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.