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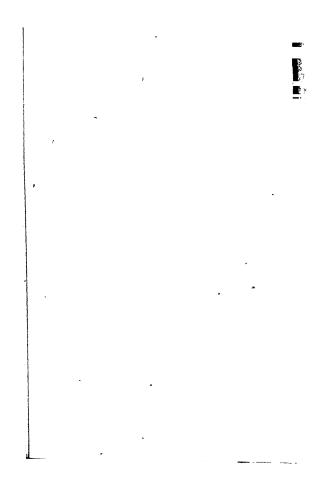
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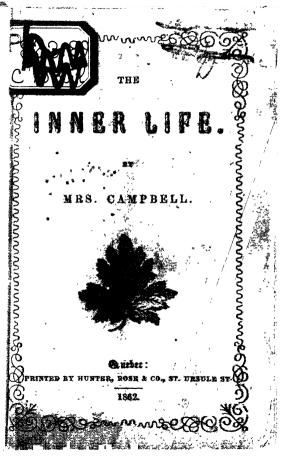
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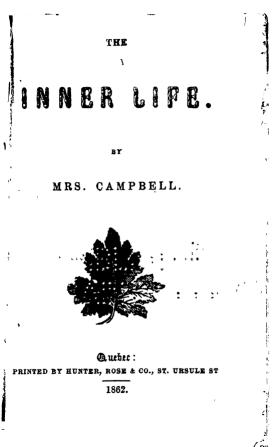
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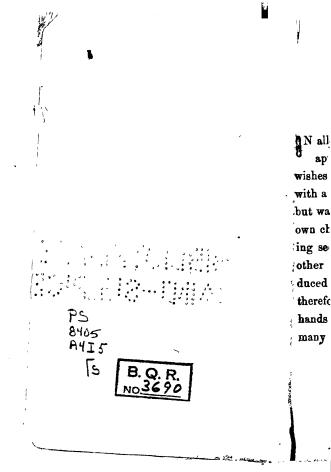






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PREFACE.

N allowing this humble little story to appear before the public, the writer wishes to state that it was not written with a thought of its ever being in print, but was one of a series scribbled for her own children. Several kind friends having seen it, and wishing for copies for other little people, the writer was induced to permit its publication. She therefore trusts that those into whose hands it may fall will be blind to its many faults.

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INTRODUCTION.

STORY, MAMA! A STORY! Do please tell us a story," is a demand mama finds it hard to comply with, her stock of stories being nearly exhausted; she is therefore obliged to write a few for the little girls, hoping they may prove both interesting and instructive to them. м О

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THE STORY.

No. 1. --- " The Inner Life."

⁶⁶ H! what a beautiful place this is! How charming! what a Paradise, with food to last for ever !" and many other such exclamations were uttered by a large swarm of young caterpillars who had just warmed into grub life from the heart of a well opened cabbage, and had crawled to the furthest extremity of one of its leaves for observation, and were rejoicing in the discovery of motion, liberty, and all the senses bestowed upon bright, green, young caterpillar life.

Nibbling, crawling and nibbling, raising themselves up on end, from their point of observation, to survey the outside of the cabbage world, and chatter-

· inten ing as fast as grubs can chatter, they not enjoyed the warm sun of the day, till the cold dews of evening beginning to man, make their weak little bodies teel chilly, of g they crawled back again to the old nest in ther the heart of the cabbage. There they craw saw that some eggs they had noticed toge before leaving at midday, were just betle ginning to move, and stir, and some of chat them, ere long, issued forth living nex⁺ grubs like themselves. Great was the 21107 wonder, and speculation, of the elder and members of the family upon this new agai phase of existence. "Had they been only feel eggs also? Surely not! Yet they must har have been, or where did they come from. a ti Ah ! they did not make themselves, that "W was certain; they could not do that;--mac somebody must have made them, and who placed the eggs there, giving them the wonderful power of bursting into life .----And now, what did that Invisible Being

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· intend to do with them ; surely He did 'not make them for nothing." These and many other such sage reflections (worthy of greater than grub heads) suggested themselves to the little family as they crawled into the snug home, crowding together for warmth; nice, amiable little bedfellows, too tired and sleepy to chatter any more With the bright sun next morning rose the small family, roused into energy by its warm beams, and grateful that they had awakened again into life. Oh ! what a nice warm feeling that bright light gives "Perhaps it made us," delightedly exclaimed Carterian Contraction of the a tiny one, and looking very wise .---"Well, then," replied another, "who made it? Tell us that if you can, and who made all those sweet smelling things so beautiful around us and, and everything? Ah! I wish we knew." "I wish

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we knew," was echoed all around. Hung were er for the present quenched the thirst for anon a knowledge of the tiny people, but only meet , to return again with renewed strength myselt after the repast At last one of the now k elder brothers, who had been quietly here listening to all the chatter, silenced them last ar by saying, "I'll tell you what; I am the lit not going to stay here any longer idly creep. 'speculating upon what I do not underbage stand: I intend to go and find out for foar. myself all about these things." "How? of the Where ?" were the questions of the motiv astonished groups. "Why, I find mywante self so strong this morning and move tired with such pleasure, that I shall leave went this home." "Leave here!" was the and th bewildered cry. " Don't interrupt me ; prese yes, leave and travel about to learn ; pereither haps I can find out who made us; at where any rate we are surely not the only livall fc ing creatures in this large space, and

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were not made to eat, drink, and sleep ^r upon a cabbage leaf all our days. I may ⁷ meet some other caterpillars older than ¹ myself, who can tell me more than I ⁹ now know, and I will come back again here and tell you all about it " This last argument silenced the opposition of the little circle, who saw their brother creep, carefully, over the side of the cabbage leaf with a mixture of hope and fear. In another hour one or two others of the little family, impelled by various motives, started in independance; some wanted to taste other food ; others were tired of such a monotonous life; a few went in search of their elder prother; and the sluggish ones, contented with present good, were too idle to care about either the past or the future, remained where they were. Here we will leave all for the present

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CHAPTER II.

RE the departing rays of the sun had 🛽 ² caused the earth to wrap her dark imy r mantle around her again, one by one imh I our little friends had returned. 7you The Kno last one to creep up was the anxious .this searcher after truth of the morning. Iat Tired and weary he seemed-too tired even to luxuriate upon the delicious dew of evening, distilled upon his favorite cabbage. Yet there was a bright look about him, and a quick motion as if possessed of a knowledge which not only fed, strengthened and stimulated him, but gave him power also-and his brothers looked upon him, with a mixture of respect and awe; and with graceful politeness, and fraternal affection, refrained from shewing the curiosity they could

not help feeling, and which it cost an leffort to conceal. After supper was lended, and the social circle formed, our thero began as follows :

j ž " My friends, and such of you who are imy relations, it is due to you that I fulfil my promise of the morning, by telling you the result of my enquires this day. Know then, that after descending from this our home, which I found easier than I at first thought, considering its height, I found myself upon a new element called earth, rough at first to my tender body, but which I had powers of traveling over, and of reaching with ease any of those beautiful plants which are filling the air with fragrance around us. The further I advanced, and the more I saw, the deeper I felt convinced, that a first great cause must have produced all these effects, and the longing within me became proportionably great, to know

and find the origin of being. At first forme thought a beautiful, white lilly which than appeared to tremble with the breath output life, might be able to tell me, but I found nome on crawling into its cup, that it was only and c the power of motion it possessed, and sessed not that of will, but as it was acted upor meen by an influence called wind or breeze,- that it neither heard nor answered me; so alrea after various slides and tumbles, I reach areas Presently I saw a the ed the ground again a distance a group of lovely, yellow and thous white living things I find are called spec Psyche.* Oh! how lovely they were, too earth and air were alike their element, quai for they revelled in both, dipping with wor ease into the honey cells of flowers, soarous ing on air again, now on the ground, mys now on the trees. How my heart went and with them, and I felt that they were pily *Psyche is the Greek name for butterfly and its soul.

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ist formed of a higher and better nature nichthan myself. A shade of sadness and h oalmost envy embittered my travels for unchome time; thoughts of what they were only and of the difference between us, posan thessed my breast, and I wished I had por meen made a Psyche-and I doubted not, ^{3,- §}that they whose powers were so great ; so already, had the key to the secret which ch was consuming me, the knowledge of at the great Author of all. Hour after and thour passed by. I saw many of our own led species, but I confess with shame I was Bre, too gloomy and dispirited to make acent, quaintance with any. I saw that the "ith world was teeming with life, happy, joy-Darous life, I alone wretched, considering nd. myself an insignificant worthless being, ent and wondering why I was made Hap. ere pily these thoughts brought home with and its softening influences in memory be-

fore me, and the echo of your swee prrily. voices seemed to answer, ' Certainly notices,' made, to crawl about egotistical and senduld sual all your life.' No, no, even you or stranc made for better things; the higher asputat I rations of your nature, the very thirs ject for knowledge itself which you find streasur impossible to quench, tells you that an cir Humbled and self-rebuked, I lifted my sttery head; the voice was gone, the influence y poo remained, and I moved on rejoicing in solut my many blessings, and determining tothough use for the best, those gifts bestoweding aw upon me, hoping that He who had given ing th me the craving for knowledge, would deligh also provide me the means to satisfy it. eem With these better thoughts, I crawled worry near a gay buzzing party at some dis- and w tance from me, lying still when close 🏚 is enough to observe their movements. may They were engaged in waltzing round #*M and round, buzzing and singing right the p

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³⁰ Errily. Oh, there, I thought, is hap-¹⁰ness, but such as I cannot join, as they ²ⁿould not notice me. What was my rutrancement at that moment to perceive hat I was not only observed, but the sigject of great seeming attention and sure to numbers. They at once be-^t in circling round me singing songs of -Mattery and enticement, bewildering to centy poor head.* Alas! for all my good indsolutions and fancied strength; my to houghts lately so sincere were dissolvding away, and others of this nature takin ing their place. Why not take present Id delights, and be happy here, where you it. seem to be so much admired ? Give up ed worrying yourself about what you are, 9- and what is to become of you. Perhaps 🕫 🌲 is all delusion, and these gay creatures s. hay have enough of knowledge to satisfy £

*My little readers will perhaps remember at the pretty poem of the Spider and the Fly, :

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Give up and join them. Looking you. up at that moment, I saw beneath the ouse gauzy robe of one of these bewitching fits ones, a sharp arrow, which his gay cov iny (ering but ill-concealed, and felt a shive much of dread and horror at the sight, and a would feeling as if a possession very precious by th to me were in danger, and a voice seem- aual ed to call upon me to break the web of me, seducement, and come away. With an seate effort, I drew myself under a fallen leaf hom. out of sight, where I meditated with was * wonder upon these things. What was Are the treasure my vanity had nearly cost epqu the loss of, and what the monitor which enc" I saw now had twice warned me. I, a answ common caterpillar, I could see nothing, eyes, wher I must be dreaming. Too agitated to abut (move, I lay panting for some time ;---at last, no longer hearing the syren songs, to it. abus I ventured forth and crawled along the With edge of a gravel path, till I came to the

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inguide wall of what is called a summer the ouse. Creeping into the hollow of one ing its large mossy holes, I found one of 30v my own species, larger, and apparently vermuch older, than myself. At first I a would have retired, but was fascinated ous by the brightness of gaze of the indivim- ual in question, who, on perceiving of me, kindly invited me to enter and be an seated. 'I fear I have intruded into your 3af home, friend,' I said. 'You are weleome,' th was the reply, 'I shall not need it long.' as 'Are you going away soon?" was my st enquiry. 'You do not look well or strong зh enough to travel." 'Oh !' was the answer, with another flash of the brilliant a jeyes, 'I am travelling to that bourne from 3, whence no traveller returns. I shall 0 ,t but off this vile body, which will return to its native dust, and assume that glori-`, bus body for which I was created.'-Э With an extatic jump I flung myself by ,

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the side of my newly found friend, and embracing her, said, 'I do not under stand what you mean ; do tell me see you are possessed of the highe. knowledge which I am craving for; tel me, please tell me, what I am, who made me, and what I am to be.' Here, now, I must conclude for a time, for I see the sparkling of earth's jewels, and that the cresent on her brow, warning us to atth. hurry away from the chilly damps of kno. her dews, and when a beam from the sun Fat. lark unties earth's foggy night-cap, and wal covers her with the aurora of morning, take I shall proceed with the startling, and to you, instructive part of my narrahap ieretive."

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CHAPTER III

ORNING! bright morning! how tel who lovely are you in the first blooming ere. f your early beauty, before the sun sips or I ff your dewy freshness, and you become and natured under his warm gaze. Ah! to stille do the gay votaries of fashion of know of the feast of good things the un Father prepares for his children; the nd large table he daily spreads. Walk out ! g, walk out ! and see for yourself, and you take with you added health, energy and hr happiness for companions. See God's **'**8creatures, with less wisdom, and, strange to say, yet more rational than ourselves, using the light as it is given to them, ever working and singing to their Maker's praise, and those to whom life only can be said to be given in a modi-

fied sense—the trees and plants—graing for him, filling the air with the fragrance, the very perfumes of a ther's presence. Look at God's work see in them the living expression of the goodness and smile; see Him silent working everywhere, and think, can you afford to trifle away time when He can spare none, and you, too, to whom time is but the growth into eternity—the poet says:

" Little drops of water,	the t
Little grains of sand,	8.W
Make the mighty ocean	
And the pleasant land.	des
Thus the little minutes-	én
Humble though they be-	
Make the mighty ages	Či r
Of eternity."	át.
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But with this digression we are forget a ting our little friends, in whose little tri green hearts lay hidden all the germ on the future brightness, now shadowing forth the as each new exigency of their life de A

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3-granded it, and who not having tasted of h thenion's cup, did not require to sleep off f a Loison of its dregs, and were up with wor sun, offering the first breathings of 1 of their nature to Him who made them silentil busy and frisky were they, chirruping an yound, in and out of the warm cabbage Te canart getting breakfast, the dew of the n tingorning their coffee, and a crispy leaf ty-sirl their toast. After all was cleared savay, the natural propensities of their mature (now developing fast) to crawl away, being overcome by the insatiable desire to acquire knowledge and experience from their brother, they formed a mircle round to listen to the rest of his story, which he at once began :

rget 4 "My embrace and my fervid exclamlittle tions did not at all embarrass my $n \alpha$ hew friend, but flashing up her eyes, orth the said, 'Another opportunity for good ! de Author of my being I thank thee ! an-

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other to warn; to stimulate; to ence age; another precious inner life to say and then turning to me, she sweet said, 'Tell me all you know about yours first, that I may see how to help, after and where to enlighten you' This e did, from the time we saw the egg met ing into motion, up to my entry in the mossy cell. She listened attentive flashing again and again those brillia eyes-starting up with affright as I to the humbling story of my weakness an vanity, and sinking back with flash after flash of brightness, (which strangelittit awed me), when I told of my escape-'My young friend,' she began, 'yo have already tasted much of the pleas ures, temptations and trials of life without being aware of the true and the false in their nature. Know then that

encompare a larvat,* produced as you saw to say an egg, and quickened into life by sweetest Creator, to whom every thing yours its being, and who though unseen, lp, adeverywhere present-your wishes This efore to see Him, can only be satis-3 ment in the sight of His works, for no one ry in look upon Him and live; but to tive in Him, and feel a sense of His love illia presence, is your great privilege. I to the fife, that when this frail body de-^{.88} and passes away, you will live again ¹ after brighter and more beautiful form.' ngeleitated-I sprung up-a vision of ape-uty was developing itself in my friend volut did it mean? Did I see the pleastedow of that inner life; and again I

lift. This name, which signifies literally a mask, I thus given by Linnæus because the catepillar is kind of outer covering or disguise of the that mure butterfly within.

cried out, tell me! oh tell me! what s am to be, am I awaking from a dre and, extatic thought, am I the casket a psyche. With a burst of enthusias she replied, 'You are,-this body is nin 2 your all; within you indeed is the gerof an undeveloped psyche, which is now revel in the delights of a higher an better existence. Oh, to put off this body-to be clothed upon with that be ter body, I long to depart, to be with those who have gone before-my friend -my mission is nearly (as I said before ended, should you remain to cheer my last hours, you will no doubt catch glimpses of the future glory which I am waiting in faith to receive. My few last moments of strength shall be given to ur. warn you, though perchance to dampathi your happiness, and sense of security, for know that the second life, will be

whaters only as you care for it in this. dreater is abroad an enemy, fascinating, skettle and dangerous called ichneumon usiast whose great delight is to destroy y is nin second life within you. Think then

e gert There is a numerous tribe of insects, well 18 mon to naturalists called ichneumon flies; thech, in the larva state, are parasitical, эr is inhabit and feed on other larvæ. ff the fly being provided with a long sharp ting, which is, in fact, an ovipositor (egg spr), pierces with this the body of a cater-Withar in several places, and deposits her eggs. mich are there hatched and feed as grubs rientervæ) on the inward parts of its victim. fore the common cabbage caterpillar is often thus stacked. A most wonderful circumstance monnected with this process is that a cateratching apparently thriving quite as well during I am whole of its larva life, as those that have last tinct, the ichnenmon grubs within do not 1 totaure any of the organs of the larva, but amputed only on the future butterfly inclosed hin it, and, consequently, it is hardly posity, the to distinguish a caterpillar which has be wese enemies within it from those that are

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THE INNER LIFE.

with fear and joy of your escape, where I tell you, that you nearly fell a vignet to its snares.' With what horror dies, t now listen, gasping, not daring to inside rupt, and well knowing it was to is a masked revellers my friend alluded. work these you will have to be constant watchful, else the present delighter i their company will pierce you throthend with many sorrows, and end in the test Y destruction of your psyche. So group is their power that their victims do me see their danger, nor can it be seenreak.

untouched. But when the period arrives¹ the close of the larva life, the difference and pears;—those that have escaped the part isites—assuming the pupa state, from when they emerge butterflies. But as for the other 0. the ichnenmon grubs at this period is of forth and spin their little cocoons of brid yellow silk, from which they are to issue flies. Of the unfortunate caterpillar notifietted remains but an empty skin, the butterfly been secretly consumed.—Whatley's Fur State Lecture.

ape, we cases by others, till the hour of ll a visiture appears; then in losing this "ror day, they find they have also lost their 3 to inditer and better one, and die in anas to is and despair. You have, therefore, ided. work before you,-great, good and constarious,-that life to care for, this to elightet in-new germs of being to leave through you, and influence for good over the trad You are one more living token of So gasgreatness and goodness of Him who s do me you, and who will not leave nor seenreake you while you look to Him for rrives In Moreover, I have heard it whisence and that we (the larvæ) are honored the particuments, used by Him to give lesom wh the other of glorious immortality to the highiod is f living beings, so high, that they of brid made in the image of Him who nothing ted them. If this be the case, my erfly 🛃 Fund, how noble our position; truly, rewere not made for naught, nor, as in-

stinct wisely told you, were we made egotistical or sensual purposes. Route then, dream not life away; do all good you can; work while it is day night cometh when no one can work Oh, glory ! glory, 'tis here ! I feel thei bursting f the strong bonds of this morth lity! I am going ! adieu ! adieu !' A fritt moments of awful silence ensued Ihen covered my head, and when I looked again, I saw a glorious psyche rise fromh the ashes, (so lately a living larva), and soar upwards 1. the air, far, far out its my sight Oh, dear friend ! I mourne isa to find you, to lose you, again so soon ging what might the dear delights of your society have been to me; and the inn voice answered, 'She will never return #gh you, but you will go to her Follow a then, in the narrow but safe path shift in pointed out to you, and rejoice that yo have been blessed by the counsel, and

made permitted the privilege of cheering Row bying bed of a believer!' With all fond farewell of the heap of clay (all is day was left of my first friend), I startan wor towards home again, sorrowing, yet feel there I had not gone very far is mortin it was my lot to witness another

' A furture from life ; but oh how differ-I have n results; how sad in the details. oked that stopped to rest, crawling under ise fromhelter of a crumbling log to escape va), attobservation of a giddy throng whom 'out frow hated as well as feared, when I 10urna another larvæ slowly and painfully ⁾ soon ging herself along; a sad picture of f your Offering my aid I helped her to a ^e inn 🏶 h and asked her if she felt more easy. turn **ä**ghing scornfully, she replied. • Easy ! 'ow de easy! that is what I shall never th si in life again. I am dying, dying at your victim to mental anguish and a l, and eived heart.' 'But, friend, you

will live again,' I replied. · Net she shrieked ! 'never! I have destroy my psyche. Do not mock me with thought. I am lost-undone,--a psyche; echo it out; ring it till ev living thing hears it, if you will, fearful word-lost !' Exhausted sunk back. 'Great Maker of all, wi have I done? too late-too late-I kn it now-I am lost.' 'Ah!' she c tinued, looking at me and speaking w bitterness, ' take warning by me; the gay friends who tempted me, offered 196 the seat of ambition's highest flig seduced and surrounded me, have cheat me, betrayed me; and now that they have done their work, left me to die in mise -robbing me of all that was worth ha ing-giving me a phantom chase in turn. Oh, for time ! oh, for life ! Mutt. I die, and that for ever ?' And with frightful yell, that is still ringing throus

Neverars—she doubled up her body in estroty—stretched out, and was no more. with evain I looked for glimpses of a --a whe; it had indeed been consumed, Il everyoyed, it was not; and in its place will, arleft nothing of the unfortunate viced so but a festering mass of worms, the Il, where of earth's most tempting entice--I knowns."

1e c

ng w Hy tale is ended! my story is done! ; the moral remains to be pointed. May red w not, many of us, trace the analogy to flight own case, and ask ourselves, can we heather God beseeches for the early bud y hat our love, offer Him the withered blosmisses of life, after time has opened its h hat and earth's sun exhaled their frain mance. Ought we, who see our Father, Mu the higher glories of His greatest ither k, that of Redemption, give the rouge hered stalk of a worm caten and

C.S. Y

it, redeemed it, and offers to sanctif May the effect of our story upon yo equal to that upon the loving little ily, an episode in whose history we h been trying to trace, who applied lesson of life to their hearts, and it abled them to bring forth the fruits good living, a happy death, and a g ous resurrection to immortality.

for a good little girl's birthday.

MARCH 10, 1862.



