

hood and youth to maturity ; some of them have only an external attachment, and easily fall off and are scarcely missed and leave no scar. This is true of many of our associations in business, in society, in life's ordinary comminglings. We are thrown into more or less intimate relations with people, not by any attractive affinity, any drawing of heart, but by circumstances ; and, while there may be pleasant congeniality, there is no real blending or weaving together, life with life ; consequently, the ending of such associations produces no sore wrench or pain, no heart-pang. All through life these friends of circumstances are changing ; we have the same no two successive years.

In every true life there is an inner circle of loved ones who are bound to us by ties woven out of our very heart's fibres. The closest of these are the members of our own household. The child's first friend is the child's mother ; then comes the father ; and then the other members of the family are taken into the sacred clasp of the opening life. By and by the young heart reaches outside and chooses other friends from the great world of common people and out of the multitude of passing associates, and binds them to itself with friendship's strongest cords. Thus all true men