mother of her people. But before we take our leave of the bees, let me observe to you, my dears, that several instructive lessons may be taken from their example. If such little insects as these perform their daily tasks with so much alacrity, surely it must be a shame for children to be idle, and to fret because they are put to learn things which will be of the utmost consequence to them in the end, and which would indeed conduce to their present happiness, would they but apply to them with a willing mind. Remember the pretty hymn you have learnt,—

‘How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour!’ &c.

But come, Mrs. Wilson,” continued the lady, “we must, if you please, take leave of the bees, or we shall have no time to enjoy the other pleasures you have in reserve for us.”

As they walked along, Frederick so far forgot himself as to try to catch a moth, but his mamma obliged him to let it go immediately. “Don’t you think, Mrs. Wilson,” said she, “it is wrong to let children catch butterflies and moths?” “Indeed I do, madam,” replied the good woman. “Poor little creatures! what injury can they do us by flying about? In that state, at least, they are harmless to