

SHE DREAMT SHE DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.

"And oh! Mother, I felt so sorry for little Johnnie Perkins and Willie White this afternoon, for it was awfully cold and stormy, and they had such a long walk all the way from school to where they live at Invermere, that I really couldn't help it. Don't you think, Mother, there might be a bed somewhere in the school house, where little boys like that could sleep on stormy nights?" "I don't know dear, where there could be room for such a bed, or whether the little boys would care to use it if there was one," said the Mother, as she tucked little Brenda into her warm nest. "Indeed, Mother, I think they would. There would be lots of room for it in the Museum Room. It's a nice cosy place with all the birds and things, and I believe I'll speak to Miss Bryce about it, for she is sorry for the little boys too. Now, Mother, you can read to me, please, till I go to sleep. Don't stop because you see my eyes shut, I like to shut them and think about what you read. You can go right through the book from "Little Tom Tucker" to the "House that Jack Built," and don't stop because my eyes are shut, but speak to me, and if I don't answer, you'll know I am asleep. Good night, Mother dear." So Mother read on, and hadn't gone very far—had only got, in fact, through "Little Tom Tucker," and the owl that lived in an oak, "whisky, waskey weedle," when the regular breathing of the unresponsive child told that she had ceased to have any waking thoughts about anything whatever. Now it ought to be told, right here, that Brenda's school really had a "Museum Room," in which all sorts and conditions of curiosities were gathered from all sorts of places, and by

all sorts of people, and were put under the special care of Janitor Brown, who wouldn't have slept in his bed that night, if he could have seen and heard as Brenda did, the strange sights and sounds which met her eyes and filled her ears. Johnnie Perkins and Willie White were in a funny little trundle bed, under a great case, on which was a label printed in large letters with the words "ORDER ANSERES." There were a dozen well mounted birds inside, with various hard looking words on tickets attached to wing and foot, of which Johnnie and Willie and other small boys, who tried to pronounce them, simply made "ducks and drakes." When Brenda stepped in the little boys woke up, and didn't seem a bit surprised to see her, and simply said "Hello," after the approved manner of all boys and telephone girls. "You've had a good sleep," said Brenda. "Sleep, nothin'!" said Willie, "but Jack has been asleep for ever so long." "No sreee," said Johnnie, "at least, I wasn't for morn'a minit, but you was, and you snored awful." Just then Brenda discovered little Katie Bell, who always sat beside her in school, curled up in front of the great treasure of the collection, a fine brown bear, shot within the limits of the County, and which a clever boy in the school, who knew something about everything, but who unfortunately didn't know everything about something, had named "Ephriam," probably for the reason that it wasn't a "grizzly." Katie's curls rested upon one of bruin's paws, and her arm was thrown affectionately around his nose. Before Brenda had time to see whether Katie was asleep or awake, she heard some one behind her say, "How do you do?" and turning round quickly, beheld an animal she had never seen before, and