

SOME LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE.

THE LAW OF AUTHORITY AND OBEDIENCE.
"Who made thee a ruler and a Judge over us?"—
Acts vi. 27.

A fine young working-bee left his hive, one lovely summer's morning, to gather honey from the flowers. The sun shone so brightly, and the air felt so warm, that he flew a long, long way, till he came to some distant gardens that were very beautiful and gay; and there having roamed about, in and out of the flowers, and buzzing in great delight, till he had so loaded himself with treasures that he could carry no more, he betheought himself of returning home. But, just as he was beginning his journey, he accidentally flew through the open window of a country house, and found himself in a large dining-room. There was a good deal of noise and confusion, for it was dinner-time, and the guests talked rather loudly, so the bee got frightened, and having only tasted some rich sweetmeats that lay temptingly in a dish on the table, when he heard a child exclaim with a shout, "Oh, there's a bee, let me catch him!" he rushed hastily back to, as he thought, the open air. But, alas! poor fellow, in another second he found that he had flung himself against a hard transparent wall! In other words, he had flown against the glass panes of the window, being quite unable in his alarm and confusion to distinguish the glass from the opening by which he had entered. This unexpected blow annoyed him much, and having wearied himself in vain attempts to find the entrance, he began to walk slowly and quietly up and down the wooden frame that divided the panes, hoping to recover both his strength and composure.

Presently, as he was walking along, his attention was attracted by hearing the soft half-whispering voices of two children, who were kneeling down and looking at him.

The one said to the other, "This a working-bee, sister; I see the wax-bags under his thighs. Nice fellow! how busy he has been!"

"Does he make the wax and honey himself?" whispered the girl.

Yes, he gets them both from the insides of the flowers. Don't you remember how we watched them once dodging in and out of the crocuses, how we laughed at them, they were so busy and fussy, and their dark coats looked so handsome against the yellow leaves? I wish I had seen this fellow loading himself to-day. But he does more than that. He builds the honeycomb, and does pretty nearly everything. He's a working-bee, poor wretch!"

"What is a working-bee? and why do you call him 'Poor wretch,' brother?"

"Why, don't you know, Uncle Collins says, all people are poor wretches who work for other people who don't work for themselves? And that is just what this bee does. There is the queen-bee in the hive, who does nothing at all but sit at home, give orders, and coddle the little ones; and all the bees wait upon her, and obey her. Then there are the drones—lazy fellows, who lounge all their time away. And then there are the working-bees, like this one here, and they do all the work for everybody. How Uncle Collins would laugh at them, if he knew!"

Doesn't Uncle Collins know about bees?"

"No, I think not. It was a gardener who told me. And, besides, I think Uncle Collins would never have done talking about them and quizzing them, if he once knew they couldn't do without a queen. I heard him say yesterday, that kings and queens were against nature, for that nature never makes one man a king and another man a cobbler, but makes them all alike; and so, he says, kings and queens are very unjust things."

"Bees have not the sense to know anything about that;" observed the little girl, softly.

"Of course not! Only fancy how angry these working-fellows would be if they knew what the gardener told me?"

"What was that?"

"Why, that the working-bees are just the same as the queens when they are first born, just exactly the same, and that it is only the food that is given them, and the shape of the house they live in, that makes the difference.

The bee-nurses manage that; they give some one some sort of food, and some another, and they make the cells different shapes, and so some turn out queens, and the rest working-bees. Its just what Uncle Collins says about kings and cobbler—nature makes them all alike. But, look! the dinner's over;"

"Wait till I let the bee out, brother," said the little girl, taking him gently up in a soft handkerchief; and then she looked at him kindly and said, "Poor fellow! so you might have been a queen if they had only given you the right food, and put you into a right-shaped house! What a shame they didn't! As it is, my good friend (and here her voice took a childish mocking tone)—As it is, my good friend, you must go and drudge away all your life long, making honey and wax. Well, get along with you! Good luck to your labours!" And with these words she fluttered her handkerchief through the open window, and the bee found himself once more floating in the air.

Oh, what a fine evening it was! But the liberated bee did not think so. The sun shone beautifully, though lower in the sky, and though the light was softer, and the shadows were longer; and as to the flowers, they were more fragrant than ever; yet the poor bee felt as if there was a dark heavy cloud over the sky; but in reality the cloud was over his own heart, for he had become discontented and ambitious, and he rebelled against the authority under which he had been born.

At last he reached his home—the hive which he had left with such a happy heart in the morning, and, after dashing in, in a hurried and angry manner, he began to unload the bags under his thighs of their precious contents, and as he did so he exclaimed, "I am the most wretched of creatures!"

"What is the matter? what have you done?" cried an old relation who was at work near him; "have you been eating the poisonous kalmia flowers, or have discovered that the mischievous honey-moth has laid her eggs in our combs?"

"Oh, neither, neither!" answered the bee impatiently; "only I have travelled a long way, and have heard a great deal about myself that I never knew before, and I know now that we are a set of wretched creatures!"

"And, pray, what wise animal has been persuading you of that, against your own experience?" asked the old relation.

"I have a truth," answered the bee in an indignant tone, "and it matters not who told it me."

"Certainly not, but it matters very much that you should not fancy yourself wretched merely because some foolish creature has told you you are so; you know very well that you never were wretched till you were told you were, and I call that very silly; so I shall say no more to you." And the old relation turned himself round to his work, singing very pleasantly all the time.

But the traveller bee would not be laughed out of his wretchedness: so he collected some of his young companions around him, and told them all he had heard in the large dining-room of the country house, and all were astonished, and most of them vexed. Then he grew so much pleased at finding himself able to create such excitement and interest, that he became sillier every minute, and made a long speech on the injustice of there being such things as queens, and talked of nature making them all equal and alike, with an energy that would have delighted Uncle Collins himself.

When the bee had finished his speech, there was first a silence and then a buzz of anger, and then a confused expression of plans and wishes. It must be admitted, their ideas of how to remedy the evil now for the first time suggested to them, were very confused also. Some wished Uncle Collins could come and manage all the beehives in the country, for they were sure he would let all the bees be queens, and then what a jolly time they should have! And when the old relation popped his head round the corner of the cell he was building, just to inquire, "What would be the fun of being queens, if there were no working-bees to wait on one?" the little coterie of rebels buzzed very loud, and told him he was a fool, for of course Uncle Collins would take care that the tyrant who had so long been queen, and the royal children, now ripening in their nurse-

cells, should be made to wait on them while they lasted.

"And when they are finished?" persisted the old relation with a laugh.

"Buzz, Buzz," was the answer; and the old relation held his tongue.

Then another bee suggested that it would, after all, be very awkward for them all to be queens; for who would make the honey and wax, and build the honey-combs, and nurse the children? Would it not be best, therefore, that there should be no queens whatever, but that they should all be working-bees.

But, then, the tiresome old relation popped his head round the corner again, and said, he did not quite see how that change would benefit them, for were they not all working-bees already? on which an indignant buzz was poured into his ear, and he retreated to his work.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

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Toronto, Dec. 10th, 1852. 25-1f

T. BILTON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
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Toronto, Sept. 17, 1852. 11-

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February, 1852.

28-11

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Toronto, Oct. 14th, 1852. 11-2m

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Toronto, Jan. 28, 1847. 61

THE TORONTO LADIES' SCHOOL.

LADY PRINCIPAL:

MRS. POETTER.

ASSISTANTS:

2nd English Teacher,..... Mrs. EDDIE.
3rd English Teacher,..... Miss KENNEDY.
French,..... Mad'le SIMON.
Master for Writing and Arithmetic,..... Mr. EBBELLS.

Master for Drawing,..... Mr. BULL.

Master for Music,..... Mr. STRATHY.

Master for Singing,..... Mr. HUMPHREYS.

In consequence of the number of Shares not having been taken up for the Proprietary School, the Council had been compelled to relinquish their plans, and Mrs. Poetter has therefore undertaken, with their sanction, the present Establishment, under the same system as the Proprietary School, and on the same Terms, without the liability of the shares.

The Studies will include a thorough English Education, with French, Italian and German Music, Singing, and Drawing. Wax Flowers, Embroidery, and all kinds of Plain and Ornamental Needle Work, are also taught.

A Lady will assist Mrs. Poetter in taking charge of the Boarders, whose sole duty will be to watch over the health and attend the comforts of those committed to her care.

PROPRIETARY SCHOOL.

At a Meeting of the Council on Thursday, the 13th of August, the following Minutes were passed:—

2. Resolved—That for the reasons herein stated, the Council having been compelled to relinquish their plans, the Church of England Proprietary School is hereby given up accordingly.

3. Read a proposal from Mrs. Poetter, offering to open a School upon the same plan as that intended for the Church of England Proprietary School.

Whereupon it was resolved—

"That inasmuch as the Council had intended to place Mrs. Poetter at the head of the Educational Department of the Church of England Proprietary School, they have the less hesitation in acceding to Mrs. Poetter's proposal, and they hereby allow her to state that she has their sanction for using their name, and they hope that her exertions may meet with that success which she so well deserves."

TERMS.

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Finishing Pupils..... 5 additional.

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Persons wishing for further information are requested to apply (if by letter postpaid) to Mrs. Poetter, York street.

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The object of this Table is to present History to the pupil in a condensed form, and Mrs. Poetter's plan is to have it committed to memory, and enlarged upon by questions from the Teacher, after previous study of the different subjects.
Toronto, November 4th, 1852.

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