, the egotistic principle of man—this desire for unlimited power or untrammelled action first takes form under the

christian dispensation in the fourth century when Cyprian of Antioch is said to have sold himself to the embodiment of evil, for the furtherance of his selfish ends. In the sixth century Theophilus, as a disciple tells us, sold himself to the Devil, but was finally saved by Christ on the intercession of the Virgin. This tale was dramatized in French in the thirteenth century, and translated into low German in the fourteenth. The idea of such a pact, caused no doubt by this work, took hold of and floated among the German people till it was finally transferred to the person of Dr. Faustus, one of the most famous of the numerous travelling jugglers or magicians of the time. His tricks of legerdemain, and perhaps chemical experiments, would, among a superstitious and ignorant people, easily give him, as well as others like him, the reputation of being in league with the evil one. His sudden and violent death, as the result of one of his experiments, perhaps, would suggest the payment of his bond. Accordingly, soon after the death of this personage, we have the Faust legend fully formed, and assuming in different localities slightly different forms. These were collected and written down by an unknown hand, and afterwards printed at Frankfurt on the Main by one John Spiess, in 1587. It forms the groundwork, directly or indirectly, of all succeeding Faust literature.

According to the story of this book, Faust, dissatisfied with his knowledge, wanted to explore Heaven and Earth, and to find wherewith to satisfy all his other desires. For this purpose he conjures up, by means of his magical books, a spirit of the name of Mephistopheles, to whom he signs over his soul after the lapse of twenty-four years. In return Mephistopheles is during this time to answer all his questions and procure him all sorts of pleasures. Accompanied also by his servant Wagner, Faust then sets out on a tour, disputing learnedly and instructing as he goes. Taking greater flights he visits Hell, and returning soars through the clouds and beyond to the starry firmament. Coming back to earth again, he travels from one end of Europe to the other, and enjoys all the pleasures of the world. When his time is up he makes Wagner his heir, and promises him further a spirit in monkey form for a servant. While awaiting his end, during the last night of his allotted time, he is caught up and destroyed by a whirlwind, and next morning his mangled body is found lying in the courtyard.

Shortly after its publication, the Faust book was translated into Danish, French, Dutch, and English. Founded on this English translation rather than on the original German, Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" then appeared in 1604, the first dramatized version of the legend. The English author has improved but little on the original story. In it, as in Faust plays generally, traces of the author are plainly discernible.

A company of English actors brought Marlowe's play with them in their repertory to the continent, and acted it in several German cities. This, doubtless, originated the idea of a German dramatization of the legend, which first took place early in the second half of the seventeenth century. About a hundred years later this Faust play disappeared from the German stage, probably because of the efforts of some dramatic reformers, who, along with

other improvements, succeeded in excluding from the stage a certain character that figured also prominently here. It was replaced by a Faust puppet play which, in its main features, differs but little from it, and which is still played before the awe inspired juveniles of Germany.

According to this play, Faust summons up a number of spirits, of whom he chooses one, who is as fleet as thought, with whom he sets out on his travels. Wagner, his servant, profiting from his master's experience, likewise conjures the spirits and forces them to serve him, without, however, sacrificing his soul. As in the legend the agreement is to be for twenty-four years, but after twelve, Faust is brought back and informed of his terror that, being served by night as well as by day, his time is now up. Despair, attempted repentance, and recourse to the aid of Wagner, are alike useless. He is carried off by the Devil.

Early in the literary revival of the eighteenth century the Faust legend was made the subject of scientific inquiry. The literary reformer and critic, Lessing, was the first in Germany to conceive the idea of treating it according to the strict rules of dramatic art. What this great dramatist and preacher of toleration might have made of such a theme may be imagined. He worked long at it, and is said to have completed one dramatized version, which, however, with the exception of a few fragmentary scenes, was unfortunately lost. From these the author's idea seems to have been that too great a desire for knowledge is dangerous, if not the source of all evil, for he makes it the cause of Faust's destruction. Lessing is also known to have meditated another treatment of the legend, in which, contrary to his first design, the desire for knowledge was to be celebrated as the noblest of all desires. The Devil was to be deceived by a phantom of Faust, who, sunk in sleep by his guardian angel at the beginning of the action, sees all in a dream, and awakens to see the demon, undeceived by the angel, withdrawing in confusion. This new idea of the rescue, Lessing doubtless owed to a poem of the Spaniard, Calderon, "Life a Dream."

The subject had also been taken up by other hands, and several Faust dramas were written even during the life-time of Lessing. A new literary movement took place early in the latter half of the eighteenth century, the apostles of which were young men whose gospel was freedom from conventionality and restrained in both literature and life. It was the so-called Storm and Stress period. As might be expected, the Faust subject was congenial to the poets of this school. The best second rate works on the subject were written by them. Goethe himself was under the influence of the movement when he began his immortal work. Of the fifteen or more Faust dramas now existing, those that appeared after the partial or complete publication of Goethe's work, bear marked traces of its influence, while for the others, as well as for Goethe himself, the puppet play was, doubtless, the immediate source of inspiration, though the Faust book, and, perhaps, Marlowe, may have been at times brought into requisition.

Apart from their ethical tendency, for all Faust dramas are more or less didactic, these productions are on the

whole of little artistic value, although striking situations and passages of rare poetic merit occasionally occur.

Not to enter into a detailed analysis or comparison of them all, it may be said that the only thread which pervades and binds the whole together, is Faust's surrender of himself to evil, allegorized by his conjuration of and bargain with the Devil in various forms. His motive is generally a selfish one. It is to gratify his baser desires; to see the world; to better his worldly circumstances; to take vengeance on his enemies; or oftener to gain unlimited knowledge, which the Devil cannot always grant. He also uses his power for philanthropic purposes, for the benefit of his relatives or country; or of humanity at large. These well meant efforts, though at first crowned with apparent success, finally end in disappointment and disaster, as if the end did not always justify the means. Generally, in accordance with poetic justice, Faust pays his forfeit, even when he seeks to benefit his fellows. When he is saved, it is through the intercession of the souls of departed friends, suggested, doubtless, by the similar catastrophe of Goethe's poem.

Let us now turn our attention to this work. The production of it extends over the whole period of the poet's literary activity. Goethe was born in 1749, and he died in 1832. He began his Faust in 1773, and finished shortly before his death. The poem is, in a measure, the reflection of his own life, on its reflective as well as on its active side, and to a certain extent that of humanity. Between the two parts of which it is composed, there is a marked difference, corresponding to the poet's life. The first part, a great portion of which was composed during the author's youth, is animated by the glow and vigor of early manhood, and contains the most poetical and powerful passages of the drama, while the action scarcely lags for a moment. In the second part, the product of later years and riper experience, the verse, lofty as it generally is, is often frigid, the allegory complicated, the disquisitions numerous, and, as we shall see, unity of action, though not of idea, largely wanting. Yet of the two parts this is, perhaps, the greater, if not the better known, and the one which should give the poem its high place in the literary productions of the world.

The action of the whole play may be said, in the words of the "Prelude at the Theatre," to move from Heaven through Earth to Hell. Its motive is placed in Heaven, where, in imitation of the book of Job, permission to tempt Faust is given by the Lord to Mephistopheles, the spirit of negation, who appears amongst his angels with the request, because, as he says:

"His fancy hurries him afar,
Of Heaven he asks its highest star,
Self-willed and spoiled in mad pursuit,
Of earth demands its fairest fruit,
And all that both can give supplied,
Behold him still unsatisfied."

The permission is given, but the Lord warns that "A good man, clouded though his senses be by error, is no willing slave to it."

The subject of this discussion appears by night in his study in cap and gown as an old university professor, bewailing the barren results of his extensive studies in

philosophy, law, medicine, and theology. As a consequence he has devoted himself to magic, by means of which he now summons before him the mighty spirit of earth, that is, of nature. But at the sight of his consternation, this terrible vision vanishes with the contemptuous words: "Man, thou art like the spirit whom thou conceivest not me." As he breaks out into reproaches against himself for his weakness, he is interrupted by the entrance of his assistant, Wagner, the spirit of pedantry, who imagined he had heard his master declaiming a Greek tragedy. But after this interruption, his thoughts revert to their former object. His real impotence compared with his unbounded aspirations, depresses him so that he resolves to seek in the other world that enlightenment which is denied him in this one.

"Let this last draught, the product of my skill,
My own free choice be quaffed with resolute will,
A solemn festive greeting to the coming day."

But the church bells on Easter morning, calling the faithful to prayer, and the sound of a chorus of voices remind him of the fair faith of his childhood, and cause him to arrest his hand and to bear longer with the limitations of life.

On the afternoon of this same Easter Sunday a motley throng of citizens are promenading before the city gate enjoying the balmy air of spring. Accompanied by Wagner, Faust joins them, but looks upon their gayety with contempt. Many of his fellow-citizens, nevertheless, greet him warmly as they recognize in him the generous benefactor who, with his father, a celebrated physician, had liberally dispensed assistance and medicine in a time of distress and sickness. This praise sounds like mockery to Faust, who knows that their medicine had killed more than it cured. On their way home in the evening the strange movements of a black poodle following them attract their attention. Somewhat soothed by his walk, Faust is disposed to treat this friendless cur kindly and takes him into his study. Here his doubts and yearnings return. To still them he has recourse to Revelation, which he thinks is nowhere so manifest as in the New Testament. He opens it in the original at the beginning of John, which he translates into his mother tongue: "In the beginning was the word." But as "word" does not seem to bring him to the first source, he tries "sense," then "power." "Power," however, does not bring him to the fountain head, so, by a peculiar process of reasoning, he arrives at "act." "In the beginning was the act." The poodle who, during these attempts, had been showing sighs of restlessness, now swells out to the dimensions of an enormous beast, which confirms Faust's first suspicions as to his nature. He, thereupon, proceeds to exorcise him when he assumes the form of a travelling scholar, Mephistopheles by name, who, in explanation of what he is, says:

"Part of the part am I which at the first was all,
A part of darkness which gave birth to light,
Proud light who now his mother would enthrall."

Without success he adds, for light is bound up with matter, and he says further:

"And so I trust when comes the final wreck,
Light will ere long the doom of matter share."

Mephistopheles wishes to take his departure, promising, however, to return and be useful; but Faust desires to retain him for immediate service, to which Mephistopheles agrees on condition that the service be a pleasing one. Forthwith, at Mephistopheles' beck, unseen spirits sing verses of exquisitely sensuous beauty, which have the effect of lulling Faust to sleep, by which the poet seems to indicate Faust's ineffectual efforts to master the rising demon within him. Mephistopheles seizes the opportunity to make his escape, but returns as Faust awakes, arrayed in the garb of a gay cavalier. He advises Faust to deck himself likewise, in order that free and untrammelled he may the better learn what life is. But wearied and discouraged, Faust thinks that then he would only feel all the more the pain and insufficiency of this life. He is too old for masquerading, and too young to be without desire for pleasure.

"What from the world have I to gain?
Thou shalt abstain, renounce, refrain;
Such is the everlasting song
That in the ears of all men rings,
That unrelieved their whole life long,
Each hour in passing hoarsely sings."

And he goes on to express his hatred for life and wish for death, till in a climax of despair, as Mephistopheles reminds him of his attempt at self-destruction, he calls one universal curse upon all that makes the world fair and life worth living—on all in short that seems to fetter his freedom:

"I curse the more what e'er environs
The cheated soul with juggling shows,
Those hearts' allurements, fancy's sirens,
That bind us to this den of woes;
A curse on all, on seed that scatters,
Of hope from death our name to save,
On all as earthly good that flatters,
As wife or child, as plough or slave,
A curse on juice of grapes deceiving,
On love's wild thrill of rapture first;
A curse on hoping, on believing,
And patience more than all be cursed."

This wild anathema is followed by a wail from a chorus of unseen spirits, his conscience, doubtless, which transforms itself, however, into an exhortation to replace the world thus ruthlessly shattered by another and more ideal one:

"In thine own bosom the lost world restore,
Now with unclouded sense
Enter a new career, songs shall salute thine ear
Ne'er heard before."

But Mephistopheles at once claims this new career for his own, and promises to lead Faust therein, where he will be to him his guide and obedient servant; and as requital he only demands from him a similar service in the next world. The next world troubles Faust but little, and he has, moreover, doubts about the Devil's ability to fulfil his pledges in this one, yet he closes the bargain:

"When thus I hail the moment flying,
Ah, still delay thou art so fair,
Then bind me in thy bonds undying,

My final ruin then declare;
Then let the death bell chime the token,
Then art thou from thy service free,
The clock may stop, the hand be broken,
Then time be finished unto me."

To make it valid, as it were, a legal document is drawn up, which he unhesitatingly and duly signs with his blood.

"Fear not, he says, that I this act shall seek to sever,
The promise that I made to thee,
Is just the sum of my endeavor,
Let us the sensual deeps explore,
To quench the fervors of glowing passion,
Let every marvel take form and fashion
Through the impervious veil it wore;
Plunge we in time's tumultuous dance,
In the rush and roll of circumstance."

This causes Mephistopheles to remind him that his aspirations after the infinite are vain, and that after all he cannot be more than what he is. He is then sent to array himself in a becoming garb, in order that he may, in a befitting manner, enter upon his new career.

In Faust's absence Mephistopheles dons his cap and gown and receives in his stead a young freshman, just arrived to begin his studies at the university, of which Faust is a famous professor. This diffident youth naively tells the supposed professor of his limited means, but unlimited ambition, and of his great disinclination to leave home, which he, however, overcomes by his greater desire to gain knowledge. He then asks the professor's opinion of the various courses of academic study. They pass in review the conventional treatment of them, as they appear to Faust, i.e., to Goethe, after his student experience. When they come to medicine, Mephistopheles' nature gains the upper hand, and he recommends it as the best faculty for a young man to take; and he writes in youth's album before dismissing him the motto: *Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.*

Faust now returns cavalierly arrayed, but feeling ill prepared for an expedition like the one proposed—for that new career, which they are to investigate, for he never knew how to feel at ease, and to adapt himself to the ways of the world. "Time, my good friend," says Mephistopheles, encouragingly, "Time, my good friend, will all that's needful give; be only self-possessed and thou has learned to live." He then spreads his mantle, and they soar on it through the air to Leipzig, where they alight in Auerbach's wine cellar. Here they find a company of drinking, singing students, who only excite Faust's wonder and disgust. After Mephistopheles has played some tricks on the carousers, the two travellers leave the place as they entered it, but on a beer cask, which is still pointed out there. The first step into the "sensual deeps" is not pleasing to Faust, but he makes it, nevertheless, to find a next and lower one less repugnant. This next step is what is called in the poem the "Witches' Kitchen," and a scene of greater excess than the wine cellar of Auerbach. It excites Faust's disgust at first to a still higher degree. But a rejuvenating potion which he drinks, and a magic image which he sees, prepare him

for a further descent into those "deeps" which he so wished to explore.

Immediately after his rejuvenescence, Faust, as if by chance, meets Margaret, an unsophisticated maiden, whose acquaintance, now a gay young man, he speedily makes, with the aid of Mephistopheles, and of a friend of hers called Martha. It soon ripens into intimacy, and in one of their interviews Margaret confides to him some of her home history :

"And then our house affairs,
Poor though they be, bring many cares;
We have no servant maid, and I
Must cook, knit, sew, must wash and dry,
Run far and near, rise ere the light,
And not lie down till late at night," etc.

And when he leaves her, she wonders

"What can it be,
That thus attaches him to me."

Summoning the better part of his nature, that is not yet dead within him, to his aid, he endeavors to arrest the dangerous growth of passion by having recourse to the contemplation of nature—"The tribes of living things, my brothers," as he calls them,—“in still grove or air or stream” But his evil spirit regains possession of him and hurries him back again to Margaret, whom he finds disconsolate over his absence. She questions him now about his religion, to which he answers evasively that he “none would of their faith or church bereave,” but urged to say whether he believes in God, his reply is :

"Who dares say,
Yes, I in God believe,
Question or priest or sage and they
Seem, in the answer you receive,
To mock the questioner."

She fears from his answer that he is no Christian, yet neither this nor her instinctive aversion to his companion can make her break with him. Some time after we see her praying before an image of the Mater Dolorosa :

"Ah, rich in sorrow thou,
Stoop thy maternal brow
And mark with pitying eye my misery ;
Ah, wheresoe'er I go,
My anguished breast is aching."

Then Valentine, her soldier brother, who has returned on her account, meets two persons serenading her. Not doubting who they are, he attacks them at once, but as he has the Devil to contend with, he is mortally wounded. With words of reproach to his sister and of disgust to her neighbor, whom the alarm calls out, he expires. Margaret is again seen at the Cathedral as mass is being sung for the souls of the departed. To the accompaniment of the organ there is sung the judgment chant :

"The day of wrath, that awful day,
Shall change the world to ashes."

Her own conscience, symbolized by an evil spirit, makes her undergo such torments that, unable to endure them longer, she swoons away.

Immediately after the murder of Valentine, Faust and Mephistopheles have to flee. As it is the eve of Walpurgis night, on which the witches hold their carnival on the summit of the Brocken, Mephistopheles leads

Faust thither in order to drown his remorse in its wild revelry. They struggle up the rugged side of the mountain in the darkness and storm with a willow-the-wisp to light them, Mephistopheles leading the way, and describing as he nears the top the tempest in the following graphic lines :

"Hark, through the woods the tempest roars,
The owlets flit in wild affright,
Split are the columns that upbore
The leafy palace green for aye,
The shivered branches whirr and sigh,
Yawns the hugh trunks with mighty groan,
The roots upriven creak and moan,
In fearful and entangled fall,
One crashing ruin whelms them all,
While through the desolate abyss,
Sweeping the wreck-strewn precipice,
The raging storm-blasts howl and hiss ;
Hearest thou voices sounding clear,
Distant now and now more near ?
Hark, the mountain ridge along,
Streameth a raving magic song."

It is the magic song of the witches holding their midnight carnival on the mountain top. It is the wildest dissipation in which Faust has yet indulged. But its grossness finally palls upon him, and visions of the unhappy Margaret begin to rise before him, which Mephistopheles, failing to dispell otherwise, endeavors to dissipate by substituting for the coarse revelry, symbolized by the witches carnival, other pleasures less gross, represented by the dramatic performance of Oberon's Golden Wedding.

After this night of excess there follows a day of gloom and repentance, when Faust, speaking in prose, fiercely chides the Evil Spirit for leading him astray, and demands to be brought back at once to Margaret's rescue. He obeys, and they hurry by night past a witch haunted gibbet to her prison cell, where, as the door is opened by means of Mephistopheles' magic keys, she is heard singing with disordered mind snatches of an old ballad. Taking Faust at first for her executioner, she gives vent to her terror at the near prospect of death, but recognizing him, she conceives a momentary hope of deliverance, which vanishes as her mind reverts to the latter and tragic events of her life :

"I sent my mother to her grave,
I drowned my child beneath the wave ;
Give me thy hand, it is no dream, 'tis true,
Thine own dear hand ! But how it this ? 'Tis wet,
Quick, wipe it off ; me seems that yet
There's blood thereon ;
Ah, God ! What hast thou done ?
Put up thy sword I beg of thee."

She refuses to flee, for she sees that death alone can expiate her crimes. Faust's desperate effort to force her away is unavailing. His last frantic appeal to her, as day dawns, to save herself, is answered in another strain :

"Yes, day draws near,
The day of judgment, too, will soon appear,
It should have been my bridal,
Though not at the dance
We shall meet once more."

Then, as the vision of her execution rises up, she says :

“ The crowd does gather, in silence it rolls,
The squares, the streets,
Scarce hold the throng ;
The staff is broken, the death bell tolls,
They bind and seize me, I'm hurried along,
To the seat of blood already I'm bound,
Quivers each neck, as the naked steel
Quivers on mine, the blow to deal.”

This draws from Faust the agonized wish that he had ne'er been born. At the sight of the impatient Mephistopheles, Margaret utters her unalterable resolution, “ Judgment of God ! To thee my soul I give ! ” Turning to Faust with the same fear and aversion, perhaps mingled with pity, she cries : “ Heinrich, I shudder now to look on thee.” “ She is judged,” cries the fiend, as they pass away, to which a voice from above answers, “ She is saved ; ” and Faust, as they disappear, hears her in pity calling after him from her cell. So Faust has explored the “ sensual deeps,” but instead of finding the wished for moment therein, he only finds disgust and utter woe.

As for the episode of Margaret, this tragedy within a tragedy, none of ancient or modern times, perhaps, better fulfills the Aristotelian requirement of tragic art, namely, that of awakening pity and terror so as thereby to purify and ennoble these affections. Dramatic retribution seems, it is true, unfairly meted out, for Faust, whose dramatic guilt is greater than that of Margaret, escapes, while she perishes. But as we have seen such a fate could not befall Faust, in accordance with the plan of the poem, and, furthermore, in his case the sentiment of poetic justice is not altogether unsatisfied, for does not his remorse make him utter the wish that he had ne'er been born ? Margaret, on the contrary, could not return repentant to life, nor could she return unrepentant with Faust. Both expedients would be inert. She can but appease and gain Heaven by suffering on earth for her sins, which reconciles us to her fate.

Let us again take up the fortunes of our hero as he now rises from the “ sensual deeps ” in search of a higher ideal, as he passes from the little world to the great, in quest of the pleasure that does not vanish ere it reaches the lips.

In accordance with the legend, and perhaps in allusion to some of the experiences of Goethe's own court life, Faust, as soon as he recovers from the loss of Margaret, is led to the court of the emperor, whose dominion, because of the weakness of his character and the baseness of his councillors, is tottering to ruin. Notwithstanding, the court is the scene of festivities and masquerades, in which our travellers take part, and where Mephistopheles, moreover, is perfectly at home. He also proposes a remedy for the financial embarrassment of the country by the issue of a paper currency on an imaginary security, which ends in a crash. Faust, whose part in the court mummery is symbolic of the danger threatening from such indulgences, is then requested by the art-loving, though feeble emperor, to call up the forms of Helen and Paris, i. e., to create forms of perfect ideal beauty.

Mephistopheles, the spirit of negation, cannot produce the truly beautiful. Faust himself must descend to the “ mothers ” for these forms, but Mephistopheles gives him a key to guide him thither. Ideal beauty is an innate conception of the human mind reposing in its innermost depths, and the key is probably the method of evolving it therefrom. Faust, crowned with the victor's laurel, rises up preceded by the shades. The assembled courtiers pass their critical comments on these wondrous forms, the product of Faust's art, who himself suddenly becoming enamoured of his own creation, endeavors to grasp the form of Helen, which eludes him, and with a loud report vanishes from sight, as if the highest beauty or the purest pleasure could only be attained to or enjoyed by calm contemplation, and not otherwise. The ideal is shattered by the attempt to realize it.

Before Faust recovers from the shock caused by the sudden and unexpected collapse of this attempt, he is transported by his attendant spirit to the old study whence he first set out on his quest. Beyond being musty and infected by cob-webs and crickets, this place is quite unchanged. The very pen with the blood dry and rusty upon it, with which Faust signed away his life, is still in its place. While Faust is still dozing apart, Mephistopheles dons again the cap and gown in which he formerly received the freshman. He seats himself in the professor's chair, as before, and, curious coincidence, that same timid, inquiring freshman, but now a full-fledged, dashing baccalaureus storms into the room, as he finds it open, expressing his contempt for old people in general, and for old professors in particular. He recalls the time

“ When the grey-beard old deceivers
Classed me with their true believers,
One who all their figments hollow,
As the bread of life would swallow.”

He is no longer an unsuspecting boy, whom anyone will venture to deceive. Experience, says he, is but a “ foam and bubble,” and its name not to be mentioned with the spirits claim. Man, after thirty years of age, is as good as dead. Things exist only in and for him. Even the Devil himself exists only by his leave. The folly of this great original, who does not know that all his ideas have been thought over and over again, will, however, Mephistopheles thinks, have time to subside.

Wagner, the former pedantic famulus, has in the meantime become distinguished. He has become creative. In the laboratory adjoining the study, he is found absorbed in the crystallization of a mannikin which he just now after long endeavor brings to a successful completion. This homunculus, forthwith endowed with the keenest perception, spying the sleeping Faust, perceives, what M. cannot, that his aspirations are after the higher forms of beauty which, in his opinion, are only to be found in classical antiquity. Accordingly, leaving the inconsolable Wagner behind, Faust and M. set out under the guidance of Homunculus, the spirit of criticism, enveloped in his glass cover, and arrive on the plain of Pharsalia in Thessaly on the anniversary of the battle of Pharsalia, when the creations of Grecian mythology were supposed to take form to witness the battle as it was fought

over again. When the spectre combat is over its spectators still remain. Under the direction of Homunculus, Faust and Mephistopheles now pass in review these various creations of the antique Grecian world of art, from its lowest to its highest expression of beauty. This highest form that Grecian art has attained, is represented by Galatea in her chariot of shell. Homunculus, whose critical functions are here ended, collides with the chariot, dissolves and vanishes in flame. The ideal is not in classical art.

We are then transferred back to the remote and misty age of Helen of Troy. She is returning to her husband's kingdom, a little in advance of him, who, as she is led to believe by Mephistopheles, intends on his return to sacrifice her to the Gods. But she is further informed of the proximity of a race of Gothic warriors, who had arrived during her absence. Their leader is Faust, who, Mephisto. thinks, will accord her protection, if she seeks it. To escape the threatened death, she quits with her woman her Grecian palace, and flees through a misty darkness to the medieval castle of the northern warrior, who gives her the protection sought. Their union follows, and they have a son, Euphorion, a winged, aspiring boy, who once essaying too high a flight, falls dead at his parents' feet. His form disappears, leaving the scanty garments alone behind. His voice is heard calling to his mother not to leave him alone in the gloomy depths, and she then follows him leaving Faust nothing but her mantle to console him. This scene, the gross anachronisms and confusion of allegory aside, symbolizes the union of classical and medieval art and their product, romantic art, towards which Goethe himself had leanings. As has been seen, Faust did not find his ideal in classical art alone. He does not now find it permanently in the union of the classical and romantic either. The poet's idea, then, seems to be that it is not to be found in art at all.

Transported thither by the cloud-like garments of Helen and Euphorion, Faust lands in the dominion of the emperor whose court he formerly visited. Here his aspirations take a new direction; and he expresses to Mephistopheles a wish for active employment, in the form of a struggle with the powers of nature—with the sea—in order to recover and possess some of the land submerged by its waters. On the suggestion of Mephistopheles, they decide to offer their aid to the emperor to suppress a rebellion, which his mismanagement had caused. For this valuable service they hope to receive from him the investiture of the worthless sea-covered land. The sorely pressed monarch accepts the offer, and recovers his throne by means of Mephistopheles' infernal battalions. But as war and court life have no charm for Faust, he hurries away to begin his struggle with the ocean, and to seek happiness in material possessions and wealth. He recovers the land, has harbors, and docks and vessels, and dwells in a stately mansion. In the acquisition, however, he has become an aged man, and there is something to mar his happiness still. The view from his palace on the open sea is interrupted by an intervening garden and cottage. Mephistopheles is commissioned to secure this property in exchange for another. But the house is burned and its owners perish, and Faust, who

wanted an exchange and no robbery, curses the deed when his emissaries return. Then there approach his dwelling the shadowy figures of Want, Guilt and Care. Care alone gains entrance and breathes upon her unwilling host and blinds him. Instead of succumbing, Faust collects his energies for one last effort. Though darkness is around him, his inmost spirit is light. The work which he has planned is not yet finished, and he now calls upon his vassals to complete it. Mephistopheles and his skeleton lemuress respond, but they come not to complete Faust's grand design but to dig his grave, for

"Out of the palace to the narrow home,
So at the last our sorry end must come."

Though Faust has not yet experienced that supreme moment for which he bargained, Mephistopheles is, nevertheless, confidently relying on the words of the agreement, that for service in this world, Faust should render him the same in the next. But as the natural term of Faust's life is about over, the Devil of late so remiss, now summons back some of his former activity, and to make assurance doubly sure, prepares to claim his right. The blind Faust totters out to meet his workmen and urge them on to still greater activity in the prosecution of the work. Then the picture of a swamp, poisoning with its miasma the reclaimed lands, rises up before his mental vision. To drain and render it fit for human habitation, and to be a source of benefit and blessing to his fellow-men, the first time that he has thought of them in his search for happiness, seems to him now the height of bliss, and he calls on the moment to tarry:

"Yes, to this thought I hold with firm persistence,
The last result of wisdom holds it true,
He only earns his freedom and existence,
Who daily conquers then anew,
Thus here by dangers girt, shall glide away
Of children, manhood, age, the vigorous day,
And such a throng, I fain would see
Stand on free soil among a people free,
Then dare I hail the moment fleeing,
Ah, still delay, thou art so fair,
The traces cannot of mine earthly being,
In aeons perish, they are there,
In proud fore-filling of such lofty bliss,
I now enjoy the highest moment this."

Thus in the last moments of his existence does our seeker after the ideal realize it, though only in anticipation. But what about his promise to the Devil on such a consummation, "Then bind me in thy bonds undying, my final ruin then declare?" The fulfillment of it would evidently depend on whether this moment was procured by the Devil's agency, or whether such a spirit could be capable of causing pleasure of this kind at all. Of this, however, Mephistopheles does not now think. As Faust utters the last word he expires, and the Devil, though with the agreement literally fulfilled in his favor, fearing some chicanery, takes out his bond to confound his adversaries; and in order to give it more weight, he calls out his demons to his assistance. But Faust's deliverance was fore-ordained by the Lord, who at the outset told the tempter that "A good man, clouded though his senses be by error, is no willing slave to it," and who

warned him besides that he would guide Faust in his dim aspiration to the light. This he has done, though not through "trial and through hard assay" on Faust's part, whose development rather resembles a natural, spontaneous process. But the apotheosis that Goethe himself, doubtless, yearned for in a vague sort of way after his own Faust-like career he gave his hero, and he also wished to apply a prevalent metaphysical theory of this time. So Heaven opens and sends forth its angels to guide Faust upwards, for Heaven, Earth and Hell meet here, as in the old mystery plays, and as in reality, too, for that matter. Mephistopheles, who falls in love with an angel, loses, in his distraction, the soul of Faust, which is carried off by the angels to Heaven, leaving him, the negative side of his dual existence, to disappear with his demons in Hell.

The Heaven with its inhabitants into which Faust enters is that of the Roman Catholic cult. Its ornate imagery is used by the poet to give tangible form to his idea. It is not a place of uniformity or equality. There are orders and degrees of angels as well as of penitents. The visible fountain of life and aspiration is the Mater Gloriosa. Conducted by his guide, Faust ascends toward her. A penitent, once known on earth as Margaret or Gretchen, obtains on the intercession of three earlier and greater penitents than she, an audience for him whom she herself has pardoned. And as he approaches the benign mother in his pristine, youthful strength, Margaret asks for and receives permission to guide him upwards, where the poet leaves him, ever aspiring in Heaven as on Earth.

PERSONALS.

John McKay, B.A., '88, is studying law in Sault Ste. Marie.

Fred Heap, M.A., '90, has been secured as Classical Master in the High School, Pembroke, for \$800 only. We congratulate the school.

We were pleased to see the genial countenance of Rev. Alex. McAuley in the halls. His face betokens that he has not found marriage a failure.

G. F. Mitchell, B.A., who has been engaged as Tutor in Classics during last session, and till the present time in this session, has been appointed Principal of the Cobourg Collegiate Institute. General regret is expressed at his departure by all who took his class.

It is with sorrow that we inform our readers of the death of Mrs. Fowler, the wife our esteemed Professor. For several years Mrs. Fowler was a constant sufferer, though it was thought that her malady was not of a serious nature, nor was any apprehension felt that her end was so near until a few minutes before her death. She died at her home on Friday, Dec. 13th. In Mrs. Fowler the students of Queen's have lost a true friend. By her motherly interest and generous hospitality she did much to encourage them, and her loss will be keenly felt by all. Wreaths were sent by the A.M.S. and by Professor Fowler's class. The Professors and about 300 students attended the funeral.

James McMahon, M.D., enjoys a good practice in Texarcana, Texas.

On December 23rd, 1889, Mr. James Minnes, who entered Queen's with the class of '89, and attended classes for two years, was married to Miss Patterson of this city. The JOURNAL does not forget its energetic Secretary of '87-8. But, Jim, how about the—the cake, you know? We join with all other friends in congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Minnes.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

Prof.—Mr. F., how would you express in Hebrew "An Oriental?"

Mr. F.—A son of the east.

Prof.—Yes, and "a man-of-war?"

Mr. F.—A son of—of a gun!

IN SPITE OF THE FUNNY MAN.

Freshmen ain't always terribly green,
In spite of the funny man;
Sophomores don't always like to be seen,
In spite of the funny man;
Juniors don't always smoke their pipes,
And home for money each week write,
Seniors don't always young hearts blight,
In spite of the funny man.

Sometimes they sing a bran new song,
In spite of the funny man;
And sometimes everything don't go wrong,
In spite of the funny man;
Sometimes they don't sing "Hold the Fort,"
And the crier don't always open the court,
Sometimes you hear a sharp retort,
In spite of the funny man.

Sometimes the girls don't head the list,
In spite of the funny man;
And if they do, why they're not hissed,
In spite of the funny man;
Sometimes there ain't a collection on,
Sometimes the JOURNAL is on time, I swan,
And sometimes the hard-working man gets on,
In spite of the funny man.

T. R. Scott don't make puns all day,
In spite of the funny man;
Cattanach sometimes says his say,
In spite of the funny man;
Millar is sometimes not late for class,
McKay ain't always with that lass,
Nickle occasionally don't sling sass,
In spite of the funny man.

Sometimes a student pays his bills,
In spite of the funny man;
And sits on chairs, not window sills,
In spite of the funny man;
Sometimes the Meds. don't get on tears,
More respectable Arts men are quite rare,
And generally speaking Queen's "gets there,"
In spite of the funny man.

HALF A GLEE CLUB ONLY.

Bass to the left of them,
Tenors to right of them,
Banjos behind them,
Now to the right of them,
Now to the left of them,
Now to the front of them,
Strachan stood and thundered.

Bass made an awful try,
Tenors looked ready to die,
One more spasmodic try,
Ten fellows only;
"Old Folks at Home" they sang,
Some sort of bells they rang,
Then all the banjos twanged
Trying a medley, while
The gallery wondered.

"Scot's wha hae" next they took,
Roared till the rafters shook,
Some thought it thundered;
There stood that little band,
Almost dumbfounded,
Then they sat down as not,
Not having blundered.

Strachan to the right of them,
Strachan to the left of them,
Strachan behind them,
Twisting and turning;
Sweat came from every pore,
As he thought of the club of yore,
Then vowed he'd sing no more
With ten fellows only.

Why should their glory fade?
Why, when such sounds they made,
Ten fellows only?
Honor that little crowd,
Honor the voices loud,
Of ten fellows only.

Convocation Hall, Dec 12th, 1890.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

Bells—[Everybody.

Let loose the blood hounds, lead in the goat.—[J. McK—

Burglars must not break into houses where there are timid ladies.—[S.th.

Every man who refuses to pay will be considered a pantheist or an outcast.—[Frank H-g-o.

I am going out to China as a missionary, 'cause 'um!
Well, I've only a woman's reason.—[J. C.

They should charge an extra fee for postage when letters amount to twenty-seven pages each, and four a week at that.

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