

Our Saviour's charge to men, humility ;
 What beauties it can boast, and yet it hides
 Its modest face, fair tiny flower so prized ;
 Too often crushed beneath our careless feet
 To scent in kind return with grateful sweet.

My child observe the ants upon this hill
 And glean the wisdom that their care instill ;
 And lay up treasures in the heavenly land
 While youth and health lend thee a willing hand.
 Julia, here comes a toiling honey bee,
 Homewards it wings, its lucious burden see ;
 Mark the load of wax it carries to the hive :
 From the bee learn labor, love it and you'll thrive ;
 Foresee, like her, the winter of the year,
 For storms and feeble age thyself prepare.

Dear child no longer view that giddy fly,
 Though rainbow hues its amber wings bedye ;
 All is not precious that is decked in gold,
 And diamond lustre no real value own :
 This useless insect of the summer hour
 Will breathe its last with summer's painted flowers.
 The lovely flower that o'er your hand does stoop,
 So pitiless the noontide sun did droop ;
 Its curious cup and silken texture view,
 No weaver's satin has so rich a hue,
 And think, if God, a fading flower thus clothed—
 Will he forget thy raiment, warm or cold ?
 How fair is nature, it is wisdom's page,
 A book of knowledge each succeeding age ;
 The very dews now falling on the earth,