

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

About Dreams.

Every reader of these pages, however young, has been in "Dreamland" at some time, and may have some amusing remembrances of what was seen there. Dr. Friederich Schöly, who has written a book on "Sleep and Dreams," has this bit of interesting information, which may be well worth reading and considering:

"Dreams seem to demonstrate that nothing which we have once mentally possessed can be entirely lost. For memories which, when awake, we are unable to recall, try as we may, will come vividly to us in dreams. There is a well authenticated instance of a girl who, during an attack of febrile delirium, spoke in a language that no one about her could understand, and it was finally discovered to be Welsh. The patient both before and after her illness knew not a single word of the language. No one could explain the matter until finally it was found that she had been born in Wales, and as a child had learned the language but afterwards entirely forgot it.

"Persons and things which we have long forgotten appear to us in dreams. A gentleman after an absence from his home of 25 years, determined to revisit it, and seek out the old friends of his father. On the night previous to his journey he dreamed of a particular spot near his old home which he never remembered to have seen, and of an unknown man who introduced himself as a friend of his father. On arriving at the place, what was his astonishment to find the very place and the very man of which he had dreamed, only the features of the latter were more aged. Here appeared again old pictures of memory which were buried so deep, and had little connection with the thoughts and scenes that had intervened, that were no longer recognized as memories.

"We have heard that one dreams nothing that he has not experienced. One also dreams nothing that he has not thought. In some form or other whatever the dream must at some time have been in the possession of our waking consciousness, or must in its origin have already slumbered there. The innocent maiden cannot dream as does a woman deep in the vice of the world nor the philanthropist as the cynic, and when it is said: 'The criminal in dreams commits crimes,' it is just as true before the deed as after it. But certainly after the crime! Richard III., according to the great dramatist, saw the procession of his murdered victims pass before his dreaming eyes.

"History and officers of justice tell of such dreams. King Henry II., of France, attended the burning of a heretic where the unhappy victim was drawn up and down in iron chains above a slow fire. The man in torture cast a look of agony at the window where the King sat. The King turned away in horror, but in dreams the poor victim appeared to him with the same look of agonizing appeal upon his face. Whereupon the King vowed never again to be present at an auto-da-fé. It had been better had he vowed never to allow another. His son, too, Charles IX., the King of the St. Bartholemew night, who took part not only in the murders but in the indignities offered the corpses, was followed by dreams which left him no rest, even by day. These monarchs had consciences, for they felt remorse, and that is their only redeeming trait. Real criminals, who sin not from passion but from promptings of their criminal nature, are seldom troubled by bad dreams.

"In dreams is truth; in dreams we learn to know ourselves as we are in spite of all the disguises we wear to the world. We are, therefore, in a high sense responsible for our dreams, at least for those where we speak and act, since we can only act and speak in dreams according to our true character, as Schopenhauer has already shown. The honorable man cannot commit a crime in dreams, or if he does he is horrified over it as something contrary to his nature. The Roman Emperor, who put a man to death who had dreamed that he had assassinated the ruler, was justified in so doing if he reasoned that the thoughts one has in dreams, he has, too, when awake. The common expression, 'I wouldn't dream of such a thing' has a doubly correct significance when it refers to something which can have no lodgment in our hearts or minds.

"Outward impressions on the senses, inner mental excitation, and the pictures of memory frequently combine and thus produce the most complicated, vivid dream fantasies. Following the law of the association of ideas new ones are evolved. By this law, as all know from their own experience, one thought or idea brings forward a whole series of others, related to each other by similarity of object, of sound, of words representing them, or in the relation of cause and effect. Or, on the other hand, ideas are evolved under this law through contrast. The sight of a rose makes us think of its perfume, a hen reminds us of eggs, the sight of a beloved friend conjures up the thought of his loss. The literature of dreams is full of examples of this association of ideas in dreams. Those relating to the loosest and most superficial connection, namely, that of

similarity of sound of words are especially curious.

"Thus a person dreamed of walking along a road in France, and seeing the distances marked on stones along the roadside in kilometers, he then saw a man carrying weights of a kilo, who said to him, 'You are not in Paris, but on the Island Gilo.' This was followed by scenes in which the flower lobelia and General Lopex played parts, and he finally awoke by playing a game of Lotto. How often it happens that in dreams a beloved friend changes into an enemy, that figures of health and energy become stark and death-like, that discovered treasure changes suddenly into dust."

Glass Bricks.

Glass and paper are all the time coming into more general use and for dozens of purposes not even guessed at a few years ago. The latest novelty is the manufacture of bricks, for building purposes, of glass. Some day we may see some of our finest Canadian residences built with glass walls and finished inside with doors and decorations of paper. An exchange says:

"Experiments with glass building bricks were begun in 1891 by M. Falcantier, an architect of Lyons. These bricks are hollow, being blown like bottles, and are given form—such as cubes, hexagons, etc.—that permit of ready laying. A bituminous cement, with a base of asphalt, is used with them. The bricks serve as double windows, giving protection against both cold and heat; they are good insulators of humidity and noise; and they lend themselves readily to the decoration of buildings either by their form or their color. Many applications are foreseen. The bricks are neater than marble in meat markets, and are especially adapted for bath halls, hot-houses, hospitals, refrigerating establishments, and buildings in which absence of windows would be an advantage. A hot-house of glass bricks is of about ordinary cost, saves fuel and resists hail.

Literature of Finland.

Very few of the young people of Canada know much about Finland, one of the most northerly and coldest of well inhabited countries. The following information, from a leading American journal, in regard to the literature of that isolated people is well worth reading. How wonderfully different is the literature of our own beloved country!

The literatures of frigid climates are seldom ardently joyous in tone. It seems as though the buoyancy of such nations exhausts itself in the continual struggle with niggardly nature and the implacable elements. Exuberant gaiety is not common among them; they possess few of the graces, but most of the sturdy virtues. They have faith where the tropical races have fatalism; their patriotism is not an effervescent emotion, but a steady factor in their lives; and their strength of will is developed in their ever-renewed contest with the stubborn earth. Home, so necessary as a shelter, becomes a dear and sacred place, and the hearth-fire shines like a beacon to guide the footsteps of those who wander afar.

In the literature of Finland, that Russian possession which, as Sophus Tromholt says, "splits the Scandinavian twin-kingdom asunder" like a wedge, these characteristics are strongly marked. R. Nisbet Bain, who has recently given to the English speaking public an admirable translation of some of Juhani Aho's tales, says that 30 years ago the Finnish novel was still unborn—yet, "from the very first hour of its birth, it displayed an astonishing vitality." Though Finnish became a written language only two centuries ago, it has now its dictionary and grammar, its journals, poets, fabulists and historians, and even its theater.

Alfred Bougeault seems to believe that this rapid intellectual development may be ascribed to the Russian domination; but the truth is, the ground was already prepared and fertilized for such a growth. The Finns must always have had the literary instinct; for it is claimed that they began to collect and preserve their folk lore earlier than any other European nation. The zeal and perseverance with which certain of the distinguished scholars of the country entered upon this work, at a later date, is also noteworthy. Porthan, the founder of the Society of Finnophiles, began in 1776 to gather together tunes and national songs; and his labor were carried to completion by the worthy successors.

It was Dr. Zachariæ Topelius who first assembled, under a central idea, the epical fragments of what is now as the "Kalevala." Not discouraged even by the spinal disease which held him prostrate, he summoned to his bedside the itinerant Finnish merchants, and induced them to sing their lays to him. Lonnrot, who completed the untaking thus begun, displayed an equal ardor in research. Sitting by the ingle-nook with the old folks, rowing upon the lakes with the fishermen, following the shepherds as they drove their flocks afield, he gradually made their traditional chants his own, and gathered a rich store of legendary lore. No nation need desire a more prom-

ising starting point for its literature than the "Kalevala," that "work of an entire people," which Steinhilf placed beside the "Iliad," the "Nibelungen Lied," and the "Roland Songs." Max Müller declared it to be no less beautiful than the "Iliad," but when we compare the huge and often grotesque figures that move through the land of heroes, with the gracious Hellenic myths, we can agree cordially with Müller when he adds, "A Finn is not a Greek, and Wainamoinen was not a Homer."

Some commentators maintain that the "Kalevala" typifies the eternal strife between good and evil, light and darkness. If we adopt Bougeault's theory as to its symbolical meaning, we must allow to a primitive people an extraordinary reverence and enthusiasm for knowledge. The French critic asserts that the aim of the poem, throughout, is to celebrate "the power, the glorification, the triumph of knowledge and poetry," and that Wainamoinen is great and puissant only because "he knows."

Knew Too Much.

"I dunno but there be some minds strong enough to stand learnin' without goin' all to pieces, but they are scarce, seems ef." Jason Strout sat upon a woodpile near the gate over which his neighbor leaned lazily. Mrs. Strout stopped weeding her geraniums long enough to look up and inquire if Jason felt the strain on his mind any. He made no reply, but nodded to his neighbor, as much as to say that women couldn't help saying such things and it was a man's duty, of course, to overlook it.

"We boarded the school teacher one spring," continued Jason, soberly. He was a slim, peaked kind of a chap—quite an eater, howsoever—and he had a meek kind of manner. Seemed 'ef his bulk o' learnin' no' weight of education didn't fit him no better than a saddle would a cow. Seemed as ef he was always tryin' to lighten the load by shiftin' the surplus on to me. Now a generous man—"

"Which is Jason Strout, and there he sets," observed Mrs. Strout slyly.

Jason nodded again in patient condescension. "A generous man will stand considerable. At first, I'll allow, it was too 'ble interestin'." Some of the words was rather mystifyin', but he didn't mind 'em. He'd pack 'em in solid till he lost the sense, an' thought he hed; but stars! he'd soar out of the mess like a sparrer under a thicket.

"He grew kind of tedious when he begun to describe the process of eatin' so minute. I got so I couldn't take a swaller with any comfort, fur I'd find myself tracin' its way through all them big words he'd named."

"Then he hed one of them magnifyin' things, an' discovered there was a considerable number of fish in the spring water. I wouldn't believe it at first, till I saw 'em divin' this way an' that. I used to think it was the purest water in this destrict, but I shut my eyes when I am obleeged to drink it now."

"He started another hue an' cry about the vinegar. Certain it did have wiggles in it. I hed Mary throw out the whole jugful, but the next lot was just the same."

"He fixed up a sort of labradory outer the shedroom, an' then he analyzed things. I guess he found pretty much everything pure. The flour was alive, the cream tartar hed alum in it, an' so on, till there wa'n't no pleasure in eatin'."

"Well, at last I told him I guessed he'd better go down to Captain Si's an' board a spell, an' see what corruption hed find them guilty of."

"Did he take offense, think?" asked the listener, who regarded a school teacher as a character above reproach, and not one to be dealt with lightly.

"I never heard," said Jason. I hedn't time to speculate. I were too busy forgettin' what I'd larnt an' coxin' up an appetite."

Bedtime Stories.

"I wish I were able to write all the go-to-sleep stories that are told to the little folks all over the land every night," said a tender-hearted mother the other day. "It makes me positively sad to think of the small brains that are filled with distorted images, hobgoblins, ogres, giants and the like, just as reason is losing its hold upon them for several hours."

"I don't think mothers realize what an influence upon a child's life, and even upon its life after it has ceased to be a child, is exerted by this apparently trifling matter of how it goes to sleep."

"Every night when I watch my little daughter working off the big thoughts that sweep over her brain as her tired body begins to relax, while her mentality seems to be briefly and proportionately stimulated, I tremble to think of the harm that could be done to her or any child—for Mabel is not an abnormal child in any way—by an ignorant nurse or thoughtless parent."

"The fact that every normal child cries out for a bedtime story shows that its mental nature needs it just as its physical nature craves sweets. You want to give your child pure candy, so give him the undiluted story."

"Leave out the fearful personalities, the grim and gigantic figures—these, even if they are properly vanquished by the gallant hero, are too distinct for the cribside tale."

"Sit down by your little one's bed and speak low and evenly. Weave a

fanciful but quiet story that tells of pretty stories and birds and flowers and droning bees, and loving little boys and girls—those who sleep to the weary but little active brain, not with the suffocating pressure of the gathering storm lit with lurid flashes, but with the soft clouds of the sunset horizon that change from rosy pink to tender enveloping gray, and gradually deepen into restful gloom."—[New York Times.]

The British Museum.

Nearly every scrap of paper in regard to the great British Museum in London is of interest and value to all young people of Canada. Nearly every country in the world has been ransacked for curious and interesting things for that great depository of information and curiosities. Some day Canada may have something akin to it. "The Million," an English journal, has the following:

The British Museum has often been called the finest study in the world—and it well deserves the name. There is no place where the student can so easily and comfortably avail himself of the world's best literature. He sits down at a well-furnished writing desk, and, without saying a word, summons tomes and treasures from the vast stores of books with which the institution is filled.

The temple of the intellect is a large circular room, lined from floor to roof with books. The central space is filled with desks for the accommodation of readers, and shelves, on which the catalogues of the museum are placed. On entering this room the student is entitled to take possession of any vacant seat he may find except the two rows of seats allotted to ladies. The seats radiate from the center of the room in double rows. A comfortable, stuff-bottomed chair, a hat rack, and foot-bars are provided for each reader, together with two pens, an ink bottle and wiper. On the thick, patent-leather covered desk is a blotting book, and close at hand a paper knife.

On his right hand a shelf falls down for the purpose of holding his surplus volumes, and on his left an ingenious bookholder opens up at an angle most convenient to his posture in the chair. The floor of the room is carpeted with noiseless material, and as conversation is not allowed, it would be difficult to study under more favorable conditions. When the student requires a new book, he consults the catalogue, writes the name of the book required, deposits the slip in a basket, and resumes his seat. Ten or fifteen minutes afterward an attendant places the book on his desk.

And what a vast store of books are at his disposal! People often ask how many books there are in the British Museum, but nobody seems to know. In fact, there are so many that it is impossible to count them. Some years ago it was estimated that there were 2,000,000 books there. Since that estimate was made the number has considerably increased.

Under the Copyright Act publishers are bound to send to the museum every book, pamphlet, periodical or newspaper that is offered for sale in the British Isles. Every week an enormous shoal of literature is poured into the vaults of the museum, and, strange to say, it never comes out again. Books good and bad, newspapers worthy and worthless, pamphlets poor and paltry, all hurry along in a ceaseless stream to the museum, to be most religiously preserved in its cavernous depths.

In addition a large number of books are added each year. Parliament grants a sum of money each year for the purchase of desirable books that are not already in stock. Then, extensive gifts of books are often made by enterprising collectors. The Grenville library, containing upward of 20,000 volumes, is a notable example. It was built up by the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, and consisted chiefly of the rarest examples of binding which money could buy.

The magnificent library of George III. is another instance of the way in which the museum library has been stocked by generous donors. The library contains upward of 65,000 volumes and 8,000 pamphlets, and is placed in a fine gallery known as the King's Library.

The catalogue of this stupendous library is a colossal affair. It is a library in itself. Until its contents were compressed by printing the catalogue consisted of 2,200 folio volumes, each volume seventeen inches by twelve inches in size, and about two inches thick. Altogether the catalogue weighed five tons. The gigantic task of re-editing and printing this manuscript catalogue is now in progress, and it is computed the work will not be completed for five or eight years.

No less than five volumes are filled with the list of books which have been written by the "Smiths" of the world. The word "Bible" is another important heading, occupying no less than 21 volumes. This will give a faint idea of the large collection of Bibles and portions of the Scriptures the museum possesses.

Duties are ours, events are God's. This removes an infinite burden from the shoulders of a miserable, tempted, dying creature. On this condition only can he securely lay down his head and close his eyes.

—CECIL.

Just for Fun.

The man who can pay his debts and won't do it, would steal if sure that he wouldn't get caught.—[Ran's Horn.]

Judge—Can't you and your husband live happily together without fighting? Mrs. Mulcahy—No, yer anner; not happily.

"Do you know much about that horse you bought from the deacon?" "I know more about the deacon than I did."—[Life.]

Wife (reading paper)—I see that the life of a paper dollar is five years. Husband—Not when you get your hands on one, my dear.

Prof. Pottery—The body of the frog, gentlemen, is composed almost wholly of water. Freshleigh—Spring water?

Esther—Did he kiss you? Tena—He hadn't the nerve to do that.

Esther—It would require considerable.

Little boy—The preacher said there is no marryin' in heaven.

Little girl—Of course not. There wouldn't be enough men there to go 'round.

Ada—Why does Clara speak of George as her intended? Are they engaged?

Alice—No; but she intends they shall be.

"Which do you consider the most significant of the old saws?" asked the man who delights in proverbs.

"U-m-m. I couldn't say—unless it is the buzz-saw with which we are directed not to monkey."

"That was an awful mistake. Madge made at the Twigg's reception."

"What was it?"

"She sat and talked for twenty minutes to a cluster of chrysanthemums thinking it was one of the guests."

"How did you enjoy the football game, Mr. Jones?"

"Very much indeed. It was rather rough, however."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; two men lost their cars, one had his nose broken, and I got into a crush of young ladies on the way out and lost my heart."

"What is your line of business?" whispered the editor to a man he was about to introduce to northern capitalists.

"I haul furniture," huskily came the reply.

"Here, gentlemen," continued the editor, "is Mr. Jones, one of the moving spirits of our city."

"I don't know what's the matter with me," said old Mr. Fussy suddenly, after he had eaten six oysters, five smelts, two slices of file, a Roman punch, two platefuls of turkey, with potatoes, spinach, celery, and cranberry sauce. "I'm afraid I'm not well. I had a splendid appetite when I began, but all of a sudden it's gone!"

Crummer—Mrs. Van Blume's supper was an utter failure.

Gilleland—What was the cause?

Crummer—She got so flustered that when giving her guests seats at the table she placed good talkers beside good talkers and good listeners beside good listeners. The talkers wouldn't talk, since they couldn't do it all, and of course the listeners had nothing to say, so the evening passed off in silence.

The following notice is posted in the Pension Office at Washington:

Members of the medical division are forbidden to have their hats or clothing on preparatory to leaving this office before 4 o'clock. Anyone breaking this rule will be charged with a demerit of fifteen minutes.

It is perhaps not strictly our business, but we should think it would be rather uncomfortable for the clerks of the medical division to work all day without any clothing.

"Ever sit down at a table where there were thirteen?" asked the man in the shaggy ulster.

"Once," replied the man with the white spot in his mustache.

"Well, you never observed that any bad luck followed it, did you?"

"Why—haw—yes. Bad luck for most of the thirteen."

"Any of them die?"

"Not that I know of. Never heard of any of them dying."

"Not enough victuals to go around?" queried the man with the snub nose.

"Who's talking about victuals? There wasn't any victuals."

"I thought you said you sat down to a table where there were thirteen persons?"

"That's what I said. The table was in a lawyer's office. It was a meeting of creditors. There were twelve of them. I was the other man."

There was a long pause, and then the man with the baggy trousers inquired:

"In what way did the meeting prove unlucky, if I may ask?"

"None of 'em ever got a blamed cent

out of me," answered the man with the white spot in his mustache, heaving a deep sigh.

Don't Worry!

What good does it do? Sometimes worry comes from a bad liver. Sometimes deep dejection needs an antidote in the shape of another point of view. Here is another point of view: Think that the grass upon thy grave is green;

Think that thou seest thine own empty chair,

The empty garments thou wast wont to wear,

The empty room where long thy haunt hath been;

Think that the lane, the meadow and the wood,

And the mountain summit feel thy feet no more

Nor the loud thoroughfare, nor sounding shore;

All mere blank space where thou thyself hast stood.

Amid this thought-created silence say To thy stripped soul, what am I now and where?

Then turn and face the petty, narrowing care Which has been gnawing thee for many a day,

And it will die as dies a wailing breeze Lost in the solemn roar of bounding seas.

"All the Lord gives us is opportunity; we are to do the rest."—LAWSON VALENTINE.

The Old Religion.

[By Rev. T. D. Talmage, D. D.] Our modern religion has not enough backbone to stand alone. It must lean against the gate of the university or it flops right over. The old religion can stand alone and defiant of all assailment. It made no apologies and it offered no compromise to sin. We need, in order to get back to the old religion, which cannot be improved by human adulteration, to cultivate faith in the supernatural, not the supernaturalism which tries to look through the seance of the spiritualistic trickster into the next world, but the supernatural of Bible times, when iron swam and the foot walked water and the dead wakened at the Christly call.

A man who does not believe in the supernatural is not a Christian and has not learned the first element of the Christian life. How well I remember the scene when in special services a gentleman of large culture, scholastic and critical to the last degree, came to the front seats, and when I asked him if he was desirous of talking about his soul, he said, "By no means, I simply come up here as a matter of domestic courtesy; I wish you would talk with my wife, she is anxious to find the way of salvation." I talked with her on the subject of her soul's welfare, and after awhile the husband beckoned to me and said, "Why there is something supernatural about this." I said, "Of course, it is all supernatural or it is nothing at all." "Why," he said, "my wife was not a Christian an hour ago, now she is a Christian." Sure enough she had by the power of the Holy Ghost, been introduced into the light of the Gospel. I said to him, "Do you not feel some of this supernatural power in your own heart?" "No sir,"

Some ten or fifteen minutes more of the religious service, passed by, and I saw his head bowed. I knew that the supernatural influence had seized upon his soul. After awhile I came to him. He looked up in my face and said, "I have found it too; I have given my heart to the Lord; I cannot tell you what a change there has been in my feelings in regard to Christ and the Christian religion. I am a Christian, I have but one great desire in this matter, and that is to profess faith before the world, if you will receive me." The one great distinctive quality of the Christian religion is that it is supernatural, and all this modern attempt to take the supernatural out of the miracles and the supernatural, out of the life of Christ as a stab straight at the heart of God. Unadulterated Christianity is going to save the world and save it sooner than some of you have any idea.

Bare Feet and Health.

As to the healthfulness of going without shoes and stockings, there can, says the London Hospital, be no question. Some of the healthiest children of the world are to be found in the Scottish Highlands, where shoes are seldom worn at an earlier age than twelve or thirteen. The negro and coolie laborers, who work barefooted, are usually in robust health. Brown, in the "History of Man," tells of an African monarch who suffered from what appeared to have been a cold in his head, besides other ailments, while his people were always as well as possible. Can it be that the reason was that, by the laws of his kingdom, he alone was permitted to clothe his feet, and that he gratified his vanity by always wearing gorgeous sandals? It is probably generalizing too much to state, as a medical fact, that the barefooted races are the healthiest. But it is certain that bare feet are healthier than badly-shod feet. In our English villages children are constantly sent to school in wet weather with holes in shoes. They sit for hours with damp feet, and illnesses are the result. If their parents would send them off barefooted, as is done in Scotland and Ireland, their feet would dry by evaporation in a short time, and it would be found that no harm followed.