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## THE LITTLE BUSY BEE.

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HOW doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day,  
From every opening flower !

How skilfully she builds her cell !  
How neat she spreads the wax !  
And labours hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour, or of skill,  
I would be busy too ;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,  
Let my first years be past ;  
That I may give for every day  
Some good account at last.