

takes a trained eye to render visible the sadder-hued and more sluggish forms of all this multitudinous insect life, but it was not long before I began to realize that the wilderness of my choice, so far from being a desert, was a thronging conventicle of fellow sun-worshippers. It was, I recall, while slowly poring over the surface of a tall and stately teasle, from the heart of a neighbouring berry patch, that I spied one of the first members of this congregation. At first I took it for a large yellow-and-brown-banded hymenopter, the velvety sheen of its elytra giving the effect of shimmering wings, but under the lens of my unwavering stare it soon steadied into the form of *Bellamira scalaris*, the first I had ever seen alive; unfortunately it had not come to stay through the service, for hardly had I shaken free from some clinging ropes of thimbleberry vine, than I saw the coveted object hurry to the edge of his perch and soar away into the air, translated from my gaze like some beatific vision into the empyreal vast. Possession is nine points of the law, but of entomology it seemed just then to a beetle-fancier the one and only point worth naming in his whole avocation.

My disappointment was quite keen and lasted for a long time; even now the recollection rouses a fresh pang, as an old wound will throb anew in bad weather. But other sights and better luck (both abundant that day) soon drove all this into the background. Before I left the thicket I had captured one specimen of *Oberea bimaculata* (resting, for a wonder, on the upper side of his raspberry leaf), one specimen of *Plagionotus speciosus*, and seven specimens of *Desmocerus palliatus*, always on the under side of the foliage of elder, usually early elder, whose blossom, long over, had been replaced by clusters of crimson berries. What a magnificent insect the Knotty Cloak is! with his gleaming wing-covers of Prussian blue based with bright yellow; unfortunately, his colours fade; cabinet specimens become actually dingy in the course of years, the yellow in particular losing all its vividness.

At the edge of the thicket, before emerging, I glanced up into a large basswood and noticed a pale yellow object apparently about the size of a cecropia moth depending from an upper leaf; it had not the thin, shrivelled serenity of dead foliage, but, whatever it was, it hardly bent the leaf or its stalk where it hung. Suddenly remembering that I had an insect net with a three-jointed handle