

We are to take our leave of you, beloved teachers and school-mates, to go each to his destined end and appointed work in life. This is enough to make us serious. But from this unpleasant scene of final separation, memory transports us to the most pleasing retreats of our former associations, where our hearts find unmixed comfort and repose.

Ah, Memory! kind, appeasing angel, thou that doth soothe us by renewing our richest joys, who can estimate thy worth to man? Yes, 'tis sweet now to recall that first day at college, when we, timid and forsaken, were the victims of wild phantasies. How deep were those longings for the familiarity of the old places at home! How tender then was the thought of every field and grove, of every nook and haunt of childhood's days! How barren life would have been to us then, removed far from every dear friend and pleasing spot, had we been denied the charms of memory!

But the loving Creator has given us social tendencies and capacities so that we can nowhere live unto ourselves, unblessed by friends. Ah, yes! friendship is a flower that blossoms in every vale, on every mountain top, ever shedding its heavenly fragrance upon man as he pursues his earthly pilgrimage. Thus happily endowed we soon became attached to teachers and students, and have for many months enjoyed that fellowship of kindred souls that redeems life from despair and crowns it with bliss divine. Our affiliations and experiences here will be a source of joy and profit to us until time shall be no more; and in the future, whether adversity shall frown or fortune smile upon us, this period will be a fond remembrance, an oasis of perpetual delight.

To sever connections like these can not but give us pain. It is like waving an adieu to the old homestead again. By numerous associations, rich treasures for future reminiscence, these very walls are endeared to us. They are witnesses of so many of our happy incidents that they speak to us a language, though silent, yet rich in pathos and tenderness. This beautiful campus consecrated to the interests of learning and adorned with these buildings that are to us monuments of admiration, the accustomed walks and retreats with their mingled coincidents, all, all of these, make us loathe to depart.

Though we eagerly dwell upon these recollections, yet they do not all spring from joy. Some of them are sweetened only by their sorrow. Again and again during our stay here has the Angel of Death shaken the fatal dew from his ebon wing upon some of our number. We have seen that the young, the beautiful and the buoyant, as well as the aged and the weak, must succumb to this appalling conqueror. With