

TO FRIENDSHIP.

THOU sunlight of life's tearful way,
Thy presence brightens every day;
Thou giv'st to every voice a tone
Of gentleness that's all thine own.

All things look brighter where thou art;
Thou bringest joy to every heart;
And in the gentle, winning smile,
We trace thy influence all the while.

ON VISITING GOLDEN VALE (KINGSTON),
AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

YES! 'tis the same old spot,
Though blighted and decayed;
Though all its beauties seemed to be
In sorrow's weeds arrayed.

Each leafy bough that waves
In yonder dim old wood;
Tells of the melancholy past,
When 'neath its shade I stood.

Those were days of balmy sunshine;
When a bride, and yet a child,
Sweetly dreaming of the future,
I explored the forest wild.