

As Love of *Pleasure* is ordain'd to guard  
and feed our Bodies, and extend our Race;  
the Love of *Praise* is planted to protect;  
and propagate the Glories of the Mind.

What is it, but the *Love of Praise*, inspires,  
matures, refines, embellishes, exalts,  
Earth's Happiness? From *that*, the Delicate,  
the Grand, the Marvellous, of *Civil Life*,  
*Want* and *Convenience*, Under-workers, lay  
the Basis, on which *Love of Glory* builds.  
Nor is *thy Life*, O *Virtue*! less in Debt  
to Praise, thy secret stimulating Friend.

Were Men not *proud*, what Merit should we miss!

*Pride* made the Virtues of the Pagan World.

Praise is the Salt that seasons *Right* to Man,

and whets his Appetite for *moral Good*.

Thirst of Applause is *Virtue's Second Guard*;

*Reason*, her First; but Reason wants an Aid;

Our *private Reason* is a Flatterer;

Thirst of Applause calls *public Judgment* in,

to poise our own, to keep an even Scale,

and give endanger'd *Virtue* fairer Play.

Here a *Fifth Proof* arises, stronger still:

Why this so nice Construction of our Hearts?

These delicate Moralities of *Sense*;

This *constitutional Reserve* of Aid