

embryo cell, or protoplast, but the functions of these are performed independently of our will, or as the physiological poet has it :

Here the villi dip their noses,
 Gifted with a wondrous power
 Not of smell, but of selection,
 Of acceptance or rejection
 Of the products of the hour.

Noble villi, who instructs ye
 Thus to choose our boon or bane,
 How do ye secure your treasure,
 How transmit it, at your leisure,
 Questions, yet to ask is vain.

See that particle of butter
 Now an oil globe on its way,
 The saliva lightly kissed it,
 And the purling stream has whisked it
 In a duodenal bay.

There coquetting with a portion
 Of the undigested rice,
 The Hepatic fluid meets them,
 Pancreatic juices greet them
 And they're married in a trice.