

the deadly blight; poetry, because true to feeling and experience; but truth, never! Rather with Browning and Tennyson will we abide, satisfied that "there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be made known."

Yet Arnold achieves a noble purpose. He awakens to quietude, and affords an incentive whose final aim he never realized on earth. He wrought well at what he chose, but could neither finish his work, nor ensure it a place in the hearts of his fellows, because he himself was not in sympathy with himself, but only with his perplexity.

G. HERBERT CLARKE.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SKETCHES.

SKETCH II.—A NIGHT AT THE LIGHTS.

The electric light is the happy hunting ground of the moth-hunter. The entomologist finds no more fascinating diversion than is to be had at the foot of a suburban arc-light which has in its vicinity groves and orchards. Where foliage abounds moths are almost sure to be numerous. These insects of the night shun the brightness of day and, during the sunny hours, seek the most secluded shades of the leafy groves, ready to fly forth at night, drawn by the irresistible attraction of the brightest of all lights. I have had so many enjoyable experiences during my moth-hunting days that I am inclined to venture a rough description of a night spent at one of my favorite lights, in hope that it may be of interest to some of those who peruse the pages of this magazine.

Moth-hunting is not a solitary pursuit. Seldom if ever have I hunted alone; it is much the better plan for two to work together. Two are company and are able to afford mutual assistance in case of need. To the uninitiated observer the equipment of a moth-hunter is somewhat peculiar in appearance. Each man is armed with a net of gauze, preferably of a greenish color. The usual net is about a foot in diameter,