

exclaims

in her arm and ^{no} I can not let thee go. I can not leave thee. I will remain with you. But alas! the cruel and hard hearted masters tear them from her fond embrace and sell them into captivity. It seems as though their hearts were made of steel or they would have some sympathy for those human beings under their care. well might we exclaim hard hearted monsters. Perhaps ~~they send~~ they send the brother to Virginia, the Sister to Kentucky; the Mother to Georgia; and the Father to some place over the wide world where his friends hear no note or tidings of him. Some think because they are black they have no sympathy like the white people. But it is not so color can never change the affections in the human heart. Among other parting scenes is the last day of school. The time has at length come and we must part. Scholars and teacher must part. We have spent many happy hours together in school in trying to enrich our minds. We have had a good and kind teacher to instruct us, one who has seemed to take an interest in our welfare. He has had many weary and tiresome hours no doubt but we hope his labors have been crowned with success and hope we shall profit by the instructions he has given us, and when he commences another school may he succeed in all his endeavors to instruct the youth that when they are old they may profit by them. We as schoolmates find it a hard task to part, but we must bid adieu to them. perhaps we shall never all meet again in this house. Perhaps some of us ere this year roots around will be shrouded in the habiliments of the dead and laid in the cold and silent tomb. may we begin to prepare for that solemn place where we must appear before the bar of God there to give an account to him how we have employed our time while in school. Can we say that we have well improved every golden moment that has past and flown into eternity. For I must bid you a long and a last farewell until we meet again. But there is another parting scene that is still more affecting. It is when we are called to the bedside of our dying friends and take the parting hand of one that is very near and dear to us. We must bid them farewell forever here. We shall no more see their happy faces, beaming with joy and delight, but will behold them for the last time in the cold and icy arms of death. But the last separation will be greater than all these when we are summoned to the bar of God. If we are there separated doleful will be our condition. May we all meet in that world of spirits bright where parting will be no more. Farewell. Farewell. Farewell.

Please excuse all mistakes as I am in a great hurry. Cynthia Wheeler