

- To lift his soul on high !
 While eager for the blest abode,
 He joins with them to praise the God,
 Who taught him how to die.
3. The horrors of the grave and hell,
 Those sorrows which the wicked feel,
 In vain their gloom display ;
 For he who bids yon comet burn,
 Or makes the night descend, can turn
 Their darkness into day.
4. No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes ;
 Nor horror wrests the struggling sighs ;
 As from the sinner's breast :
 His God, the God of peace and love,
 Pours sweetest comforts from above,
 And sooths his heart to rest !

SECTION XXVIII.

A kind and gentle temper of great importance to the happiness of life.

1. SINCE trifles make the sum of human things,
 And half our mis'ry from our foibles springs ;
 Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
 And few can save or serve, but all can please ;
 Oh ! let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
 A small unkindness is a great offence.
2. Large bounties to bestow, we wish in vain :
 But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
 To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
 With pow'r to grace them, or to crown with health,
 Our little lot denies ; but Heav'n decrees
 To all the gift of minist'ring to ease.
3. The gentle offices of patient love,
 Beyond all flatt'ry, and all price above ;
 The mild forbearance of another's fault ;
 The taunting word suppress'd, as soon as thought :
 On these Heav'n bade the sweets of life depend :
 And crush'd ill fortune when it made a friend.
4. A solitary blessing few can find ;
 Our joys with those we love are intertwin'd :
 And he whose wakeful tenderness removes
 Th' obstructing thorn which wounds the friend he loves,
 Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
 But scatters roses to adorn his own