

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



"You're off your head," he said with a sneer, "or you're trying to see how far I'll put up with the injustice of the last 'other woman' you talk up, who was never able to have got your wits. Do you, my wife, and shall do what I want you to do, not what other people do."

"You forget, then, that you're a young man," said the speaker, some more of her lesson.

"Child or no more, I feel that your plans about this house concern me, and I don't intend to let you know the good you get from them," said Mark sternly.

"I'll go on as I like," answered Sue, feeling sure there was at least one listener outside, and wishing to show she was not without "pluck."

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"I'll not see her again," he said, and he would have sent her off in a moment, had he not been so much angry, and so much disappointed.

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"Can you tell me where I should be likely to find him?" she asked plaintively.

"Will be, and a note went for a run on the river a couple of hours ago, and its about time for them to be back."

"Thank you, then," and she turned away; afraid not that almost choked; her feeling in her throat distressed at the thought of Mark driven by her to find comfort in a tavern, and enjoyment in the company of women. Would he ever care for her again and be content to spend his evenings at home, or in strolling out for air and exercise, satisfied with her companionship only, and proof of his wife on his arm?

She turned her steps homeward, feeling weak and staggering from anxiety and long waiting, and said:

On entering the street door she heard a voice in the front room say, "Speak softly, his poor wife is upstairs, and the house is still, the night's here yet."

"I was standing on the embankment watching the boat they was in," said a man in a coarse striped coat that made the words more distinct, "when all of a sudden, I see them right under the bow of a steamer, and before I could move my hand they was struck under the boat 'knocked by the bow' and I was to see them that? So, as I know where Evans lives, I—"

His speech was stopped by a low cry, and the bill of a body in the passage, where they had found lying insensible. They took her upstairs and laid her on a cushion, and every effort of Mrs. Todd failed to restore her to consciousness. "I'm afraid that man had brought the ill news of Mark's love, to a doctor."

The doctor came, and with him entered Mark. The boat he had been in was seen, but both he and his mate had caught bill of disease that had long from the steamer, and had so saved their lives by swimming about her.

When Sue came back to consciousness, Mark was the first to speak, and he said, "I'm glad you weren't injured, Mark; you won't be angry with me now," she murmured, smiling.

"I believe she thinks you're both dead," said Mrs. Todd, wiping away tears that filled her eyes. Mark had to go to his room, and death hovered that whole night, and the next day, Mrs. Todd, and when morning showed the second day, the doctor was over, Mark lived by the chair in which Sue always sat, and asked her any woman in relief and joy.

"I'll just get up a little to stretch my limbs," said Mark's mother, who had been Sue's faithful nurse for sixteen days.

The sun was over, and everything cleared up, and the fog had passed, with pillows, looking pale and wasted as the sick, and he preferred to be up again.

"Now, don't you let her talk, Mark; she's still too weak to start herself," said his mother on going out.

"All right, now, I'll take care of her," and as the doctor stood looking in, he took Sue on his arms, and carried her with his arms, and proved his love tenderly in his life, till he felt her wet with his falling tears.

"I don't think you'll be a roughy child, if I mean you, and will never leave me again," he said, saying how little, talking as he would to his wife, where you had been, and he was glad to see her.

Mark, when I think of all this trouble and worry, and how I have caused you, I wonder how you can be so good to me."

"And when I think of all the suffering you have brought upon you, too, I have myself, and only because you don't take no care, that I have, when I think of all this trouble and worry, and how I have caused you, I wonder how you can be so good to me."

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have thought of it but for those women." I must get you out of this as soon as you see well."

"You needn't trouble yourself about them, Mark dear. I've settled them already, and I shouldn't like to leave home. It is our first home, Mark, and the rooms are nice, and so near your work. Don't be doubtful of me, Mark. Let me live on here, and I'll show you I'll never be so foolish again as to mind what any one says or thinks but you."

He had never had the chance of a word in private with her till now, when he would not give her by sitting her all the best of his thoughts on that sweet (al day; how full his heart had been of resentment and vindictiveness against her, when he had felt he would not care if he never saw her again. It was only when turning in the boat he was rousing so restlessly, and seeing death so near in the shape of a steathead heaving down upon him, that loving thoughts of Sue, and the utterly desolate state in which his death would leave her, gave him strength almost superhuman to spring and catch hold of the dangling chain of the steathead before the shock came. That would have thrown him into the river and into the jaws of certain death.

When on deck of the boat he sat down to recover his breath he saw at once, as in a glass, how it had all happened.

"It's all the work of those women," he thought, with clenched fists. "What a fool I was not to see it before! They baited and badgered her till she was beside herself, and didn't know what she was saying. As I'm a living man, not another day will I leave her in that house! And he had hurried home on leading to that poor, feeble pale and invariable on her bed."

"And yet I never blame you, Mark—ye'll never tell me I killed it!" Sue asked pitiously.

"My dear, how could I blame you when it was all my fault," he answered, looking far above to his heaven. "I have thought of it often and often in those last days," he added in a subdued voice, "and it seems to me now that we were too instrumented to have such a private charge sent us. Perhaps we shouldn't have acted and been worthy of one, rightly by it. In another year or so, Sue dear, we may be wiser and better, and more worthy of one, when it will be sent to us."

And Mark's eyes glowed with tears as he spoke.

"Please God!" answered Sue reverently, with folded hands.

And so we leave them, banished in spirit, but very happy, and strong in their renewed faith in our saviour.

ANN BOON.

HAPPINESS.—Wealth, station, applause, luxury, so often sought, are not necessary to happiness; they often minister to it, but it is not therein without them. Health is more essential, though there are some happy invalids. A moderate supply of the physical comforts of life seems needful, though happiness and poverty have dwelt together. The increase of our faculties in some mental and, if possible, congenial direction is of the utmost importance. Idleness and overwork are both disastrous to happiness; as is vice in all its forms, whether in the glittering pleasure it holds out. Success, the admiration of every right kind, obedience to the voice of conscience and reason, the love and help we give, even more than that we receive, are all ministering influences to happiness.

Thoughts on the Life of Moses.

VI.

"Moses and the Manna."—Kistler xvi.

IN our last paper we considered the story of Israel brought through the Red Sea. A beautiful lesson of grace was sung after words (chap. xv). Israel were saved from all the power of the enemy, and they were to God. Christ came to redeem our souls from a greater enemy. Have we praised Him for it yet? Until we realize and believe in our own part in that great de-

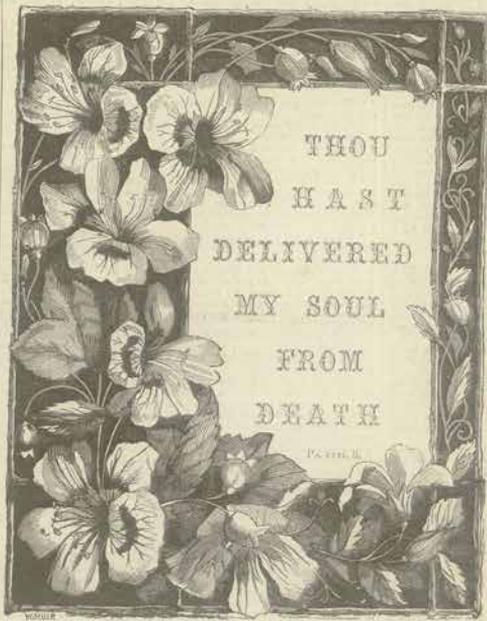
liverance from any earthly bond rather than from God. We do not take God at His word, and that upon it. The belief-fishmongers God, but we cannot trust God too much, if we would please Him. The children of Israel thought they were in the danger in the wilderness of Sin. Was it likely that God would let them die there, when He had brought them out of the land of Egypt with such a display of wonderful power? Why did He bring them out there? Was not that He might bring them in, to their own land of promise, and had He not told them that He would do so? (Ex. vi. 7, 8). And He did it, and that by the way. God very graciously bore with the people. He marked their murmuring. He heard all their unbelief words, and yet He rejoiced that He would "bring them out there." Was not the supply of food was to be nothing of human make; it was to come down from above. The manna fell in the early morning.

It was rained, and white, and sweet. Each was to gather enough for his household, "according to the number of the persons." Some gathered money, and some less; but all had enough.

On the sixth day the Israelites were to gather a double portion, that there might be no gathering on the Sabbath. God would ever care for the Sabbath honoured. He sent a double portion of manna on the sixth day as a reward for His holy day. We see God's will here that we should be kept for Himself. Do we seek to keep the Sabbath for God? There is a special blessing in so doing (Is. lviii. 13, 14). On no other day would the manna have appeared.

Moses gave the command "let no man leave of it until the morning, only he died that it is less worse and stink." Why was this? Probably they depended upon God for work, day's supply. There was a lesson of faith in this. There was no store laid up. It is just our Lord's own lesson, "give us this day our daily bread." Many a poor Christian man and woman living from day to day, knows by experience what a lesson of faith this provides the "daily bread."

He lives to be tried for it. The manna never failed for forty years. During that long period there never came a morning when the people rose up and found no manna. Not till they sat the camp of the land of Canaan did the manna cease (John v. 12). Now what has the manna to say to us? Surely it has very much to say to us, and we are not left in doubt as to what the meaning of the living picture, or type, may be here. The Lord Himself tells us all about it. In the sixth chapter of St. John He tells that He is Himself the true manna (St. John vi. 32, 33). Fourteen hundred years before, that wonderful food that fed a hungry multitude day by day was then a picture of Christ. Manna was the gift of God. This manna is that great best gift. It is the gift of God (St. John vi. 16), an "unspeakable gift" indeed! Every day the Israelites rose early, and busily gathered their manna, for they were hungry and must needs be fed. Ah! it is just this spirit that we all want with regard to the heavenly manna. Christ is the "bread of life," but we must have it, and it will be nothing to us that He is so. A plentiful



source we shall not be so. Can we say, "Thou hast delivered us from death?" (Ps. cxi. 5). After a trial of faith at Marah, where the water was bitter, a blessed stay was given to the people at Elim, where there were "three score palm trees and twelve wells of water." Those were smooth and easy days. God loves to make those who follow Him happy. He loves to give them days of standing. If He sees that they are poor, it then came the wilderness of Sin (chap. xvi. 1). A terrible trial here led the multitude, for there was no bread. The people murmured. Secretly marked was the course of this murmuring. They had forgotten the Red Sea deliverance. They "saw frogs," as the Psalmist tells us (Ps. cv. 11-14). They must have cried the Lord. An earthly friend who had many times helped us would be grateful if we did not trust him. Yet this was just how Israel treated the Lord. And it is not just how we often act also? We seek help

from our manna. Not till they sat the camp of the land of Canaan did the manna cease (John v. 12). Now what has the manna to say to us? Surely it has very much to say to us, and we are not left in doubt as to what the meaning of the living picture, or type, may be here. The Lord Himself tells us all about it. In the sixth chapter of St. John He tells that He is Himself the true manna (St. John vi. 32, 33). Fourteen hundred years before, that wonderful food that fed a hungry multitude day by day was then a picture of Christ. Manna was the gift of God. This manna is that great best gift. It is the gift of God (St. John vi. 16), an "unspeakable gift" indeed! Every day the Israelites rose early, and busily gathered their manna, for they were hungry and must needs be fed. Ah! it is just this spirit that we all want with regard to the heavenly manna. Christ is the "bread of life," but we must have it, and it will be nothing to us that He is so. A plentiful

feast would be spread in vain before a man who had no appetite for food. It is blessed in answer for the "Bread of Life." The manna was "sweet," perfect in form, a symbol of eternity. Thus it expresses His character who is "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever" (Heb. xiii. 8). The manna was "white," pure and fair to look upon, as the heart-foot on a winter's morning at sunrise. So our blessed Lord was without spot or earth-stain—"sketches on the right" in the eyes of man and of angels, and of the holy Father. The manna was "sweet." How sweet is the true "bread of life" to each believing sinner!

the soul that lives upon Him. But it was broken bread, remember, that Christ used to represent the food of the soul. Only a suffering, crucified Lord could satisfy the need of sinful souls. Have we received Him as such? and are we feeling day by day upon the "Bread of Life"? The heavenly manna will not fail the Christian pilgrim, it will be sufficient for his daily need, until he reaches the Heavenly Canaan. Happy are those souls who live their earthly lives in the strength of this heavenly food!

MARGARET EVANS.

A Victory that brought Defeat.



I wanted but a few days to Whiteside, and young people generally were engaged in discussing the various festivities in which they hoped to take part, and were very ready with expressions of condolence to those less favoured, who expected to stay at home, detained by unpleasant duties, or ill health.



"A REVERIE."

"Then, O Christ, art it I want,
More than all in Thy I find."

Christ revealed into the heart, satisfies the heart, and rejoices it also. "He that eateth ME, even he shall live by ME" (St. John vi. 35). Bread is the "staff of life," and Christ is the strength and stay of

THE LARGEST TREE.—The largest and oldest tree in Europe is said to be a chestnut which stands at the foot of Mount Etna. There is a hole in the trunk large enough for two carriages abreast to drive through, and the whole trunk has a circumference of 212 feet, and is 92 feet in height.

A young couple had strolled out of the town into the pleasant country lanes. They were absorbed in conversation but both faces were rather grave.

The young man looked the embodiment of health and strength, and there was a frank expression on his countenance that was very pleasing; and nothing but perfect honesty seemed to look from his large

grey eyes. His companion was a pigmy little lady, with laughing, merry, lively eyes—just this was the description generally given of those black eyes—but at this particular moment they were not laughing, and the funny expression of the face told quite plainly that Miss Alice Miss was displeased.

"I wish you would be persuaded not to go, Alice," the young man said in a low, earnest tone. "Then I shouldn't be!" and Alice gave an emphatic stamp with her foot. "I am not a child to be dictated to, thank you, and I shall walk off. If you don't choose to go you may, I am sure I shall have company."

"You have never been before, Alice?"
 "All the more reason I should wish to go now."
 Maggie Hill saw they had no real of fun there."
 "I think Alice does—"

But here she indignantly interrupted him. "Then you are again preaching at me! I tell you I won't stand it; if you treat me no more, what will you do when I am gone?"

"When you say will you, I mean, I suppose I can see I had no intention of provoking you, Alice, only you can be so full of the place, or you will not wish to go. I am sure, the drinking that is carried on is dreadful!"

"Ah," said she, "I thought I should get at your true reason at last. You aren't a bit like the same man you regard that childrens' school teacher. You are as nervous and peevy as can be, and think a bit of fun absolutely wrong."

"No! I do not think you wrong," answered he, "unless you call the going on at this school wrong. 'This,' I confess I will allow, I believe is innocent recreation and amusement, which I would not undertake to say you would find at the Temperance Hall."

"Temperance Hall!" echoed she with a scornful laugh. "You won't think me going to that. I can tell you, no. I don't go there, and I don't intend to. I have all my heart I wonder you will be seen walking out with a person who is so weak as to occasionally drink a glass of wine. You certainly ought to have a tropical wife."

Basil sighed. He felt that he would give much if the pretty, headstrong little maiden by his side were a member of the "Maid Abstinence Society." He doubted whether he would be doing right to take care as well as possible to temperance as Alice was; but he was far too fond of the innocent roving lady to risk being so.

How many a good resolution has been broken through the breaking glass of a pair of bright eyes.

Basil thought, as standing in front of the door, he never in his life had more enjoyed out of anything by his companions, who listened to his words unmoved, and was never again engaged to be married for some months; and Basil was looking out for a commodious dwelling place to which to take his wife, for so much he wished to claim her within a very short time. It was almost immediately after Alice had given the signal for some to the important question that he had put his estate to the business agent. He had tried to his persistent to win Alice over to his way of thinking, but he did not know which will was the stronger. They had several discussions on the subject, but with all the personal objections she was content that Basil should be allowed to finish in this matter, but she wanted the same privilege.

"He had never seen her so thoroughly out of temper as on this evening, and the same result in his consequence to exert her to a state of amusement, on which she had set her mind, on the following "Maid."

Basil had noted wisely in yielding to her wishes in this matter; he knew it, and his consideration made him very uncomfortable.

For several years past a cricket match had been played in a village square for miles distant, between the society club and the town one. Of course there was nothing remarkable in this, it was an innocent and lawful recreation, and of which Basil was very fond indeed. This would be the first occasion since the institution of the club, that he had not been among the players. The main was the same as of yore, for a field of drink and a fine had been organized, which had grown into favor with some of the players.

It was a very good thing that he had not been among the players. The main was the same as of yore, for a field of drink and a fine had been organized, which had grown into favor with some of the players.

at the people, and a large number from the town would never differ. But the amusement provided, and the general character of the entertainment did not suit Basil at all. He was a somewhat fastidious young man, so much so, that his companion had given him the name of "Gentleman Montague." He did not wish for his future wife to attend such a fete. The cricket was not his kind of sport, and he had as he had especially mentioned him, when he went to object—but it was solely on the love of cricket, he had himself told himself about from the company of his associates.

But Alice had heard such glowing accounts of the amusement from an acquaintance, that she had quite made up her mind to go, whether her lover objected or not.

He knew she would keep her word, so that he could do but consent to accompany her. Independent as she was now, she would be glad of his presence when she saw for herself the nature of the entertainment to which so many of the ladies and ladies of Westfield Road.

This was the strain in which he talked to himself, trying to satisfy his conscience, but in vain. The cricket was not his kind of sport, and he had as he had especially mentioned him, when he went to object—but it was solely on the love of cricket, he had himself told himself about from the company of his associates.

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After dinner, "She was not accustomed to this sort of sport and could not but have been somewhat out of her element."

"I suppose you don't dare think to-day?" whispered her friend Maggie, who was seated next her. "Your dear, but I don't say you! what an answer is that!"

"Alice colored, but she thought Basil would come to her aid. She was not used to this sort of sport and could not but have been somewhat out of her element."

They reached Heathton at length. When they came to the side of the common on which the fete was held, Alice almost fell her breath with admiration. Wonderful was the party itself, the ground was still fresh and green, the foliage of the trees retained its spring freshness, and the myriad intertongues and daisies enhanced the beauty of the spot.

It was indeed a fair scene, so suggestive of what one sees in the country during the month of June. The ground was still fresh and green, the foliage of the trees retained its spring freshness, and the myriad intertongues and daisies enhanced the beauty of the spot.

The cricket match was held in an adjoining meadow, but the ground was still fresh and green, the foliage of the trees retained its spring freshness, and the myriad intertongues and daisies enhanced the beauty of the spot.

"What are we going to do now?" asked Alice, as she looked at the scene. "I have no objection to the fete, but I don't like to see the cricket match."

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before him. So I was in good spirits as I chopp'd my salads.

Suddenly I heard singing in the distance—
"There is a happy land, far, far away." Ac.
How sweet the voice sounded! "They reminded me, unconsciously I thought, of the he had winter, and of all that had followed my endeavours to do right."

The singer, as we approached, proved to be a tall man, with a long white beard, who had a black leg strapped across his shoulders. It was, in fact, my really—oh! mysterious stranger. I was so glad that I laid down my pen and ran to meet him.

The man smiled very tenderly, and, laying his hands on my shoulders, looked searchingly into my face.

"Ah, it's all right, I think, now," he said.
"Yes, it's getting right," I replied; "it was hard at first—dreadfully hard after I left you; but—"

"Herald," said the man, in a choked voice, "Herald, don't you ever wonder what has become of your father?"

"His hands were on my shoulders still, or I think I should have rushed away. How his words had hurt me! I could not speak, but turned pale with anger."

"My precious son—I must tell you—I was your father."

I began to lose his face, losing of his limbs as if they burnt me, and I signed—yes, I positively signed—to him to go away.

"Herald,"
His tone was so grieving and yet so tender, it haunted me for weeks afterwards.

"Father!" I cried, gasping for breath; "I wish I'd never had you! Mine's never been anything but a trouble and disgrace to me. Oh, don't say you're my father—anything but that!"

"Why, Herald?"
"—No—I won't hear you," I went on passionately, "what did you do for me? I know you did not do me wrong, but I wish you'd leave me; I want to get on with my father again."

With a bitter groan, the stranger turned away, just as we began to walk, however, galloping at full speed, was coming by.

"I don't know how it happened, but, perhaps blinded by his tears, which I did not see, my father did not move out of the way quickly enough. In any case, he was knocked down, and his right arm severely crushed."

I moved slowly forward to assist him to rise, while the wagner, with difficulty stopped his horse, and stooped out to ask what was the matter.

Without looking again at me, my father asked if he would drive him to the town; to have his arm attended to, and the man quietly consenting, he managed to climb into the wagner, though the effort and the pain together nearly made him faint.

Thus he left me, "I stood staring after him, feeling about as if it had had a bad dream, and already rather remorseful that I had spoken so unkindly to him."

I went back to my sick-chopping, but I was very uncomfortable now. Visions of my wounded parent, and of his troubled expression when I would not hear him speak, kept rising before me, and I ended by hurting my head, and having to go in for Aunt Estlin to bleed it.

"Dear Herald, how white are you?" she exclaimed in dismay, when she saw me. But being, as will have been seen, a very reserved boy, I did not tell her what had happened.

I was unable to sleep the rest of the day, and was well werry to hear that I was to go on errand to the town on the morrow. I determined, as my father was approaching, which would be heard, that I would call on the surgeons of the place to inquire if my father had been severely hurt.

Accordingly I did so, but it was some time before I could find out who had attended to him. At last, however, I discovered he had been to the surgery of a well-known man named Newberry.

The doctor said his arm had been very severely injured, and that he doubted whether it would ever become quite straight and strong again, especially as the patient seemed unable to "lay up," and keep it perfectly still. Did he know where the man was gone? "No," he had no probability, but the town, for he had repeatedly and so much insisted on, as he had for to go.

"Where could I get information as to which way he had taken?" I inquired faintly.

"I don't know," replied the doctor. "I told him he must travel by train, but he struck his head."

so perhaps you had better ask if he has been seen at either of the turning gates. He seemed very poor, but talked like a gentleman. Good day."

I accordingly went to both turning gates, just outside the town, but did not see my father, having with me a white-laid wagner such as I described. And I wished now and then that I had behaved better to him.

It had been very kind to me. I remembered now how earnestly he had said that night on the hill—"I care for you."

(To be continued.)

On Dreams.

UNPUNDED and transitory as are dreams, it is not too much to say that it often happens that the vividness with which events and circumstances apparently take place in them, equal, and, indeed, sometimes surpasses that of similar occurrences in our waking hours. No doubt, so distinct are the phenomena, that on being aroused, we find it difficult sometimes to decide, for a brief space, whether we dream or not. Who has not experienced a feeling of relief when awaked from a heavy and unrefreshing slumber, during which imagination has overcome Reason, and some terrible or distressing scenes of distress have passed before his mind. "Thank heaven it's only a dream." So have most of us imperceptibly exclaimed on finding some business, however unimportant, which has suggested the mind before falling asleep. More especially in this case when the indolent powers have been fully occupied immediately before retiring to rest. This Condillac mentions that when employed upon his "Cours d'Étude," he found that he often contemplated, and even completed some subject when asleep that he had been following up during the day. Condorcet also mentions similar instances with regard to his mathematical pursuits; and Blacklock tells us that his father did not move out of the way quickly enough, unless such circumstances. Perhaps the best-known instance of such a coincidence is that narrated of himself by Coleridge. He had been reading Parubus's "Pilgrims," and fell asleep over the following words—"Here the Khan Koubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto; and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed within a wall." The poet resumed asleep about three hours, and awaked with the impression that he had composed between 200 and 300 lines.

"The idea," he says, "rose up before him as things, with a parallel portico of the correspondent expressions, without any sensations or consciousness of effort." Immediately after he awoke he wrote down the fragment that yet remains; but being railed away on business, was unable for an hour or so to look at the task, by which time the rest of the dream-poem had vanished from his memory, with the exception of a few scattered lines. The fragment referred to appears in his original writings, and is headed "Kubla Khan."

In many cases, however, the effort of calculation or composition does not result. Thus, a kind of continuing dream sleep, it effectively prevents sleep being obtained for a considerable time, to the detriment of the body. On the other hand, though details may be forgotten, a general impression remains when awaking that some composition has been produced, or arranged, though the dream thought, the memory may not recall the particulars. Thus Darwin composed, it is said, the "Derby's Song." He dreamed that the Enemy actually challenged him to a trial of skill, and so admirably was the performance of his rival that the musician was actual in admiration. On awaking he found himself unable to reproduce the notes in their actual order, but so strong was the general impression referred to, he was able to found upon it the composition itself.

Indiscently dreamless sleep is the most restful, even assuming that the dream, when they occur, are pleasant, and this is supported by a case on record. "A woman, aged twenty-six, who had lost a portion of her scalp,

skull, and dung water, so that a portion of her hair, and scalp, was lost, was taken to the hospital at Montpellier. When she was in a dreamless state or in profound sleep her brain was exposed, and she was found to be insensible within the very case, but when the sleep was imperfect, and the mind agitated by dreams, her brain moved and protruded from the case."

This protrusion was greatest when the dream, as she reported, were most vivid; and when she was perfectly awake, especially if engaged in any of her usual or her highest development. Nor did this protrusion occur in jerks, alternating with recessions, as if caused by arterial tension, or mental excitement while the conversation was continued."

Disturbed and restless sleep, with frequent and often unpleasant dreams, may of course be brought about by confined dyspepsia, or, in occasional instances, by that enemy to rest, "a heavy supper." Such results, however, scarcely come proper under the heading of dreams in the true sense of the word, seeing that they arise from a special physical disturbance. Equally, many dreams are induced by lack of food. Byron, Trench, starting in his dangerous dream of luxuriance and costly languor, and Byron, with others translated, and some from a patient's view with a view to stimulate the imaginative faculty both in sleeping and waking hours.

It is generally held that sensations act in the production and modification of dreams. Dr. Gregory applied a bottle of hot water to his feet and dreamed of a woman sitting on a promenade in White Hall, London, to whom he applied to his head, dream that he was being scolded by avages. Of course, in these cases, some accident, or some other circumstance, has suggested the mind before falling asleep. More especially in this case when the indolent powers have been fully occupied immediately before retiring to rest. This Condillac mentions that when employed upon his "Cours d'Étude," he found that he often contemplated, and even completed some subject when asleep that he had been following up during the day. Condorcet also mentions similar instances with regard to his mathematical pursuits; and Blacklock tells us that his father did not move out of the way quickly enough, unless such circumstances. Perhaps the best-known instance of such a coincidence is that narrated of himself by Coleridge. He had been reading Parubus's "Pilgrims," and fell asleep over the following words—"Here the Khan Koubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto; and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed within a wall." The poet resumed asleep about three hours, and awaked with the impression that he had composed between 200 and 300 lines.

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