other; and a husband who would love me as my father loved my mother—and always a dear little boy of my own. You see, some of my Dream came true." The boy laughed.

"Yes—and I dreamed that I should travel through strange countries. That came true, too. But I often dreamed afterward that I should go again and take my little boy with me. In the Dream it was very nice to see how pleased he was with the funny birds and animals and the

queerly dressed children over there."

The boy laughed again—this time half-sadly. "But that part never came true," he said.

"No," she rejoined with a sigh, "and it probably never will come true now, for since your dear father died we have been too poor."

"But I can have that for part of my Dream," he said eagerly.

"Yes, and if you have a Dream like that to turn into a reality, you will work all the harder and better. Let us imagine a beautiful Dream for you."

There was silence. The boy seemed intensely interested.

"I will dream that I shall be a great engineer—like Harold's father," he broke out at last. "I will lay out great railroads, and survey for cities and reservoirs—and be the best in the town—maybe in the state—maybe, anywhere."

"You might as well try," laughed his mother. "But don't be discouraged if you have to work hard and if you make some mistakes, and in the end are not as successful as you meant to be. Just do the best you can."

"Oh, of course," he said comfortably. "And soon I shall have some money laid up; then I must have a home of my own."

"I am so glad you thought of that!" cried his mother. "That is really the best of all—but I did not think you would realize it. A home of your own, with a sweet wife and children—surely a dear little boy like mine," kissing his forehead lovingly, "and people liking you and respecting you and coming to ask your advice, just as they used to ask your father's."

He laughed a little scornfully. That did not appeal to him.

"And you a very strong man," she added, "very well—never sick—never doing anything to hurt your health."

"Yes—very strong," he echoed. "I can jump further now and throw the hammer further than Harold or Frank."

"That is all very well, but," she reminded him, "you remember that I read you how too much of what they call 'athletics' often unfits a man for practical life. Don't go into it too hard."

"Oh no, I won't," he answered with the impatient confidence of the young and ignorant.

"And what kind of a home shall we dream for you?" she asked thoughtfully? "Shall it be a large mansion, with turrets on it, and with grand terraces in front? Or shall it be a plain house, with just a bay window like ours?—and, of course, a large yard!"

"Yes, a very large yard, with fine trees and flowers. I am not sure about the house, but there must be lots of yard—enough for a tennis court and one field on purpose for baseball, and I rather think, for golf."

"Perhaps one yard might be very trim and smooth, and another rough and wild, like ours," she suggested.

"I think all rough and wild," he corrected.

"Oh well, you can dream it any way you like—and ever so many different ways. That is the pleasure of a dream. And not matter how hard you work—and, of course, you must expect to work hard to get the money to pay for all these things—then in the evening you can always dream your Dream, and pray God to help you to make it true—if it is a right Dream," she added, with a sudden fear that with the years new and lower ideals might come to him.

"Of course," he laughed easily and sleepily, "it will always be right and pretty. I like it."

A few weeks later the mother did indeed die. The father had trusted people who had deceived him and had cheated him out of his property. The pleasant home was sold. There was just enough money to pay the debts.

The boy went to live with his father's sister, Aunt Ellen, and her husband, Uncle Silas. They were plain, godly people who tried to take good care of the little orphan, but they did not understand him very well.

One day when he was tired with "raking after" the men who were getting in the hay, he threw himself down to rest under a big maple tree.

"Want a paper to read?" said Uncle Silas kindly.

He tossed the county paper toward the boy, who caught it and said "Thank you," but laid it aside.

"I'd rather think about my Dream," he said.

"Your dream?" repeated Uncle Silas, staring at him with some contempt. "Dreaming's mighty poor business. A boy like you, with nothing but his head and his two hands to depend upon, better not do much dreaming."

The boy turned red, but he said nothing. He saw that Uncle Silas did not understand—and how could he explain?

Years afterward, Uncle Silas and Aunt Ellen, grown old and gray, visited the boy, now a boy no longer, in his own beautiful home. His charming wife and children entertained them with affectionate hospitality. He took them to drive in his own carriage, and they noticed with pride that his neighbours treated him with respect.

When the good old people were ready to leave, Uncle Silas shook the boy's hand warmly.

"I'm proud of you," he said with feeling. "You seem to be doing your part in the church and in the town. You work pretty hard, but you've got something worth working for."

"Yes," said the boy smiling, "I do work pretty hard, as most people have to in these days if they accomplish anything—but I always have my Dream."

"Your dream?" asked the old gentleman in a puzzled way.

"Yes—just the same Dream I use to be dreaming under the maple tree. Part of it has come true, but there is a good deal more to bring to pass yet."

"I—I never had much opinion of dreams," stammered the old man, "but"—

"You see," said the boy, with a grave smile, "one has to know how to dream—and I had a good mother who taught me how, I was a very little boy—but I never forgot it, and it is my Dream which has shaped my life."—The Interior.