A Soliloquy.

It was her first school. The last day of the second month was over and she stood in the doorway of the school house, watching the children as they disappeared across the fields or down the road. Then she turned into the room. How strangely quiet it seemed. One by one things were put in order. How quickly a woman's hand and a woman's taste can touch a soiled schoolroom into cleanliness and beauty. Of course it was all very plain and simple, but when she was done it looked and felt so clean, so wholesome and so homelike.

Now she is standing by the window and thinking aloud: "Is it possible that I have passed two months in this remote country district? How different it all seems as I look backward. I dreaded the emptiness, the loneliness of the country life. I have found it quiet and peaceful, but full of interest and joy. I pictured myself amongst coarse, ill-bred children. I find them frank and independent, but genuine and appreciative. How quickly those vague fears which I entertained about living with these strange country folk have given way to confidence and respect. The open fields, the wide skies, the large freedom, the wholesome work with living, growing things—all these help to keep men and women as God made them,—natural, simple and direct in their thought and in their life. Of course, I can't blame them for laughing at my huge bits of ignorance on some things most familiar to them. How could they avoid it? I, who had never spent a week outside of the city, attempting to teach boys and girls born and reared upon the farm. How busy I've kept them teaching me. It has all seemed so new and fresh and interesting to me that they have shown delight rather than amusement in removing my ignorance. And here I am receiving pay for the blessed privilege of being instructed in the new field of experience by such a group of specialists.

"But, may it not be true that my keen appreciation of this farm life, which some of them think stale and commonplace, will rekindle their interest and love for it? After all it may be sentiment and appreciation that they need more than knowledge. It is barely possible that my new found joy in the country life and work may have more influence upon these boys and girls than the exhortation of those to the 'manor born.' Who knows but that a city girl is of all others the best fitted to help these children to see that while the city contains many good and desirable things it also shuts out many good and desirable things; that there are thousands of people crowded in our cities, looking eagerly, longingly towards the open, free, wholesome life of the country? Who knows but that it is the very best thing for them, as well as for me, that a city girl has come to teach them and to be taught by them? At any rate for my own good and theirs I shall assume that it is so in this case and then do my best to make it so."—*The School News.*

Helping Nature to Fight Disease.

The earliest clue to one aspect at least of the problem of immunity was given by the classical researches of Elie Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris. His studies had to do with the white blood corpuscles. Every one who has ever viewed a drop of blood through a microscope will recall that there were to be seen in the midst of the flood of red blood corpuscles a certain number of larger bodies of somewhat irregular shape, practically colorless, that seemed to be endowed with the power of movement. These are the white corpuscles, or leucocytes. They have been familiar to physiologists since the first microscopic lenses were made, but their function had been an utter mystery. It was early learned that the red corpuscles are the carriers of oxygen. But what useful purpose the white corpuscles subserve no one had been able to surmise.

Metchnikoff turned his microscope on this interesting but mysterious corpuscle, and watched its activities under varying circumstances and conditions. And he was presently able to report that he had detected the leucocytes in the act of devouring all manner of foreign particles that chanced to come into their neighborhood as they floated about in the blood stream. These foreign particles included, among other things, the organisms called bacteria. These tiny but highly important particles were seen to be taken into the bodies of the leucocytes and presently dissolved or digested. Moreover, even though the bacteria were disease-engendering species, they seemed to produce no ill effect upon the leucocytes.

Thus it appeared that at least one function of the white blood corpuscle is to act as a scavenger in the blood—a sort of department-of-health officer keeping guard over the hygienic conditions of the