

The Green Sheaf



CHARLES, do not you remember the caterpillar we put in a paper box, with some mulberry leaves for it to eat? It is gone—here is no caterpillar—there is something in the box; what is it? I do not know. It is a little ball of yellow stuff. Let us cut it open, perhaps we may find the caterpillar. No, here is nothing but a strange little grub, and it is dead, I believe, for it does not move. Pinch it gently by the tail.

Mrs. Barbauld.