

It is from the corrupting bodies of these unfortunates that the nourishment necessary to the growth and splendor of the plant is derived. For the provision there is a large sacrifice of insect life; but care has been taken that no life shall be sacrificed in vain. It not unfrequently occurs that the supply of animal food is in excess of the needs of the plant. A mass of dead insects accumulates in the pitcher. Nature, who abhors waste, utilizes the superabundance. There is a fly, *Sarcophaga Sarra-
cenie*, that enters the fatal gorge with impunity, and lays its eggs in the festering mass below. Its maggots revel and thrive where other insects would perish. They consume that which the plant did not require; and, when they have attained their growth, they bite an opening through the side of the pitcher, and drop into the sphagnum beneath, in order to undergo the pupal change. Here then we have an instance of that wonderful economy in which nothing is wasted and every want supplied. It is but one instance out of many, for innumerable creatures are found to live upon the superabundance of the provision made for other things.

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THE ENIGMA OF LIFE.

A tangled web—an endless, twisted skein;
 A keyless lock—a riddle still unread;
 An unsolved problem,—or a nameless pain
 Without a cure—a trunk without a head;
 An appetite unsatisfied, though fed;
 Musical harmony without a tune;
 An awesome terror, though we feel no dread;
 An Oxymoron—aye, a doubtful boon.
 Be still my heart, nor thus within thyself commune.

Who then can solve the riddle men call life?
 Will Œdipus whose Sphinx was doomed to die?
 This Gordian knot must Alexander's knife
 Be used to cut, which man would fain untie?
 Say, King of Thebes, Thou Macedonian try
 To fit a master key to this strange lock,
 Which holds the doors of life's great mystery
 In bonds more stubborn than the stubborn rock,
 Which meets through countless years the sea's unceasing shock.

A thousand strange solutions have been tried
 In all the world, with every golden age
 Have risen intellects, whose fondest pride
 Has been that they could read the puzzling page
 Of life's enigma. Slept the wisest sage,