

certain butterflies, those pendant, gold-studded earrings of Nature, hung by her in moments of pride from trees and pretty blooming plants. Buds to open, to expand, to take their flight.

Sometimes, now, I dream of fields Elysian, where, on beds of Asphodel, hang pendulous immortal butterflies, beneath an eternal sky. And, coming kindly to meet me, I see Harris and Doubleday, Boisduval and Say; while, with his nervous manner all gone, I find again Francis Walker, his good work all remembered. And he forgives all I have said, as I ask his pardon, because it really was (and I have been there myself) very dark in the entresol of the British Museum where he had to work. But here it is Light at last and an everlasting Sun is shining.

