

man who believes in the divine sanctity of suicide.

Humor is universal. It is not confined to the halls of Congress nor the arena of the saw-dust. Even the lower orders of animals seem to possess it. We hear the people say, "he is as full of life as a kitten." Dogs play with one another. Lambs frisk about the field. Horses kick up their heels and run around the pasture when they feel well. But when they are sick and tired they hang their heads, looking between their fore-legs to see if their tails are fastened on behind. Even the weather "cuts up shines" and I have heard the "tempest roar."

Instead of being satiated with fun the public actually clamors for more. The circus is as popular as it has ever been. Instead of having one ring and one clown, they now have two or three rings and a dozen clowns. Indeed, they are sometimes all clowns, from the ring-master down to the monkey showman. And people go by the thousand, and the small boy crawls under the canvass at the risk of his life, and the audience claps its hands and laughs at those hoary jokes that so amused our grandsires—jokes that have grown gray, toothless, stiff at the knees, hobbling on crutches, and bent in the back. Gladness and joy, therefore, exist in every atom; live in every flower; and flame in every star. And when the heavens and earth shall pass this great truth will stand unscathed amid the crash of matter and the wreck of worlds.

Wit and humor are great elements of power. But are they one and the same thing? Not exactly. But who can tell the difference? I have lain awake at night trying to arrive at the true solution, but without avail. Pope thought he defined wit when he said :

"True wit is nature to advantage dressed

What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed."

but he was mistaken, great man that he was. According