

Chap. 5. PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

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- In summer so fragrant and gay !
 But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
 And they wither and die in a day.
2. Yet the rose has one pow'rful virtue to boast,
 Above all the flow'rs of the field :
 When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours lost,
 Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !
3. So frail is the youth and beauty of men,
 Tho' they bloom and look gay like the rose ;
 For all our fond care to preserve them is vain ;
 Time kills them as fast as he goes.
4. Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
 Since both of them wither and fade ;
 But gain a good name by performing my duty :
 This will scent like a rose, when I'm dead. WATTS.

SECTION X.

The Ant.

1. THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes !
 We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
 Without our regard or concern :
 Yet as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
 There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
 Some lessons of wisdom might learn.
2. They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
 But gather up corn in a sun shiny day,
 And for winter they lay up their stores :
 They manage their work in such regular forms,
 One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,
 And so brought their food within doors.
3. But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
 If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
 Nor provide against dangers in time.
 When death or old age shall stare in my face,
 What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
 If I trifle away all their prime !
4. Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in bloom,
 Let me think what will serve me when sickness shall come,
 And pray that my sins be forgiven :
 Let me read in good books, and believe and obey,
 That, when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
 I may dwell in a palace in Heav'n. WATTS.

SECTION XI.

A morning Hymn.

1. MY God who makes the sun to know
 His proper hour to rise,
 And to give light to all below,
 Does send him round the skies.