

nor feet with which to walk. To all outward seeming it will have ceased to live; cold, and stiff, and motionless, it will manifest no sense of feeling whatever, nor any symptom of life.

Having found a place suitable for the metamorphose about to take place, which will always be the underside of some convenient support, the caterpillar proceeds to cover a considerable space, a diameter of three or four inches, with fine, white, silken threads, which it spins from its mouth, or from spinnarets placed at the mouth. These silken threads are laid on thicker and thicker towards the centre of the chosen spot, and at the centre a small pointed knob is raised of the same material. All this is done in order that the creature may suspend itself, head downwards, and hang securely by this silken knob without danger of being torn by its weight from its fastenings. Having completed all these arrangements, it proceeds to suspend itself by fastening the hooks on the pair of feet upon the last or anal segment into the silken knob, and when these are secured lets go its hold of the silken carpet with all the other feet and hangs suspended in mid-air, from the underside of some fence rail, or horizontal bar, or if in confinement, from the lid of the box or ceiling of the room.

What strange spell is upon the creature that it leaves its food, which a short time ago was all its desire, and travels off in search of some hidden retreat, some lonely nook? And why is it now travelling round and round within the circumference of a few inches upon the ceiling, laying down so carefully such a network of silken threads? Who has told it to lay them down increasing in thickness from the circumference to the centre? And now it has ceased to travel about, and has stationed itself with its head in the centre of its silken carpet; if you will watch it closely, you will see that it is yet spinning, and now and then it moves its head to the right and left, about as far as it can conveniently reach. As you look you see a little projection is being built up directly under its head, and that these motions to the right and left are made in the act of laying down some anchoring cables that shall fasten it securely to the web or carpet it has fastened upon the ceiling. What schoolmaster taught it that a cone is the strongest form in which it can arrange its gossamer threads? And who told it to go and hang itself thereby, suspended from its hindermost feet? Does it know the future that is before it; the life that lies beyond this gateway of seeming death? (*Continued in next No.*)