

pure friendships of our lives. None of the impressions that they make on our lives are ever lost; they sink away into our souls, and then reappear at length in our character.

But even these tender and holy friendships we cannot keep for ever; one by one they fall off or are torn out of our lives. There are many ways of losing friends. Sometimes, without explanation, without offence or a shadow of a reason of which we know, without hint or warning given, our friend suddenly withdraws from us and goes his own way, and through life we never have hint or token of the old friendship.

"Oh, what was the hour and the day,
The moment, I lost you?
I thought you were walking my way;
I turned to accost you,

"And silence and emptiness met
My word half unspoken.

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"Oh, what was the hour and the day,
The moment, you left me,
When you went on your separate way,
Oh, friend, and bereft me?"

Some friends are lost to us, not by any sudden rupture, but by a slow and gradual falling apart which goes on imperceptibly through long periods,