

ing as fast as grubs can chatter, they enjoyed the warm sun of the day, till the cold dews of evening beginning to make their weak little bodies feel chilly, they crawled back again to the old nest in the heart of the cabbage. There they saw that some eggs they had noticed before leaving at midday, were just beginning to move, and stir, and some of them, ere long, issued forth living grubs like themselves. Great was the wonder, and speculation, of the elder members of the family upon this new phase of existence. "Had they been only eggs also? Surely not! Yet they must have been, or where did they come from. Ah! they did not make themselves, that was certain; they could not do that;—somebody must have made them, and placed the eggs there, giving them the wonderful power of bursting into life.—And now, what did that Invisible Being

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