

BJ 1533

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1907





IN

FRIENDSHIP'S

NAME

Uniform with this Volume
WHAT MAKES A FRIEND?

IN FRIENDSHIP'S NAME

COMPILED BY
VOLNEY STREAMER

KIND friends, your loves
Are registered where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.

—*Shakspeare.*

BRENTANO'S
NEW YORK

1907

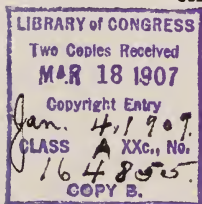
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By VOLNEY STREAMER



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TO
MY FRIEND

"If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article."

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things
past,

I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's
waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless
night,

And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd
woe,

And moan the expense of many a vanish'd
sight:

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear Friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

—*Shakspeare.*

I N the garden of our affections there are certain loyal natures that continue faithful through all things; as in the kingdom of vegetation there are certain finely organized and sensitive growths of flower and vine, which are so susceptible to warmth, and light, and beauty, that they do nothing all their lives but look at the sun. In the russet dawn, with a sublime faith, they watch the East for his coming. Turning on their slender stems all day long, they follow him as he makes the circuit of the sky; and at nightfall, after he has sunk from sight, we behold again these flowers, their faces westward now, with the dewdrops shining on their petals, like tears gathered in the eyes of parted friendship.

—*John McLandburgh.*



TELL me, gentle traveler, who hast wandered through the world, and seen the sweetest roses blow, and brightest gliding rivers, of all thine eyes have seen, which is the fairest land? “Child, shall I tell thee where nature is most blest and fair? It is where those we love abide. Though that space be small, ample is it above kingdoms; though it be a desert, through it runs the river of Paradise, and there are the enchanted bowers.”

—*Unknown.*

OTRAVELER, who hast wandered far
'Neath southern sun and northern star,
Say where the fairest regions are?

Friend, underneath whatever skies?
Love looks in love-returning eyes,
There are the bowers of Paradise.

—*Clinton Scollard.*



OLD books, old wine, old nankin blue—
All things, in short, to which belong
The charm, the grace that Time makes strong,
All these I prize, but (*entre nous*)
Old friends are best.

—*Austin Dobson.*

A TRUE friend is distinguished in the crisis
of hazard and necessity, when the gal-
lantry of his aid may show the worth of his
soul, and the loyalty of his heart.

—*Ennius.*

FOR, believe me, in this world, which is ever
slipping from under our feet, it is the
prerogative of friendship to grow old with
one's friend.

—*Arthur S. Hardy.*



FRIENDS can split even on grub, and follow the same trail for years; but there comes a time when they must smoke their last pipe together at the forks. But it's all part of the game and a man oughtn't to grumble if he don't get a pat hand, as long as the deal's fair.

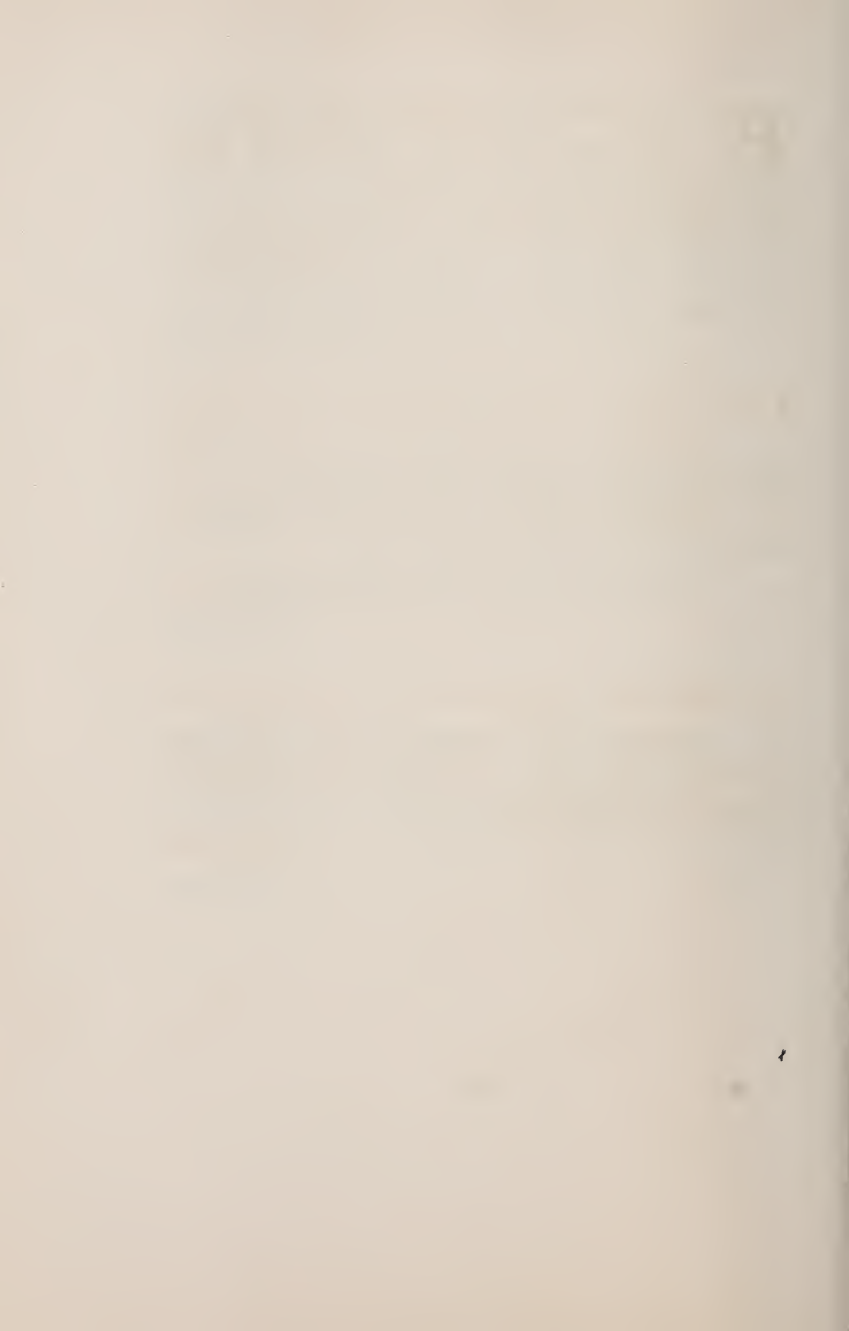
—*John G. Neihardt.*

HE laughed derision when his foes
Against him cast, each man, a stone;
His friend in anger flung a rose—
And all the city heard him groan.

—*Unknown.*

IT costs much to be capable of real friendship, but those who are would be ashamed to be otherwise; and would rather suffer than be incapable.

—*Fénelon.*



HH, friendship, stronger in thy might
Than time and space, as faith than sight!
Rich festival with thy red wine
My friend and I will keep, in courts divine.

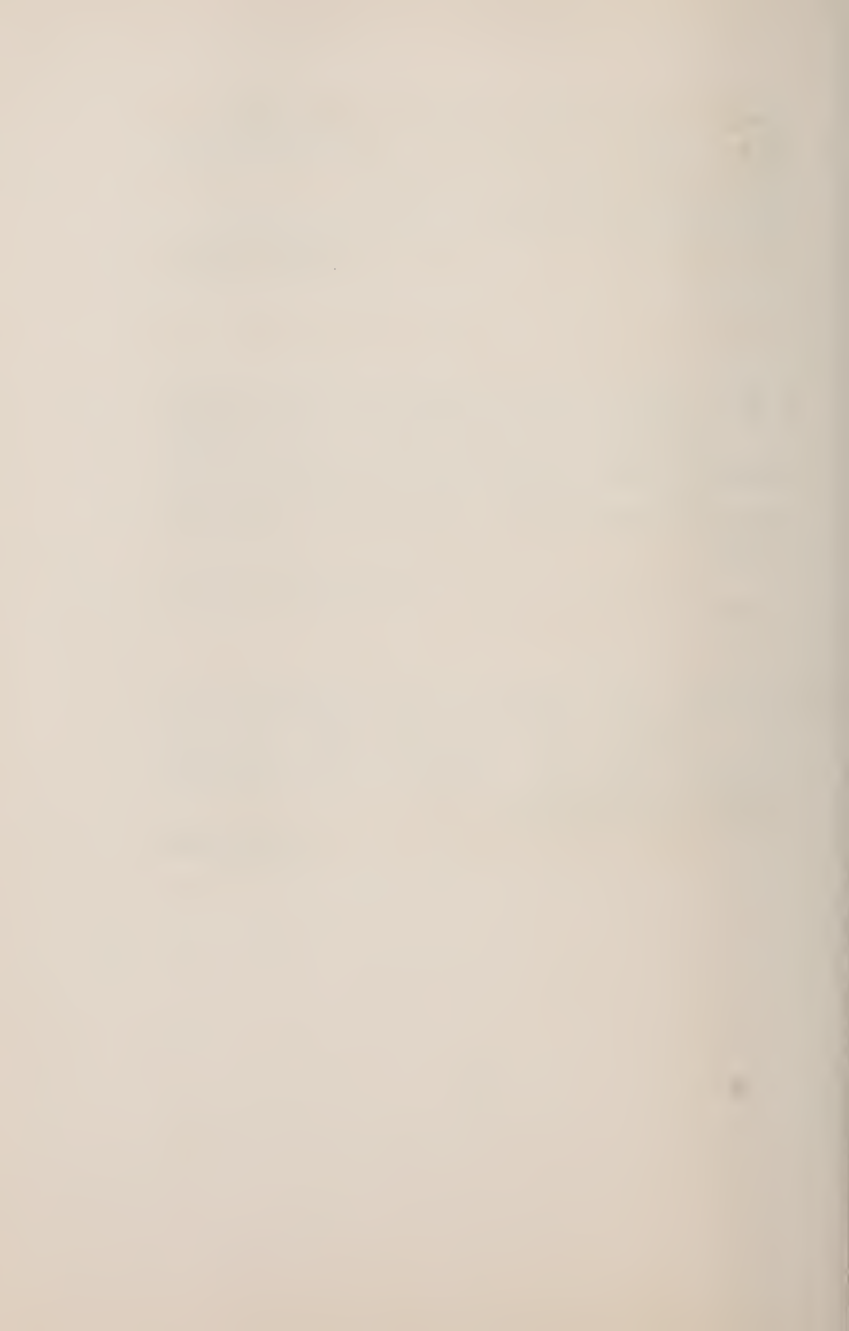
—*Helen Jackson.*

ONE whom I knew intimately, and whose
memory I revere, once in my hearing
remarked that, “unless we love people we can-
not understand them.” This was a new light
to me.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

UNDER the magnetism of friendship the
modest man becomes bold; the shy,
confident; the lazy, active; or the impetuous,
prudent and peaceful.

—*Thackeray.*



SHIPS that pass in the night, and speak
each other in passing,
Only a signal shewn, and a distant voice in
the darkness;
So, on the ocean of life we pass and speak
one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again
and a silence.

—*Longfellow.*

I EXPECT to pass through this world but once;
if, therefore, there be any kindness I can
show, or any good thing I can do, let me do
it *now*, for I shall not pass this way again.

—*Unknown.*

I COUNT myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends.

—*Shakspeare.*

As ships meet at sea,—a moment together,
when words of greeting must be spoken,
and then away upon the deep,—so men meet
in this world; and I think we should cross no
man's path without hailing him, and if he needs,
giving him supplies.

—*Beecher.*

AND the finest fellow of all would be the one
who could be glad to have lived because
the world was chiefly miserable, and his life
had come to help some one who needed it.

—*George Eliot.*



SOME sing their songs of woman's love,
Of war, and wine, and treasure trove;
May heaven their ways amend!
But one thing most of all the earth
Will serve us best in grief or mirth,
A talisman of priceless worth,
A loyal friend.

—*Harold Boulton.*

MY coat and I live comfortably together. It has assumed all my wrinkles, does not hurt me anywhere, has moulded itself on my deformities, and is complacent to all my movements, and I only feel its presence because it keeps me warm. Old coats and old friends are the same thing.

—*Hugo.*



JUST as in Love's records, there are many cases of one-sided passion, so in friendship you frequently see one person who makes all the professions or demonstrations, while the other person is either passive or actually bored.

—*Unknown.*

“**W**HAT is the secret of your life?” asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley; “tell me, that I may make mine beautiful too.” He replied, “*I had a friend.*”

FRIENDSHIP is love without either flowers or veil.

—*J. C. Hare.*

I HAVE A FRIEND

TO M. F. H.

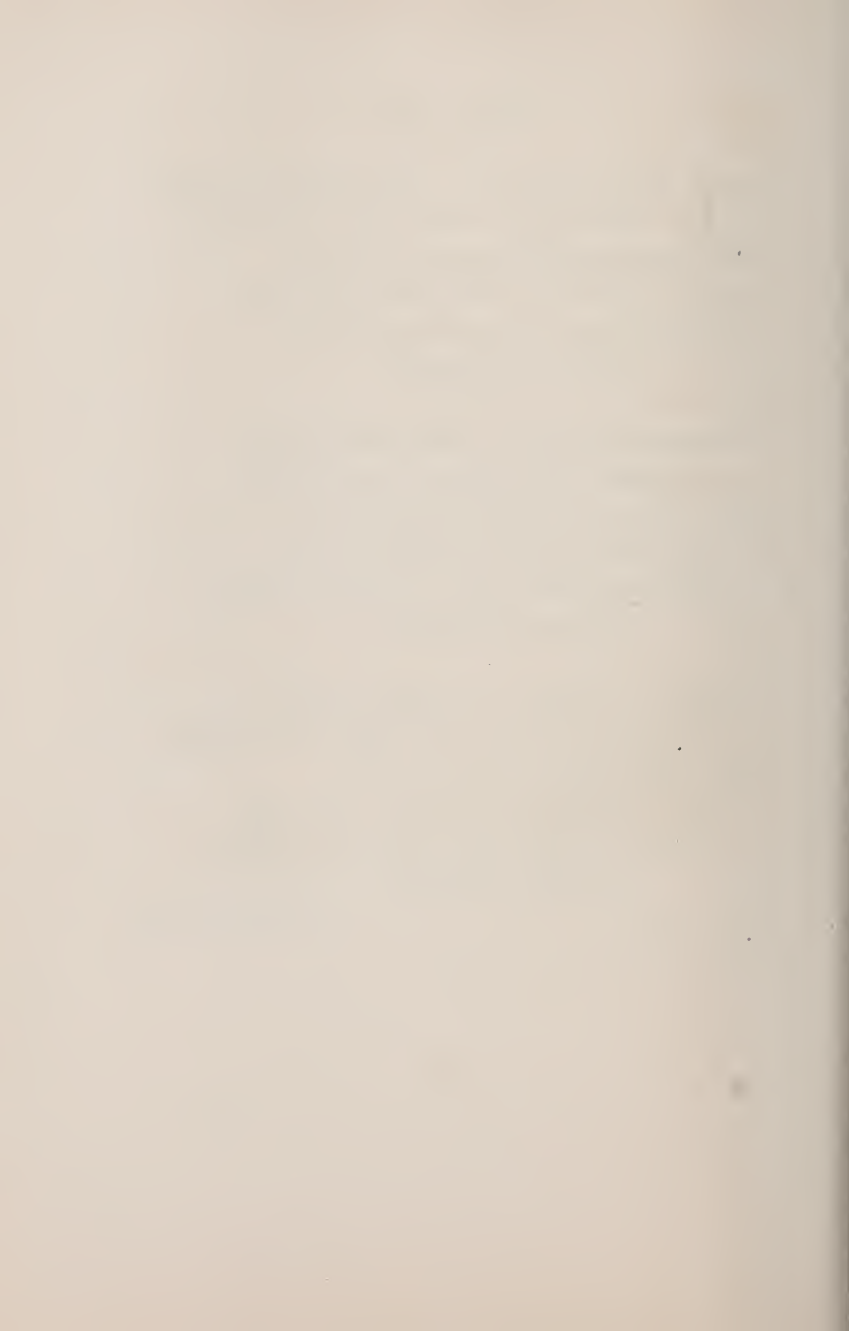
“**I** HAD a friend!” Oh, golden thought,
By singer voiced, by poet heard,
With deepest meaning is it fraught;
But sweeter far the charm inferred
Had he but used another word:
“*I have a friend!*”

“I have a friend!” The noon of life
Is reached, and vain on every hand
Men toil and wrestle in the strife;
We build upon but sliding sand,
'Til hope shows rock in weary land—
“*I have a friend!*”

“I have a friend!” At day's decline
We know not what the night may bring;
Our only claim to courts divine
May be because the heart can sing
Of one to whom our faith will cling:
“*I have a friend!*”

—Volney Streamer.

April 7, 1904.



STRANGE as it may sound, we are sometimes rather disposed to choose our friends from the unworthy than the worthy; for though it is difficult to love those whom we do not esteem, it is a greater difficulty to love those whom we esteem much more than ourselves. A perfect friendship requires equality, even in virtue. He who has merited friends, will seldom be without them; for attachment is not so rare as the desert that attracts and secures it.

—*Horace Smith.*

THE wisest Moralist that ever div'd
Into the depth of Nature's bowels, striv'd
With th' Augur of Experience to bore
Men's hearts so far, till he had found the Ore
Of Friendship, but despairing of his end,
My Friends (said he), there is no perfect Friend.

—*Francis Quarles.*



FRRIENDSHIP is not like love; it can not say,
 “Now is fruition given me and now
The crown of me is set on mine own brow,
This is the minute, the hour, and the day.”
It can not find a moment which it may
 Call that for which it lived; there is no vow,
 Nor pledge thereof, nor first-fruits of its
 bough,
Nor harvest, and no myrtle crown nor bay.
Love lives for what it may win, or has won;
 But friendship has no guerdon save to be;
 Itself is its own goal, and in the past
Or future can no dearer dreams be done
 Or hoped for, save its own dear self to see
 The same, and evermore unchanged to the
 last.

—*Edward Lucas White.*

THE only rose without thorns is friendship.
 —*Mlle. de Scuderi.*



A STRICT similarity of characters is not necessary or perhaps very favourable to friendship. To render it complete, each party must no doubt be competent to understand the other; both must be possessed of dispositions kindred in their great lineaments; but the pleasure of comparing our ideas and emotions is heightened when there is "likeness in unlikeness."

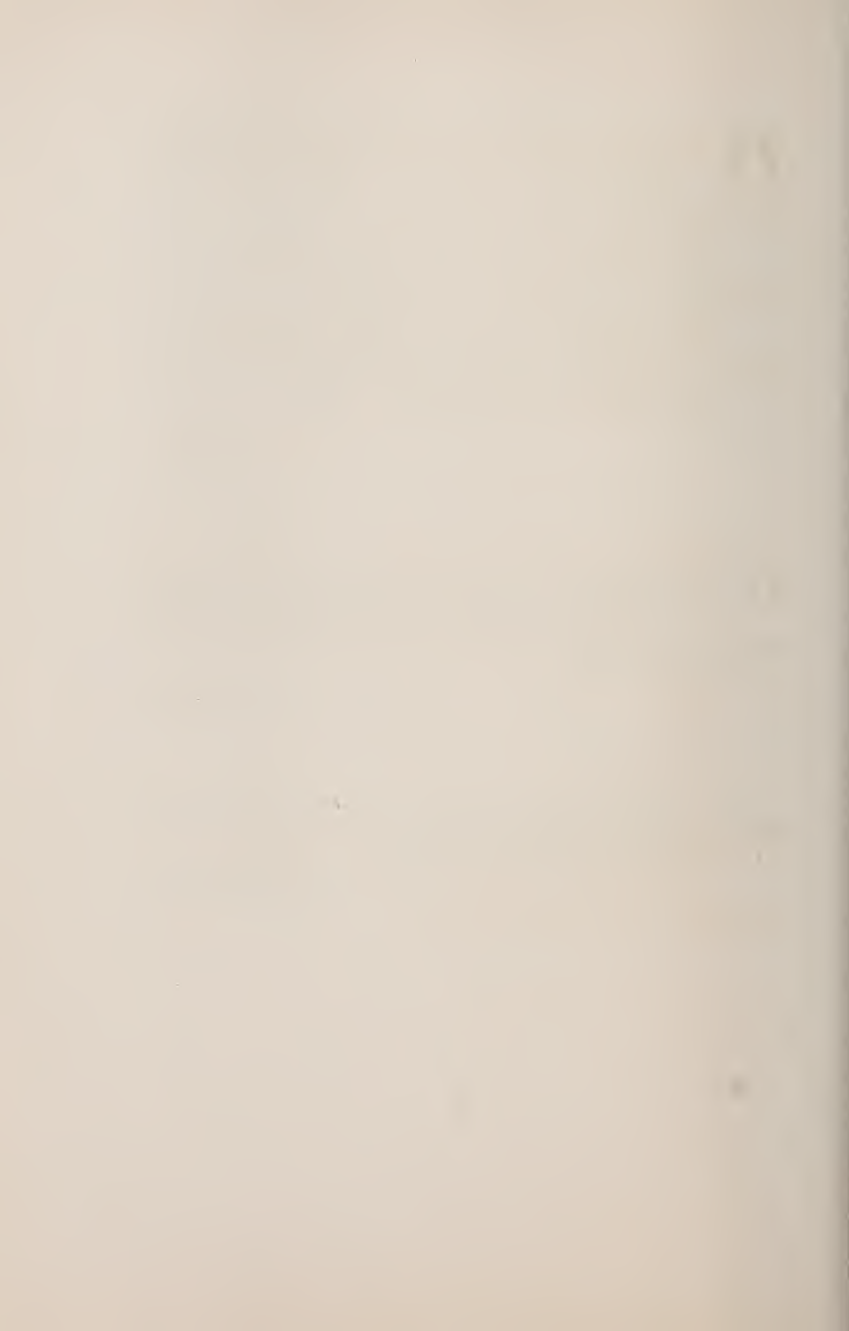
—*Carlyle.*

COMPANIONSHIP and communion are friendship's sweets, and its reward for all that friendship costs.

—*Unknown.*

HE who is true to one friend thus proves himself worthy of many.

—*Unknown.*



THERE are bright gold suns in worlds above,
And blazing gems in worlds below,
Our world has love and only love,
For living warmth and jewel glow;
God's love is sunlight to the good,
And woman's pure as diamond sheen,
And friendship's mystic brotherhood
In twilight beauty lies between.

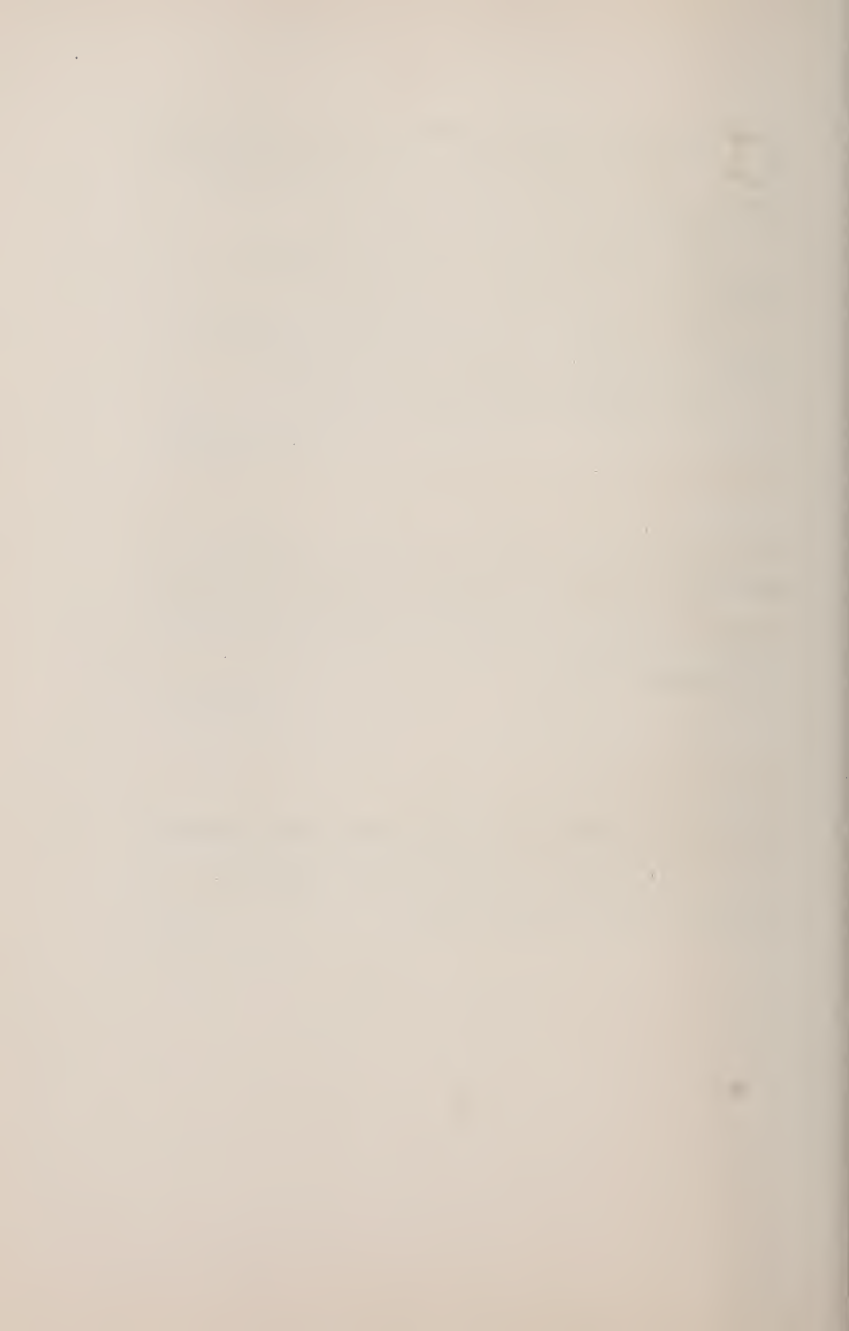
—*Lord Houghton.*

LET the soul be assured that somewhere in
the universe it should rejoin its friend,
and it would be content and cheerful alone for
a thousand years.

—*Emerson.*

THOU learnest no secret until thou knowest
friendship, since to the unsound no
heavenly knowledge enters.

—*Hafiz.*



IN poverty and other misfortunes of life, true friends are a sure refuge.—The young they keep out of mischief; to the old they are a comfort and aid in their weakness; and those in the prime of life they incite to noble deeds.

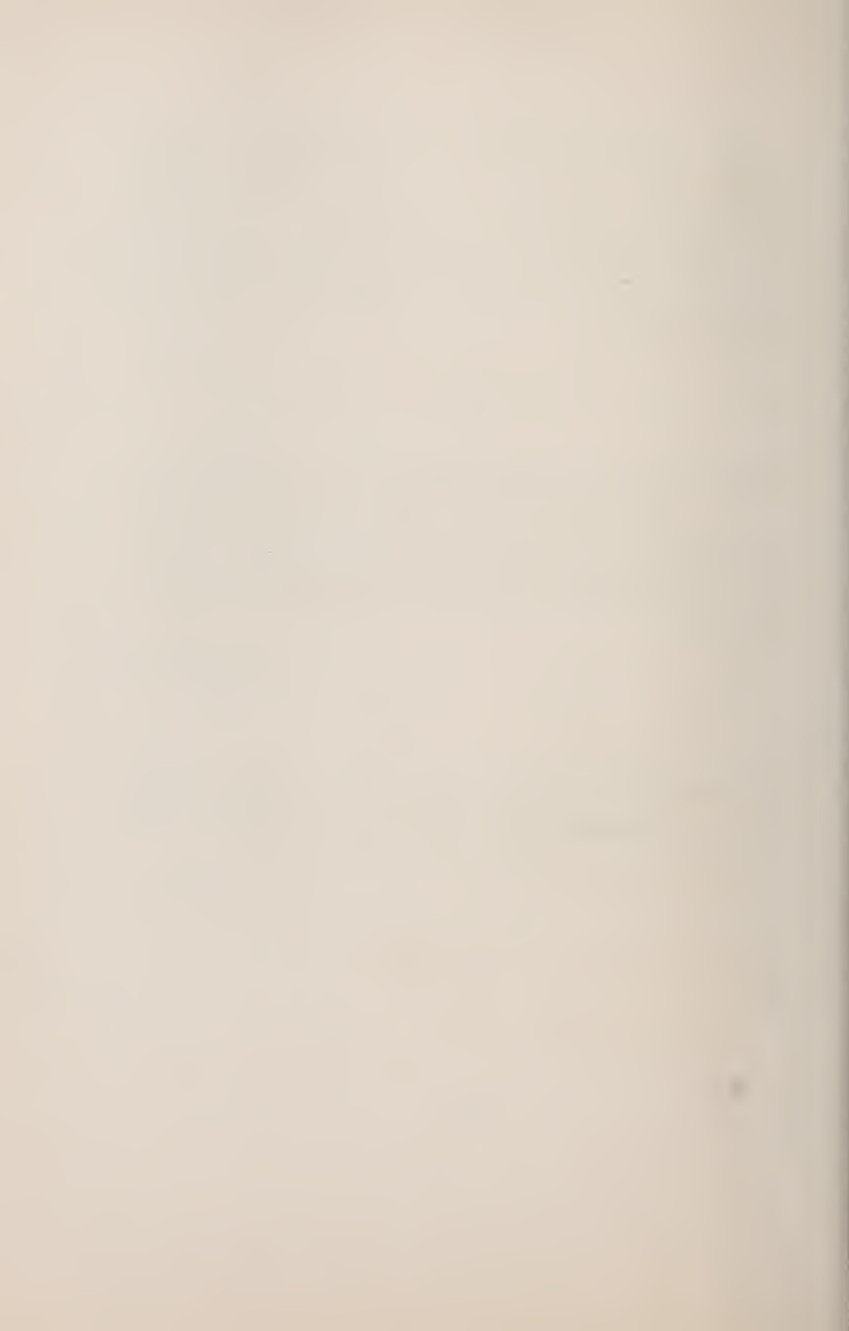
—*Aristotle.*

WE take care of our health, we lay up money, we make our roof tight and our clothing sufficient, but who provides wisely that we shall not be wanting in the best property of all—friends?

—*Emerson.*

FRIENDSHIP is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed.

—*Cicero.*



THE GIRDLE OF FRIENDSHIP

HE gathered at her slender waist
The beauteous robe she wore;
Its folds a golden belt embraced,
One rose-hued gem it bore.

The girdle shrank; its lessening round
Still kept the shining gem,
But now her flowing locks it bound,
A lustrous diadem.

And narrower still the circlet grew;
Behold! a glittering band,
Its roseate diamond set anew,
Her neck's white column spanned.

Suns rise and set; the straining clasp
The shortened links resist,
Yet flashes in a bracelet's grasp
The diamond, on her wrist.

At length, the round of changes past,
The thieving years could bring,
The jewel, glittering to the last,
Still sparkles in a ring.

So, link by link, our friendships part,
So loosen, break and fall,
A narrowing zone; the loving heart
Lives changeless through them all.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

I ENTERED, upon a day, at the house of my friend to give him greeting. Then I saw that in the face of my friend there was a change, and that he did not look upon me with the same eyes as heretofore. "There is a change," I said. "There is no change," he replied.

So I gave him messages then, and greetings of gladness, and told him new things, and called him by an old name, and I staid with him, and we spoke together; but, nevertheless, I saw that a change had come over him. So I said, "My friend, there is a change come over thee."

And he said, "Nay, no change." So we conversed together again; and the hour came for departure. Then my friend bade me stay, but I saw that even in his bidding there was a change. So I said to him, "There is a change, which thou canst not deny. Wherefore art thou



thou changed?" And my friend said to me, "Farewell!" So I departed and left him.

But my heart within me cried out against that estrangement; and my soul was broken daily, so that I could not live.

Therefore again upon a day I entered the house of him who was my friend, that I might upbraid him; and my friend moving toward me, I cried out against him as he came, "Wherefore art thou estranged from me?" But my friend, heeding me not at all, said, "Wherefore hast thou delayed so long?"

And I looked upon his face, and he was exceeding bitter sorrowful.

Then was I wroth within my mind, and knew not which way to turn. For I saw that the change that had been was in my own soul.

—*Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.*

No man can expect to find a friend without faults; nor can he propose himself to be so to another. Without reciprocal mildness and temperance there can be no continuance of friendship. Every man will have something to do for his friend, and something to bear with in him. The sober man only can do the first; and for the latter, patience is requisite. It is better for a man to depend on himself, than to be annoyed with either a madman or a fool.

—*Owen Felltham.*

NOR unremembered is the hour when friends
Met; friends but few on earth, and there-
fore dear.

Sought oft, and sought almost as oft in vain:
Yet always sought; so native to the heart,
So much desired, and coveted by all.

—*Pollock.*

FRIENDS are rare, for the good reason that
men are not common.

—*Joseph Roux.*

IF the freaks of Folly have set their snares,
And the way seems all too long—
If you've sown your wheat and garnered but
 tares
And there's e'er a false note in the song;
If the sun is clouded and skies loom gray
And there's nothing left to do—
Why, that is the time to steal away
 To the heart of a friend that's true.

Oh, the world is wide and the world is grand,
And there's little or nothing new,
But its sweetest thing is the grip of the hand
 Of the friend that's tried and true

—*Unknown.*

AT a dinner at which he was a speaker
Augustus Thomas, the playwright, in a
beautiful tribute to friendship, said: "Friend-
ship is like an image in a mirror. The nearer
we approach the clearer and more perfect in
outline is the image, and just in the proportion
that we recede from it does it become dim and
finally fade."

THERE is that in our characters which never can be seen except in our writings; in fact, if you told your best friend half of what you put upon paper, he would yawn in your face or he would think you a fool.

—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

THE man that knows,
Receiving good, to render good again,
Would be a friend worth more than land or
goods.

—*Sophocles.*

SOME people keep a friend as children have a toy bank, into which they drop little coins now and again; and some day they draw out the whole of their savings at once.

—*Unknown.*

GRIEF knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.
—*Lamartine.*

WHEN true friends meet in adverse hour,
'Tis like a sunbeam through a shower;
A watery ray an instant seen,
The darkly closing clouds between.
—*Scott.*

WHAT need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves.
—*Shakspeare.*

IT is one of the severest tests of friendship to tell your friend his faults. If you are angry with a man, or hate him, it is not hard to go to him and stab him with words; but so to love a man that you cannot bear to see the stain of sin upon him, and to speak painful truth through loving words,—that is friendship. But few have such friends. Our enemies usually teach us what we are, at the point of the sword.

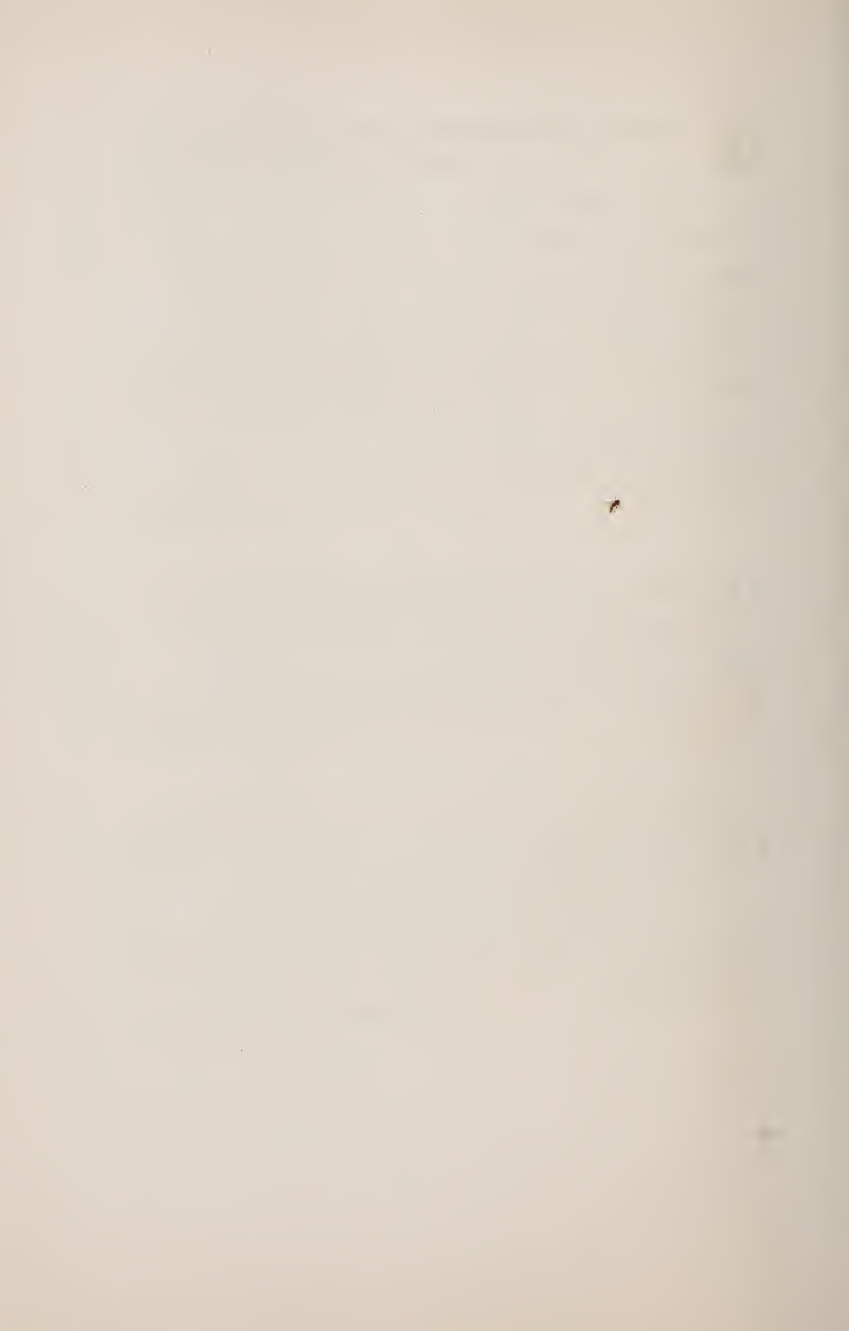
—*Beecher.*

HE who would heartache never know,
He who serene composure treasures,
Must friendship's chequered bliss forego;
Who has no pain has fewer pleasures.

—*Martial.*

OTHER blessings may be taken away, but if we have acquired a good friend by goodness, we have a blessing which improves in value when others fail. It is even heightened by sufferings.

—*William Ellery Channing.*



SMALL fellowship of daily commonplace
We hold together, dear, constrained
to go

Diverging ways. Yet day by day I know
My life is sweeter for thy life's sweet grace;
And if we meet but for a moment's space,
Thy touch, thy word, sets all the world aglow.

Faith soars serener, haunting doubts shrink
low,

Abashed before the sunshine of thy face.
Nor press of crowd, nor waste of distance
serves

To part us. Every hush of evening brings
Some hint of thee, true-hearted friend of
mine;

And as the farther planet thrills and swerves
When toward it through the darkness Saturn
swings,

Even so my spirit feels the spell of thine.

—*Ellen Burroughs.*

WHAT do we live for if it is not to make
life less difficult to each other?

—*George Eliot.*

CULTIVATE, kindly reader, those friendships of your youth; it is only in that generous time that they are formed. How different the intimacies of after days are, and how much weaker the grasp of your own hand after it has been shaken in twenty years' commerce with the world, and has squeezed and dropped a thousand equally careless palms. As you can seldom fashion your tongue to speak a new language after twenty, the heart refuses to receive friendships pretty soon; it gets too hard to yield to the impression.

—*Thackeray.*

AH, how good it feels,
The hand of an old friend!

—*Longfellow.*

FRIENDS! I have but one, and he, I hear,
is not in town; nay, can have but one
friend, for a true heart admits of but one
friendship as of one love. But in having that
friend I have a thousand.

—*Wycherly.*

HE who has a thousand friends
Has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy
Will meet him everywhere.

—*Omar Khayyám.*

IN all misfortunes the greatest consolation is
a sympathizing friend.

—*Cervantes.*

THE ring of coin is often the knell of friend-
ship.

—*Unknown.*

NEW friends can never take the same place in our lives as the old. The former may be better liked for the time, their society may have even more attraction, but in a way they are strangers. If through change of circumstances they go out of our lives, they go out of it altogether. These latter day friendships have no root, as it were. Their growth is like Jonah's gourd—overshadowing, perhaps, and expansive, but all on the surface; whereas, an old friend remains a friend forever. Although separated for an indefinite period and not seen for years, if a chance happening brings old comrades together they resume the old relations in the most natural manner, and take up the former lines as easily as if there had been no break or interruption of the intimate intercourse of auld lang syne.

—*Unknown.*

FROM the day when first we start,
Each in life to play his part,
Till we reach that perfect peace
Where all toil and care shall cease,
Fate can nothing better send,
Than a true and loyal friend.

—*Julius Steger.*

PLEASANT as it is to behold the face of Nature,
it has no beauty like the countenance of
a beloved friend. Sweet is the song of birds
but sweeter the voices of those we love.

—*William Lloyd Garrison.*

FIRST friendship is like first love for the sweet
taste it puts in the mouth. Niver but
once in his life will a man's heart dance to that
chune.

—*A. T. Quiller-Couch.*

EORSAKE not an old friend; for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure.

—*Proverbs.*

THE new is older than the old;
And newest friend is oldest friend in this,
That, waiting him we longest grieved to miss
One thing we sought.

—*Helen Jackson.*

WHOM who seeks a faultless friend, rests friendless.
A true friend is better than a relation.

—*Turkish Proverbs.*

AN old friend deserves attention.

—*Schiller.*

WE can never wish for too much happiness
for our friends, for it happens that some
of it is always spilled before it reaches them.

—*Unknown.*

DEAR to me is the friend, yet I can also make
use of an enemy;

The friend shows me what I can do, the foe
teaches me what I should.

—*Schiller.*

I THINK the great strength of friendship con-
sists more in liking the same things than
in liking each other.

—*Henry W. Shaw.*

CURSED be the useless heap of hoarded gold!
My stores my friend must share.

Rindar.

THERE is nothing so great that I fear to
do for my friend, nor nothing so small
that I will disdain to do for him.

—*Philip Sidney.*

THE years between
Have taught me some sweet, some bitter
lessons; none
Wiser than this—to spend in all things else,
But of old friends be most miserly.

—*Lowell.*

How few are there born with souls capable
of friendship! Then how much fewer
must there be capable of love, for love includes
friendship and much more besides!

—*Henrietta Howard.*

WE do not like our friends the worse, because they sometimes give us an opportunity to rail at them heartily. Their faults reconcile us to their virtues. Indeed, we never have much esteem or regard, except for those that we can afford to speak our mind of freely; whose follies vex us in proportion to our anxiety for their welfare, and who have plenty of redeeming points about them to balance their defects. When we “spy abuses” of this kind, it is a wiser and more generous proceeding to give vent to our impatience and ill-humor, than to brood over it, and let it, by sinking into our minds, poison the very sources of our good-will.

—*Hazlitt.*

WHATEVER the number of a man's friends, there will still be times in his life when he has one too few; but if he has only one enemy, he is lucky indeed if he has not one too many.

—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

O SWEETER than the honey well,
Deep in the sweetest rose of June,
And all sweet things the tongue can tell
On clover-scented afternoon,
Is friendship that has lived for years
Through fortune, failure, and through tears.

Though he who wears it sacredly
Be swarted like the rafters are
That shelter him, eternity
May hold few jewels half so rare!
And God will find for such a friend
Some sweeter slumber in the end.

—Allan Botsford.

MANY of us have a variety of companions;
but how few, through their whole lives,
ever meet with a friend!

—Unknown.

HAD he been happy and faultless, I would not have loved him as I did. There is a degree of pity in all our friendships. Misfortune has an attraction for certain souls. The cement of our hearts is mixed with tears, and nearly all our deep affections have their beginning in some sorrowful emotion.

—*Lamartine.*

THE firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

—*Colton.*

GREATER love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

—*St. John.*

THE earth to the songs of the poet
Resounds in a deathless tune,
Though hearts be upon or below it—
Though the Winter be here or the June.
Of the numberless songs that are ringing,
Let the cadence of one song flow
For the Aprils fled and the living and dead—
The friends of the Long Ago.
—*Will T. Hale.*

THE heart that friendship truly warms,
Then marches on with double shield
To guard it through the warring storms
Of struggling life's great battlefield.
—*Henry Boynton.*

AN absent friend gives us friendly company
when we are well assured of his hap-
piness.
—*Goethe.*

AN observer of life never ceases to be surprised at what love will stand. Many, if not most, friendships, are enigmas. Usually, one party to a friendship does all the giving and the other all the receiving. And when a friend proves unworthy, friendship still holds on. Day after day we see love pouring itself out upon the undeserving, enduring all things and hoping all things. One is led into a measure of understanding of the long-suffering love of God by beholding what human love will stand.

—*Unknown.*

THERE is no cement in this world, whatever there may be in the next, strong enough to mend a broken friendship. If it was brittle when whole what must it be when mended?

—*R. H. Stoddard.*

THE friends thou hast, and their adoption
tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.
—*Shakspeare.*

HE who would enjoy many friends, and live
happy in this world, should be deaf, dumb,
and blind to the follies and vices of it.
—*Edward Moore.*

MEN only become friends by a community of
pleasures. He who cannot be softened
into gayety, cannot be easily melted into kind-
ness.
—*Johnson.*

FEW of us have been so exceptionally unfortunate as not to find, in our own age, some experienced friend who has helped us by precious council, never to be forgotten. We cannot render it in kind, but perhaps in the fulness of time it may become our noblest duty to aid another as we have ourselves been aided, and to transmit to him an invaluable treasure, the tradition of the intellectual life.

—*Hamerton.*

I DON'T readily forget old friends, nor easily stop loving anybody I have ever loved. However, I have learned long ago not to expect more than three people to care for me at a time—maybe I'm extravagant in saying three.

—*Lowell.*

SOME people were talking with Jerrold about a gentleman as celebrated for the intensity as for the shortness of his friendship. "Yes," said Jerrold, "his friendships are so warm that he no sooner takes them up than he puts them down again."

—*Unknown.*

FIRST on thy friend deliberate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in thy
choice,

Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.

—*Young.*

LET friendship creep gently to a height; if
it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of
breath.

—*Thomas Fuller.*

WE ought never to contract friendship but with a degree of folly which we can deceive, for I hope my friends will pardon me when I declare I know none of them without a fault, and I should be sorry if I could imagine I had any friend who could not see mine. Forgiveness of this kind we give and demand in turn. It is an exercise of friendship, and perhaps none of the least pleasant.

—*Fielding.*

HIS gain is loss ; for he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears
about

A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself a judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemned.

—*Tennyson.*

SUCH is friendship, that through it we love places and seasons; for as bright bodies emit rays to a distance, and flowers drop their sweet leaves on the ground around them, so friends impart favor even to the places where they dwell. With friends even poverty is pleasant. Words cannot express the joy which a friend imparts; they only can know who have experienced. A friend is dearer than the light of heaven, for it would be better for us that the sun were extinguished than that we should be without friends.

—*St. Chrysostom.*

AND friendship's rainbow-promise fair,
Of hope and faith-crowned ties,
Doth find too soon that everywhere
A touch of discord lies.

—*Edward Freiberger.*

FRIENDSHIP is a vase which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they be fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones, never.

—*Landor.*

THE unfinished friendships of this life are at once its dreariest experiences, and most glorious hopes.

—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

ABOVE our life we love a steadfast friend.

—*Marlowe.*

YOUTH is the season of friendships when we are prodigal with our affections, and thus it happens that of all those bonds so thoughtlessly formed some endure. It is an instinct of the heart that provides a store for the winter.

—*Arthur S. Hardy.*

MEN may prove and use their friends, and not presume upon their friendship in things contrary to the decrees of heaven.

—*Cervantes.*

DIE Goetter verlassen den der seinen Freund verlaesst.

—*Klopstock.*

A RUDDY drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs.
The world uncertain comes and goes;
The lover rooted, stays.
I fancied he was fled—
And after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindness,
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again,
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too, thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

—*Emerson.*

THIS is one reason why the making of new friends is so much easier in youth than later on. Friendship comes to youth seemingly without any conditions, and without any fears. There is no past to look back at, with much regret and some sorrow. We never look behind us, *till we miss something*. Youth is satisfied with the joy of present possession. To the young friendship comes as the glory of spring, a very miracle of beauty, a mystery of birth; to the old it has the bloom of autumn, beautiful still, but with the beauty of decay. To the young it is chiefly hope; to the old it is mostly memory. The man who is conscious that he has lost the best of his days, the best of his powers, the best of his friends, naturally lives a good deal in the past.

—*Hugh Black.*

FRIENDSHIP often ends in love, but love in
friendship—never.

—Colton.

STILL, Love a summer sunrise shines,
So rich its clouds are hung,
So sweet its songs are sung.
And Friendship's but broad, common day,
With light enough to show
Where fruit with brambles grow;
With warmth enough to feed
The grain of daily need.

—Unknown.

HOWEVER rare true love is, true friendship
is rarer.

—Rochefoucauld.

FRIENDSHIP is a wide portal and sometimes
admits love.

—Anna Katherine Green.

MY DEAR LISZT: I must say, *You are a friend.* Let me say no more to you, for although I always recognized in friendship between men the noblest and highest human relation, it was you who embodied this idea in its fullest reality by letting me no longer imagine, but feel and grasp, what a friend is. I do not thank you, for you alone have the power to thank yourself by your joy in being what you are. It is noble to have a friend, but still nobler to be a friend.

—*Richard Wagner.*

A FRIENDSHIP formed in childhood, in youth, —by happy accident at any stage of rising manhood,—becomes the genius that rules the rest of life.

—*A. Bronson Alcott.*

THAT friendship deepest is which is heard
Least, which chariest is of spoken word.
Consider, therefore, these few lines unsaid,
And silence, Sphinx-like, brooding here instead.
—*W. H. A.*

A FRIENDSHIP that makes the least noise is
very often the most useful; for which
reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a
zealous one.
—*Budgell.*

A TRUE friend unbosoms freely, advises
justly, assists readily, adventures boldly,
takes all patiently, defends courageously, and
continues a friend unchangeably.
—*Unknown.*

WOMEN have the reputation of placing friendship below love, depreciating it in misunderstanding it. Alphonse Karr relates that a lady being compelled to refuse an offer of marriage, offered her friendship instead.

“Oh, no, madame,” the lover replied. “I love you. I want to marry you. It is enough. But to be my friend I must know you, I must respect you, we must have congenial tastes. One does not take a friend hastily. Oh, no, madame. Friendship is another thing.”

—*Unknown.*

BUT friends are only prized when they are rare;

A common friend is like the common air
Which thankless blows on all.

—*J. Sterling Coyne.*

I THINK when people have forgotten that each other exist, it is as though they had never met. They are perhaps something more distant still than strangers, for, to strangers, friendship in the future is possible; but those who have been separated by oblivion on the one hand and by contempt on the other are parted as surely and eternally as though death had divided them.

—*Ouida.*

LOVE is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken.

—*Shakspeare.*

WE call that person who has lost his father, an orphan; and a widower, that man who has lost his wife. And that man who has known the immense unhappiness of losing his friend, by what name do we call him? Here every human language holds its peace in impotence.

—*Joseph Roux.*

DER Mensch hat Nichts so Eigen,
Nichts steht so wohl ihm an,
Als dass er Treu' erzeigen
Und Freundschaft halten kann.

—*Simon Dach.*

THE parting of friends united by sympathetic tastes, is always painful; and friends, unless their sympathy subsist, had much better never meet.

—*Benjamin Disraeli.*

WE pondered much, dead friend, on what
was known
To us of truth;
And then we let it well alone
And went along with youth!

But life and death were one to us
We still would say,—
Though death seem different as it does
Today.

And now I cry reminders to the grave
Of how we laughed, we two,
As hand in hand we met the mortal wave
That first has buried you!

—*Witter Bynner.*

THE most powerful and the most lasting friendships are usually those of the early season of our lives, when we are most susceptible of warm and affectionate impressions. The connections into which we enter in any after-period decrease in strength as our passions abate in heat; and there is not, I believe, a single instance of a vigorous friendship that ever struck root in a bosom chilled by years.

—*Fitzosborne.*

IF the friendships of the good be interrupted, their minds admit of no long change; as when the stalks of a lotus are broken the filaments within them are more visibly cemented.

—*Hitopadesa.*

MAY fortune bless you! May the middle
distance
Of your young life be pleasant as the fore-
ground—
The joyous foreground! And when you have
reached it,
May that which is now the far off horizon,
But which will then become the middle distance,
In fruitful promise be exceeded only
By that which will have opened in the meantime
Into a new and glorious horizon!

—*W. S. Gilbert.*

MY lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and
praise.

—*Burns.*

EAINALL.—O the pious friendships of the female sex!

MRS. MARWOOD.—More tender, more sincere, and more enduring, than all the vain and empty vows of men, whether professing love to us, or mutual faith to one another.

—*Congreve.*

IF you have derived your ideas on the subject from books only, it is possible that you have not the faintest conception what a good, honest, and substantial thing a young woman's friendship really is.

—*Blanche W. Howard.*

I AM of Béranger's opinion, "That the ideal woman should be neither mistress nor slave, but friend."

—*George Sand.*

SWEET is the memory of distant friends.
Like the mellow rays of the declining
sun, it falls tenderly, yet sadly, on the heart.

—*Washington Irving.*

LOVE is a sudden blaze, which soon decays;
Friendship is like the sun's eternal rays;
Not daily benefits exhaust the flame;
It still is giving, and still burns the same.

—*Gay.*

ALTHOUGH a friend may remain faithful in
misfortune, yet none but the very best
and loftiest will remain faithful to us after our
errors and our sins.

—*F. W. Farrar.*

I HAVE heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in
heaven.

—*Shakspeare.*

WHAT a blessing is a friend with breast so
trusty that thou mayest bury all thy
secrets in it, whose conscience thou mayest fear
less than thine own, who can relieve thy cares
by his conversation, thy doubts by his counsels,
thy sadness by his good humour, and whose
very look gives comfort to thee!

—*Seneca.*

FRIENDSHIP! True friendship! pure and un-
defiled:

There's not a ray that lights the human
breast

With hues of brightness 'mid life's shadowed
years

More peerless than art thou, amid our fears
Yielding assurance of sustaining rest.

—*Isabel A. Saxon.*

As you grow for it, somewhere or other you
will find what is needful for you in a book
or a friend.

—*George MacDonald.*

C HOOSE your friend wisely,
Test your friend well;
True friends, like rarest gems,
Prove hard to tell.
Winter him, summer him,
Know your friend well.

—*Unknown.*

T AKE heed of thy friends. A faithful friend
is a strong defense; and he that hath
found such a one hath found a treasure.
Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend,
and his excellency is invaluable.

—*Proverbs.*

T HE youth of friendship is better than its old
age.

—*Hazlitt.*

BE on such good terms with your friend as if you knew that he may one day become your enemy.

—*Unknown.*

IN life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief—enemies with the worst intentions or friends with the best.

—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

THAT is just the way in this world; an enemy can partly ruin a man, but it takes a good-natured injudicious friend to complete the thing and make it perfect.

—*Samuel L. Clemens.*

HE that has no friend and no enemy is one of the vulgar, and without talents, power, or energy.

—*Lavater.*

THE things are few
I would not do
In Friendship's name.

Not even love
Should rank above
True Friendship's name.

—*W. S. Gilbert.*

WE are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one friend drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy, or heedless roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? One good friend is not to be weighed against all the jewels of the earth.

—*Unknown.*

FRIENDSHIP will do whatever human nature at its best can do.

—*Unknown.*

BY friendship I suppose you mean the greatest love, the greatest usefulness, and the most open communication, the noblest sufferings, and the severest truth, the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds of which brave men and women are capable.

—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THERE'S virtue in thy friendship
Would make the saddest tale of sorrow
pleasing,
Strengthen my constancy, and welcome ruin.

—*Otway.*

IT is easy to say how we love new friends, and what we think of them, but words can never trace out all the fibres that knit us to the old.

—*George Eliot.*

FRIENDSHIP! First treasure of the breast,
Strong as the stamp on iron prest,
Changeless by trial, time, or shore,
And firmer still as cools the ore!
Within the earth's deluding round,
How art thou sought, how art thou found?

Not swifter on the eye decays
The meteor of the evening haze—
The morning coronet of dew,
That bends the harebell's tender blue,
Not swifter fades the rose's sigh,
Than Earth, thy friendship is gone by.

—*Wilton.*

So long as we love we serve; so long as we
are loved by others I would almost say
that we are indispensable; and no man is useless
while he has a Friend.

—*Stevenson.*

IF you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow;
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead?

—*Unknown.*

WHEN you make a new friend, think of the
future enemy who is already in him.
—*Schopenhauer.*

SOME of the firmest friendships have been
contracted between persons of different
dispositions, the mind being often pleased with
those perfections which are new to it, and
which it does not find among its own accom-
plishments.

—*Budgell.*

IT is the fate of most men who mingle
with the world, and attain even the
prime of life, to make many real friends.

* * * * *

How can we tell what coming people are
aboard the ships that may be sailing to us now
from the unknown seas?

—*Dickens.*

How often, when life's summer day
Is waning, and its sun descends;
Wisdom drives laughing wit away,
And lovers shrivel into friends.

—*Landor.*

PERHAPS the most delightful friendships are
those in which there is much agreement,
much disputation, and yet more personal liking.

—*George Eliot.*

I HAD a garden where for sunless days
And many starless nights, the dusky
ways

Were weed-o'ergrown and silent. There I
heard

No voice of love low calling to its own,
And found nor joy nor beauty; but alone

I lived, till through the silence like a bird
Full-throated, came the music of a friend.

—*Louis V. Ledoux.*

TIME draweth wrinkles in a fair face, but
addeth fresh colors to a fast friend, which
neither heat, nor cold, nor misery, nor place,
nor destiny, can alter or diminish. O friend-
ship, of all things the most rare, and therefore
most rare because most excellent, whose
comfort in misery is always sweet, and whose
counsels in prosperity are ever fortunate!

—*John Lyly.*

A FRIEND whom you have been gaining during your whole life, you ought not to be displeased with in a moment. A stone is many years becoming a ruby; take care that you do not destroy it in an instant against another stone.

—*Saadi.*

Two people cannot strike hands together unless with a feeling of disagreeable resolve, and not gain something; perhaps the most treasured influence of their lives.

—*Unknown.*

IF you have a friend and you love him well,
Let my advice on your friendship glimmer—
Print all his faults in *Nonpareil*,
But publish his virtues in big **LONG PRIMER**.

—*Robert J. Burdette.*

WE are all travelers that throng
A thorny road together,
And if some pilgrim not so strong,
As I, but footsore, do me wrong,
I'll make excuse—the way is long,
And stormy is the weather.

—*Fitz Hugh Ludlow.*

'TIS as hard to be a good fellow, a good
friend, and a lover of women, as 'tis to
be a good fellow, and a good friend, and a lover
of money.

—*Wycherly.*

IT is not by attending to our friends in our
way, but in *theirs* that we can really avail
them.

—*Margaret Fuller.*

INTO life's bitter cup true friendship drops
Balsamic sweets to overpower the gall;
True friends, like ivy and the wall it props,
Both stand together, or together fall.

—*Unknown.*

IF "every man has his price," as some human
appraiser has remarked, so has friendship;
and in many cases an enemy is only a friend
returned dishonored for want of funds to meet
him with.

—*H. C. Bunner.*

IF your friend is made of honey, do not eat
him up at one meal.

—*Arab Proverb.*

THE ruins of old friendships are a more melancholy spectacle to me than those of desolated palaces. They exhibit the heart that was once lighted up with joy all damp and deserted, and haunted by those birds of ill-omen that only nestle in ruins.

—*Campbell.*

ONE reason why friendships are so transient, is because we so often mistake a companion for a friend.

—*Henry W. Shaw.*

A FRIEND cannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.

—*Theophrastus.*

To look upon the face of a dead friend
Is hard; but 'tis not more than we can
bear

If, haply, we can see peace written there,—
Peace after pain, and welcome so the end,
Whate'er the past, whatever death may send.

Yea, and that face a gracious smile may wear,
If love till death was perfect, sweet, and fair;
But there is woe from which may God defend:
To look upon our friendship lying dead,
While we live on, and eat, and drink, and sleep—
Mere bodies from which all the soul has
fled—

And that dead thing year after year to keep
Locked in cold silence in its dreamless bed:—
There must be hell while there is such a deep.
—*John White Chadwick.*

THE comfort of having a friend may be taken
away, but not that of having had one.
—*Seneca.*

FRIENDS ever are provisionally friends—
Friends for so far—Friends just to
such a point,
And then “farewell!” friends with an un-
derstanding—
As “should the road be pretty safe”—“the sea
Not over rough,” and so on—friends of *ifs*
And *buts*—no friends!—Oh, could I find the
man
Would be a simple, thorough-going friend!
—*J. S. Knowles.*

THE holy passion of Friendship is of so sweet
and steady and loyal and enduring a
nature that it will last through a whole lifetime,
if not asked to lend money.
—*Samuel L. Clemens.*

IF I had the inclination and ability to do the
cruellest thing upon earth to the man I
hated, I would lay him under the necessity of
borrowing money of a friend.
—*Edward Moore.*

PEOPLE make friends later than they used to, or at least so it seems to me—probably because they grow old, in general, later than they did. Friendship must change its nature with advancing years, but whatever makes later life full of activities and new beginnings causes friendships also to begin at even the later stages of the journey. Friendship becomes rid of some vanity, it becomes more noble and satisfying to the deeper thoughts and ideals, when the roots of it grow back into a long distant past; and if we can keep the power of making a few new friends in age, as we need them, to supplement those inherited from youth, which grow fewer with the years, but riper and more select, friendship should play a satisfying rôle far along toward the end of life, the best rôle, indeed of its career, if, as Emerson thinks, a lifetime is needed for its completeness, while an hour or a day is enough for toil or play.

—*Norman Hapgood.*

A SLEEP, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—*John Burroughs.*

“**W**AL’R, my boy,” replied the captain, “in
the proverbs of Solomon you will find
the following words, ‘May we never want a
friend in need, nor a bottle to give him!’ When
found, make a note of.”

—*Dickens.*

FROM quiet home and first beginning,
Out to the undiscovered ends,
There’s nothing worth the wear of winning,
But laughter and the love of friends.

—*Unknown.*

DOES friendship really go on to be more pain than pleasure? I doubt it, for even in its deepest sorrows there is a joy which makes ordinary pleasure a very poor, meaningless affair.

—*Unknown.*

THE place where two friends first met is sacred to them all through their friendship, all the more sacred as their friendship deepens and grows old.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

TRUE happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in their worth and choice.

—*Ben Jonson.*

I COULD not live without the love of my friends.

—*Keats.*

REACH your hand to me, my friend,
With its heartiest caress—
Sometime there will come an end
To its present faithfulness—
Sometime I may ask in vain
For the touch of it again,
When between us land or sea
Holds it ever back from me.

* * * * *

O the present is too sweet
To go on forever thus!
Round the corner of the street
Who can say what waits for us?
Meeting—greeting, night and day,
Faring each the self-same way—
Still somewhere the path must end,—
Reach your hand to me, my friend!
—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

FOR YOU ALONE

TO W. S.

A POET might sing you his sweetest of
songs,

But this must the poet have known:

Of the heart whose love to you only belongs,
Whose strength would be spent to save you
from wrongs,

Of a soul knit to yours with the mightiest
thongs,

And sing them for *you* alone!

An artist might paint you a picture fair

That would equal the greatest known;

But the heart of a friend, to do and to dare,
To save you from sorrow, and trial, and care,
Is something an artist, paint he ever so rare,

Has never on canvas shown!

With wealth one could buy poet, artist, and all,

And yours might be treasures unknown;

But the love of a friend, ah! who can recall

Such a priceless gift in their lives let fall

As a true, faithful heart? I would such a one
thrall

And keep it for *you* alone!

—*Volney Streamer.*

August 15, 1885.

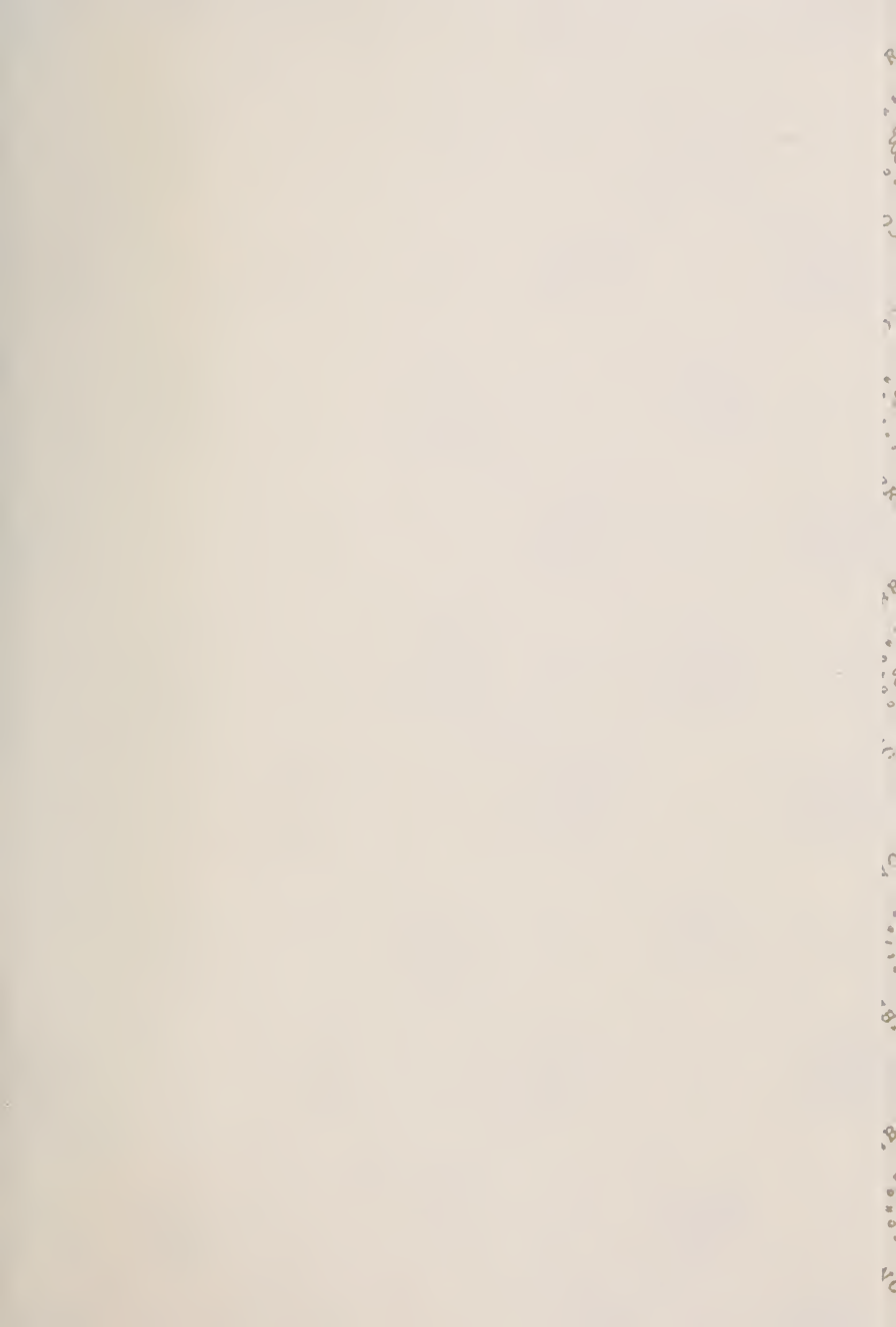
WE were friends from the first moment.
Sincere attachments usually begin at
the beginning.

—*Joseph Jefferson.*

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