

and he includes a wider range of human species, and a deeper insight into the human heart. Thackeray confines himself to a limited view of human nature, and cannot get free from his own self, in other words is subjective; Dickens views the broad features of human nature, and is so objective that from all his many characters we could learn nothing of the author's disposition.

Finally as a novelist, Thackeray may continue to be read by the curious for his skill and brilliancy; but Dickens will live in the memories of the great mass of readers, to whom his creations are and will be familiar as household words. Perhaps the greatest demand Dickens makes on our gratitude is on account of the great social and moral influence his writings have had. We have seen that many an absurd practice and ancient prejudice in society, law, politics and religion, has trembled and succumbed before his biting sarcasm; schools, jails, and workhouses, were full of moral leprosy, the more flagrant of which he removed, and drew attention to others. It would be amiss to close without alluding to the high moral tone of his writings. *Pickwick*, *Paul*, *Florence*, *Little Nell*, will never die, many a heart has been made better,

many a head wiser by the perusal of his works. They would incite a demand for higher class of literature, instead of ministering to that prurient taste for the obscene, or that morbid passion for sensation so detrimental and weakening to the mind.

Dickens was always a friend of education, and has himself provided works of first-class merit, of such a nature that they will be read by the people; and it is an additional point in his favor that he could make the lower class interesting to the more fortunate. One of the people himself he sympathized largely in their wretchedness, and by the vigor of his genius forced the wail of the unfortunate upon the ears of the cold, careless and hard-hearted world. How much greater tribute this than that of tickling their vanity or pleasing their imagination! but he never learned

"The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of infamy and pride
With incense kindled at the muses' flame."

He chose rather, by awakening our pity and compassion, to quicken our sympathy and to teach us that beneath the roughest exterior there may be a noble intellect and a heart beating with pity and tender love for mankind.