

When, happening to lift his eye
 Above the rind, he saw near by
 A Caterpillar's humble form.
 Against the peach's side the worm
 Soon reared his head. The Wasp his ire
 No more could bide at this, gleamed fire
 His eyes; his bristling back the seat
 Of rage became. He thus did greet
 Th' offending worm: "How dare intrude
 Thy ugly features here? Such food
 Nature ne'er meant for thee;
 Her choicest gifts she culls for me.
 Seest thou this shining dress of gold;
 The other beauties that enfold
 My graceful form; my slender waist
 She with swift wings hath kindly graced;
 With which through ether bright upborne
 I taste the pleasures of the morn,
 In flitting 'mong the flowers where
 Sweet odors lade the morning air;
 And oft nectar sweet I drink
 From some kind plant. I cannot think
 Of half the kindness she hath done
 For me—her highly-favored son."

Thus ventured to reply
 The frightened worm: "I'll not deny
 That Nature hath thee richly blest;
 With beauties rare thy body drest;
 But from this think not that she
 Is partial in her gifts to thee.
 All are equally her care,
 Whether insects of the air,
 Or of the dust. Each creature's state
 She seeks with happiness to mate
 Of liberal measure. Even I
 My every want can satisfy
 From her rich bounty, which she lends
 To all. But, lo! my being ends
 Not in this humbly crawling here,
 But in a high and glorious sphere.
 Though now despised, I soon a place
 Shall have among the tribes that grace
 The mild and odor-laden air.
 Four enamelled wings I'll wear,
 Of most wondrous texture fine,
 And of far more grace than thine."

"Begone, insulting creature!" cried
 The Wasp, now more enraged, and plied,
 With whizzing sound, his wings, and drew
 His dreadful sting. The worm well knew
 His dire intent, nor more did stay
 For further threat, but crawled away.

But twenty suns had risen, when, lo!
 The Caterpillar's haughty foe,
 For food, a bird, with hunger prest,
 Did seize; but he ere long did wrest
 Himself away, but helpless dropped;
 For, alas! his boasted wings were cropped.
 So he with fearful speed did fall.
 His head was bruised; his beauty all
 With dust was soiled. Heslow betook
 Himself within a quiet nook,
 Beneath a rose-bush standing near.
 While mourning his misfortune there,
 And deep disgrace, the rustling sound
 Of wings the sunlit air around
 Disturbed. He slow his languid eye
 Upraised, and saw a butterfly
 Perched on a rose. Her beauteous hue
 Did rival well the flowers that grew
 On that fair shrub. She seemed designed
 To sport where Nature had assigned,
 Of beauties rare, her richest store;
 So plenteous was she spangled o'er
 With colors fair. The Wasp, amazed,
 Long at this beauteous creature gazed,
 At length his tongue this speech did try:
 "Wast thou begotten of the sky,
 Fair creature, or did Nature's art
 Those beauties to thy form impart?"
 "I rose," the insect brief replies,
 "From that poor worm thou didst despise."

MORAL.

An ancient sage, in Nature's lore deep-skilled,
 Found trees, and brooks, and stones profusely
 filled
 With tongues of wisdom. God doth also make
 His little insects speak to man. Then take,
 O child of Pleasure gay! this lesson, wise
 And scriptural, from the Fable: *Ne'er despise
 An humble child of God, however low:*
 For He, who for a worm such care doth show,
 Arrays it with such grace, will not delay
 His well beloved saints, on the great day
 Of general doom, and resurrection morn,
 In heavenly robe of glory to adorn.

DOTTY DIMPLE MAKING A CALL.

One day Aunt Louise proposed that Dotty
 Dimple and Jennie Vance should call upon
 a little girl who was visiting at Dr. Gray's.
 "Oh, yes," said Dotty; "we truly must
 go to see Dovey Sparrow. She has such
 frizzy curls, and she can play five tunes on