

unawares, and perfidiously installed her embryos within the bodies of the burglarous flies, to board and lodge at the same rate as they exacted from the bagworm. These later lodgers make themselves at home by dining off the immature flies, and using their shells as a halting place to change and rest in whilst they get ready to blossom forth on wings, to found families and do battle in the manner their mothers have done.

Thus we find, even in insect life, many individuals who will live on the fruit of another's labour without making an effort to attain an independence and support for themselves. A glaring example of method without industry. The bagworm constructed a home for its own use and support, and unconsciously yielded assistance to the wily fly family, they feloniously assigned their host (as well as the home) to themselves; then the astute little ichneumon arrives on the scene and filches the combined preserve for her progeny, and leaves them there in that roomy mansion to fulfil their destiny according to their strength. Thus circumstanced the poor bagworm had very little

chance to rise in life or perpetuate its history; it hardly calculated to finish up as a kind of wayside Inn to unlimited paupers. One caterpillar can lodge from six to fifteen flies, and each fly may support five to sixteen ichneumons.

So, roughly calculated, the caterpillar might easily have one hundred robust lodgers to accommodate and play the Good Samaritan to.

There is something really pathetic about the fate of this caterpillar, mischievous though it is, but it is a good example of the silent warfare that is ever presenting itself to the followers of Dame Nature, who is so rich in resources, and has so many surprises to unfold in the course of her companionship, that every day taken in her presence yields a harvest of enlightenment, and becomes a bond of intimacy that nothing can sever. This is the secret of the spell that is cast about all enterprising students when they sit at her feet and learn of her how to spell out and read the strange life-story of the insects, the flowers, the shells, the stones, or any other of the numerous treasures of which she has charge.



## SELF-CONTROL.

TO-DAY an ageless realm is mine

By right of conquest true,

Whereby is won what long was lost,

My birthright and my due.

My realm is wider than the realm

Of Kaiser, King or Tsar;

Nor mount, nor stream, nor ocean marks

Its boundaries afar.

The forces that defend my realm,

And wait upon my will,

Are stronger than imperial bands

That pillage, burn and kill.

But should pride raise or fear cast down

My soul, as here I reign,

Rebels would rise and foes invade,

And all were lost again.

VINCENT NAYLOR.