

fore only mention Bacon's "Novum Organum," Mill's "Logic," and Darwin's "Origin of Species;" in political economy, which some of our rulers do not now sufficiently value, Mill, and parts of Smith's "Wealth of Nations," for probably those who do not intend to make a special study of political economy would scarcely read the whole.

Among voyages and travels, perhaps those most frequently suggested are Cook's "Voyages," Humboldt's "Travels," and Darwin's "Naturalist's Journal," though I confess I should like to have added many more.

Mr. Bright not long ago specially recommended the less-known American poets, but he probably assumed that every one would have read Shakespeare, Milton ("Paradise Lost," "Lycidas," "Comus," and minor poems), Chaucer, Dante, Spenser, Dryden, Scott, Wordsworth, Pope, Byron, and others, before embarking on more doubtful adventures.

Among other books most frequently recommended are Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," "The Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," Boswell's "Life of Johnson," White's "Natural History of Selborne," Burke's Select Works (Payne), the Essays of Bacon, Addison, Hume, Montaigne, Macaulay, and Emerson, Carlyle's "Past and Present," Smiles's "Self-Help," and Goethe's "Faust" and "Autobiography."

Nor can one go wrong in recommending Berkeley's "Human Knowledge," Descartes's "Discours sur la Méthode," Locke's "Conduct of the Understanding," Lewes's "History of Philosophy;" while, in order to keep within the number of one hundred, I can only mention Molière and Sheridan among dramatists. Macaulay considered Marivaux's "La Vie de Marianne" the best novel in any lan-

guage, but my number is so nearly complete that I must content myself with English: and will suggest Thackeray ("Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis"), Dickens ("Pickwick" and "David Copperfield"), George Eliot ("Adam Bede" or "The Mill on the Floss"), Kingsley ("Westward Ho!"), Lytton ("Last Days of Pompeii"), and last, not least, those of Scott, which indeed constitute a library in themselves, but which I must ask, in return for my trouble, to be allowed, as a special favor, to count as one.

To any lover of books the very mention of these names brings back a crowd of delicious memories, grateful recollections of peaceful home-hours after the labors and anxieties of the day. How thankful we ought to be for these inestimable blessings, for this numberless host of friends who never weary, betray, or forsake us!

## LIST OF 100 BOOKS

*Works by Living Authors are omitted*

The Bible.	Confessions of St. Augustine (Dr. Pusey).
The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius.	The Koran (portions).
Epictetus.	Spinoza's Tractatus Theologico-Politicus.
Aristotle's Ethics.	Pascal's Pensées.
Analects of Confucius.	Butler's Analogy of Religion.
St. Hilaire's "Le Bouddha et sa religion."	Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.
Wake's Apostolic Fathers.	Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.
Thos. à Kempis's Imitation of Christ.	Keble's Christian Year.
Plato's Dialogues; at any rate, the Apology, Crito, and Phædo.	Plutarch's Lives.
Xenophon's Memorabilia.	Berkeley's Human Knowledge.
Aristotle's Politics.	Descartes's Discours sur la Méthode.
Demosthenes's De Coronâ.	Locke's On the Conduct of the Understanding.
Cicero's De Officiis, De Amicitia, and De Senectute.	
Homer.	The Shahnameh.
Hesiod.	The Nibelungenlied.
Virgil.	Malory's Morte d'Arthur.
Maha Bharata.	Epitomized in Talboys Wheeler's History of India, vols. i and ii.
Ramayana.	

## LIST OF 100 BOOKS.—(Continued.)

The Sheking.	Sophocles's <i>Œdipus</i> .
Kalidasa's <i>Sakuntala</i> or the Lost Ring.	Euripides's <i>Medea</i> .
Æschylus's <i>Prometheus</i> .	Aristophanes's <i>The Knights</i> and <i>Clouds</i> .
Triology of <i>Orestes</i> .	Horace.
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Chaucer's <i>Canterbury Tales</i> (perhaps in Morris's edition; or, if expurgated, in C. Clarke's, or Mrs. Haweis's).	Scott's <i>Poems</i> .
Shakespeare.	Wordsworth (Mr. Arnold's selection).
Milton's <i>Paradise Lost</i> , <i>Lycidas</i> , <i>Comus</i> , and the shorter poems.	Pope's <i>Essay on Criticism</i> .
Dante's <i>Divina Commedia</i> .	<i>Essay on Man</i> .
Spenser's <i>Fairie Queen</i> .	<i>Rape of the Lock</i> .
Dryden's <i>Poems</i> .	Burns.
	Byron's <i>Childe Harold</i> .
	Gray.
	Tennyson.
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Herodotus.	Gibbon's <i>Decline and Fall</i> .
Xenophon's <i>Anabasis</i> and <i>Memorabilia</i> .	Hume's <i>History of England</i> .
Thucydides.	Grote's <i>History of Greece</i> .
Tacitus's <i>Germania</i> .	Carlyle's <i>French Revolution</i> .
Livy.	Green's <i>Short History of England</i> .
	Lewes's <i>History of Philosophy</i> .
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Arabian <i>Nights</i> .	Molière.
Swift's <i>Gulliver's Travels</i> .	Schiller's <i>William Tell</i> .
Defoe's <i>Robinson Crusoe</i> .	Sheridan's <i>The Critic</i> , <i>School for Scandal</i> , and <i>The Rivals</i> .
Goldsmith's <i>Vicar of Wakefield</i> .	Carlyle's <i>Past and Present</i> .
Cervantes's <i>Don Quixote</i> .	
Boswell's <i>Life of Johnson</i> .	
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Bacon's <i>Novum Organum</i> .	White's <i>Natural History of Selborne</i> .
Smith's <i>Wealth of Nations</i> (part of).	Darwin's <i>Origin of Species</i> .
Mill's <i>Political Economy</i> .	<i>Naturalist's Voyage</i> .
Cook's <i>Voyages</i> .	Mill's <i>Logic</i> .
Humboldt's <i>Travels</i> .	
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Bacon's <i>Essays</i> .	Addison's <i>Essays</i> .
Montaigne's <i>Essays</i> .	Emerson's <i>Essays</i> .
Hume's <i>Essays</i> .	Burke's <i>Select Works</i> .
Macaulay's <i>Essays</i> .	Smiles's <i>Self-Help</i> .
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Voltaire's <i>Zadig</i> and <i>Micromegas</i> .	Dickens's <i>David Copperfield</i> .
Goethe's <i>Faust</i> , and <i>Autobiography</i> .	Lytton's <i>Last Days of Pompeii</i> .
Thackeray's <i>Vanity Fair</i> .	George Eliot's <i>Adam Bede</i> .
<i>Pendennis</i> .	Kingsley's <i>Westward Ho!</i>
Dickens's <i>Pickwick</i> .	Scott's <i>Novels</i> .

## THE BLESSING OF FRIENDS

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE LONDON WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE

"They seem to take away the sun from the world who withdraw friendship from life; for we have received nothing better from the Immortal Gods, nothing more delightful."—Cicero.

MOST of those who have written in praise of books have thought they could say nothing more conclusive than to compare them to friends.

All men, said Socrates, have their different objects of ambition—horses, dogs, money, honor, as the case may be; but for his own part he would rather have a good friend than all these put together. And again, men know "the number of their other possessions, although they might be very numerous, but of their friends, though but few, they were not only ignorant of the number, but even when they attempted to reckon it to such as asked them they set aside again some that they had previously counted among their friends; so little did they allow their friends to occupy their thoughts. Yet in comparison with what possession, of all others, would not a good friend appear far more valuable?"

"As to the value of other things," says Cicero, "most men differ; concerning friendship all have the same opinion. What can be more foolish than, when men are possessed of great influence by their wealth, power, and resources, to procure other things which are bought by money—horses, slaves, rich apparel, costly vases—and not to procure friends, the most valuable and fairest furniture of life?" And yet, he continues, "every man can tell how many goats or sheep he possesses, but not how many friends." In the choice,

moreover, of a dog or of a horse, we exercise the greatest care: we inquire into its pedigree, its training and character, and yet we too often leave the selection of our friends, which is of infinitely greater importance—by whom our whole life will be more or less influenced either for good or evil—almost to chance.

It is no doubt true, as the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" says, that all men are bores except when we want them. And Sir Thomas Browne quaintly observes that "unthinking heads who have not learned to be alone are a prison to themselves if they be not with others; whereas, on the contrary, those whose thoughts are in a fair and hurry within are sometimes fain to retire into company to be out of the crowd of themselves."

Still I do not quite understand Emerson's idea that "men descend to meet." In another place, indeed, he qualifies the statement, and says, "Almost all people descend to meet." Even so I should venture to question it, especially considering the context. "All association," he adds, "must be a compromise, and, what is worse, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappears as they approach each other."

What a sad thought! Is it really so? Need it be so? And if it were, would friends be any real advantage? I should have thought that the influence of friends was exactly the reverse: that the flower of a beautiful nature would expand, and the colors grow brighter, when stimulated by the warmth and sunshine of friendship.

It has been said that it is wise always to treat a friend remembering that he may become an enemy, and an enemy remembering that he may become a friend; and whatever may be thought of the first part of the adage there is cer-

tainly much wisdom in the latter. Many people seem to take more pains and more pleasure in making enemies than in making friends. Plutarch, indeed, quotes with approbation the advice of Pythagoras "not to shake hands with too many," but as long as friends are well chosen it is true rather that—

"He who has a thousand friends  
Has never a one to spare,  
And he who has one enemy  
Will meet him everywhere,"—

—and unfortunately, while there are few great friends there is no little enemy.

I guard myself, however, by saying again "as long as they are well chosen." One is thrown in life with a great many people who, though not actively bad, though they may not wilfully lead us astray, yet take no pains with themselves, neglect their own minds, and direct the conversation to petty puerilities or mere gossip; who do not seem to realize that conversation may by a little effort be made instructive and delightful without being in any way pedantic, or, on the other hand, may be allowed to drift into a mere morass of muddy thought and weedy words.

There are few from whom we may not learn something, if only they will trouble themselves to tell us. Nay, even if they teach us nothing, they may help us by the stimulus of intelligent questions or the warmth of sympathy. But if they do neither, then indeed their companionship, if companionship it can be called, is mere waste of time, and of such we may well say, "I do desire that we be better strangers."

Much, certainly, of the happiness and purity of our lives depends on our making a wise choice of our companions and

friends. If badly chosen they will inevitably drag us down; if well, they will raise us up.

Yet many people seem to trust in this matter to the chapter of accident. It is well and right, indeed, to be courteous and considerate to every one with whom we are brought into contact, but to choose them as real friends is another matter. Some seem to make a man a friend, or try to do so, because he lives near, because he is in the same business, travels on the same line of railway, or for some other trivial reason. There cannot be a greater mistake. These are only, in the words of Plutarch, "the idols and images of friendship."

To be friendly with every one is another matter; we must remember that there is no little enemy, and those who have ever really loved any one will have some tenderness for all. There is indeed some good in most men. "I have heard much," says Mr. Nasmyth in his charming autobiography, "about the ingratitude and selfishness of the world. It may have been my good fortune, but I have never experienced either of these unfeeling conditions." Such also has been my own experience.

"Men talk of unkind hearts, kind deeds  
With coldness still returning.  
Alas! the gratitude of men  
Has oftener left me mourning."

I cannot, then, agree with Emerson that "we walk alone in the world. Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables. But a sublime hope cheers ever the faithful heart that elsewhere in other regions of the universal power souls are now acting, enduring, and daring, which can love us, and which we can love."

No doubt, much as worthy friends add to the happiness

and value of life, we must in the main depend on ourselves, and every one is his own best friend or worst enemy.

Sad, indeed, is Bacon's assertion that "there is little friendship in the world, and least of all between equals, which was wont to be magnified. That that is, is between superior and inferior, whose fortunes may comprehend the one to the other." But this can hardly be taken as his deliberate opinion, for he elsewhere says, "But we may go farther, and affirm most truly that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness." Not only, he adds, does friendship introduce "daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts;" it "maketh a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests:" in consultation with a friend a man "tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshal-leth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. . . . But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth, for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love."

With this last assertion I cannot altogether concur. Surely even strangers may be most interesting! and many will agree with Dr. Johnson when, describing a pleasant evening, he summed it up—"Sir, we had a good talk."

• Epictetus gives excellent advice when he dissuades from conversation on the very subjects most commonly chosen, and advises that it should be on "none of the common subjects—not about gladiators, nor horse-races, nor about athletes, nor about eating or drinking, which are the usual subjects; and especially not about men, as blaming them," but

when he adds, "or praising them," the injunction seems to me of doubtful value. Surely Marcus Aurelius more wisely advises that "when thou wishest to delight thyself, think of the virtues of those who live with thee; for instance, the activity of one, and the modesty of another, and the liberality of a third, and some other good quality of a fourth. For nothing delights so much as the examples of the virtues, when they are exhibited in the morals of those who live with us and present themselves in abundance, as far as is possible. Wherefore we must keep them before us." Yet how often we know merely the sight of those we call our friends, or the sound of their voices, but nothing whatever of their mind or soul.

We must, moreover, be as careful to keep friends as to make them. If every one knew what one said of the other, Pascal assures us that "there would not be four friends in the world." This I hope and think is too strong, but at any rate try to be one of the four. And when you have made a friend, keep him. "Hast thou a friend," says an Eastern proverb, "visit him often, for thorns and brushwood obstruct the road which no one treads." The affections should not be mere "tents of a night."

Still less does friendship confer any privilege to make ourselves disagreeable. Some people never seem to appreciate their friends till they have lost them. Anaxagoras described the Mausoleum as the ghost of wealth turned into stone.

"But he who has once stood beside the grave to look back on the companionship which has been forever closed, feeling how impotent then are the wild love and the keen sorrow to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour

of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust."<sup>1</sup>

Death, indeed, cannot sever friendship. "Friends," says Cicero, "though absent, are still present; though in poverty they are rich; though weak, yet in the enjoyment of health; and, what is still more difficult to assert, though dead they are alive." This seems a paradox, yet is there not much truth in his explanation?

"To me, indeed, Scipio still lives and will always live; for I love the virtue of that man, and that worth is not yet extinguished. . . . Assuredly of all things that either fortune or time has bestowed on me I have none which I can compare with the friendship of Scipio."

If, then, we choose our friends for what they are, not for what they have, and if we deserve so great a blessing, then they will be always with us, preserved in absence, and even after death, in the "amber of memory."

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<sup>1</sup> Ruskin.