



The Loss of a Friend.



I.

NOTHER voice is silent
 That o'er the ebb and flow
 Of changeful joy and sorrow
 Oft whispered soft and low.
 And in our thoughts and feelings
 Its tones would gladly blend.
 How sad it is and lonely
 To lose a cherished friend!

II.

It is not like those cloudlets
 That overcast the day
 And then, in beams of sunlight,
 So quickly pass away.
This shade is never over,
 A heart has been most dear:
 As life flows on how often
 Its loss will re-appear!*

III.

It seems so very needful
 To hear a voice once more
 Whose dear, familiar accents
 We heard with joy, before.
 But mournfully the echoes
 As of a sad refrain,
 Are waiting through remembrance,
 It may not be again!

*"The loss of a friend is never over—it is always re-appearing."—FR. FABER.