

I shall carry this principle of selection a little further, by giving a rough outline of a season's beetle-collecting from blossoms. The first blossom to open is the early or red-berried elder (*Sambucus pubens*); it varies considerably from season to season, as well as in any one season, owing to differences of location; but about the 10th of May it will be found flowering, and its season may last for ten days; it is immediately followed by the hawthorn, which lasts till perhaps the 10th of June; by this time the spiked maple and the dogwoods are in flower, and before this last is over comes a riot of blossom; for the late elder and the New Jersey tea, both open in the last days of June.

These blossom haunts, then, extend from early in May till the middle of July. The only other conditions of time that need be mentioned are that the pollen on a given blossom must be in a certain state of ripeness or it does not appear to attract beetles at all, and as a rule the sun must be shining on the blossoms; if it is hot and calm besides, then you have ideal conditions.

There is, however, an important condition of space to add to these of time. I have, as a beginner, spent hours in fruitless search over whole hedges and thickets of elder and bushes of hawthorn, when ten minutes at a single shrub, with only a few meagre blossoms on it, would yield a rich harvest. Why? Because the flowers must be growing near a thicket or a wood; if they are in the open, even a hundred yards or so from timber lands, they are almost useless. This is particularly the case when it is longicorns you are on the lookout for. It is, of course, well known to Coleopterists of experience that a clearing or the border of a wood is the best locality; it is remarked again and again by Bates, in his travels on the Amazon, and it is pointed out by Rye and Fowler, in their hints to collectors in Great Britain.

In closing, I should like to say that by no means the least pleasure to a lover of nature is to observe the marvellous constancy with which season after season these tiny creatures, the offspring of a last year's brood, return to their ancestral haunt, be it blossom or leaf, true to the clock of the year almost to a day; in obedience to a law there is no gainsaying, and which yet in the creature's serene unconsciousness seems robbed of any touch of harsh compulsion.—F. J. A. MORRIS, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.