

WORK AND WIN.

"What is the use of trying"
 Said an idle lazy bee,
 "There's not a buckwheat field in sight,
 Not a honey flower I see.
 So he turned back and settled
 On a twig above the hive,
 And hummed and moaned and fretted
 And said they could not thrive.
 But the wise earnest workers
 Found white fields far away,
 And back and forth they journeyed
 Through all the livelong day.
 It was only a little load,
 That any bee could bring,
 But when at eve they gathered home
 How they did hum and sing.
 For every waxen cell
 Was filled, through all the hive,
 And over and over they sung,
 "Whoever works will thrive."
 And the keeper looking at night,
 Said with a hearty laugh,
 "I declare those bees would make honey
 If you gave them nothing but chaff."
M. C. B.

UPWARD.

Climb for the view is grander,
 From the hill-tops than the plain;
 Climb, there are restful summits
 Above life's clouds and rain.
 And should thy feet drag heavy
 Mired in life's bitter pain,
 Yet keep mine eyes fixed skyward
 The heights thou sure shalt gain.
M. C. B.