first time he feels that, in the frail bark of existence, he is sent forth upon the ocean of life, and must "paddle his own canoe" or sink beneath its boisterous waves.

Before him are the Stygian andcharnels of indolence and vice, and seldom it happens that he escapes them both entirely.

The current between them, in comparison with human inclinations, is almost as difficult to follow, as it is for a camel to go through the eye of a needle.

And fellow-members, as one, who knows fully the many and fearful shoals upon which you may founder, and the numerous under-currents that may drift you into these terrible whirlpools, I advise you now in this my last speech, to beware, and look well to your course.

In our youthful days we little regard with what great velocity the wheels of life roll on; from the inate guality we are distressingly regardless of the warning that on the fast fleeting wings of time we are rapidly approaching "that bound whence no traveller returns," and not until age increases upon us do we open our eyes to our situation, and then in deep am-