

PREFACE.

It is not my fault if I was born eminent! I know that on their own merits modest men are mute, but what if the complacency of friends bid me rise to fame! The little nothings I achieved, they, in the warmth of their heart, exalted to the spheres, and hence the production of this little volume, a gleam, as it were, of immortality! To be frank, I will state that the articles, letters it contains were penned with sincerity whatever else they may lack in; passing from pleasant to severe, there may be found therein stern truths as well as words of cheer, but not, I trust, an unkind or discourteous reflection.

Go, therefore, little book. Bring back to mind the gladsome days that once were! Go, tell the friends, tell all that in the evening of life, in my retreat, I think of them, love them still!

PAUL DENYS.