

had called friends had dropped out of my life, and that I must hereafter wander on alone, with none save those who are bound to me in a business or professional way? I cried out at the curse of success! Would that I might go back to the old days—to the old joys! The people we meet beyond the bounds of youth are seldom friends of the heart. They may admire our ability, some quality of manner or intellect, but there is little of affection. We meet, admire, but seldom love these friends of later life. They may excel the old friends in all things good or great, but they can never be bound to us by those sweet, heart tendrils which twined us to the friends of long ago.

Here was I, scarce thirty years old, and yet I seemed standing alone. I had outrun in life's race my boyhood mates whom I would yet love, but my success had taken me out of their world. On the other hand, this success had surrounded me with people who paid homage to the position I held, and who would have done the same homage to that position held by another and forgotten me had reverses lost it to me.

I had not even the pleasure of a material want. My means were so great that all needs were supplied ere it had become a pleasure to want for them. Oh, the void in my heart, which the mines of earth could not fill!

I analyzed my life, but all to no purpose. I knew my condition, but this did not lighten the load.

It was long before I would admit to myself the real cause. I could not believe my heart would serve me so ill—to love that which could never be mine. "Never be mine!" rang back the mental echo. "Be mine!" it reverberated. "Mine!" it ended. Oh, that this end might be true! And yet I dared not allow myself to hope it, even had I dared to hope so rich a consummation.

I lived in the past. Often I found myself repeating