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Gardiner, June 10, 1891.

My Dear Smith:

When the latter part of the month of June comes around I always begin to feel queer; and I suppose that the queer feeling is wholly due to the approaching graduations and commencements, although I take no active part in any of them. A kind of sympathy, no doubt, causes me to take a quiet interest in such things. At any rate, when I received your invitation the other day (and you will please accept my most sincere thanks for the same) I experienced a strange sensation as if the world had lost something, - as if Time had taken an unseemly swath with that diabolical scythe of his in fields where he had no business. Perhaps a



mind like yours will understand me, though I am not confident that I understand myself; but I have a vague idea that I am trying to define a n exit from a school as a dividing point in a life. Mine was thus divided three years ago, but it seems to still linger around the old gash which somehow is rather slow in healing. It is curious to note the difference in people about such matters: some leave school and think no more about it; they "get a job" and are happy, as the word goes. and their school-days are a thing of the past and they are well rid of them. Upon the whole I think <sup>this</sup> is, in most cases, the better way to be constructed; but what the deuce is a man to do if he happens to be compounded differently? I am well aware that memories and ruminations occupy altogether too much of my time, but when I behold one of these excruciatingly active and practical indiv-



iduals , the same awakens no feeling of awe or admiration within me. This is undoubtedly wrong, but still I have a presentiment that my life is not to be altogether a fiasco. I may be disillusioned, but I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I am a "drop of the eternal spring" and consequently not made in vain. as Coleridge says. When you come home I will pass the hat.

Now nothing would give me more pleasure than to be in Brunswick on Class Day; but circumstances render it impossible. Do not take this as a formal declination, but believe me,

Yours sincerely,

*E. A. Robinson*