

which are filled with this impure air, which poisons our blood. Fortunately, some of this poison is able to get out through our mouths in the breath and through our skins in sweat. You know on a summer's day, when you have run or walked quickly, how the water runs down your face and you feel wet all over. Now, this sweat contains some of the same gas that comes out of your mouth. It is deadly poison. Even during the winter, when our hands feel quite cold, there is a great deal of this steam coming out of our skin. It is called invisible perspiration or sweat, because you cannot see it. When it runs down your face, it is called visible perspiration, because you can see it. I think you will be astonished when I tell you that in winter as well as summer, if we are in health, more than two pints of perspiration ought to come out daily through our skin. There are thousands and thousands of little holes in our skin, smaller than the point of a needle. Each of these little holes leads into a little pipe of twisted skin, like this model of a sweat gland, made of glass, which I hold in my hand. It is through these little pipes that the sweat is carried and runs out through the little holes in the skin. It is said that if all these little pipes of flesh, called sweat glands, which are in one person could be pulled out straight, and fastened together, they would reach a distance of twenty-eight miles. Now, supposing that all these thousands and thousands of little glands were shut up, so that the two pints and more of sweat could not get out, what do you think would happen? Why, you would die, as the following story will prove.

A long while ago, in Rome, there was a grand feast or festival. People were drawn about in carriages ornamented with flowers. Somebody thought that one of these carriages would look most beautiful if a little boy, dressed like an angel, could be placed in the middle of it. They covered the whole of his body with gold, and fastened on to his shoulders a pair of gold wings. The little fellow was considered to look very lovely. When his mother went to see how the little angel looked next morning asleep in bed, she found he was dead. The gold had completely closed all the pores, or little holes, in his skin, and therefore he had