We walked straight into the forecourt of the Museum, where except that the railings were gone, and the whispering bought of the trees had been replaced by the hum of voices about the building and clinging to the ornaments of the pediment as I had seen them of old.

Dick seemed a little absent, but he could not forbear giving me an architectural note, and said:

"It is rather an ugly old building, isn't it? Many people have wanted to pull it down and rebuild it; and perhaps if work does really go on, we may be able to do that. But so far, as I know, you will not be quite a straightforward job; for there are wonderful collections in there of all kinds of antiquities, besides an enormous library of books with many exceedingly beautiful ones as genuine records of texts; and the worry and anxiety, and even risk, there would be in moving all this has saved the buildings themselves. Besides, as we said before, it is not a bad thing to have a few good kids in a handsome building. For there is plenty of labour and material in it."

"I see there is," said I, "and I quite agree with you. But now—how are we to get into the old building, I wonder?"

"I don't know, but I think we should have a ticket." In fact, I could not help seeing that he was rather dallying with the time. He said, "Yes, we will go into the house in a minute. My kinsman is too old to do much work in the Museum, where he was a custodian of the books for many years; but since he is a very good old fellow deal; indeed I think," he said, smiling, "that he looks upon himself as part of the books, or the books a part of him, I don't know which."

But the question was, how to get in. As we stood for a few minutes, Dick said, and saying "Come along, then!" led me toward the door of one of the old official dwellings.

WILLIAM MORRIS.