

she died, and now he's gone after her whom he loved."

All this talk went on as we walked up through the Chelsea Streets, by Onslow Square, to Queen's Gate. As we were going up Queen's Gate the rain began to fall and during one shower we sought shelter under a porch. The shower passed and we started to walk again, but before we had reached the Park the rain began again, more heavily than ever, and put a stop to further walking. We hailed a Hansom, and Carlyle said I might take him to Forster's, close by. We parted in the cab. "I'm sorry to have ye go. The relations between us this winter have been very humane;" were among his last words to me. He was very grave, very tender, and my last sight of him was as he waved

farewell to me with his hand from Forster's door.\*

On Tuesday, May 13, I breakfasted with Ruskin. Acland† came in after breakfast full of zeal in the defence of the Dean of Christ Church, and the new work and restorations of the Church itself.

Ruskin and I parted at the gate of Corpus,—the last friend to whom I bid farewell in England. . . .

At two we left Oxford for Liverpool,—the last sight of the England of one's fancy and one's heart.

\* Carlyle wrote in his note-book, 8 June, 1873: "Emerson, and Norton with family, sailed for Boston from Liverpool, 15th of last month. Kind parting from both, from Norton almost a pathetic, not to meet again.

† Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, then Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford.

## THE CATCH

By John Kendrick Bangs

• I've enjoyed the chase to-day  
Through the woodland wild.  
Fortune in a lavish way  
Hath my heart beguiled.

I have filled my game-bag well—  
Better than I thought.  
Fat and teeming it doth swell  
With the things I sought.

Songs of birds, and songs of trees.  
Gentle whisperings of the breeze.  
Splendid mess of mountain air.  
Odors of wild-flowers fair.  
Happy thoughts that grew apace  
As I watched the rilllets race.  
Wondrous pictures in the skies.  
Vistas soft for tired eyes.  
Hints of peace, and hints of rest.  
Gorgeous colors in the west.  
Stores of gold flung far and wide  
O'er the gleaming country-side,  
As the sun smiled on the scene,  
Lighting up the forest green.

O the joy, the glad delight,  
O the taste of bliss,  
Making homeward through the night  
With a catch like this!

## THE POINT OF VIEW

New Aspects of  
Friendship

IN the Victorian age every English girl of the smallest pretensions to education was able to sing—able, that is, to render an old ballad “in a sweet natural voice, all the fresher for being utterly untrained.” Hardly a dinner-party dispersed, if we may judge from contemporary novels, without somebody’s having relieved the monotony of the evening by such a contribution. The change to-day is great. After-dinner singing—except that kind which is hired at great expense, and listened to from rows of gilt chairs—has practically disappeared, and its absence is due not to any decrease in fresh untrained voices among performers, but to the immense increase of the critical faculty among listeners.

There is no use in arguing, as one so justly might, that a great deal of simple enjoyment has been lost to us by the elevation of our standards. They are as high as they are, and we can no more enjoy an untrained ballad-singer than such a singer could herself have enjoyed a novel by Meredith.

Something very similar to this has taken place in the field of friendship. In old times it was enough for a person to live in our neighborhood, and to be well-disposed toward ourselves, for a promising friendship to flourish immediately. As to kinship, every tie of that sort necessitated affection, and to criticise a member of your immediate family was to arrogate to yourself the high privileges accorded solely to priests and parents. The consequence was that all such relations presented a pale reflex of the married state of the day—something into which the better people entered without choice and in which they remained without criticism.

With much the same loss that accompanied the raising of our musical standards we have become critical of our human surroundings—psychologically wide-awake. Early in an acquaintance we know, and we are expected to know, the turns of phrase, the lines of thought, the peculiarities of manner which denote egotism, shiftiness, vanity, or any of the less criminal defects that make intimacy

so difficult to maintain. We choose a friend as carefully as we choose a picture, and if he prove unworthy he does not bear the odium alone. We, too, are liable to blame for having used our powers of selection ill. Everybody is expected to recognize the responsibility conveyed in the little girl’s answer to her mother: “Well, you *choosed* my father.” How seldom we hear the expression “a false friend”; how often the phrase, “a poor judge of men,” is on our lips.

Contrast our attitude to-day with that which Darcy encountered—and with which Jane Austen seems to sympathize—when he was considered proud, haughty, and even rude, not because he judged his fellow-beings by false standards, but merely because he hesitated to take up the bond of intimacy, unsight, unseen, with all the members of a country community. He was not disloyal, nor even over-critical; he simply took time to choose. Unhappily, poor man, he lived a hundred years too soon. To-day, even before his reformation, he would have been accounted an excellent hero. He took his responsibilities in good faith; he exercised the great modern virtue—selectiveness.

WITH this change in our method of choosing our friends has come a change in our method of dealing with them. In old times, it appears, one did not discuss one’s friends. To-day they form a most delightful subject of conversation. The reason is clear. In the days when they came like good or bad weather we naturally did not wish to run the risk of being made discontented with a condition we could not alter. We had not, to be candid, enough confidence in our friends to enjoy listening to criticism of them. But to-day, having picked them out by the most rigorous processes, we, in the language of advertisement, challenge investigation.

Unfortunately, it is not only from without that such criticism is heard. It rises sometimes within our own breasts. It was not

—and  
of Friends