

FRIENDSHIP

(Selected)

TO have a friend is to have one of the sweetest gifts that life can bring. To be a friend is to have a solemn and tender education of soul from day to day. A friend gives us confidence for life. A friend makes us go outside of ourselves. She takes heed of our health, our work, our aims, our plans. A friend remembers us when we have forgotten ourselves. A friend may praise us, and we are not embarrassed; she may rebuke us and we are not angered. If she be silent, we understand.

It takes a great soul to be a great friend, a large, catholic, steadfast, loving spirit. One to be a friend must forgive much, forget much, forbear much. It costs to be a friend. Nothing else in life, except motherhood, costs so much. It not only costs time, affection, patience, love, but sometimes a man must even lay down his life for his friend.

There is no true friendship without self-abnegation, self-sacrifice. One of the dearest thoughts to me is this, that a real friend will never get away from me, or try to, or want to.

It is a great and solemn thing to say to another human soul: In this one life that we have to live, let us share all things, temporal and spiritual. Your joys shall be my joys, your sorrows shall be my sorrows. In absence you shall be near me. You never shall be so far away from me but that I can hear your voice in the twilight and the night season. Your letters shall make me strong and glad. With you I shall never be greatly reserved. To you I may speak the thoughts of my heart. With you alone I laugh; with you alone I may shed tears and not be ashamed. To you only can I say, behold, here am I, an undisguised soul. All others know me in some one mood; you know me in all moods.

SHEPPARD.