

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

into the water and keep it there, it would turn into a snake." He did not make a disciple of me, for I had read Cobbold's, Leidy's and Agassiz's observations on *Gordius aquaticus*, etc.

I have come to this conclusion that whether we go to the "other-end-of-nowhere," or to "the uttermost parts of the morning," we shall find nothing better to rest upon than the old statement, "God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind; and it was so." Gen. I, 24.

That every kind has its own well-ordered and fitting life-history we are assured, from the success that has attended the efforts of entomologists in following through their various stages of existence many of the most minute and obscure of living things.

I have shewn that an authorized school-book may be misleading—the school-master's desk is not *always* the seat of entomological authority.

From the pulpit too, hard sayings sometimes reach our ears

In the language of the ancients, as you know, the word Psyche meant both *a butterfly* and *the soul*. And in ancient art an association of the two ideas was embodied, in a figure of a beautiful damsel holding an expiring torch in one hand and a butterfly in the other. In this manner, the soul escaping from the worn-out body was portrayed. Christian writers have endeavored to improve upon their imagery, and in doing so have erred. They have compared man's earthly life to the caterpillar state of the insect, the tenantless body to the aurelia, and the future glorified body to the imago of the insect. In all this there is an evident straining of the analogy. The apostle St. Paul, to illustrate the great doctrine of the resurrection, said: "Thou fool that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die" (I Cor. XV, 36). But under normal conditions an insect does not die in the aurelia stage—death with it is the final scene—and so we never find the inspired writers making use of the metamorphoses of insects to illustrate that great doctrine.

One quotation from a modern writer will show at once, and better than a long argument, the inappropriateness of such illustrations. In the 2nd vol. of "Sermons for the Christian year" by the Rev. William H. Lewis, D.D., Rector of Christ Church, Watertown, Conn., page 312, we read:

"We stand by the sedgy pond, and see dark forms of water-insects skating along, that could not live a moment if they were taken in that state out of the waves, just as we could not bear with such bodies as we now have the life of heaven; but by and by these insects" (appear?) "to sicken and die, and lie motionless for a while, and then a creature rises to the surface, climbs up some reed or flag, and dries itself awhile in the sun, and then flashes through the air, with the splendid wings of the dragon fly, perhaps. Nor could it live in its old home in the waters any more; just as man raised in his spiritual body will no longer be fitted for such life as he now lives on earth. It is an emblem of the resurrection—a creature of one world, or element, passing by decay and seeming death to another."

Unfortunately for this illustration, the nymph of the dragon-fly is both active and predaceous, and carries on its pursuits until the very hour in which it ascends the stem of a water-plant, or other prominence, from which, as from a vantage-ground, as soon as its outer skin is ruptured and cast off, the transformed body takes its flight to pursue its depredations in the upper air.

The illustration is a very unsavoury one. The Libellula is a terror to its neighbours in every stage of its existence; and surely the man who has "bulldozed" his fellow creatures in this world can hardly be warranted in indulging in blissful anticipations of doing the same in the world to come.

The giants among men of letters, the great masters of song and others, who in the strength of genius have trusted to their own observation, have sometimes, by a word, brought before us peculiarities of insect form or habit recognizable in all time. Thus Homer speaks of the *ringed* wasps; Shakespeare of the *mealy* wings of butterflies; Rogers of the glow-worm's *emerald* light; Shelley of the *golden* bee; Tennyson of the "*high-elbowed* grigs that leap in summer grass." Even Horace's "*mali culices*" strikes the mosquito-bitten entomologist as singularly appropriate.

But lesser lights who have given rein to fancy, or have imperfectly interpreted the phenomena of nature, have often greatly blundered in treating on entomological subjects.

The entomological mistakes of writers have arisen:

(1) *From sheer ignorance*.—This was the case with the man who translated the pas-