

## GOETHE'S KEY TO FAUST.

## FIRST PAPER: THE PROLOGUES.

LIBRARIES of commentary in every European language have grown up around the unsolved enigma, What is Faust? and still we seem in need of some more definite solution of the problem.

Learned and elaborate, the commentaries, for the most part, begin with the Faust legend of the fifteenth century, trace it back to the remotest past, tell all that there is to know about the historic personage of the name of Faust, and disclose the mythological sources from whence his fabulous story has, in the course of centuries, evolved itself. From this they proceed, in like manner, with every character or allusion in the play; and we have, as a result, a monument of learning, but not the definite idea of which we are in search. Though the commentators have delved into the remotest past for facts, and, constructing wonderful philosophies, have soared endlessly into the blue for fanciful interpretations; though the whole surface of the casket in which the treasure lies is scored with the tracings of these many wondrous "keys," they have not unlocked the secret.

"Ye instruments, indeed, ye mock at me,  
With wheels and cogs and cylinders and  
braces.  
I stood here at the gate, and ye should be  
the key;  
Your ward is curious, but no bolt it raises."

The wards of the key are too curiously twisted. The explanations are too elaborate, for the elaborate can never penetrate the simple. "One must believe," writes Goethe to Zelter, "in simplicity, in what is originally productive, if one wants to go the right way." "German critics," says Goethe to Eckermann, "start from philosophy, and in

the consideration and discussion of a poetical production proceed in such a manner that what they intend as an elucidation is intelligible only to philosophers of their own school, while for other people it is far more obscure than the work upon which they intended to throw light."

Where, then, shall we find this light, this solution of the problem? This is just the question which Goethe himself has taken special pains to answer. Eckermann, in continuation of the conversation from which the foregoing sentence was taken, reports it for us. Goethe goes on to say: "M. Ampère, on the contrary, shows himself quite practical and popular. Like one who knows his profession thoroughly, he shows the relation between the production and the producer, and judges the different poetical productions as different fruits of different epochs of the poet's life. He has studied most profoundly the changing course of my earthly career and the condition of my mind, and has had the faculty of seeing what I have not expressed, and what, so to speak, could only be read between the lines. . . . Concerning Faust his remarks are no less clever, since he not only notes, as part of myself, the gloomy, discontented striving of the principal character, but also the scorn and the bitter irony of Mephistopheles."

Here is the answer to the question, Where are we to look for the key to Faust? We are to go to the poet himself, to the poet's life, to the poet's thought, and there we may read, by the light thrown on the poem, from the varying epochs of his earthly career, and find the answer to our enigma in the poem itself, and in the many thoughts

and experiences of the poet whose whole life and thought are reflected in it.

"All through the book lie scattered the keys to unloosen enigmas,  
For there the Spirit, prophetic, speaks to intelligence still.  
That one I call the most skillful who lets the Day easily teach him;  
For the Day brings us, at once, problem and answer in one."

Speaking of what Faust is, "I have," says Goethe, "received into my mind impressions, and those of a sensual, animated, charming, varied, hundred-fold kind, just as a lively imagination presented them; and I had as a poet nothing more to do than artistically to round off and elaborate such views and impressions, and by means of a lively representation so to bring them forward that others might receive the same impression in hearing or reading my representation of them."

If we follow the course recommended by him, and note carefully what impressions and ideas were prominent in his mind at the time when the varying scenes of the drama were written, we shall, as he has taken pains to tell us, come at the deeper significance hidden under all the seeming trivialities of the action. "There is," he says, "always something higher at the bottom, and nothing is required but eyes and knowledge of the world and the power of comprehension to perceive the great in the small. For those who are without such qualities let it suffice to receive the picture of life as real life."

Here is our key, which the poet himself has given. Forget all elaborate theories about the play, and all facts concerning the historic Faust; they are but the colors on the artist's palette, the clay for the sculptor's modeling. We should ask only and always, What were the poet's thoughts and feeling when he wrote the scene; or, if he has said little directly about it, what were his surroundings? — for Goethe's life has been

made an open book, where he who runs may read; and in his strong interest in himself he has supplied the reader of his *Memoirs* with an abundance of detail, from which to annotate his art. First, what has he said about the play? In announcing the *Helena*, the third act of the Second Part of *Faust*, Goethe remarks that "Faust's character presents a man who, impatient in the common bounds of earthly existence, reaches out on all sides for the highest knowledge and the enjoyment of the fairest good, yet whose longing is forever unsatisfied, — a spirit that always returns upon itself discontented and unhappy."

Pointing out the analogy to modern life and thought, Goethe says that it is mankind which he is depicting, not an historical or mythological personage. Elsewhere he observes that a commentator who sees in Faust, not an individual, but the soul of man, has come nearer the solution of the problem. "It is," he tells Eckermann, his young confidant, "the development of a human soul, that is tormented by all which afflicts humanity, and made happy by all which it desires." "A concise and clear representation of the existing in Man," as he tells Schiller. "For that is," he says in his *Sayings*, "the genuine poetry where the individual represents the Universal, not as a dream or a shadow, but as a living and visible revelation of the Inscrutable." "When the true poetic genius is born, he will set the moods of the inner life before us as the Universal, the World-life;" for "the life of an individual is forever the mirror of the life of Man."

Goethe's theme, then, is Human Life. We find it so stated in the Prologue in the Theatre, that dialogue in which the Theatre Manager, Poet, and the Merry Man set out the aims and purposes of the play. The whole subject is discussed by them at length from their different points of view, and the Merry Man, agreeing with the Poet, says: —

"So let us give a play, too, but contrive  
To grasp in full this human life we live:  
Each lives it, yet 't is not much known,  
And where 't is seized there 's interest  
enough."

Look closely into this Prologue. The whole theory of the play, its scope and the motive of the drama, is to be found here. The individual life, Goethe is never weary of telling us, is the image of the life of the race; and the aim of the Second Part is to show how the same problem of life which we each face as individuals has been, and is being, worked out by the race, and to show also how simple this problem really is.

"All is simpler than men think, more succinct than one can imagine." "It annoys men to find the truth so simple," says Goethe. He writes to ask Schiller to "interpret his dreams for him," sending him the manuscript of *Faust*; and Schiller replies: "You grasp with your view entire Nature in order to throw light on its parts; in the totality of her manifestations you seek for the key which shall lay open the individual." Goethe agrees to this, and in his *Italian Journey* remarks that "the poet should sweep through the universe, and bring it down to a point of light, a burning point, that shall mirror for us the All." Wilhelm Meister has the same thought as to the work of the poet, and says, further, that the poet alone can give us knowledge of "that right enjoyment of the world." The Prologue in the Theatre, opening the play, still further sets forth this mission of the poet in that splendid passage in which we have Goethe's aim and motive minutely described. The Poet there says, in answer to the Manager, who clings to the usual theatrical notion, and advises him to give a multitude of isolated dramatic incidents, and to strive only to amuse and amaze the public:—

"Go hence, and seek yourself another slave to-night;  
The poet shall, indeed, that highest right,

That right of man that Nature to him lent,  
For your sake trifle wantonly away!  
How is it he all hearts can sway?  
How is it he controls each element?  
Is 't not the harmony that from his breast  
will start,  
And winds the whole world back into his  
heart?  
When Nature will eternal threads, unseeing,  
Carelessly whirling, on the spindle fling,  
When all the unharmonious throngs of being  
In sullen discord through each other ring,  
Who parts th' unvaried series of Creation,  
Quickening their flowing into rhymic time?  
Who calls the Single to that common consecration  
Of All, where it in grand accord can chime?  
Who bids the storm with passion rage and  
lower,  
The evening red with solemn meanings glow?  
Who scatters springtime's every fairest flower  
Along the pathway where the Loved will  
go?  
Who weaves the simple leaves to crowns,  
requisites us  
With Honor's wreath, the prize of every  
field,  
Secures Olympus, to the gods unites us?  
That power of man the poet has revealed."

Goethe here says that the aim of the poem is not to present an ordinary dramatic episode or a number of detached incidents, but to show the relation of each to the All; to exhibit life, the whole of life, and call each separate individual to that common consecration where it can chime in grand accord with its Maker. Thus he will unite the mortal to the Immortal,—"to the gods unite us,"—and find for us, in this harmony of all being, that "right enjoyment of life" of which Wilhelm Meister speaks. So uniting ourselves to the Immortal Energy, we are brought near to the "*Schaffender Freude*," the Joy which is the Maker; that Creative Activity which we see operating in the universe about us, and with which the poet would harmonize our lives, till they too become creative, a part of that Joy which is the Divine. "All Nature and we human beings," he said to Eckermann, "are so penetrated with the divine element that it sustains us; that in it we

live and work and are. . . . The divine power is everywhere manifest; . . . the divine love is everywhere active." But "with people who have Him daily upon their tongues God becomes a phrase, a mere name, which they utter without any accompanying idea." "We look at detached portions of life, and so miss its deeper significance." "The great trouble is, nobody remembers or gives us the All." Unless we join ourselves to the Divine, we live in darkness, or at least fail of the joy which is our birth-right. "Ah, yes!" the Merry Man observes, "that is what we are after, — joy. So carry on this poet's trade of ours, and give us Human Life; that is indeed a romance; then all will be stirred, for each will see what he has in his own heart." Even the Manager becomes interested, and promises the Poet, if he will only set to work, he may use all the resources of the stage: —

"You know our German stage; in scenery  
What any one would try he may.  
So spare not anything to-day,  
Either in scenes or in machinery.  
Use both the great and lesser lights of  
heaven;  
The stars you may at random squander,  
Nor want for water, fire, nor beasts that  
wander,  
Nor birds shall lack, nor precipices, even.  
So stride, then, in this narrow booth's small  
bound,  
The whole great circle of creation round;  
And swiftly move, but thoughtfully as well,  
From heaven through all the world to hell."

So, in this poem, the poet will sweep with his soaring thought through the whole circle of creation, — "from heaven through all the world to hell." In this view, which Goethe declares is the scope and aim of the work, the Faust legend, of which the commentators make so much, becomes of very little importance, except as it is significant and useful as an embodiment of the poet's abstract idea. "The facts of any man's life," Goethe says to Eckermann, apropos of Jean Paul's *Truth of my Life* as opposed to his own *Dichtung und*

*Wahrheit*, Truth and Poetry of my Life, the title of his *Memoirs*, — "the facts of any man's life are of no consequence except as they are significant." Significant, that is, of the "operation of those eternal laws through which we rejoice or sorrow, and which we fulfill and which are fulfilled in us, whether we perceive them or not." This is the end of Faust, — to make us perceive these laws, and conform our lives to them, so that we may work in harmony with their eternal purposes. Thus it appears that Goethe, by his own admission, has used the Faust story only as a convenient peg upon which to hang conclusions. Indeed, he writes to Schiller that it is not the story of Dr. Faust at all, but his own life and the life of man, that he is depicting. "The First Part is wholly subjective;" wholly the picture, that is, of his own inner life, of the results of his own experience, and of the conclusions which he draws therefrom of the law of life and the way of joy. This is what makes the greatness and the special interest of the poem. In it the greatest soul of modern times actually puts the window in his breast, and lets us see into his inmost being, wherein the universe lies as in a mirror. "All the great forces of the universe centre here." "Men call their circumstances and surroundings God and the Devil, but within us is the problem; from the first two worlds are there." To Eckermann, too, he says: "The First Part is wholly subjective. I confess that the characters of Faust and Mephistopheles are both parts of my own being; but in the Second Part we enter into another, higher, clearer, more passionless world." "Yes, the whole of antiquity and half the history of the modern world are there; but I have brought so many figures before the eye, in themselves picturesque and interesting, that, as a picture full of sensuous life, it will prove attractive, even if one cares nothing for the thought behind it." "Word and picture are cor-

relate, — what comes to the ear should be seen by the eye ; and so in the childish times of the world we see, as in the Bible, the truth ever presented in a picture, a parable." In Wilhelm Meister he speaks of this way of presenting truth, and says it has often occurred to him to contrive a masque that should bring all the elements of modern life before us as characters in a masquerade or a drama. In the first act of the Second Part we find such a masque in the court revels ; the masquerade that reproduces for us, as an allegory, the whole history of modern Europe. Indeed, the entire poem, with its utter simplicity of native diction and absolute freedom from any flowery rhetoric, is a trope. "There is a poetry without tropes," says Goethe, "which is one trope," and this is peculiarly true of Faust. "This poetry," he tells us, "makes dead thought alive." "We see the law of life acting in and upon an individual, and therefore it becomes to us a living reality." "So give a drama," says the Merry Man of the Prologue, "and each will see what is in his own heart, and draw serious nourishment from your play."

Now, though the best commentators are agreed that Faust is in some sort an allegory, they lay so much stress on tracing historical allusions and minor details as to make us lose sight of the truth which Goethe declares is "so simple ;" the picture of the operation of this law of life, which underlies and binds the play together. Their learned comment leaves us, for the most part, in the condition of the man who could not see the forest for the trees. But the poet promises to set this law of life before us in its simplest forms. All the incidents and episodes of the play are introduced as significant of that way of joy which is the perfect fulfillment of the law, or of the deviations from it which have led and are leading us to doubt and despair ; that is, into the clutches of Mephistopheles. The figures

and combinations are as varied as life itself, but behind and beneath them all is this simple truth, this law of life, which binds and holds all together, as the canvas backing holds the varied colors and figures of a tapestry in a complete whole. It is a picture of life, of a man, and of mankind.

"We'll see the little, then the greater world,"

as Mephistopheles remarks to Faust when they first sail off through the air, in quest of that happiness which the devil promises him in self-gratification. The theme of Faust might indeed be called the Pursuit of Happiness. You cannot, by acquiring for your own gratification, by getting, obtain joy ; that is beyond the power of selfishness to procure. Happiness, says the poet, is found only in giving, not in getting. As you give yourself forth for the purposes of the Creating Joy, and become a part of that Joy, a co-creator, do you know happiness ; or, following your own selfish ends, become the slave of this Demon of Selfishness. Look with the poet for the proof of this in the life within us and in the world about us, and see what influences have led and are leading us to that perfect fulfillment of the law which joins us at last to that Joy which is the Maker.

Goethe tells Eckermann, "You will find the key of Faust's salvation in these lines" from the Chorus of Angels, near the conclusion of the Second Part : —

"This noble member of the choirs  
Of spirit-worlds 's forever  
From Evil saved ; whoe'er aspires  
And toils we can deliver ;  
If in the Love he really share  
That from on high is freely given,  
The holy hosts will meet him there,  
And welcome him to heaven."

Here is the answer to that enigma of life, and "the right enjoyment of life ;" for, as we have seen, Faust is life. In labor and in love is the solution of the problem. If we never forget that Faust is

always the poet himself, or his view of the history of the life of man, we can in the poet's life and thoughts find the key to unlock all the mysteries of the poem.

We recall Goethe's remark to Humboldt, that from his earliest years this thought of Faust had been in his mind; then, turning to his Memoirs, we see the poet looking up questioningly into the universe, and asking of the worlds about him the answer to that mighty problem, What is life? So, after the Prologue in the Theatre, which sets forth the aim of the play, we have the Prologue in Heaven, and look out with the poet into the universe. Here are the Lord, the Heavenly Host, and near by Mephistopheles.

The commentators have expended a good deal of energy in explaining the personality of this character whom Goethe introduces to us as *Der Herr*, the Lord. The point is important, for it involves Goethe's whole idea of the Deity; and in this drama of life, as in life itself, it is *Der Herr* — that is, the Deity, the Source of Life — which is the real centre, the hero, so to speak, of the play. At the very outset, indeed, we find this to be the endeavor of Faust, to which his whole being is devoted, — to reach the Source of Life.

"One yearns to reach Life's Brooks: ah! yonder,

On towards the Fount of Life would strain."

"We vainly seek the idea of a single Supreme Being," says Goethe. "The great Being whom we name the Deity manifests Himself not only in man, but in a rich, powerful Nature and in mighty World-events. A representation of Him framed from human qualities cannot, of course, be adequate, and the attentive observer will soon come to imperfections and contradictions which will drive him to doubt, — nay, to despair, — unless he be either little enough to let himself be soothed by an artful evasion, or great enough to rise to a higher point of view." But Eckermann reports him as saying,

in reference to the somewhat similar conclusion of the drama, "I might easily have lost myself in the vague, if I had not, by means of sharply drawn figures and images from the Christian Church, given my poetical design a desirable form and substance."

It is the Creative Energy (*Der Erschaffender*) which Goethe recognizes as the object of his homage. He sets this forth distinctly in a fragment from Mahomet, printed at the end of his collected works. It so clearly illustrates how the great thought lay and grew in the poet's mind that we may well pause to recall the lines, as giving us more truly than we can get elsewhere that desired end, the poet's point of view. Mahomet, alone in an open field, looks up into the star-strewn heaven and questions the universe about him, as we find the poet himself doing in this Prologue in Heaven.

#### MAHOMET.

Can I not share it with you, this feeling of Soul?

Can I not feel it with you, this sense of the All?

Who, who turns his ear to the prayer,  
To eyes, still beseeching, a look?

See! he shineth aloft, prophet, friendly, the Star.

Be thou my Lord, my God! gracious, beck'ning to me!

Stay! Stay! Turn'st thou thine eye away?  
How, how can I love him who hides?

Be blessed, thrice blessed, O Moon, leader thou of the stars!

Be thou my Lord, my God, thou who illumine'st the way!

Let, let me not in the darkness  
Stray off, with people astray!

Sun, that glow'st, the heart, glowing, is given to thee.

Be thou my Lord, my God! Lead, All-Seeing-One, lead!

Come too, come down, thou Glorious!  
For darkness has wrapt me around.

Lift thyself, loving heart, to the Creating Soul!

Be thou my Lord, my God, thou All-Loving-One, — thou



Who mad'st the Sun, the Moon, and the  
Star,  
The Earth and the Heaven and me!

Here we have, then, first, the Lord (that is, the Lord of Life) manifest everywhere as the Creative Energy; second, all those elements of creation forever co-workers in the mighty work, — "the Heavenly Hosts," "the Archangels," "true sons of heaven," engaged in their Father's labors; Labor, Energy, Work, the Labor and the Laborer. Who are these three archangels, Gabriel, Raphael, and Michael? The three archangels who, according to the Chaldean philosophy, were present with the Creator, assisting at the creation of the universe; controllers of the elements, co-workers, co-creators, with the Master Workman. These, the poet says, are the "true sons of God," "the Archangels." Let us listen a moment to this sublime pæan of Labor, this song of the Workman and the Work, which they sing as the great Drama of Existence opens before our eyes. We can give only the meaning of the words, for, though we follow the metre exactly, the song is the poet's own, and cannot be appropriated.

## RAPHAEL.

The Sun still sings, in ancient tourney  
With brother spheres, a rival song;  
Fulfilling his predestined journey,  
With peals of thunder speeds along.  
To look on him gives angels power,  
Though none may sound him nor his ways:  
Beyond our grasp the high works tower  
As grand as at the first of days.

## GABRIEL.

And round and round the earthly splendor  
More swiftly rolls than thought's swift flight;  
The glow of Paradise 't will render  
And change to awful deeps of night.  
The foaming sea in broad floods surges  
Up from the ground, the rock's deep base;  
And rocks and sea the swift whirl urges  
On in the spheres' eternal race.

## MICHAEL.

And storms rush, roaring and contending,  
From sea to land, from land to sea,  
And, raging, form a chain unending,  
Round all, of deepest energy.

There devastation flames and blazes,  
The path where bolts of thunder play;  
Yet, Lord, Thy messenger still praises  
The gentle progress of Thy day.

## THE THREE.

To look on these gives angels power,  
Though none may sound Thee, nor Thy ways;  
And all Thy high works o'er us tower  
As grand as at the first of days.

Here are the real characters of our drama; not an historical personage, not the village maiden only, except as she is an incarnation of the Eternal-womanly, but the mighty conflict of Light and Darkness, of the Creator and the Destroyer, as we see it in the universe about us; mirrored, too, in the individual, in our own breasts and in the history of the race. Light, always the creative, joyful, beautiful principle, giving life and joy, — Light, "the highest imaginable Energy in the natural world," as Goethe elsewhere calls it, ever active, and inciter of activity; and Darkness, always the Destroyer, the bringer of sloth, and death. Notice, though, how this same Darkness and Destruction — even, indeed, the tempest and the thunderbolt — forward the gentle progress of thy Day.

This is the scene which the poet sees in the universe; an eternal giving forth of energy for the mighty purposes of the Maker, — the glorious spheres shining and singing as they roll. But we, for the most part, are intent on getting for ourselves; we walk by night beneath the baleful glare of the electric light, shutting out the universe, each intent upon his own errand, regardless of the All. So, near by, stands Mephistopheles, whose very name signifies "Not-Loving-the-Light," the Destroyer, the Demon of Selfishness, that stirs us all up, — stirs us to great deeds sometimes, as witness this great new world, with its new opportunity for all mankind. Who are you? says Faust, when he appears *in propria persona*, later in the play: this "black dog thought of living only

for what we can get," as Mr. Brockmeyer most happily calls him in his suggestive Letters on Faust.

FAUST.

What do you call yourself ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The question seems but small, you know,  
For one who so disdains the Word ;  
Who, far apart from all mere show,  
The depths of Being would alone regard.

FAUST.

With you, sir, one can read the Being  
Usually from the name, though, seeing  
It shows itself but all too plainly there,  
When men call you Beelzebub, Destroyer, Liar.  
Well, then, who are you ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Part of that Power that always would  
The Evil do, and always *does* the Good.

FAUST.

What meaning in this riddle lies ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am the Spirit who denies !  
And too with right, for all whiche'er arose  
Deserves that it to ruin goes :  
Therefore it better were that nothing rose at  
all.  
So all, then, which you would call sin, or call  
Destruction, briefly, evil, ill intent, —  
That is my proper element.

FAUST.

You call yourself a part, yet whole you stand  
here too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I tell the modest truth to you.  
If Man, the little World of Fools, would hold  
Himself out for a whole (he mostly does, I'm  
told),  
I am a part of part, which at the first was  
all, —  
A part of Darkness that brought forth the  
Light,  
The haughty Light that now with Mother  
Night  
Disputes her ancient rank, her right to room  
at all.

He is all this, but, as has been suggested,  
what good things he has wrought out  
unwittingly ! "Sometimes," says Goethe,  
"sometimes we come to full consciousness,  
and realize that an error as well as

a truth can stir and drive us on to action,  
and what comes out of the deed,  
reaching endlessly on, is forever the  
best ; and so Destruction also is not  
without its good consequences." How  
could we live at all, for instance, if it  
were not for the destruction going on  
inside us ? How Selfishness and this  
Greed, as we see our friend Mephistopheles  
represented in the masque of the  
Second Part, riding behind the chariot  
of wealth, — how they drive us on to  
splendid results of art and civilization,  
which we might never attain without  
their spur to activity ! We have the  
Goethean suggestion here put into the  
mouth of "the Lord," that Evil is  
always to be traced to this Demon of  
Selfishness, this desire to get ; but that  
this very Selfishness is forever working  
out the Divine Purpose, in that it also  
drives us on to work, and so to create  
for the general good.

"Man's active powers sleep all too easily,  
He loves too soon an undisturbed repose ;  
And so I gave to him, to be his mate,  
A devil, who will rouse and work, and must  
create.  
But ye " —

who work with and for the Creator,  
with no thought of getting, forever giving  
yourselves forth to the purposes of  
the Maker —

"But ye, true sons of God, may ye  
Enjoy this Beauty's rich and living round.  
THE BEING, who forever works, and lives,  
and grows,  
Enfolds you in Love's sweet and gentle  
bound ;  
And all that, hovering, seems to float away  
Fix with enduring thought, and bid it stay."

But now the heavens close, and the  
tragedy begins on earth, — this conflict  
which we are to trace in the individual  
lives of the First Part, and then in  
the wider arena of the Second Part,  
the life of the race. We shall see the  
Drama of Existence, which opens with  
that splendid pæan of Labor, closing with  
that exquisite Hymn to Love, — Love  
incarnate in the *Ewig-weibliche*, the



Eternal-womanly that, through all the history of the race, has been ever leading us out of the slavery of this Demon of Selfishness into the light of love, till we too become co-creators and unselfish workers in the Maker's service, and so know that joy which is of the Maker.

We must leave all this, however, for another opportunity, only stopping to note, and note well, that it is the mother element, "the Mater Gloriosa," who bids the penitent Gretchen rise to higher spheres, and so lead her lover upward and on.

Goethe gives us, then, as the play of Faust, fulfilling the promise of the Prologue, the mighty Drama of Existence; the conflict and the reward, the way of joy. But as we see it on the stage, the stage Manager has at last had his way with the lofty Poet, and we have a commonplace melodrama, the story of an impossible magician and a guileless maiden. "And yet," as Faust, borne from the ideal realm of the Beautiful to the high mountain of science, exclaims,

"And yet around her floats a bright and tender fold

Of mist, enlivening breast and brow with cool caress."

That

"Beauty of the Soul

Dissolves not, but exalts itself in ether, yonder, far,

And with it bears my being's Best away."

For round this gracious maiden presence

yet lingers an essence that dissolves not, but leads us out of selfishness and self-seeking into light and day, till we too become, through her, co-creators with that Creative Energy, a part of that Love and Joy in which we live and move and have our being.

How this is made manifest in the somewhat darkened glass of the First Part, and in the brighter realm of the Second Part, the magic mirror of the World-life, we must leave for the present untold. But this we know, to borrow a figure from that scene in the Second Part which is entitled the Dark Passage:—

"Der Schluessel wird die rechte Stelle wittern."

The "key" will divine the right way for us to find the answer to our question, in the final phenomena of life. This shining key, which Goethe tells us lies ready in his life and varied works, will light as with a torch the darkest passage, "till," to use Faust's words again,

"Till, floating, round about yon gleam,  
Lifeless, Life's images, that active seem.  
What once was there we shall in glory see  
Still move and stir, for 't will eternal be.  
And ye impart it, ye Almighty Powers,  
To Day's pavilioned, Night's high-vaulted hours.

There one shall seize Life's lovely course, no doubt,

Another seek the bold magician out;  
For, confident, in rich profusion too,  
He brings, what each desires, the Wonderful, to view!"

*William P. Andrews.*

## JUDAISM AND CHRISTIANITY.<sup>1</sup>

PROFESSOR TOY has long been known as an accomplished scholar, of perceptions refined to acuteness, of precision in thought and statement, and of thor-

ough familiarity with Old and New Testament studies; his writings have evinced the broad philosophical spirit as well as the close critical faculty and habit. In

<sup>1</sup> *Judaism and Christianity. A Sketch of the Progress of Thought from Old Testament to New Testament.* By CRAWFORD HOWELL

Tox, Professor in Harvard University. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1890.