

IN MEMORIAM—CHARLES DICKENS.

By REV. M. HARVEY, St. Johns, N. F.

WHEN, on the morning of the 10th of June last, the sad intelligence was flashed everywhere along the telegraphic wire that Charles Dickens was dead, it is not too much to affirm that the event called forth a more genuine and wide-spread sorrow than the death of any other individual has done within the memory of the present generation. No king, conqueror, statesman or patriot, of recent times, has gone to his grave so truly mourned, and by so many loving hearts as Charles Dickens. Many thousands, in all ranks of life, both in England and America, who had never seen his face, felt that they had lost a friend and benefactor—one who had made brighter some of their happiest hours and cheered some of their gloomiest moments; one who had taught them a deeper love of their kind, calling forth the sweetest smiles, the most innocent laughter, and peopling their world of imagination with the noble creations of his genius. Wherever the English tongue is spoken the works of Charles Dickens are read; and there is hardly a language of the civilized world into which they have not been translated. The grief evoked by his death was, therefore, not confined to his countrymen, but was felt universally; and of his departure we may say, in the language of Dr. Johnson regarding the death of Garrick, "it eclipsed the gaiety of nations." The master of our smiles and tears, the keen but gentle satirist, the genial delineator of the foibles and amiabilities, the weaknesses and vanities of our common nature—who ever discerned a soul of goodness in things evil, and struck only at the selfish and the bad, ever standing up for the weak, the poor and the oppressed—this mighty magician of the world of fancy has dropped his wand and gone over to the great majority, the mighty nations of the dead. No more shall fresh creations of his genius gladden our firesides and charm away our cares, filling our hearts with tender sympathies, fair fancies, loving thoughts, and sweet laughter. No more shall new Christmas Carols from his pen charm the hearts of young and old, and make the happy festive season brighter and happier. From his creative fancy will come no more little Nells, Oliver Twists, Paul and Florence Dombey's, Tiny Tims or little Em'lys, to delight us with their childish ways, and draw sweet tears from our eyes by their childhood's sorrows. The hand that drew the immortal Pickwick, Sam Weller, Mark Tapley, Jefferson Brick, Sairey Gamp and the ever delightful Micawber, has finished its work. But what a glorious intellectual legacy, for the delight of mankind, this large-hearted, gentle, generous soul has left, from his earliest "Sketches by Boz," till that June evening of last year, when with his "Edwin Drood" unfinished he bowed his head upon his folded hands, and the busy brain was still for ever. He died in the full flush of his fame,