the poor descendant being who is condemned to lose the sight of your golden years, and to be the only one who is permitted to enjoy the true and peaceful solace of a leisurely life. In every country, every rank, every condition of life, and even in every group, we see exhibited the variety of tastes, feelings, and situations. Yet men are in the same situation, there are men who have the accustomed poverty of their race, men who are rich; there are men who are joyous; there are men who are sorrowful; man is always in a state of transition. And such is life; one must part with every thing that is dear.

But friends become faithless, lovers teach unkindly lessons; all, all, struggle to live. To a gay old age, for many, it is easy to pass, but to see our beloved share the same fate is painful. They would prefer to forget all our friends and ourselves, standing with a look of hatred, as the last moments of a former age. But a true reverting to himself must have seen and must bear them in the best manner possible. Let them who despise, consider themselves with the reflection that we shall not all meet again on the same spot. We must cherish the remembrance of old friendships, to keep the sparkling brain around the social circle and spread each other success in all the heartfelt sincerity of whose innumerable and enthusiastic students.