

Pictou Academy, from the *Colonial Standard*:

"In the St. John and Halifax papers, and those quoting from them, the Entomological collection from Pictou which received so much praise was credited to the "Entomological Club of the Pictou Academy." The collection however was not that of the Club but of one of its members. The credit of the exhibit is entirely due to Mr. Lowrey P. McLennan, this year the President of the Club. In about nine months he collected and mounted the 1250 specimens exhibited in St. John in addition to his duplicates and contributions to the collection of the Club which forms one section of the "Science Association" of the Pictou Academy. His single collection being larger than the entire collection from the Natural History Society of St. John, is no small honor to his energy as a student of Natural History. I know the papers referred to will gladly encourage such work and give the credit to whom it is due."

We are glad to see Nova Scotia ahead in at least one branch of Natural History. The object of the ACADIAN SCIENTIST is to stimulate our young people to practical work of this kind. Mr. McLennan's marked success shows what can be done when there is a will. Why should not collections on a similar plan be made in every school section in the Province? From these a Provincial Cabinet could be furnished representing the labor of hundreds of different observers in every region of the country, and illustrating the complete entomological fauna of the Province.

John W. Mackay and James Gordon Bennett have contracted for the laying of two atlantic cables, and the promise is given out that when they are completed ocean telegraphy will be made as cheap as land service.

## LIVING LIGHTS.

In a sequestered nook in the midst of the forest is a clear, tranquil pond. Its margin is surrounded by mossy banks and bending reeds, dotted with yellow buttercups and pale white lilies, intermingled with the purple iris supported by its long slender green leaves and graceful stems. Its clear pelucid surface reflects the passing clouds above, and mirrors in its tranquil bosom the tall trunks of the trees which line its banks, forming a living canopy of waving green. There, in this quiet sylvan glade, where the bright sunshine, excluded from the depths of the forest, gladdens and glorifies all nature, shedding a sheen of gold over the scene, the gaily tinted butterfly delights to revel among the flowers, the graceful dragon flies and tiny gnats sport and dance in the sunshine, while the pretty little humming bird sips the nectar from many a painted cup. But, though nature is so lavish by day in her gifts and charms in this favored spot, it is by night that she bestows many an added beauty, many a sweet note to enhance the already numerous attractions here concentrated, as if to lure the visitor to her side. Then, as soon as the moon sheds her pale beams upon the forest glades and mirrors her face in the tranquil bosom of the little lake, tipping each wavelet with a crest of silver and casting a broad stripe of mellow light across its surface, disclosing deep shadows in the surrounding forest, the night birds flit past on noiseless wings like spectres from the depths of the forests, while the bat—that strange creature of caves and ruins—is seen wending its way across the pond. Moths, millers and beetles issue from their concealment and flit among the leaves, while the air over the lake and in the woods beyond is full of dancing lights, spangling the scenes with myriads of brilliant little stars which wander here and there like little lamps.

There are not a few such peaceful little sunshiny spots, set like gems in the dark perpetual shade and twilight of the unbroken forest. In the day time they tempt one to linger by the warm and bright sunshine, the velvety carpet, dotted with many tinted flowers, spread at our feet, and the mossy banks where painted cups and "lady slippers" lift their beautiful heads amidst the green. Such sequestered