

to ask the oft repeated question "what's in a name." To "Gleanings," what its name implies, Does it confine itself to gathering up the stray heads that remain strewn over the agricultural harvest field after the reapers have carried off the crop. I fancy Mr. Root would be the first to repudiate the charge, that he allows his confederates to monopolize the rich grain and contents himself with gleaning the loose and broken heads that lie entangled in the stubble. Such work is right enough in its way, and has the dignity of age stamped upon it. But Mr. Root will not admit this is the sole work that Gleaning's does, nor would his patrons allow him to do so if it were his will. It is true that he has lately added force to such a charge by employing Dr. Miller to gather up the "stray straws" and bind them in the Editorial bundle, and by taking the reports of important meetings at second hand.

Are the American Bee Journal and the C. B. J. what their name implies?—a daily record of what happens, for I believe this to be what "Journal" means. They are frequently the records of a year, when they might as appropriately be called "Annals." Witness their oft-repeated "I commenced the season with so many, spring comb; increased to so many; took so much honey and put so many into winter quarters."

I venture the statement that the Review is more true to name than any other bee paper published in the country. I assert that the Review is a review. The word means "to look back again." It means a second view—a re-examination with a view to amendment and improvement. An examination of the respective numbers of Hutchinson's paper will show that the subject matter in each is a looking back upon—a re-examination of that which has already appeared, with recommendations and suggestions by the editor and his chosen critics, with a view to improvement. It is true extraneous matter sometimes creeps into its columns, but reviewing is its main feature. Is not the very last issue a review of our bee papers with a view to amendment. It will do good, too, if their editors do not consider themselves too clever to be taught—an error they are apt to fall into.

Well! well! when I commenced I did not know what I was going to say, and here I find myself running full tilt against some of our agricultural giants, and feebly attempting to pale the light of our greatest luminaries, and now that I feel somewhat aggressively inclined I would like to go for some more of them.

The doctrine taught by that man Heddon is

something startling. He tells us it pays to be honest; it is the most selfish thing a man can do. Our children should be taught that honesty is the best policy; that virtue is its own reward; that they cannot afford to be dishonest.

All these things being taught from a purely selfish motive, wholly pertaining to the affairs of this world. That honesty is the best policy the thief only will deny. That we should be honored from no higher motive than selfishness is a damnable doctrine. A man that is honest only because it is policy to be honest is not a safe man to trust. I suppose W. H. is honest in the expression of his opinion, so is

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A VISIT TO MR. ALLEN PRINGLE.

During the latter half of November I took a two-weeks respite from business, and journeyed eastward to the parental abode, situate in the town of Prescott, a place of some three thousand inhabitants. There I enjoyed a rest and at the same time did up some literary work which has been in arrears for months. Coming back I dropped off at Napanee, and was there met by Mr. Pringle, to whom I had sent word of my intention to spend a day with him, in response to former kind invitations. Getting into a comfortable covered buggy, which was drawn by a neat little iron gray pony, we drove about five miles to Mr. Pringle's residence, which is about three-quarters of a mile west of Selby, a small post village in the county of Lennox. The roads from Napanee were excellent for the time of year, being smooth and hard. I had rather dreaded the rough ride for I had anticipated that the roads were perhaps on a par with those around Beeton. We arrived at the Pringle homestead a little after six in the evening, and I was very cordially welcomed by Mrs. Pringle. The ride had been a cold one, but an excellent hot dinner and a good warm fire soon thawed us out. At the time of my visit the members of Mr. Pringle's household consisted of himself and wife, an only daughter, an intelligent young lady of eighteen summers, and her governess. After Mr. Pringle and I had discussed bee-matters for a while, the ladies joined us and the remainder of the evening was spent very pleasantly in conversation, music and song. Miss