

Celestial *Happiness*, whene'er she stoops,
to visit Earth, One Shrine the Goddess finds,
and One alone, to make her sweet Amends
for absent Heav'n — the Bosom of a Friend;
where Heart meets Heart, reciprocally soft,
each other's Pillow to Repose divine.

Beware the Counterfeit: In *Passion's* Flame
Hearts melt; but melt like Ice, soon harder froze.
True Love strikes Root in *Reason*; *Passion's* Foe;
Virtue alone entenders us for Life:

I wrong her much — entenders us for ever.
Of *Friendship's* fairest Fruits, the Fruit most fair
is *Virtue* kindling at a Rival Fire,
and, *emulously*, rapid in her Race.
O the soft Enmity! Endearing Strife!
This carries Friendship to her noon-tide Point,
and gives the Rivet of Eternity.

From *Friendship*, which outlives my former Themes,
glorious Survivor of old *Time*, and *Death*!
from Friendship, thus, that Flow'r of Heav'nly Seed,
the Wise extract Earth's most *Hyblean* Bliss,
superior Wisdom, crown'd with smiling Joy;