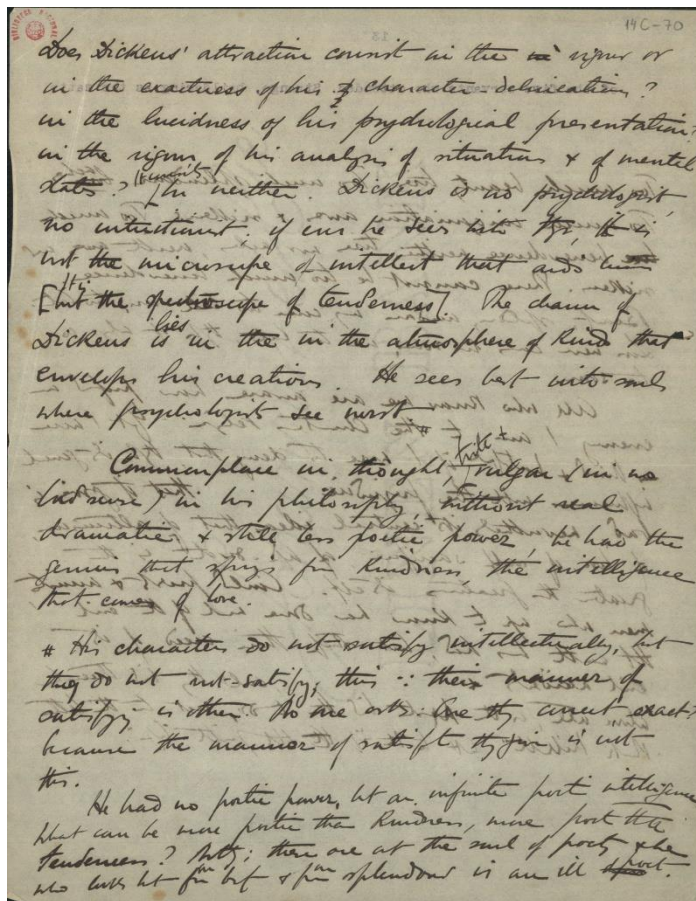


BNP/E3, 14C - 70<sup>o</sup>

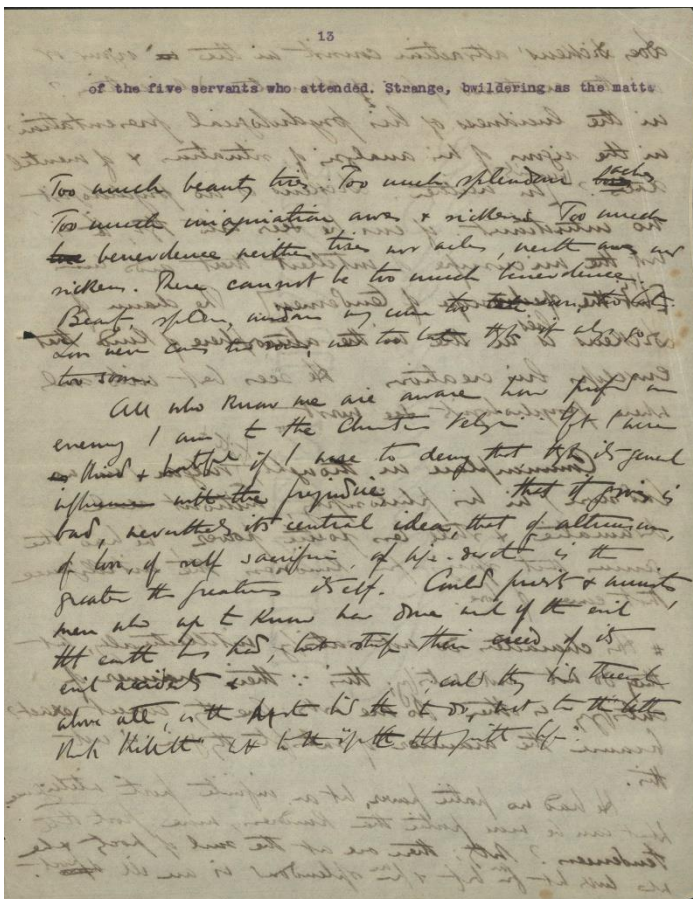
Transcrição



Does Dickens' attraction consist in the ~~vi~~ rigour or in the exactness of his ~~f~~ character-delineation? In the lucidness of his psychological presentation? In the rigour of his analysis of situations and of mental states? It consists in neither. Dickens is no psychologist, no intuitionist; if ever he sees into thought, it is not the microscope of intellect that aids him |but /it is\ the spectroscope of tenderness|. The charm of Dickens is /lies\ in the atmosphere of kind that envelops his creations. He sees best into souls where psychologists see worst. His characters do not satisfy intellectually, but they do not not-satisfy; this because their manner of satisfying is other. No one asks: Are they correct, exact? Because the manner of satisfaction they give is not this.

Commonplace in thought, trite and vulgar (in no bad sense) in his philosophy, without real dramatic and still less poetic power, he had the genius that springs from kindness, the intelligence that comes of love.

He had not poetic power, but an infinite poetic intelligence. What can be more poetic than kindness, more poetic than tenderness? Nothing; these are at the soul of poetry and he who looks but for /on\ beauty and for /on\ splendour is an ill ~~area~~ poet.



{...} of the five servants who attended. Strange, bewildering as the matt{...}

Too much beauty tires. Too much splendour ~~loses~~ aches. Too much imagination awes and sickens. Too much benevolence neither tires nor aches, neither awes nor sickens. There cannot be too much benevolence. Beauty, splendour, wisdom may come too ~~late~~ soon, too late. Love never comes too soon, nor too late, though it always go too soon.

All who know me are aware how profound an enemy I am to the Christian religion. Yet I were ~~as~~ blind and hateful if I were to deny that, though its general influence with the prejudice {...} that it gives is bad, nevertheless its central idea, that of altruism, of love, of self sacrifice, of life-devotion is the greater itself. Could priests and ministers, men who up to now have done much of the evil that hearth has had, but strife their creed of its evil accidents and {...}; could they bid themselves above all, as the Master bid them to do, not to the "letter that Killeth" but to the "spirit that giveth life."

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## DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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