

ON FRIENDSHIP.

IF e'er on earth a charm was found,
 To heal our woe, or light up joy ;
 The joy is brighten'd, heal'd the wound,
 If friendship's charm we can employ.

Love is a transient flame at best,
 As vivid lightnings glaring fly ;
 And must with friendship quickly rest,
 Or soon with cold indifference die.

Its root is deep, its growth is slow,
 Its native soil the generous heart ;
 And they can only friendship know,
 Who sympathy to all impart.

'Tis not to glitt'ring wealth confin'd,
 Or blooming beauty's smiling morn ;

It clings to beauties of the mind,
And virtues that the heart adorn,

So cherish'd, it may only stand
A numerous host of treacherous foes,
That rise a mean and hostile band,
Their baneful influence to oppose.

Suspicion knows but to disgust,
With clouded brow and squinting eye ;
And cold reserve and mean distrust,
Their base and chilling arts employ.

Friendship! sublimest good on earth :
It claims our tender constant care ;
But if such foes oppose its worth,
No wonder it is seen so rare.