

could procure, have been faithfully reproduced, and occupy prominent positions in this great hall of art.

Surely, then, we should be imbued with a very keen sense of gratitude for all those who have labored so assiduously for us and for our native land. Surely their work is worthy of our best attention, and failure to duly appreciate it nothing short of criminal.

"A Visit to the Museum" was what I was requested to write about. I have, then, been drifting again. To refer to a particular visit, I might say that it was the first few hours that I spent within its walls that impressed me most. It was not only for the reasons before mentioned that this impression was rendered so lasting; other conditions helped to fix it indelibly on my mind. The awful stillness of the place upon that occasion will never be forgotten, nor is it probable that the excellent exemplification of the good our museum can do, then shown me, will soon fade from my memory.

It was a hot afternoon in early autumn that I decided to drop in and spend a few hours examining what was of interest there. "The drowsy stillness" of the outside air for which I had expected, upon the closing of the door, would be substituted the noisy hum of people passing to and fro, much to my surprise, followed me into the building. For an instant a narrow crack, which extended across the floor and up the walls on either side, and, in fact, could be seen on the ceiling far above, brought to my mind the unfortunate insecurity of the foundation of the main tower of the building, of which I had heard so often. The interest which this aroused being satisfied, the extreme quietness of the place began to make itself felt. Two great totem poles, placed just inside the entrance, seemed to express surprise that I should venture there. However, a guard that leaned up against the wall, and whom a touch summoned out of dreamland, informed me that I could roam at will through the building. Thus encouraged, I continued on my way. The noise of my footsteps and its prolonged echo through the high halls, in the course of time became very monotonous. Their constant repetition made me nervous, so much so, indeed, that in the hall of fossil vertebrates I almost trembled lest such outrageous noise should arouse the bony monsters there. I pictured to myself the angry approach of the titanotherium, or that of the mighty trachodon in all its shinny length, and shuddered. When arrived at the second floor I examined, quite fearlessly, the ornithological exhibit and the many things of interest in the Hall of Canadian Anthropology, but I tiptoed past the mouth of a fierce-looking wolf, and carefully avoided a great black bear in the corner of a room that seemed,