

# Happy Days

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## GLIMPSSES OF THE INSECT WORLD.

### BUTTERFLIES.

"OH, I know what those are, well enough. I've often chased them in the meadows among the daisies and buttercups, when I've been in the country in vacation time. I think they're a great deal prettier, too, than all those other flies in the last picture!"

"Well, yes, my dears. It would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful than these dainty creatures; they have well been called 'winged flowers,' for their colouring is as rich, as brilliant, and delicate, as that of the pansy or the rose. Every body who cares for the beautiful in nature is glad to welcome them, when they begin to flutter about the garden-beds, or the clover-fields, in July, and 'Oh, there is a butterfly,' the children cry, just as they say: 'The robins have come!' or, 'See the rainbow!'

"And yet the butterfly, like the bright-winged bee-fly, which we saw in the last picture, is born of a very different looking creature. One never hears the children cry out in delight. 'Oh, here's a caterpillar!' though a lover of entomology is as much interested in ugly



BUTTERFLIES.

insects, as in beautiful ones; and, indeed, he finds something to please his eye in the velvety fur of this boa-like worm!

"However that may be, the caterpillar is the germ of the baby butterfly, and eats its way out of the egg which the parent butterfly deposits upon tender, green leaves, choosing, with the instinct given by God, exactly the plant which is best fitted to nourish her particular species. These eggs are wonderfully beautiful—some round, others oval, oblong, or shaped like a pyramid, colored in delicate shades of green, yellow, or ivory, and their surfaces carved in exquisite designs. It seems a pity that such lovely shells should be destroyed, but the caterpillar not only eats his way out of them, but devours the pieces entirely, before he proceeds to feed upon his fresh green leaf! He is so greedy, and grows so fast, that he has to change his skin five or six times, as he gets too big for it. When he has reached his full growth, he hangs himself by his tail from the twig of a tree, and passes gradually into what is called the chrysalis state.

"This we may think of as a sort of cradle for the