

and true women come up to mature years clustered about by a circle of friends who are dear to them as their own life. Our debt to our life's pure and holy friendships is incalculable; they make us what we are. The mother's heart is the child's first schoolroom. The early home-influences give their tints and hues to the whole after-life; a gentle home where only kindly words are spoken and loving thoughts and dispositions are cherished fills with tender beauty the lives that go out from its shelter. All early friendships print their own stamp on the ripening character. Our souls are like the sensitive plates which the photographer puts into his camera, which catch every image whose reflection falls upon them and hold it ready to be brought out in the finished picture. Says George MacDonald:

"I think that nothing made is lost—
That not a moon has ever shone,
That not a clond my eyes hath crossed,
But to my soul is gone;

"That all the lost years garnered lie
In this thy casket, my dim soul,
And thou wilt, once, the key apply
And show the shining whole."

True in general, this is especially true of the