

It was not long before they heard again that long, droning whine, and presently a bee, coming apparently by a direct route, settled down upon the edge of the tin and began to devour the honey.

*Another Bee  
in the Honey*

"Now, then," observed Charlie, "we're getting near the den, for they can't take a bee-line very far in the bush without running up against something. Any hollow tree or any tree with a hole in its trunk is a likely spot. Just keep your eye peeled. And in the meantime remember one of the wisest things written in the Bible is that God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

The observation led the boy to ask, perhaps a bit timorously, whether Charlie believed in God.

"Why do you ask?" Charlie countered.

The boy, feeling himself cornered, shuffled in his seat before answering. Then he spoke up.

"Because," he said, "they say you say there is no God."

"They're a lot o' blitherin' idiots," said Charlie. "I don't believe in *their* God. I believe in the god of the bee-line. We can see evidences of a god all round us out here, but they'll find pesky few in all their churches and chapels. I recognize a superior being, but I'm not above lifting a mink from a trap on the Sabbath."

"Or robbing a bees' nest on Monday?"

Although this question was in the boy's mind, he did not utter it, preferring to see man as here represented pursue his predatory instincts and await the result.

More bees had come, and by this time some of them were leaving. All went in the same direction. Charlie got up and followed them. Presently he stopped, and looking up toward the top of an old dead tree he pointed to a spot, a hole perhaps an inch in diameter, about which small dark objects moved ceaselessly and in apparent confusion.

"That's it," said Charlie, with a look of triumph; "we'll have honey for breakfast to-morrow."

"Won't we rob the nest to-day?" asked the boy, with a tone of disappointment.

"They'd eat us alive," said Charlie. "To-night we'll lift the honey. You see, at night a bee is as helpless as a baby."

The boy concluded that the delay was in reason, and he was on hand that night when the cross-cut saw swished into the decayed trunk of the tree, as Charlie and one of his sons, standing opposite each other, drew the glimmering sheet of steel back and forth between them.

*The  
Glimmering  
Sheet of  
Steel*