These things are a disgrace to a semi-civilized Babylonian community!

I have no objections to your making money, if you make it honestly and not too fast...

Go to the bees, those buzzy little democratic insects, and grow wiser. They obtain their bread and honey by incessant industry...

Bees have no high-tech interest squeezers, no covetous misers, no legally honest thieves and robbers among them---No land-sharks, money-changers, flint-skinners, and smooth-sharpers.

No wrangling, disputing and quarrelling about gain, and division of spoil...There are no Lawyers in a Bee-Hive...Thanks be to God!

No my friend, among bees all is love, harmony, industry and peace. The corruptions of avarice and covetousness can find no crack through which to enter. And, sloth is drummed out instantly by the whole Bee Hive posse comitatus.

The bee quits his hive in the A.M. as soon as the sun begins to lick the dew from the grass, and hies him away to far distant fields where it buzzes about from flower to flower, till he is heavily laden with the treasure he seeks...

He returns, re-returns, and returns again, and so on till the shades of evening call him in. He folds up his wings and retires to bed with a calm conscience; for he knows that he has minded his own business today, not meddling with others, and labored for a rainy day...

His sleep must be sweet...

I consider the practice of bees making honey far more decent than many of your modern schemes for making money because one is made by industry ---The other often by fraud, idleness and rascality.

I might as well let out the whole cable of my opinion, as to keep such a weight of it coiled up in my breast...

You will all go to perdition one of these days---unless you think less of money, and more of your own moral character...

Listen, I warn you! The Devil is fishing for you with a greenbacked dollar on his hook for bait, you poor worms!

He caught a Lawyer the other day, but he slipped through his fingers, and went ker-plop down into the muddy pool of his former iniquities.

But you my friends are not all Lawyers...So do not snap rashly at the Devils hook, nor hang longingly around it, or you may get gilled...

And if you do, you are fried eels, as sure as a cat can jump!

Compounded By....EVANGELIST PETER PENTECOST