

The banks of the stream are carpeted with flowers; some, such as the clustered campanula, of exceeding beauty. And water-plants flourish in a little ditch which runs for two or three hundred yards as an offshoot of the stream. A couple of years ago the figworts here were stripped nearly bare by the caterpillars of the mullein moth—beautiful grey-green creatures with black-and-orange markings, variegated beyond all description. The sight of them awoke the old collector's ardour. I had given up moth-collecting for nearly ten years, but I must take these caterpillars home and rear them. Alas! I had no pill-boxes with me! One does not want pill-boxes for collecting beetles. And when I came again, two days later, the caterpillars had all gone to ground.

Such parts of the figworts as the caterpillars had spared were being devoured by queer little weevils, looking, as they lie in one's hand, for all the world like small grey lumps of mud, with a black splash in the

middle. But there are six long legs and a long beak curled up underneath them; and both are soon thrust out, and the weevils stand confessed.

Other beetles there are, too, in myriads; not large, but glorious. Green and blue and gold and coppery and purple and red, streaked and spotted and marbled, glowing with metallic radiance, refulgent in the sun. Why will people assume that beetles are ugly creatures? They need only look at these to be assured of their mistake.

At all seasons of the year this path by the trout stream has something worth seeing to show one. I have just passed along it, on a bleak March evening, and have seen things I never saw there before. Its banks were bare as yet, but it was as full of interest as ever. And when I left it at last, and looked down upon it from the road above, the bright hues of the sunset sky were reflected from the water, and the stream looked like a streak of liquid gold.

"PLAYING FOR HIS COLOURS."

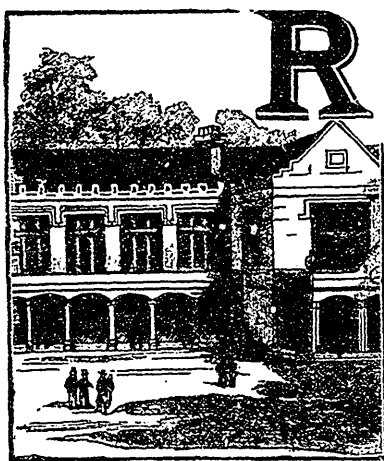
A TALE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

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CHAPTER I.

GOOD ADVICE.



REMEMBER, boys, the words of that muscular Christian, Charles Kingsley, 'All labour, even the lowest drudgery, is honourable; but betting is not labouring nor earning; it is getting money without earning it, and more, it is getting money, or trying to get it, out of your neighbour's ignorance.'

"Yes, my friends, the man who bets is a knave or a fool—a knave, when he has superior knowledge as to the race; a fool, when he bets upon inferior knowledge. In betting or gambling, the more honourable you are the worst chance you have.

"I must close by saying that any boy who is found out gambling or betting in any way will be immediately expelled from this school."

These were the closing words of an address which the worthy Dr. Passmore, headmaster of St. Eden's, gave to the whole school, specially assembled in the hall one winter

Sunday afternoon. Some things had reached the Doctor's ears which made him feel that the time had come for plain speaking and prompt action.

Wonderful man the Doctor; a great puzzle to the boys. For instance, there was big Marshall. Bounce he was always called, on account of his constant habit of showing off. Well, one day he was talking to some younger fellows—who looked up to him immensely, chiefly because he wore wondrous collars, and smoked