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as a rule they are
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in the cellar, (of
t difference in col-

onies); but some of the "crosses," (some say the drone determines the temper), are well named "nervous little brats"; and "cross" is a very mild description of their temper. Generally they are great honey gatherers, and equally good robbers; and the only remedy I know of when they get beyond endurance, is to nip off the queen's head, and introduce a more peaceable mother.

There is something very fascinating about the bee industry, when once the "fever" smites you, and you seldom recover till you secure a few colonies; and then, often, the spell only holds you the more firmly.

Dr. Miller says: "There is no danger of monotony in our calling," and that after nearly 50 years he still lies awake nights studying new bee problems, as he did more than forty years ago. I often think that here is a field that our young men and women, who are asking the question: What shall I choose for an occupation? would do well to turn their attention to. Scattered all over the country are the rich clover and buck-wheat fields, and vast plains, bedecked with plants, and flowers, with honey yielding trees of the forest, yielding their precious nectar, and often "blushing unseen," and "wasting their fragrance on the midnight air," only waiting for the skill and care of the bee-keeper with his or her attendant industrious hosts, to gather what would otherwise be lost, and then again to distribute "their luscious horde" in the homes of rich and poor, bringing an increase of wealth, health, and happiness, and leaving himself a good share of the same.

And if it is not a "get-rich-quick" business, there are other compensations, fully known only to the enthusiast, and often swelling the pocket-book quite as much as some other less pleasant, and more laborious occupations. And then there is a pleasure that far-exceeds the other, when the devout heart can look

up from the unfathomable mysteries of nature to nature's God, and with the Psalmist exclaim: "O Lord! how manifold are Thy works? In wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches." And then to think that this "High and Lofty One" is the same that descended to Bethlehem's manger; whose holy feet trod this sin-cursed earth, as He "went about doing good"; whose blood mingled with the sweat that burst from His burning brow, and flowed by the "wicked hands" of sinners, for whom in love He willingly "poured out His soul unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors," and then to say from the heart:

"Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
Me from this evil world to free,
To purge my sins, and loose my bands,
And save from all iniquity;
My Lord, and God, from heaven He came;
I dare believe in Jesus name."

"Lamb of God, when we behold Thee,
Lowly in the manger laid,
Wand'ring as a homeless stranger
In the world Thy hands had made,"
When we see Thee in the garden,
In Thine agony of blood,
At Thy grace we are confounded,
Holy, spotless, Lamb of God.

When we see Thee as the victim
Bound to the accursed tree,
For our guilt and folly stricken,
All our judgment borne by Thee,
Lord we own with hearts adoring,
Thou has loved us unto blood,
Glory, glory, everlasting,
Be to Thee, Thou Lamb of God."

Bewdley, Ont., Dec. 23, 1910.

KIND WORDS.

I enclose money order to renew my subscription to The Canadian Bee Journal.

I enjoyed very much your talks at the "National" meet, and wished there were others who felt as enthusiastic.

Congratulating you on the fine paper you are publishing, in which I got suggestions last year that I believe will help me greatly this coming season, I am,

Yours very truly,
JAMES A. SMITH,

Hartford, Conn, Jan. 14, 1911.

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