

alarmed, and earnestly sought to protect myself against recurrence of such unpleasant symptoms. I soon found that this was next to impossible. To converse with those fresh from handling bees—nay, even to receive letters or postal cards from them, was to be poisoned again.†

*The susceptibility of some persons to bee-poison, seems to be as great as that of others to the poison-ivy. I can handle this with impunity, while I have friends who cannot get near enough to it to see it, without being poisoned by it, if the wind blows to them from it!

Ten years ago, being at my old home in Greenfield, Mass., I engaged to visit my friend, Wm. W. Cary, of Coleraine, one Saturday afternoon, intending to preach to a congregation where for some years I had preached as their pastor. The day was a charming one, and I was quite happy at the thought of meeting so many old friends. Mr. Cary had been handling bees all day, and was well charged of course with the bee-poison. Almost as soon as he had shaken hands with me, my eyes began to smart, my eyelids to feel heavy, and my face to itch. My spirits sank at once, and the thought of preaching and seeing my old friends caused me only anxiety; in short, the very bottom of all hopefulness seemed to drop out, as it were, in a few moments. Explaining my reasons, I sought other quarters, but the pleasure of my visit was essentially spoiled. Imagination! I hear someone saying. Does imagination cause burning eruptions on the body, constant roaring in the ears as though near a waterfall! to say nothing of moaning in sleep, etc?

From 1875 to 1881 I dreaded the return of each bee-season. My letters were all read by some member of my family, that I might handle none from bee-keepers. I felt that, let my general health be what it might, I could do nothing more with bees. While I could easily trace much of my suffering to the bee-poison, I could not believe that it was the cause of the head trouble from which I had suffered so much, for I was a frequent martyr to this many years before I kept bees. Now had I given my experience with the bee poison from 1875 to 1881, I should have left the matter in such a shape as to prejudice many against having anything to do

with bees. I should only have given the actual facts in my case, but for want of other facts not then duly weighed by me, my facts would have seemed to warrant inferences just the opposite from the truth.

In the spring of 1881, my health being more fully restored than for some years, it seemed to me almost an impossibility to keep longer away from the bees. A new thought suddenly occurred to me. Suppose a person after long use of tobacco or opium should give them up for some time—long enough for the effect they produce to pass away—and should then attempt to take the old, big dose! would he not be naturally alarmed at the result? May I not be mistaken then in supposing that any great change has taken place in my system, as respects the effects of the bee-poison upon it? and may not my painful experience of the last six years be accounted for in another way? So long as I kept bees and dealt so largely in queens, I was compelled each year to inoculate my system so fully with their poison, that however severe the ordeal at first, I soon became indifferent to it. Now being under no such necessity, I stop short every time of full and repeated doses. Suppose that I take such doses again. With fear and trembling on the part of my family, but with scarcely any on my part, I determined to test the matter, for as even the presence of freshly extracted honey in the house, was enough to bring on another attack, I felt that I must get out of the world before I could escape from this dreaded poison. I determined therefore, to make full proof of my new theory. Without any bee-hat I helped my friends to extract their honey, all the time saying to the bees, "Sting me as often as you please;" and as they were gentle Italians, I did not scruple by somewhat rough treatment, to make them do much more than they naturally wished to, in the way of stinging. From the very first I did not suffer nearly as much as I had done every year since I ceased to work with bees! and little, if any more than I had done every year when first handling them. In about a week I was again bee-proof, and launched out at once into a course of experiments (all in vain) to control, if possible, the impregnation