

on in the hive interior. The encyclopædic Aristotle "discovered more at large of the bees than he did of any other living creature." Nearly two thousand years before Cotton compiled his inimitable "Bee Book"—a compendium of all the works on this pleasant and pleasing pastime which he could lay hands on, the enthusiasm of one Hygenus collected all the scattered references to bees which then existed. Aristomachus devoted a lifetime to the study of his beloved pets with an enthusiasm worthy of all praise. Varro wrote of them as if he loved them. Columella was an ancient bee-man of repute, one who could pass as a first-class expert. The omnivorous Pliny consulted 2,000 volumes in getting up his Natural History, and to few subjects did he give more study than to the tiny bee, whose nectar he looked on as the quintessence of all sweetness. But the work to which the mind reverts most pleasantly and most frequently, in spite of the poetic license with which almost every line of it is studded, is that delightful "Fourth Georgic" of Virgil. What, although it tells us to play on brazen vessels when a swarm rises, though it calls the queen a king, describes how a swarm can be raised from a decayed ox, and though in many respects it is unorthodox, yet does he not sing of "combs of golden juice not only sweet but fit for use," does he not tell us how to subdue bees with smoke, does he not tell us how bees are endued with particles of heavenly fires; does he not sing of their indefatigable labors, of their prescient wisdom, and inimitable workmanship?

But leaving behind us those ancient authorities, who spoke of bees as if they loved them, let us come down to modern times. What labor of the farm, the croft, or the cottage garden gives a tithe of the pleasure and interest begot by the prosecution of apiculture? Here is a pursuit which is carried on in the incomparable days of summer, with the balmy breath of nature in its mildest and sweetest

moods, delighting his higher sensation; around him are the flowers in all their glory, fairer in their loveliness than any work of art and, wedded as they are to the bees, he learns to look on them with a new meaning and an added value. What fairer palaces can even fairy fancy picture than those hexagonal cells; what more perfect form of government can the mind imagine than the complex and intricate yet simple, rule of the hive interior; what example of human virtue and assiduity can equal the indefatigable industry of the busy workers? What more luscious and health-giving food can be even dreamt of as in any way comparable with the heaven-given sweet these tiny toilers garner with increasing perseverance during every shining hour?

Soon now, spring's balmy breath will call on the flowers to secrete sweet nectar, the flowers again will call in an unmistakable voice to the bees, and, inspired by the knowledge that our pets are once more enabled to fulfil their mission, we will shake off our lethargy and frequent the corner of our garden devoted to *Apis Mellifica*. "When they sing, I feel as if I could sing with them," said Bonner over a century ago. The call of the cuckoo, the sight of the first swallow, the first merry thrill of the lark, and the appearance of the first fair flowers of spring, all delight us; but perhaps none of these so fully gladden our hearts as the first time in spring when our bees "reel."

That every single hive may answer the "roll call" will be the fervent wish of every true-hearted beekeeper.

A PROGRESSIVE BEGINNER

Indexed Hunting Fox—Found a Bee Tree

John A. McKinnon.

On the 12th of November last, I was out fox hunting, and had sat down to wait for the hunt to come my way. The sun was shining brightly and the weather was warm and summer-like. A honey bee

dodged past my nose hum. Says I, the patch of woods and

I knew they were in flight and would not soon heard the fan at play. They were quite close to the spot and returned took them home in about five feet long ferred them to a pect to winter the of the combs were long, and the pounds of buckw all. In the work pint of bees got down as the temperature they chilled and The next day a warm up and the sun a bees to life again which joined the

I made a thick sugar one of honeyder by setting feeder. The weather cold, so that only syrup was taken determined to save about ten pounds in the cellar and frames. The bees candy to the combs them, but also frames. On looking they were all O. dead bees on the temperature of the above 45° or below found within six field and the com pounds of clover that this swarm the tree the last probably an after brooded quite a large one,