

down the root, bark or trunks of stately forest trees. All sorts of food is devoured by them in all sorts of ways. There are honey sippers, blood suckers, cabbage eaters, insect cannibals, and even, we regret to say, men eaters!

Insects too, have all sorts of odd ways for getting on in the world. There are creepers, runners, jumpers, fliers, swimmers and divers. Some take it into their heads to walk heels upwards; while others, with as strange a fancy, swim head downwards in the water. Very queer, too, are the occupations and habits of these strange little creatures. Some, like hermits, live alone in the wilderness; while others form themselves into well ordered communities, having a queen, government, soldiery and laws.

And what fantastic shapes do they assume! what a variety of dresses do they wear! Beasts, fishes, birds, reptiles, and even plants, have all their mimic representatives in the insect world. There are black insects, and white; blue insects, and grey; insects with smooth skins, hairy skins, horny skins, and feathery skins. Some strut about in a bright coat of armour, and others are decked from "top to toe" with sparkling gems, more brilliant and dazzling than those of an eastern prince. Some few there are that encircle themselves with a beautiful halo of light, moving about like fairy sprites, in the darkness of night.

All sorts of trades and occupations are likewise pursued by these busy little mortals. There are carpenters, builders, miners, stone-masons, paper-makers, silk-weavers, sugar-refiners, upholsterers, net-makers, fishermen, scavengers, nurses, and even slave-holders! with a few tribes of lazy epicures, who seem to think (like some of their human brethren) that life was given only for eating, drinking, sleeping and enjoyment. Without insects we should neither have honey nor wax, scarlet dye nor lac. The poor silk-weaver would have to look out for another occupation, and queens, princesses, and aristocratic ladies, would be obliged to doff their shining robes and satisfy themselves with dresses of cotton, linen and wool. Fevers and other fearful diseases would make their appearances in many places for lack of the same useful tribe of busy little scavengers, and the doctor would shake his head sorrowfully for want of some potent remedy which some insects supply. In short, the world could not wag on as comfortably as it does, if even a single tribe of these much despised creatures were wanting. And no wonder, for the great Architect has made no useless thing amid the million curiosities of earth,