

beauty, and the winds that wear and fray their wings. In the case of the Vanessidæ and Graptidæ there are the terrible torpidity into which the winter chills them, and what I imagine to be no less terrible, the partial awakenings on intervening milder days.

No greater contrast to the picture presented in the fine verses of Spenser can be shown to us than the *reality*, when in the early spring, a pair of hibernated Graptas—*Grapta Progne*, for example—perform their nuptials. Worn and dilapidated, the bloom and glory of youth swept away from them by winter storms, they furtively and in contradiction to the very name they bear (*Progne*, a swallow, one that shuns the woods), seek the shades and safeguards of the trees, whose lichens and mosses resemble in colour their own sober hues, and there unite themselves. The cycle of their existence is then soon completed, and they perish ere yet the summer has robbed the world in beauty.

The judicious writer, whose comments on Spenser's lines I have quoted, says in the same chapter: "A year or two back"—his work was published in 1833—"everybody in London that had a voice was resolved upon being a butterfly born in a bower." When I was a boy the song to which he alludes was still popular, and the melody to which it was sung haunts me still. Copies of it have become scarce. When I was last in England I had great difficulty in finding one. This is how the words run:

"I'd be a butterfly born in a bower  
Where roses and lilies and violets meet,  
Roving for ever from flower to flower  
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet,  
I'd never languish for wealth or for power,  
I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet,  
I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,  
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet."  
"What though you tell me each gay little rover  
Shrinks from the blast of the first autumn day,  
Surely 'tis better, when summer is over,  
To die when all fair things are fading away.  
Some in life's winter may toil to discover  
Means of procuring a weary delay,  
I'd be a butterfly living a rover,  
Dying when fair things are fading away."

T. H. Bayley.

Epicurean, is it not? "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die." The sentiment is bad, and God, who has fitted all things in just proportions, never gave real ground for false sentiments. As we have seen, the butterfly is not a fit emblem of selfish frivolity. It bears the part in nature that it was destined to bear, and it has to endure its share of ills. Instead of dying when fair things are fading away, many species have to survive the winter, and to perish when fair things are bursting into life, and herein is a truer lesson for those who are aiming at what they are pleased to call a butterfly existence here.

Adelaide Taylor recognized the false sentiment in the song, and in one of those little rhyming lessons on propriety which she and her sisters composed for "infant minds," says,—

"The butterfly, an idle thing,  
Nor honey makes, nor yet can sing,  
Like to the bee and bird;  
Nor does it, like the prudent ant,  
Lay up the grain for time of want,  
A wise and cautious hoard."  
"My youth is but a summer's day,  
Then, like the bee and ant, I'll lay  
A store of learning by,  
And though from flower to flower I rove,  
My stock of wisdom I'll improve  
Nor be a butterfly."

But in this little lesson we cannot help noticing another very common mistake, that of setting forth the ant as an example of acquisitiveness. Adelaide in the verses quoted suggests the acquisition of learning, but the example is generally taken to suggest the acquisition of wealth. Solomon's words are,—

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise:  
"Which having no guide, overseer, or ruler,  
"Provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth food in the harvest."—*Prov. VI.*, 6-8.

Now, the lesson conveyed in these words is only that conveyed in "Whatever thy hand