

issued a brilliant and lively creature, with long delicate legs, whose ample wings slowly unfolded in exquisite perfection, and it fluttered and soared away in a new element with a graceful ease, of which a little before it was as utterly incapable as any stone, no longer voraciously consuming the coarse green leaves, but daintily sipping sweets from the cups of a thousand flowers. It was not merely because it gratified a natural curiosity, that I watched this wonder working of nature. I could not but interpret it as a hint given under God's own hand of the changes which by the same order of nature the human being goes through. I cannot well imagine how, unless indeed an articulate voice were to speak out, it could be more pointedly signified that we are to undergo a like transformation. At the first we are confined to the earth, where we plod and grub, like a worm upon its leaf. But by and by there comes a time when we throw off this shrouding garment of the flesh, and the hidden wings of the soul, of the existence of which we were dimly conscious through certain obscure and instinctive aspirings, unfold, and we soar away into a new and grander sphere, and live in a more ethereal element and by more delicate means. What a significant symbol have we of Death, considered as such a change as I have described, in the transformation, which those worms undergo, that descend into the earth, and there, after changing in appearance and form altogether, are enclosed in a coffin colored shell, not wholly unlike an Egyptian mummy case, where they remain a little below the surface through the rains and frosts of the long winter, and when spring comes with a bland warmth, break their casements, and come forth and rise to a new and winged life, arrayed in beauty, and fur-