

Oh come, for the ant has crept out of her cell,
Again to her labour she goes;
She knows the true value of moments too well,
To waste them in idle repose.

Awake, little sleeper, and do not despise
Of insects instruction to ask;
From your pillow with good resolutions arise,
And cheerfully go to your task.

LESSON LXIV.

EVENING.

Little girl, it is time to retire to your rest;
The sheep are put into the fold,
The linnet foresakes us, and flies to her nest,
To shelter her young from the cold.

The owl has flown out of his lonely retreat,
And screams through the tall shady trees;
The nightingale takes on the hawthorn his seat,
And sings to the evening breeze.

The sun, too, now seems to have finish'd his race,
And sinks once again to his rest;
But though we no longer can see his bright face,
He leaves a gold streak in the west.

Little girl, have you finish'd your daily employ
With industry, patience, and care?
If so, lay your head on your pillow with joy,
No thorn to disturb shall be there.