IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS.

There was never a day so misty and
  gray
That the blue was not somewhere
  above it;
There is never a mountain top ever so
  bleak
That some little flower does not love
  it.

That was never a night so dreary and
  dark
That the stars were not somewhere
  shining,
There is never a cloud so heavy and
  black
That it has not a silver lining.

There is never a waiting time, weary
  and long,
That will not some time have an
  ending,
The most beautiful part of the land-
  scape is where
The sunshine and shadows are blend-
  ing.

In every life some shadows will fall
But heaven sends the sunshine of love;
Through the rifts in the clouds we may,
  if we will,
See the beautiful blue above.

Then let us give thanks, though the
  way be long
And the darkness be gathering fast;
The turn in the road is a little way
  on
Where the home lights will greet us
  at last.

There is never an occasion wherein
Cannot be sweet and reasonable,
All as right.

QUESTION DRAWER IN CHARGE OF
MR. J. B. HALL.

Question 1 : What temperature is
the nearest correct for the cellar
wintering of bees?

Mr. Hall : Ask me what I like.
44 degrees. But I have wintered in
a cellar where it stood 52 all winter
and I wish I had the privilege of
wintering in that cellar now. It was
a very awkward place to get into and
we packed them as close as you would
cordwood or bricks, we didn't raise
them up from the bottom board, and
when we took them out they would
be hanging out in as big a bunch as a
cow's head.

Mr. Gemmell : I should suppose it
would require different temperature
in different cellars.

Mr. Hall : This was a very dry
cellar and well ventilated ; it was a
board cellar, under the house, there
was no stone foundation ; and when
you were down into the cellar you
could see light coming through the
cracks.

Mr. Holmes : What did you put
on top of the hives ?

Mr. Hall : Nothing at all ; if they
stood out in the row with a cloth
on top of them they went in with that;