

There must be also, I imagine, something akin to sorrow when we come to find ourselves among the elder generation; when there will be none left to remember us as we were in childhood and youth; when we have ceased to be the connecting link between the young and old. This period of course differs in different individuals. "Somehow," said an old lady of sixty-eight once to me, "I cannot exactly feel old while I am still able to talk to my father." Her father did not die till he was ninety-six, and his daughter was seventy. But still, these cases are very rare. By the time we shall enter the sixth decade there are few, I imagine, who will have any of the elder generation left to remember them as they were when children. And how much lies in the point of view! How differently, for instance, must we be regarded by the old servant who nursed us when we were infants, and who is still betrayed at times into the familiarity of calling us "Master Frank" or "Missy dear," as the case may be; and the young servant who has never known us save under the position of authority

* I need scarcely say that these divisions of life into its different periods are not intended to be taken in any arbitrary or literal sense. Of necessity they can but be approximately true. As children develop into maturity more rapidly in the East than in the West, so do men and women age earlier in the hotter climate than in the cold. What as her master or mistress! What an entirely different aspect must we wear to the parents or uncles and aunts, who still order us about as if we were children; and to the

young folk who, we cannot avoid suspecting, are beginning to regard us in the unflattering light of "old fogys."

Yet all ages—save, of course, the period of senility, which is as painful to contemplate as to witness—have a certain charm and happiness of their own. As Tennyson says—

It seems to me somewhat difficult to explain a fact which nevertheless will be more or less familiar to most of us, that there are very few aged persons who on enquiry express any desire to live their life over again, and yet almost all would renew their youth if it were but possible. Is it that the time of youth is really so very much happier than the whole after period of life? Or is it that memory throws a halo over that far distant date, making it appear happier than the reality? I am disposed to think this to be the truer interpretation. All ages are apt to idealize; and as the youth anticipates from the future happiness impossible of realization, so old age sometimes enshrines the past with a glory and sacredness hardly warranted by the facts. Nevertheless, there is a physical buoyancy in youth which their elders seldom experience, and which in itself constitutes a certain joy of life. Moreover, youth is largely occupied with the anticipation of happiness; and anticipation is always greater than the reality. On the other hand, youth is acutely sensitive and feels disappointment keenly. By the time that we have arrived at maturity we shall have probably been taught by experience not to expect too much; and this lesson properly learnt saves us from many a disappointment. Yet