

set when they start to grow in our bodies. But we don't need to worry much about them if we are well. They don't like healthy bodies, and all of us have in our blood a standing army, which, so long as it is kept in fighting trim, makes things very lively for any bacteria that try to do us harm. These soldiers are the white corpuscles. When any disease-producing bacteria enter the blood these corpuscles set upon them and try to eat them up, or else surround them so closely that they cannot eat or breathe. But if the soldiers are not feeling well the invaders grow and multiply, and in so doing give off a poison that kills the defenders. The moral of this story is that we ought always to keep our standing army ready for duty.

But, after all, the number of bacteria that like to live in the bodies of animals is very small. Most of them prefer a different kind of soil. Their office in nature is to tear to pieces dead organic matter, by which we mean the bodies of plants and animals, and return the materials to the earth, so that it can be used again for new plants and animals. If it were not for this arrangement the material would soon be used up and life would come to an end. When the leaves of the forest decay and turn to earth again it is because the bacteria have torn them to pieces. When fish or flesh or fruit or vegetables decay it is for the same reason, and it is not the fault of the bacteria that they sometimes produce some very bad smelling gases when they are at work. Nature intended them to do most of this work underground, where the gases wouldn't bother anybody, and we human creatures, who think we are so wise, ought to have sense enough to give our friends, the good fairies of the invisible world, proper places to work in.

The Other Side.

Perhaps the weather had something to do with it; doubtless physical exhaustion, although Christine did not recognize it as such, had more. All that she knew was that it was that it was one of those days when all one's spiritual defenses seem to collapse suddenly.

The fact was Christine was homesick, body and soul, for the big, shabby, cheerful house and all the happy, noisy brood it held; for the scent of spring apples in the orchard and the sound of little insect voices down in its long grass; for the old street, dappled with sunlight and shadow, and the faces of neighbors whom she had known all her life; even for old Miss Bartlett's disreputable cat Josephus.

Nellie Jacobs, next her in the cashier's cage, looked at her with amused eyes.

'You're in a blue funk, all right,' she declared.

'I am,' Christine replied, gravely.

'Hard up?' Nellie asked, curiously.

Christine turned upon her fiercely. "'Hard up!'" she retorted, scornfully. 'As if I fuss about that! I'm dead homesick, that's all. I loathe everything here—the crowds and the boarding-house and this cage—everything. And I've got to stay for four years.'

'Why?' Nellie asked. Reserve was an unknown quantity to Nellie.

'To help Jack through college,' Christine replied through set teeth, 'that's why. You needn't think he wants it so,' she added quickly. 'He hates it, and is working himself half to death; but he had to go—it would have been wicked not to, with his ability. And he's going to help Phil and Dora; they're all students.' Christine had forgotten her blues for the moment. When Nellie spoke again she was startled at the change in her voice.

'How many of you are there?' Nellie asked.

'Eight,' Christine answered, her face softening.

Nellie turned about upon her passionately. 'Eight—like "that"! I have a father and a brother, and they both drink, and don't care a straw whether I am dead or alive. And you're whining because you're homesick. Did you ever think of the people who would give their lives almost to have somebody to be homesick "for"?''

Three carriers came sliding up. The girls made change rapidly. Down below in the great store the crowds eddied about the bargain-tables. But Christine's 'blue funk' at her own trifling woes had disappeared. She was almost awe-stricken by the tragedy of her companion's life.—'Youth's Companion.'

Animals of the Bible.

The Lion ('Felis leo').

(The Rev. Theodore Johnson, in 'Sunday Reading'.)

Look at this noble lion as he stands erect and watchful waiting for his prey. Is he not rightly called the 'King of the Forest?' All other animals appear to be of little importance before him. His roar resembles the rolling of distant thunder. Fearless and stately, he reigns over all the animals as their king and chief. By his side is lying his handsome mate. Her broad chest and strongly built body prove how great and powerful she is when attacking an enemy. Both seem to

which it generally takes by a mighty spring of from fifteen to thirty feet, while it gives forth a tremendous roar of triumph.

Nothing can be more dreadful to see than an angry lion, and yet this noble animal may be easily tamed. Stories have been often told of its affection and submissive attachment to men who may have befriended it in a time of trouble. You may remember the poor slave Androclus who pulled the thorn out of a lion's foot and was afterwards delivered to be slain to the same animal, when, instead of devouring him, the generous and affectionate beast fawned upon him as a playful kitten: thus showing his gratitude for the kind act of Androclus in the past.

The Bible tells us many things of the lion. It was the symbol of strength and power



THE LION AND LIONESS.

be on the alert for the approach of either man or beast, while the brave husband stands ready to defend his partner, the lioness, from the coming foe.

The lion is found in both Asia and Africa, although there is a considerable difference between the two species. It is seldom met with in Palestine, but in the neighboring districts it is well known. It is mentioned in nearly every book of the Bible under several different names, which describe its habits, appearance, age, and strength.

A full grown lion measures from ten to twelve feet from the nose to the tail; the lioness is considerably smaller, and she does not possess the beautiful shaggy mane of rich brown hair which adorns the neck, shoulders, and breast of the male animal. The tail of the lion is tufted, and when the animal is angry it lashes it with great force. The head is well marked, and the face may be described as majestic and self-composed.

One blow from its uplifted paw is sufficient to break the back of a cow or large deer. It generally prowls about during the night and sleeps in its lair throughout the day. Towards evening it seeks some spot near a river where it can lie in concealment for its prey,

among Eastern kings. Solomon's great throne of ivory was supported by fourteen lions (II. Kings, x., 19, 20), and this symbol was used in the architecture of the Temple and his palaces. The ancient Egyptians worshipped the lion as the god of strength. Jacob when blessing his son Judah compared him to a lion, so this became the sign of his kingly tribe hereafter. St. Mark the Evangelist is represented as a winged lion, and our Blessed Lord was named 'the Lion of Judah' (Rev. v., 5) because He prevailed to open the Book of Life. Again, the lion is often used in Scripture to represent the power of Satan, whom St. Peter describes as 'a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour' (I. Pet. v., 8).

David while a shepherd boy slew a lion and a bear that came to carry off his flock (I. Sam. xvii., 3, 4). The disobedient prophet was slain by a lion in the way, and we read in II. Kings, xvii., 25, about whole towns being attacked by lions sent by the Lord to devour the wicked persons who dwelt in them. Samson slew a lion on his journey to Timnath, and Daniel was cast into a den of lions because he would not obey the wicked order of the counsellors of King Darius and give