

in compositions, antithesis is beauty. The sunbeam shines brightest in the tear, lurking, iris-like, in its depths, with sevenfold splendour. I think one of the loveliest sights in this fair earth is a winsome child smiling through tears. It is the pathos and the humor of life abstract, personified. It is Dickens and Lamb copyrighted on the face of infancy. There is something fascinating in pathos, even the pathos of the grave, if natural and inevitable; in the white face we loved so well; in the crossed hands and the meek repose; in the flowers we strew and in the thought of the long, cold night, the first of absolute separation, that follows the infilling of the damp, new-turned mould, the solitude and the slumber.

Undoubtedly the pathetic appeals strongly to the spiritual in man's nature. It is a sort of neutral ground, an oasis lying midway between the desert of eternal gloom and the region of everlasting light; the gloaming of life's reminiscence, perhaps, with something of the daylight left, and angel eyes shining, like stars above the horizon which has merely hidden temporarily, not altogether whelmed, the sunbeams. I never read true pathos, but a better self rises and stands by me, assuring me that through all the tearful throbbings of the text a spirit hand has been tracing messages that only the second-sight of sympathy can translate, a promise of something better beyond the longing and the plaint. It is good sometimes to feel sad, nay, it is imperative to the men of letters. Strike out the pathos of life, and we obliterate the better half of literature proper, nearly all of the tenderest poetry and much of the noblest prose.

It is often difficult to tell where pathos ends and where humor begins. In some of the gems of written thought the two elements are so intimately blended as to be inseparable. Names

that cannot be disassociated from this type of literary art will occur at once to every earnest reader—Dickens, Lamb, Hood, Hawthorne, Holmes, Burdette, Clemens, Shaw, the inimitable Josh Billings. There is, indeed, something of pathos in much of good humor; something of humor in much of good pathos: the smile and the tear of Nature blended in an April-tide of feeling, and reflecting in prose and verse the iris tints of a sympathetic genius.

I have spoken of Dickens and Lamb—"Boz" and "Elia"—both, alas! now shades in that realm of pathos they loved so well, that charmed land in which so many have lingered and wept, yet lingered on and smiled, and lingered yet to weep and smile again. Who has not read the death of Paul Dombey? Who has not formed the acquaintance of Mr. Samivel Weller? Who has not felt sad over Dream Children? Who has not chuckled inwardly over a Dissertation upon Roast Pig? They who have not, I unhesitatingly say, have missed one of life's pleasures, and had better make their peace with literature at once. Lamb and Dickens are both humorists—genial, kindly, mirth-provoking spirits. They are also both masters of pathos. I may be wrong, but I conscientiously believe that "David Copperfield" has dimmed more eyes with holy, salutary moisture than the sum total of dogmatic fulminations that hurl the invectives of anathema at a poor, fainting, sorrowing humanity.

Yet, though in some respects alike, "Boz" and "Elia" are essentially different. They coincide in their tastes; they differ slightly in their mode of treatment. "Elia" is the deeper, the more scholarly of the two, and the sadder. In him there is a secondary or deeper echo of pathos, welling up from the pathetic, that is wanting in Dickens.