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TO A. R. GROTE.

Lover of Night, in other lands than mine,  
Of night made mystical by many a sprite  
And bashful woodland fancies, made divine  
By the moon's shining and the still starlight.

I greet thee, my twin Spirit. Tell thy tale  
More often to thy listeners over seas:  
Tell how the shadows brood o'er hill and vale:  
Tell how the voices whisper on the breeze.

Call forth thy spectres robed in gauzy light,  
Thy shadowy Indians and thy old-world fays.  
So shall the Old World and the New unite  
On Nature's bye-paths and Night's silent ways.

And when one day the still procession moves  
To seek those realms that men call Heaven and Hell,  
We twain may steal an hour, if none reproves,  
To watch the Moths in meads of asphodel.\*

G. M. A. HEWETT,

St. Winefride, Winchester, England.

AUGUSTUS RADCLIFFE GROTE.

We have great pleasure in presenting, with the first number of a new volume, the accompanying likeness of our much esteemed friend and constant contributor, Mr. A. R. GROTE, A. M., of Bremen, Germany. His name is familiar to every reader of the CANADIAN ENTOMOLOGIST, to which he began to contribute in 1870, when it was in its second volume, and his work is known and valued by every student and collector of North American Lepidoptera. We wish him, and all our friends and correspondents, a very happy and prosperous New Year. C. J. S. B.

\*Printed in the Entomologist's Record and Journal of Variation, March 15th, 1894, page 76.