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FRIENDSHIP.

*By Isabella W.*

Affection's flame burns feebly, though at times it flickers bright,  
Oh, do thy best to fan the flame and ne'er put out the light ;  
True friends are seldom met with, and we may be sure they're sent  
By the God who rules our being with a wise and good intent.

Deal gently, kindly with them, for at best this transient life  
Is overstocked by harshness, and with sorrow but too rife ;  
Let their actions blamed by others ever be by thee approved,  
Till they show themselves unworthy, and unfit to be beloved.

And remember that temptations strong as their's may be thine own,  
And as thou would'st have them do to thee, forgive the erring one ;  
Oh, be not hasty to condemn, think, had it been thy fate  
To be as they are, would not then thy fault have been as great ?

Should the world look coldly on us, and if others all grow strange,  
Let the hearts entwined by friendship in their feelings never change ;  
May we ever cherish fondly the once so much loved name,  
And regard it through existence with devotion still the same ;

May the virtues of those dear ones in our bosoms treasured lay,  
Whilst their faults and little failings from our thoughts are chased away ;  
May we join with them in gladness when they rise with spirits high  
When they're overwhelmed by sorrow may we echo sigh with sigh.

Every envious, angry feeling, let us quickly cast behind,  
For these little acts of kindness will their hearts still closer bind,  
As it's vain to think of dreaming when from slumber ye are woke,  
So ye cannot hope for kindly love should friendship's chain be broke.