

"Glad I see
Thy face and morn returned; for I this night
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
But of offence and trouble which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night."

But not trouble and sorrows alone follow man in his rambles through the mystic regions of dreamland. Unalloyed pleasure and intense ecstasy are felt by the dreamy wanderer in the realm of sleep. And thus man in his wild pursuit of pleasure, has sacked the storehouses of dreamland to minister to his insatiable desire. Solomon says: "God has made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions." Not content with the cheering wine which charms the heart and sets free the fancy to roam at pleasure amid Amaranthine fields or dark Plutonian shades, he turns to the soporific poppy whose narcotic juice brings dreams at pleasure and makes heaven of hell, a hell of Heaven. Nor was he satisfied to find in these his earthly god; but with pipe and weed culled from the sides of Old Virginian hills, he enters dreamland, and with restless nerves soars 'mid the stars or ranges Pluto's realms.

The healthy dreamer scorns to play such tricks on Nature. The beasts of field, the birds of air, the falling rain, the rolling seas, and to a far greater extent, the sea of human life, conjures up before his fancy visions of rare loveliness or unsurpassed deformity. Is his attention called to the heavens stretched out with millions of twinkling worlds, he straightway falls a dreaming of the character and habits of the beings which may inhabit this countless hosts of worlds. Entering the domain of chemistry, the dreamer divides and subdivides the smallest perceivable quantity of matter until the limit of division seems reached, and then his fancy fertile in resources, compares the ultimate unit of matter with the smallest particle which may be seen by unaided vision, as a grain of sand on the pebbly beach with the vast globe on which we live.

We often hear the statement made, in speaking of the character of a man;—he is a mere dreamer, meaning, evidently, that he is fit for nothing practical, no genius of success is going to preside over his life work. And, indeed, the experience of ages regarding dreamers show that very many of the men who are noted for their lofty flights of imagination and vague wanderings in the shadowy mazes of dreamland, are ill-fitted to stand the rude shocks and the jangling turmoil of practical life. Of course we must remember that this rule, like all others, has exceptions, for what poet had a more vivid sense of the realities of life than Shakespeare, and yet his imagination soars to heights unattained by any other English poet, or if we wish other exception we might note Milton, who carried on successfully the duties of a statesman, and yet was able to paint the world of

spirits in language so graphic that we seem to hear the jarring discords of pandemonium, or feel the silence and sensuous delights of that first evening in the Garden of Eden.

The student, who is tied down to the intensely practical side of life, whose mind is so moulded either by nature or environment, that he is unable to look at any study or pursuit in life in any other light than its immediate utility, may be very successful in re-organizing the mass of knowledge left him by men who have pushed forth into the great unknown; but his life work will not be likely to add a particle of new knowledge to the general fund. For to discover new truths, new fields of knowledge must be traversed. And like men searching for diamonds, we must go forth expecting to find true knowledge clad in homely garb and hidden 'neath the vast heaps of surrounding rubbish. Not always can we have our feet firmly established on the solid ground of known truth, when we set out in search after new knowledge. So then, that a place for dreaming exists on the road to lasting and true knowledge, may not, cannot be denied.

Were we to refer to the dreams of our own childhood and recall, how, while stretched on Earth's verdant carpet, we have viewed the fleecy summer clouds floating across the azure vault, thinking all the time they were God's messengers of peace and mercy, or if perchance the heavens lowered and the growling clouds flashed forth the forked lightning, we imagined an offended deity was chiding his erring children. Or as we gazed on the billowy landscape round us, and imagined that the wide extending scene with its undulating hills and valleys, was but the congealed surface of some great limpid ocean which had in past ages floated with unobstructed motion round the globe. When we remember these past visions of our early life, and compare them with some of the (scientific?) theories of the present age, we are struck with the strange similarities between these theories, and the wild hallucinations of our own unlettered brains. And only when we remember that the spirit of science, which broods o'er the primeval ocean of benighted humanity, first reveals in visions and dreams of the night, to her reverent votaries, the great theories which are held as pillars of true knowledge, does our dreams seem clear, and these early and crude exhalations of our untutored minds appear as the vain efforts of the goddess of science to instil into our infantile minds the great truths of scientific knowledge, which we can only see now as through a glass darkly.

If we trace any of the popular sciences of to-day to their earliest beginnings we will find them mingling with the vague speculations of dreamers. Pythagoras, the author of a theory of the motions of the heavenly bodies, almost identical with the one lying at the foundation of the modern science of astronomy, has been styled by a modern scientist,