



A Lesson of Faith.

"Let me hire you as a nurse for my poor children," said a Butterfly to a quiet Caterpillar, who was strolling along a cabbage leaf in her odd way.

"See these little eggs!" continued the Butterfly. "I don't know how long it will be before they come to life, and I feel very sick and poorly; and if I should die, who will take care of my baby butterflies? Will you, kind green Caterpillar? But you must mind what you give them to eat! They cannot, of course, live on *your* rough food. I can't think what made me come and lay my eggs on a cabbage leaf. Oh, how dizzy I am, Caterpillar! You will remember about the food—"

And with these words the Butterfly dropped her wings and died, and the green Caterpillar, who had not had the opportunity of even saying Yes or No to the request, was left standing alone by the side of the eggs.

"A pretty nurse she has chosen, poor lady!" exclaimed she, "and a pretty business I have in hand! Why, her senses must have left her, or she

nodded his beak towards the eggs. "What do you think it is to be?"

"Dew, and the honey out of flowers, I am afraid," sighed the Caterpillar.

"No such thing, old lady. Something simpler than that. Something that you can get at quite easily."

"I can get at nothing quite easily but cabbage leaves," murmured the Caterpillar, in distress.

"Excellent, my good friend!" cried the Lark. "You have found it out. You are to feed them with cabbage leaves."

"Never!" cried the Caterpillar, indignantly. "It was their dying mother's last request that I should do no such thing."

"Their mother knew nothing about the matter," said the Lark. "But why do you ask me and then disbelieve what I say? You have neither faith nor trust."

"Oh, I believe everything I am told!" said the Caterpillar.

"Nay, but you do not," replied the Lark; "you won't believe even about the food, and yet that is but the beginning of what I have to tell you. Why, what do you think those little eggs will turn out to be?"

"Butterflies, to be sure."

"Caterpillars!" sang the Lark, as it flew away.

"I thought the Lark would be wise and kind," observed the Caterpillar, "but I find that he is foolish and saucy instead. Perhaps he went up too high this time. I wonder whom he sees and what he does up yonder."

"I would tell you if you would believe me," sang the Lark, descending once more.

"I believe everything I am told," reiterated the Caterpillar, with as grave a face as if it were a fact.

"That is what you call faith, is it?" asked the doubtful Caterpillar.

At that moment she felt something at her side. She looked around. Eight or ten little caterpillars were moving about, and had already made a hole in the cabbage leaf. They had broken from the Butterfly's eggs. Shame and amazement filled our green friend's heart, but joy soon followed; for, as the first wonder was possible, the second might be so too. She talked all the rest of her life to her relations of the time when she should be a butterfly. None of them believed her, but she had learned the Lark's lesson of faith, and when she was going into her chrysalis grave she said, "I shall be a butterfly some day."

But her relations thought her head was wandering, and they said, "Poor thing!"

And when she was a butterfly, and was going to die again, she said:

"I have known many wonders; I have faith; I can trust even now for what shall come next."

"The Horse Fair."

It will be remembered that in our issue of June 15th there was a short account (with portrait) of Rosa Bonheur, the great French artist, who died on the 26th of May, aged seventy-seven. We now give the picture which made her so famous. There have been many celebrated animal painters—Sir Edwin Landseer, Ansdell, Harrison Weir, and others too numerous to mention—but perhaps no artist has been more discussed than this gifted woman. The distinguishing feature in Rosa Bonheur's work is its life—her animals are



"THE HORSE FAIR."

never would have asked a poor crawling creature like me to bring up her dainty little ones. Much they'll mind me when they feel the gay wings on their backs and can fly away out of my sight whenever they choose!"

However, the Caterpillar had a kind heart, so she resolved to do her best for the poor orphans. But she got no sleep that night, she was so anxious. She made her back ache with walking all night round her young charges, and in the morning she said to herself:

"Two heads are better than one. I will consult some wise creature upon the matter and get advice. How should a crawling creature like me know what to do without consulting my betters?"

Now, in the corn field there lived a Lark, and the Caterpillar sent a message to him to beg him to come and talk to her; and when he came she told him all her difficulties, and asked him how she was to feed and bring up the little creatures, so different from herself.

"Perhaps you will be able to inquire and hear something about it next time you go up high," observed the Caterpillar timidly.

The Lark promised to help her if possible, and soon went singing up into the blue sky. The Caterpillar almost jumped for joy, and it was not long before she saw her friend descend again to the cabbage bed.

"News, news, glorious news, friend Caterpillar!" sang the Lark; "but the worst of it is, you won't believe me!"

"I believe everything I am told," observed the Caterpillar, hastily.

"Well, then, first of all, I will tell you what these little creatures are to eat," and the Lark

"Then I'll tell you something else," cried the Lark, "for the best of my news remains behind. *You will one day be a butterfly yourself!*"

"Wretched bird!" exclaimed the Caterpillar.

"You jest with my inferiority. Now you are cruel, as well as foolish. Go away! I will ask your advice no more."

"I told you you would not believe me," cried the Lark.

"I believe everything that I am told," persisted the Caterpillar; "that is"—and she hesitated—"everything that it is *reasonable* to believe. But to tell me that butterflies' eggs are caterpillars, and that caterpillars leave off crawling and get wings! Lark, you are too wise to believe such nonsense yourself, for you know it is impossible!"

"I know no such thing," said the Lark.

"Whether I hover over the cornfields of earth or go up into the depths of the sky, I see so many wonderful things I know no reason why there should not be more. It is because you crawl, because you never get beyond your cabbage leaf, that you call anything impossible."

"Nonsense!" shouted the Caterpillar. "I know what's possible and what's not possible, according to my capacity and experience, as well as you do. Look at my long green body and these endless legs, and then talk to me about having wings and a painted feathery coat! Fool!"

"And fool you, you would-be-wise Caterpillar!" cried the indignant Lark. "Fool! to attempt to reason about what you cannot understand! Do you not hear how my song swells with rejoicing as I soar upwards to the mysterious wonder-world above? Oh, Caterpillar! what comes to you from thence, receive as I do, upon trust."

almost always in action. This can be observed in all her numerous works. Examine this picture. Every horse has its individuality. Look at that magnificent pair of grays, straining on the line held by the rider of one of them. Note that restive creature in the middle of the picture, evidently giving his rider all he can manage. That beauty on the left looks ready for anything, with bristling mane and proud carriage. You can almost hear the hurrying footfalls of the little horse speeding ahead, on the right-hand side. The figures of the men are no less lifelike. This truly great painting is a combination of *separate* pictures, for each little group, or even each animal, is a picture in itself. One may truly say that the two artists of modern times who have been more talked about than perhaps any others, are women. Miss Elizabeth Thompson (now Lady Butler), whose great military picture, "The Roll Call," caused a veritable sensation several years ago, and Rosa Bonheur, whose fame is deathless. A small, uncolored picture can give but a faint idea of "The Horse Fair" seen at its full size and with all its vivid coloring. One can, however, readily observe all its wonderful grouping, its action, its conception,—all the more wonderful when we think of the difficulties a woman must have had to overcome in making studies for such a subject. It is well known that for her necessary studies at slaughter-houses and other places generally unknown to women, Mlle. Bonheur was *obliged* to assume male attire. As a strong proof that art has no nationality, and of how much she was loved and respected, during the Franco-Prussian war, the German Emperor gave orders that when the troops marched on to Paris, Rosa Bonheur's property at Fontainebleau was to be left untouched.