

were many mountains of equal height or soaring above that on which we stood. As we watched the snowfields on Mount Lefroy we noticed what appeared to be a little puff of snow or cloud rolling down the precipitous side, and many seconds later we appreciated, by the roar of sound that was brought to us, that this had been an avalanche of perhaps thousands of tons of ice and snow which had been dislodged by the action of the summer heat.

On the whole our trip it must be acknowledged, as far as insects were concerned, was half a failure, because we did not succeed fully in the object of our quest. When we reached the summit where the butterflies we most desired are to be found, we were met by a strong freezing blast which came up from the other side of the mountain with such force as to make it at times almost impossible to stand. The sun was for most of the time hidden by rolling clouds laden with snow, which almost incessantly fell in flurries during the hour and a half we were on the summit. For a few minutes the sun came out and I saw a black object like a drifting leaf rise from a bed of broken rock and drop suddenly upon another one. This I knew to be *Æneis beanii*, one of the Mountain Sprites we were in search of. It was within a few feet of me and gave a good instance of the almost incredible difficulty of finding these insects which nature has so well protected by their resemblance to the rocks amongst which they live and by their secretive habits. I saw the little creature fall almost at my feet within a space of two feet square where not a blade of grass was growing, and yet it was only by going down on my hands and knees and picking off one by one every piece of loose stone that at last I detected it by a movement of the wing as a small piece of rock fell upon it. It feigned death perfectly and was easily picked up and dropped into the killing bottle. No other specimens were seen except one *Argynnis astarte* which Dr. Skinner says came towards him as though it had started from the south pole and when he raised his net to make a stroke, made for the north pole as if it meant never to stop till it reached there. The temperature was below freezing, snow was falling and the wind blowing a perfect gale. The sun showed no sign of being in a kindlier mood, so after a stay of an hour and a half we made up our minds to revisit again the flowery fields below. Here we were well repaid by the many objects of beauty which we found on every side. Around the Lakes in the Clouds the rocks were covered with mossy Saxifrages and the rich flowers of the Wide-leaved Willow-herb. Here also we found beds of the White Dryas (*Dryas octopetala*, L.) a low alpien