

but still the Lion did not move, and the Spaniel, being, I suppose, very hungry, and growing at last very brave, crept up to the dish and began to make a hearty meal. When the Lion saw this he came slowly forward, but so gently that the little dog did not seem at all afraid, and bending down to the same dish, they finished their meal very lovingly together.

From this time the keeper said they had become the greatest friends. The Lion seemed well to know that he had power to protect and guard his little favourite, and the Spaniel knew he had the power and the will too, and loved and trusted him so much, that he would lie down to sleep within the fangs, and under the jaws of his terrible friend.