

ardor, he follows them. All along his life to its close bright hopes shine before him, and he continues to press after them with unwearying quest. Perhaps he does not realize one of them, and he comes to old age with empty hands—an unsuccessful man, the world says—yet all the while his faith in God has not faltered, and he has been gathering into his soul the treasures of spiritual conquest; in his inner life he has been growing richer every day. The struggle after earthly possession may have yielded nothing tangible, but the struggle has developed strength, courage, faith and other noble qualities in the man himself. The bright visions faded as he grasped them, leaving nothing but disappointment; yet if his quest was worthy, he is richer in spirit.

Thus, God gives us friends, and our heart's tendrils twine about them; they stay with us for a time, and then leave us. Our loss is very sore, and we go out bereft and lonely along life's paths. Even love seems to have been in vain, yielding nothing in the end but sorrow. It seems to us that we are poorer than if we had never loved at all; we have nothing left of all that was so precious to us. But we have not lost all. Loving our friends drew out to ripeness the possibilities of