

practised eye would hardly detect a difference, and as for the mischief they do, there is no difference. When they come in force, whether in the one guise or the other, or, as sometimes they may, both together, every leaf is taken; and the orchard looks as though some sirocco blast had swept it, scorching up the foliage. They make clean work, what "the canker worm hath left" would be starvation for the caterpillar. One of these insects is known as the Spring Canker Worm, designated by entomologists *Anisopteryx vernata*. The worm, or larva, when full grown, is about an inch long; varying in color from greenish yellow to a dusky, and sometimes a dark brown, striped longitudinally with numerous pale, narrow lines. This striped appearance is shewn in fig. 1; *c* represents a side view, and

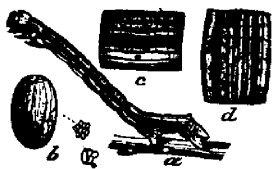


FIGURE 1.

*d* a dorsal view of one of the segments, highly magnified; *a*, the full grown worm in the attitude which it often assumes when at rest. But this creature is not always a worm, as its life history will shew. There are changes in nature that rival the magic power of the glass slipper; changes more transforming than that of the humble peasant girl in coarse homespun, into the witching princess in silks and diamonds.

When this worm has attained its full size it ceases to feed, leaves the tree, and burrows in the ground; going to a varying depth of from two to four inches, where it forms a cell, which it lines with silken threads. This is its winter hiding place, in which it undergoes one of its curious transformations, for after completing its own tomb, it

throws off its skin and becomes what is termed a chrysalis; which, in this case, is a pale, greyish-brown object, hardly half an inch long, and the sixth of an inch thick, tapering to a point at the lower end. Here it lies, like a mummy in its case, and seemingly as dead, until the hour of resurrection. In the autumn, when most of the leaves have fallen, and wintry frosts have blackened every tender plant, and there come those balmy days of the south wind which we call Indian Summer, then a few of these waken into life; but the greater part remain, cold and still, until the return of spring. Then, when the buds are breaking, and nature is rubbing her eyes, they too awake; and bursting their cerements, creep out of the ground. Not now the crawling, looping, measuring-worm, that last summer fattened on your apple orchard; but, in the case of the male, a silken-winged, airy creature, delicate and beautiful; for Cinderella has laid aside her russet homespun, and put on her robes of princely richness. You may see it floating about in the sunshine, moving hither and yon, as though to live were a joy, and joy the object of its life.

An excellent representation of this moth is given at *a*, in fig. 2. The two

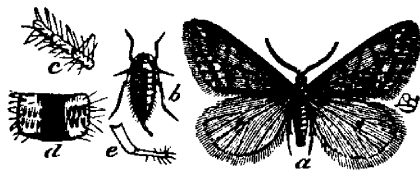


FIGURE 2.

fore wings are an ashen grey, almost transparent, an irregular whitish band crosses them near the outer margin, and there are three interrupted brownish lines between this band and the base of the wings. In the tip of each of these wings is an oblique black dash, and a black line along the border at