LITTLE Rosy Redcheek said unto a clover:
"Flower, why were you made?
I was made for mother,
She hasn't any other,
But you were made for no one, I'm afraid."

Then the clover softly unto Redcheek whispered:
"Pluck me, ere you go."
Redcheek, little dreaming,
Pulled, and ran off screaming,
"Oh, naughty, naughty flower, to sting me so!"

"Foolish one!" the startled bee buzzed crossly,
"Foolish not to see
That I make my honey,
While the day is sunny;
That the pretty little clover lives for me."

Juny 28.

A. K. Spens.

Juny 29.

June 30.

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