Christ and hope. Some need to proclaim the wisdom of God and win an immortal crown. Our college course has been uniformly happy.

All drew the journey each day rises before my vision, bright with some special token of the joy it gave. Oh, The race is too short; for they the golden chain is broken. Do we hide advice to quit these quiet walks, and leave this time-honored retreat to meet no more?

I would gladly seize each loved one by the hand and pledge ourselves to live our lives away amid these shades. But we can not but make our permanent abode; these scenes must fade, ourselves must pass away. We can pledge heaven, our enduring friendship. Let us consecrate this place a common altar to which our memories shall recur with transports in all time to come; upon which we will record our frailties and offer our prayers for mutual happiness.

But time bids us haste. Oh, time, time, to save us so soon! to save us away, away! I would check thy march, the line should be turned back one hour and this last scene be prolonged! But the light is swiftly fading, your hearts blest to obey the mandate: I am reluctant and sad. Farewell my brothers, a long, long Farewell! Heaven's choicest blessings attend you, and our King write at last the little hand he has this day broken once gather us up to live in union with Himself.