

Within these cells, the bee likewise stores up the pollen or bee-bread, kneading and packing it up quite close, till the cell is filled. A large portion of the cells of some combs is filled with this bread, which is thus always ready at hand for use. One production of the bee, and not the least wonderful, is the honey-comb itself, which, with its beautifully arranged little cells, forms so convenient a store-house for the fruits of the day's labour. The wax of which the bees construct the combs, is a substance formed by a secretion from their own bodies.

LESSON LXIII.

MORNING.

Awake, little girl, it is time to arise,

Come shake drowsy sleep from your eye:

The lark is loud warbling his notes to the skies,

And the sun is far mounted on high.

Oh come, for the fields with gay flow'rets o'erflow,

The dew-drop is trembling still;

The lowing herds graze in the pastures below,

And the sheep-bell is heard from the hill.

Oh come, for the bee has flown out of his bed,

To begin his employment anew;

The spider is weaving her delicate thread

Which brilliantly glitters with dew.