

INDUSTRY

HOW doth the busy little bee improve each shining hour! It honey takes from every tree, and keeps it till it's sour. Ah, nothing hinders, nothing queers its labors here below; it does not always cock its ears, to hear the whistle blow. Wherever honey is on tap, you see the bumbler climb; for shorter hours it doesn't scrap, nor charge for overtime. It's on the wing the live-long day, from rise to set of sun, and when at eve it hits the hay, no chore is left undone. And when the bumblebees are possessed of honey by the pound, bad boys come up and swat their nest, and knock it to the ground. The store they gathered day by day has vanished in a breath, and so the bees exclaim, "Foul play!" and sting themselves to death. There is no sense in making work a gospel and a creed, in thinking every hour will spoil that knows no useful deed. No use competing with the sun, and making life a strain; for bees — and boys — must have some fun if they'd be safe and sane.