

sant; their rollings were without end. At last the old darkey became frightened, and, following a thunderous peal of unusual horror, he plumped down on his knees in the mud and began to pray, "O! Lord," he cried, "far be it from one so humble as I to tell Theethy business. But if it's all the same to Thee, an' doan't pester Thee or change too much Thy infinite plans, couldn't this storm be managed to give us a leetle less noise an' a leetle mo' light? Amen!"

And so let us, when we do anything, do it for the purpose of disseminating light, not to make a noise.

Again, others of us work with no definite object in view. We should work and toil for a purpose. John Chinaman was hacking away on a stick, and a neighbor asked him, "What are you making, John?" He replied, "It may be a god or it may be a bedstead, for all I know." We experiment so loosely that, at the finish, if asked the result, we can only reply, "It may be a God or it may be a bedstead, for all I know." Let us work so perfectly that we know what we are doing, so that we may hear the Master say, "Because thou hast 'a little strength' I have set before thee 'an open door.'"

Mind has not grasped the possibilities which are before us if we work with the "little strength" we have. Let us not deceive ourselves. This "little strength" must be used intelligently, and for the good of the whole—not for just me, if "behold, I have set before thee an open door" of possibilities is to be realized. Understanding it, are you ready to venture? If so, the possibilities are for YOU. There is no chance of a failure. The power is with our "little strength." The accomplishments of the past are nothing to what there is in store for

the apicultural world if we but enter the "open door." Will we do it?

A certain explorer, with his guide, was travelling up the Alps. They came to a certain place where the explorer could see no place to stop. The guide swung himself into a crevice of the rock and put out his hand; seeing it the explorer said, "If the hand fail I fall into the abyss below. Not to go forward will lose to me the sights for which I came." Assuringly the guide said, "That hand never lost a man."

I fear I have not made this as plain as I might. I have tried, but fear I have failed through my inability to express myself, but to him that hath "a little strength," the Master saith, "He that shutteth and no man openeth, and He that openeth and no man shutteth," because thou hast "a little strength, behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it."

In conclusion, allow me to say that that hand—that all-powerful hand of the Master—coupled with our hands having a little apiculture strength—"that hand never lost a man!"

*Apis mellifica*, which was introduced into Australia in 1862, prospers well there, thanks to the abundance of honey-bearing plants and also probably to the fact that many of their enemies of the old continent have not been transported into the southern lands. Nevertheless, Mr. Walter Froggatt, the Government Entomologist at Sydney, has discovered a fact which may prove serious to apiculture.

A small Lamellicorn beetle, very common in Australia, "*Phyllotocus Macleayi*" (Fischer), about 8 mm. long, which until of late lived exclusively in the flowers on certain shrubs, chiefly those of the *Angophora*