

On the 20th I left for a short holiday at Murray Bay, carrying my menagerie with me, and my arrival with it caused a certain amount of curious interest among the guests at the hotel. The larva eats the parenchyma of the leaf in small round patches; mine fed on the upper side, and when resting, they rested along the midrib, head sometimes up and sometimes down. Mr. Scudder tried his larvæ with *Vaccinium Corymbosum* and *V. Vacillans*, and found that the one on the latter ate with twice the zest of that on the *Corymbosum*, and further, that the one on the latter fed on the upper surface of the leaf, while that on *Vacillans* fed on the lower surface.

About the end of August or first of September they ceased feeding and became lethargic, lying along the midrib of the leaf, near the petiole, upon a slight carpet of silk, and as they were plainly hibernating, and I feared they might dry up, I removed the leaves from the sprig, cut away the surplus space of the leaves, and secured them to the bottom of a pill-box with a touch of glue. When the pieces of leaf seemed perfectly dry, I put the pill-box in a bottle, corked it and placed it in the refrigerator. Some time afterwards I found that in some way water had got into the bottle, and the card pill-box was wet and mouldy. I took it out, removed the mould as well as possible with a camel's-hair pencil, and allowed the box to dry. The larvæ were apparently healthy, and I then put the box out of doors on a gallery, where the occupants would be as cool as possible and protected from sun and rain.

As soon as the snow came I got a small wooden box, cut several small pieces about an inch square out of the upper edge for ventilating purposes, put it on the ground, with a brick on the bottom inside, placed my box with hibernating larvæ on the brick, and covered the box with an inverted tin tray that I had had made, the tray projecting about an inch all around the box, and then covered it with snow. In the spring, as the snow gradually melted, I had more brought from the shady parts of the garden to pile over the box, and finally had the much-reduced heap covered with ashes to protect what little snow remained from the genial warmth of the end of April. I wrote to Mr. W. H. Edwards to try to secure some *Vaccinium* from the South, offering to pay a boy to get it, but Mr. Edwards wrote that he did not know where to get it, and advised me to try willow. I then appealed to Mr. Jack, at Jamaica Plain, and a few days later to Mr. Fletcher, at Ottawa. Both kindly responded promptly, and as a result I received a plentiful supply of shoots with the first tiny