

If we put off preparing for winter until December the word of the Lord may be in our mouths, but failure will be ours. There is no time for sitting around listening to idle gossip.

A sailing vessel was stranded off the coast of South America; a signal of distress was run up, and a steamer saw it and asked what was needed. "Water, fresh water," was the reply. "Do you not know you are at the mouth of the Amazon? Let down your buckets and you will find plenty." My friends, we are always in the Amazon of bee-keeping; let down your buckets and dip the fresh water up.

Moses saw the burning bush and put his shoes from off his feet. There are many burning bushes about the bee-keeping pursuit, but he only sees who "puts the shoes from off his feet." After seeing the possibilities we are to go out and tell it to the world, for there are no possibilities in selfishness.

Biddy said to Pat one morning, "Go and kill the rooster." He came to the door with it under his arm, took it by the head, gave it a few twists, and sent it floundering into the kitchen with the blood spurting about.

"Pat, didn't I tell you to kill the rooster? yelled Biddy. "Faith," said Pat, "it's dead, but it don't know it." The selfish person may go floundering about, but is dead to the possibilities of apiculture. The first thing for us to do after learning something useful is to go out and tell it to the world. There are no possibilities of a useful thing dying with ourselves because we only wished to profit by it. We are to spend ourselves for others if we would attain to the highest possibilities, as such expending will react on us.

You remember the old metaphor,

"There was a man, his neighbors thought him mad, The more he gave away the more he had."

And so it is with us, if we try to make the apiculture world better for our having lived in it. The Good Book says, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

Every time we tell a thing the possibilities are greater through the reflex action that comes to us, and so by thus telling we keep on growing to the highest possibilities.

It is said that Capt. Cook, when he sailed around the world, planted English flowers at every place he landed, and so he has, through these flowers, been growing ever since.

No, no, brothers and sisters, bee-keeping is not ours. We may think we have the right to hug things up and keep them ourselves, but it is not so. Apiculture of to-day is what it is because of those who came before us. The apiarists of the past are the "mother breasts" that furnished the nourishment for the possibilities of the present. The thought of yesterday is but the inspiration of to-day. He only lives wisely who lives for the possibilities of the future—possibilities to generations yet unborn. Others of us instead of being selfish are telling things that we don't know; we get a little bee-keeping—go out and write for the papers and make lots of noise.

An old darkey was plodding and splashing homeward through a midnight thunderstorm. The winds were blowing, and the rain was sheeting down. Every other moment a flash of lightning slashed the heavens briefly like a knife of fire. Then followed the thunders, rolling crash on crash, as if the very roots of the hills were being torn from their home in the ages. The lightning would last but a second, and then leave the poor old darkey in blacker night than ever. But the thunders were incre-

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