

reward of our trouble, and a very great reward it is. With a little care, our garden may be kept full of flowers till the middle of autumn, or even later; and though we cannot see our beautiful annuals die, and our roses wither, without being sorry for the loss, we remember that next spring our garden will be gay once more.

LESSON IX.

THE TWO GARDENS.

When Harry and Dick had been striving to please
Their father (to whom it was known)
Made two little gardens, and stock'd them with
trees,
And gave one to each for his own.

Harry thank'd his papa, and with rake, hoe, and
spade,
Directly began his employ;
And soon such a neat little garden was made,
That he panted with labour and joy.

There was always some bed or some border to
mend,
Or something to tie or to stick;
And Harry rose early his garden to tend,
While snoring lay indolent Dick.

The tulip, the rose, and the lily so white,
United their beautiful bloom,
And often the honey-bee stoop'd from his flight,
To sip the delicious perfume.