

bees into America, and was the faithful co-worker with Father Langstroth, in all his efforts to revolutionise bee-keeping in America.

R. M. Argo, of Garrard Co., Ky., died of congestive chills on Feb. 13, 1885. As one of the pioneers of modern apiculture, he wrote extensively some twenty years ago. He was a well posted and practical bee-keeper, and reared many very fine queens.

William Williamson, of Lexington, Ky., died on Feb. 13, 1885, at the age of 40. Those who attended the meeting of this Society at Lexington, 1881, will witness to his zeal and enthusiasm, as well as his whole-souled disposition. He was one of the projectors of the International Congress at New Orleans, but died just before it convened.

Rev. Herbert R. Peel died in England on June 2, 1885. He was the editor of the *British Bee Journal*, and the Secretary of the British Bee-keepers' Association. In his death our English brethren have sustained an irreparable loss. He was a firm friend, an indefatigable worker and a progressive apiarist.

Prof. Von Siebold died in Germany on April 7, 1885. He was the faithful friend of Father Dzierzon, and was one of the first to accept the theory of parthenogenesis. He a thoroughly progressive apiarist, a prominent scientist, and rendered much assistance to the development of rational bee-culture.

Prof. Andreas Schmidt, for twenty years editor of the *Bienen-Zeitung*, the leading apicultural publication of Germany, is also numbered with the dead. He was a co-worker and an ardent admirer of Father Dzierzon, whose Golden Jubilee was celebrated in Germany last September with great enthusiasm. In his death our German brethren have lost a master mind, a thorough scholar, an energetic worker, and a faithful friend.

There are many, many others—but time would fail me to speak of all those who through faith in scientific research and devotion to experiments and manipulations, have helped to dispel the darkness and scatter the light,—as if by “magic wand” commanding modern apiculture to “arise and shine”—pulsating and luminating every zone!

Men pass away! Monuments crumble into dust! and all that remains of human greatness are thoughts and deeds. By these we may lay up treasures where moth and rust cannot corrupt. In death we take nothing with us but that which we really are! Shrouds have no pockets! Coffins no coupon-drawers! Crowns fall off at the touch of death! Stripped of our robes of state, insignia, uniforms and decorations, we then shall stand for just what *we are*!

Our best thoughts and noble deeds, given to the world by the aid of the printed page, may live on and energize a world after we are crumbled to dust. True men live, long after they have passed from this stage of action. The ponderous steam-engines which brought this convention together, are but the spirit of James Watt living again in our very midst! Modern apiculture is but the embodiment of the thoughts and lives of those who have gone before us; and our thoughts and work, which may add to its practicability, may live on after we are gone!

The second president of this society—the lamented Moses Quinby (than whom apiculture never had a truer and more unselfish friend), now in this very assembly *lives again* in those who are practicing his thoughts, theories and progressive methods of bee-culture; as well as in those who love him for his scientific research, grand character, and noble life!

That band of brothers whose names we have to-day inscribed on our “Roll of the Honored Dead,” *live again* in our tender remembrance, and we may almost seem to catch a glimpse of “the Angel of Life,” with open scroll, recording their names with the plaudit—“Blessed are the dead;”—“they rest from their labors and their works do follow them.”

“Breathe soft and low, O whispering wind,
Above the tangled grasses deep.
Where those who loved me long ago
Forgot the world and fell asleep.
So many voices have been hushed,
So many songs have ceased for aye.
So many hands I used to touch
Are folded over hearts of clay.

“I only know that, calm and still,
They sleep beyond life's woe and wail,
Beyond the fleet of sailing clouds,
Beyond the shadow of the vale.
I only feel that, tired and worn,
I halt upon the highway bare.