

between Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Henry Hallam, celebrated and idealized in Tennyson's immortal tribute to his friend "In Memoriam." There is something in the attitude and spirit of these distinguished college friends that comes near to hero worship, but what of this? There are few of us, who do not have this feeling of reverence toward some college friend sometime during our course. We have felt proud of our friends attainments. Our hearts have throbbed as wildly, when he was praised as the heart of the lover who hears the applause of his new made bride. We have idealized him; over-estimated his conscience; his virtue; his ability, in a word, all that belongs to him. His faults if indeed we see them at all, seem virtues and quite worthy of imitation. It is true this feeling of inequality cannot continue and the friendship endure; for equality in every relation is an indispensable condition of friendship. Unless they are perfectly easy and natural in each other's presence, they will not be known at their best; and the one will never suspect the latent powers of the other. But though our hero should turn out to be but a common mortal our worship will have done us no harm, but, as it ever must a deal of good.

Making friends however is an easy thing as compared with keeping them. Friends must not be too critical. Even children cannot reform each other every time they meet and long continue to be friends, and much less maturing men. Their business is to take each other at the individual best allowing for differences of opinion and temperament. It is more difficult to forgive a friend than an enemy because of what we expect from the former. It is natural for the enemy to wrong us; unnatural for the friend, hence the magnitude of his offending in our eyes, unless our feeling for him is founded on a rock of lenient endurance. The one, however, who cannot forgive a friend ought never to taste the sacred nectar of friendship. In no other community, perhaps, are friendships so indispensable, and yet so severely tested as in student life. The boy is removed from home and all his former bearings; together with his classmates he must fight his way, cultivating but one faculty more than the faculty of getting into trouble that is the faculty of getting out of it. He bears certain relations not only to his own class, but to the whole college community, with many whose interests seem not to be identical with his own. A college friendship must, then, be a tried friendship. If it survives class-storms and inter class conflicts it is likely to ripen into an enduring affection that will increase with the years, and with every expansion of intellect, until it transcends the immediate object and dwells and broods on the eternal.

When a man graduates from college and goes out to taste the bitter fruits of the mercenary friendships that are bought and sold in every market, his stomach will, at first, nauseate, and his soul be filled with loathing, but unless he be banqueted from time to time at the table of the gods, his taste will become depraved and he may