

There came across my path a few days since, a young man of wide read
ing but not of deep thought who had ing but not of deep thought who had
among other things, saturated his mind with the thoughts of Schopenhaur, the pessimist. In weary tones he told of the disappointments and sorrows of life, of the selishness of human beings, of the savagery into which some curse of
find it so easy to drop, of the education in opening before us all vast tields of learning that Time prevent us from traversing, of the mockery of life in giving us a mere peep of grea
things and then sending us onwar into death and darkness. The dreary catalogue of woe-strioken thought grew more and more irksome as it pro reessed, and I fear there were replies iven more forceful than polite. Since
he is one of a class, may I just in a few crowded words, repeat some thing that were said during my porton on the conversation.

