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THE

# INNER LIFE.

BY

MRS. CAMPBELL.



Quarter :

PRINTED BY HUNTER, ROSE & CO., ST. URSULE ST.

1862.

~~SECRET~~  
~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

PRINTED

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INNER LIFE.

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Quebec :

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1862.



## P R E F A C E .

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IN 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.

52957

## INTRODUCTION.

**"A** 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.

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## THE STORY.

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

"OH! 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-

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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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 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

we knew," was echoed all around. Hunger for the present quenched the thirst for knowledge of the tiny people, but only to return again with renewed strength after the repast. At last one of the elder brothers, who had been quietly listening to all the chatter, silenced them by saying, "I'll tell you what; I am not going to stay here any longer idly speculating upon what I do not understand; I intend to go and find out for myself all about these things." "How? Where?" were the questions of the astonished groups. "Why, I find myself so strong this morning and move with such pleasure, that I shall leave this home." "Leave here!" was the bewildered cry. "Don't interrupt me; yes, leave and travel about to learn; perhaps I can find out who made us; at any rate we are surely not the only living creatures in this large space, and

5 were not made to eat, drink, and sleep  
1 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  
2 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 cab-  
bage 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<sup>2</sup>; some  
wanted to taste other food; others were  
tired of such a monotonous life; a few  
went in search of their elder brother;  
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

## CHAPTER II.

**E**RE the departing rays of the sun had caused the earth to wrap her dark mantle around her again, one by one our little friends had returned. The last one to creep up was the anxious searcher after truth of the morning. 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

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

“ My friends, and such of you who are my 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 travelling 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 I formed thought a beautiful, white lilly which appeared to tremble with the breath of almost life, might be able to tell me, but I found some on crawling into its cup, that it was only and the power of motion it possessed, and possessed not that of will, but as it was acted upon by an influence called wind or breeze,—that it neither heard nor answered me; so that after various slides and tumbles, I reached the ground again. Presently I saw at a distance a group of lovely, yellow and white living things I find are called Psyche.\* Oh! how lovely they were, earth and air were alike their element, for they revelled in both, dipping with ease into the honey cells of flowers, soaring on air again, now on the ground, now on the trees. How my heart went with them, and I felt that they were

\*Psyche is the Greek name for butterfly and soul.



formed of a higher and better nature  
richer than myself. A shade of sadness and  
almost envy embittered my travels for  
some time; thoughts of what they were  
and of the difference between us, pos-  
sessed my breast, and I wished I had  
been made a Psyche—and I doubted not,  
—that they whose powers were so great  
; so already, had the key to the secret which  
ch was consuming me, the knowledge of  
the great Author of all. Hour after  
and hour passed by. I saw many of our own  
led species, but I confess with shame I was  
ere, too gloomy and dispirited to make ac-  
ent, quaintance with any. I saw that the  
with world was teeming with life, happy, joy-  
par-ous 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 sweet rily.  
 voices seemed to answer, 'Certainly no ness,  
 made, to crawl about egotistical and senould  
 sual all your life.' No, no, even you or, tranc  
 made for better things; the higher aspirat I  
 rations of your nature, the very thirs,ject  
 for knowledge itself which you find se,leasur  
 impossible to quench, tells you that an cir  
 Humbled and self-rebuked, I lifted my,attery  
 head; the voice was gone, the influence,my poc  
 remained, and I, moved on rejoicing in,esolut  
 my many blessings, and determining to,though  
 use for the best, those gifts bestowed,ng aw  
 upon me, hoping that He who had given,ng th  
 me the craving for knowledge, would deligh  
 also provide me the means to satisfy it. seem  
 With these better thoughts, I crawled worry  
 near a gay buzzing party at some dis- and w  
 tance from me, lying still when close it is  
 enough to observe their movements. may'  
 They were engaged in waltzing round  
 and round, buzzing and singing right the p

errily. Oh, there, I thought, is happiness, but such as I cannot join, as they could not notice me. What was my consternation at that moment to perceive that I was not only observed, but the object of great seeming attention and pleasure to numbers. They at once began circling round me singing songs of flattery and enticement, bewildering to my poor head.\* Alas! for all my good resolutions and fancied strength; my thoughts lately so sincere were dissolving away, and others of this nature taking their place. Why not take present delights, and be happy here, where you seem to be so much admired? Give up worrying yourself about what you are, and what is to become of you. Perhaps it is all delusion, and these gay creatures may have enough of knowledge to satisfy

\*My little readers will perhaps remember the pretty poem of the Spider and the Fly.

you. Give up and join them. Looking aside up at that moment, I saw beneath the gauzy robe of one of these bewitching ones, a sharp arrow, which his gay covering but ill-concealed, and felt a shiver of dread and horror at the sight, and a feeling as if a possession very precious to me were in danger, and a voice seemed to call upon me to break the web of seducement, and come away. With an effort, I drew myself under a fallen leaf out of sight, where I meditated with wonder upon these things. What was the treasure my vanity had nearly cost the loss of, and what the monitor which I saw now had twice warned me. I, a common caterpillar, I could see nothing, I must be dreaming. Too agitated to move, I lay panting for some time;—at last, no longer hearing the syren songs, I ventured forth and crawled along the edge of a gravel-path, till I came to the

inside wall of what is called a summer  
the house. Creeping into the hollow of one  
ing of its large mossy holes, I found one of  
ov. my own species, larger, and apparently  
ver much older, than myself. At first I  
I a would have retired, but was fascinated  
ous by the brightness of gaze of the indivi-  
m- dual in question, who, on perceiving  
of me, kindly invited me to enter and be  
an seated. 'I fear I have intruded into your  
eaf home, friend,' I said. 'You are welcome,'  
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  
ch enough to travel.' 'Oh!' was the  
a answer, with another flash of the brilliant  
3, eyes, 'I am travelling to that bourne from  
o whence no traveller returns. I shall  
t put off this vile body, which will return  
, to its native dust, and assume that glori-  
e ous body for which I was created.'—  
With an extatic jump I flung myself by

the side of my newly found friend, and embracing her, said, 'I do not understand what you mean; do tell me see you are possessed of the highest knowledge which I am craving for; tell me, please tell me, what I am, who made me, and what I am to be.' Here, if you now, I must conclude for a time, for I see the sparkling of earth's jewels, and the crescent on her brow, warning us to hurry away from the chilly damps of her dews, and when a beam from the sun unties earth's foggy night-cap, and covers her with the aurora of morning, I shall proceed with the startling, and to you, instructive part of my narrative."



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## CHAPTER III

tel. MORNING! bright morning! how  
who lovely are you in the first blooming  
ere, of your early beauty, before the sun sips  
or I off your dewy freshness, and you become  
and matured under his warm gaze. Ah!  
to little 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  
nd take with you added health, energy and  
a- happiness for companions. See God's  
creatures, 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—growing for him, filling the air with their fragrance, the very perfumes of a Father's presence. Look at God's works—see in them the living expression of His goodness and smile; see Him silently 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,  
 Little grains of sand,  
 Make the mighty ocean  
 And the pleasant land.  
 Thus the little minutes—  
 Humble though they be—  
 Make the mighty ages  
 Of eternity.”

But with this digression we are forgetting our little friends, in whose little green hearts lay hidden all the germ of the future brightness, now shadowing forth as each new exigency of their life de-



grounded it, and who not having tasted of  
 the lion's cup, did not require to sleep off  
 the poison of its dregs, and were up with  
 the sun, offering the first breathings of  
 their nature to Him who made them  
 silent. All busy and frisky were they, chirruping  
 and running in and out of the warm cabbage  
 heart getting breakfast, the dew of the  
 morning their coffee, and a crispy leaf  
 their toast. After all was cleared  
 away, the natural propensities of their  
 nature (now developing fast) to crawl  
 away, being overcome by the insatiable  
 desire to acquire knowledge and experi-  
 ence from their brother, they formed a  
 circle round to listen to the rest of his  
 story, which he at once began :

“ My embrace and my fervid exclamation  
 did not at all embarrass my  
 new friend, but flashing up her eyes,  
 she said, ‘ Another opportunity for good !  
 Author of my being I thank thee ! an-

other to warn ; to stimulate ; to encourage ; another precious inner life to save and then turning to me, she sweetly said, 'Tell me all you know about yourself first, that I may see how to help, and where to enlighten you' This she did, from the time we saw the egg moving into 'motion, up to my entry into the mossy cell. She listened attentively, flashing again and again those brilliant eyes—starting up with affright as I told the humbling story of my weakness and vanity, and sinking back with a flash after a flash of brightness, (which strangely awed me), when I told of my escape—'My young friend,' she began, 'you have already tasted much of the pleasures, temptations and trials of life without being aware of the true and the false in their nature. Know then that you

encased are a larva,\* produced as you saw  
 to save an egg, and quickened into life by  
 sweetest Creator, to whom every thing  
 yours its being, and who though unseen,  
 help, and everywhere present—your wishes  
 This before 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 saw Him, and feel a sense of His love  
 illia presence, is your great privilege.  
 I to He has placed within your keeping an  
 ss an *inner life*, that when this frail body de-  
 2 after as and passes away, you will live again  
 nge in a brighter and more beautiful form.  
 ape- titated—I sprung up—a vision of  
 'you- duty was developing itself in my friend  
 pleat hat did it mean? Did I see the  
 shadow of that inner life; and again I

life. This name, which signifies literally a mask,  
 I th was given by Linnæus because the caterpillar  
 the is a kind of outer covering or disguise of the  
 the figure butterfly within.

cried out, tell me! oh tell me! what I am to be, am I awaking from a dream and, extatic thought, am I the casket of a psyche. With a burst of enthusiasm she replied, 'You are,—this body is your all; within you indeed is the germ of an undeveloped psyche, which is to revel in the delights of a higher and better existence. Oh, to put off this body—to be clothed upon with that better body, I long to depart, to be with those who have gone before—my friends—my mission is nearly ended, should you remain to cheer me in 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 warn you, though perchance to dampen your happiness, and sense of security, for know that the second life, will be

what is only as you care for it in this. There is abroad an enemy, fascinating, skittish and dangerous called ichneumon wasps, whose great delight is to destroy your second life within you. Think then

There is a numerous tribe of insects, well known to naturalists called ichneumon flies; which, in the larva state, are parasitical, and inhabit and feed on other larvæ. The fly being provided with a long sharp sting, which is, in fact, an ovipositor (egg piercer), pierces with this the body of a caterpillar in several places, and deposits her eggs, which are there hatched and feed as grubs (larvæ) on the inward parts of its victim. The common cabbage caterpillar is often thus attacked. A most wonderful circumstance connected with this process is that a caterpillar which is thus attacked goes on feeding and apparently thriving quite as well during the whole of its larva life, as those that have escaped. For by a wonderful provision of instinct, the ichneumon grubs within do not injure any of the organs of the larva, but feed only on the future butterfly inclosed within it, and, consequently, it is hardly possible to distinguish a caterpillar which has these enemies within it from those that are

with fear and joy of your escape, what I tell you, that you nearly fell a victim to its snares.' With what horror did you now listen, gasping, not daring to interrupt, and well knowing it was to such a masked revellers my friend alluded. work these you will have to be constantly watchful, else the present delight in their company will pierce you through with many sorrows, and end in the total destruction of your psyche. So great is their power that their victims do not see their danger, nor can it be seen

untouched. But when the period arrives at the close of the larva life, the difference appears;—those that have escaped the parasites—assuming the pupa state, from which they emerge butterflies. But as for the other ichneumon grubs at this period issue forth and spin their little cocoons of bright yellow silk, from which they are to issue as flies. Of the unfortunate caterpillar nothing remains but an empty skin, the butterfly has been secretly consumed.—*Whatley's Fur State Lecture.*

scape, which cases by others, till the hour of  
 all a vicissitude appears; then in losing this  
 terror die, they find they have also lost their  
 way to a lighter and better one, and die in an-  
 eas to wish and despair. You have, therefore,  
 aided. work before you,—great, good and  
 constant,—that life to care for, this to  
 delight in—new germs of being to leave  
 behind you, and influence for good over  
 the world. You are one more living token of  
 So great greatness and goodness of Him who  
 sends you, and who will not leave nor  
 forsake you while you look to Him for  
 help. Moreover, I have heard it whis-  
 pered that we (the larvæ) are honored  
 the partments, used by Him to give les-  
 sons of glorious immortality to the high-  
 est of living beings, so high, that they  
 were made in the image of Him who  
 created them. If this be the case, my  
 friends, how noble our position; truly,  
 we were not made for naught, nor, as in-

stinct wisely told you, were we made for  
 egotistical or sensual purposes. Rise  
 then, dream not life away; do all the  
 good you can; work while it is day, for  
 night cometh when no one can work.  
 Oh, glory! glory, 'tis here! I feel the  
 bursting of the strong bonds of this mortal  
 life! I am going! adieu! adieu! A few  
 moments of awful silence ensued. I had  
 covered my head, and when I looked  
 again, I saw a glorious psyche rise from  
 the ashes, (so lately a living larva), and  
 soar upwards into the air, far, far out  
 of my sight. Oh, dear friend! I mourned  
 to find you, to lose you, again so soon.  
 What might the dear delights of your  
 society have been to me; and the inner  
 voice answered, 'She will never return  
 to you, but you will go to her. Follow  
 her, then, in the narrow but safe path she  
 has pointed out to you, and rejoice that you  
 have been blessed by the counsel, and receive



made it permitted the privilege of cheering  
 . Rousing bed of a believer! With  
 to all fond farewell of the heap of clay (all  
 is days it was left of my first friend), I start-  
 an words towards home again, sorrowing, yet  
 feel toicing I had not gone very far  
 is more it was my lot to witness another  
 ' A feature from life; but oh how differ-  
 I hope in results; how sad in the details.  
 looked had stopped to rest, crawling under  
 ise from shelter of a crumbling log to escape  
 va), an observation of a giddy throng whom  
 ' out now hated as well as feared, when I  
 journey another larvæ slowly and painfully  
 to soon dragging herself along; a sad picture of  
 f you Offering my aid I helped her to a  
 e innch and asked her if she felt more easy.  
 turnighing scornfully, she replied, 'Easy!  
 'low easy! that is what I shall never  
 th shall in life again. I am dying, dying  
 at your victim to mental anguish and a  
 l, and veiled heart.' 'But, friend, you

will live again,' I replied. 'Never!' she shrieked! 'never! I have destroyed my psyche. Do not mock me with that thought. I am lost—undone,—a ruined psyche; echo it out; ring it till every living thing hears it, if you will, and that fearful word—lost!' Exhausted she sunk back. 'Great Maker of all, what have I done? too late—too late—I know it now—I am lost.' 'Ah!' she continued, looking at me and speaking with bitterness, 'take warning by me; the gay friends who tempted me, offered me the seat of ambition's highest flight—seduced and surrounded me, have cheated me, betrayed me; and now that they have done their work, left me to die in misery—robbing me of all that was worth having—giving me a phantom chase in vain return. Oh, for time! oh, for life! Must I die, and that for ever?' And with a frightful yell, that is still ringing through the

Never bars—she doubled up her body in  
 ecstasy—stretched out, and was no more.  
 with vain I looked for glimpses of a  
 —a she; it had indeed been consumed,  
 all destroyed, it was not; and in its place  
 will, left nothing of the unfortunate vic-  
 ed but a festering mass of worms, the  
 all, with of earth's most tempting entice-  
 —I know its."

My tale is ended! my story is done!  
 ; the moral remains to be pointed. May  
 red not, many of us, trace the analogy to  
 flight our own case, and ask ourselves, can we  
 heat from God beseeches for the early bud  
 y have our love, offer Him the withered blos-  
 mise of life, after time has opened its  
 h hails and earth's sun exhaled their fra-  
 in grace. Ought we, who see our Father,  
 Mr the higher glories of His greatest  
 ithark, that of Redemption, give the  
 rougher stalk of a worm eaten and

SAINT JOHN BAPTIST

gnawed heart, to Him who quickened it, redeemed it, and offers to sanctify it. May the effect of our story upon you be equal to that upon the loving little family, an episode in whose history we have been trying to trace, who applied the lesson of life to their hearts, and it enabled them to bring forth the fruits of good living, a happy death, and a glorious resurrection to immortality.

*For a good little girl's birthday.*

MARCH 10, 1862.



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