

where anything overcomes his greed, and this when he refuses many times over the amount borrowed, and when entreated with the suggestion that the bond will be of no material value to him, he replies: "If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge."

The pleadings of Antonio's friends seem but to amuse him and to give him a foretaste of the sweet revenge he seeks. For the time being, he seems to have forgotten his troubles—the loss of his daughter, his ducats, his jewels and even the ring of his departed wife. In his iron will and determination the bull dog tenacity with which he contends that the law be carried out to the letter, there is a certain strain we can hardly help admiring.

We feel that the yearnings of revenge have silenced all other cares and all other thoughts. In the rapture of his satanic hate, the man has grown super-human, and his eyes seem all aglow.

Fearful, however, as is his passion, he comes not off without moving our pity. In the very act whereby he thinks to avenge his own and his brethren's wrongs; the national curse overtakes him. In standing up for the letter of the law against all the pleadings of mercy, he has strengthened his enemies' hands and sharpened their weapons against himself, and the terrible Jew sinks at last into the poor, pitiable, heart-broken Shylock.

