

# Friendship



# Friendship

BY

HENRY D. THOREAU



O MY FRIEND, MAY IT COME TO PASS  
ONCE, THAT WHEN YOU ARE MY  
FRIEND I MAY BE YOURS



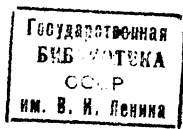
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## Prefatory Note

**T**HE friend of Emerson and the friend of Nature may be listened to profitably when he discusses and defines that rare and evanescent quality of friendship. Thoreau's whole life was but an expression of divergent forces ; an endeavor to sift the wheat from the chaff, and to ground conduct upon its basic principles. Hence he was misunderstood in his generation, and it is only the passing of years which has cleared away the mists concealing his kindly figure.

For within the heart of this recluse was a genuine love for all men. It disdained the petty makeshifts of society, and revealed itself only to the chosen few in daily life. But in his writings, wherein Thoreau communed with the heart of things, there were to be no secrets. And so here we have his frank estimate of what he calls "the secret of the universe."