

DRIFTING.

I remember how we drifted, careless where,
Tho' a moonlit track invited, far and fair,
And the cove lay glassy still,
In the shadow of the hill,
With its scattered home lights gleaming here and there.

And our conversation drifted, without note,
Round and round, back and forth, as our boat ;
And the pauses filled the ear
With the ripples, soft and clear
At our bow, the happy hour we were afloat.

Now, our paths apart have drifted, far and sure,
But the memory of that eve so sweet and pure
On each heart is fixed forever,
Till eternity discover
That unspoken earthly friendships shall endure.