

at hearing the sound coming from the direction of the shop the stranger asked what it might be. The woman very quietly made answer: "It is only my husband, who has been making a Gothic cabinet and is firing small shot into it in order to give it the appearance of being worm-eaten and consequently very ancient."

This story may be true or not, but we know such things take place. That on fields where famous battles were once fought the traveller can dig up remains of coins and other such things, and that these objects have merely been placed there by the country people, in order to attract the public toward the place. It is also true that coins are often open to the same objection. But if here and there a few coins may be found, which are not the "real thing," yet the number of coins ancient and modern which are true, *bona fide* relics of the past, is something wonderful. Collection after collection has been made, by states, by cities, by private persons. These coins may be counted by the million, and if they could be all gathered into one grand collection, it would seem to us that the history of the world and of each particular country, from our day back to the days long lost in the mist of antiquity, could be read or studied.

Generally the person who collects these objects is laughed at by the people and considered as one who has little to do. But the person who, like a famous character in one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, can enjoy and profit by such a pastime, is doing both good to himself and the public at large. Every institution wherein education and instruction are given to the young, should be provided with a collection, more or less extensive, of coins and medals. And this collection should not be locked up in a room and guarded from the eyes of man as though it were a heap of gold; but it should be made use of to instruct the students in history,