

THE DREAMS THAT COME TRUE

Two business men were spending an evening together. One asked the other, "How do you manage to break away from your work in thought as well as in deed?" His companion replied: "One method I will describe by a little story. The other day was a very busy one to me, and when I was ready to go home I found my mind full of my work. I put one million dollars in my pocket, stepped on the rear platform of a street-car, lighted a good cigar, and proceeded to spend the money according to the methods which I hope I would employ if I really had a fortune. I did not awake from my dream until I stepped across the threshold of my home and was greeted by the children. I had left my work entirely behind me, and had had all the pleasures of distributing the million dollars without any of the attendant responsibilities."

The first speaker asked: "Do you often indulge in such dreams?"

The other replied, "Not too often, but just often enough."

The first speaker said: "I'm glad you have made that confession. I have indulged in that pastime myself frequently and I began to fear for my mental condition."

While we are told by one of the old poets that hearts have been broken and heads have been crushed by giving fancy such a free rein, we know that in the language of that same poet "there's mony a mighty mon buildin' castles i' the air." These dreams are doubtless indulged in by men in every walk of life. With some the dream never goes higher than fancy, but with others it is of that order that entitles it to rank as imagination.

Emerson gave us the distinction when he said: "Fancy amuses; imagination expands and exhausts. Imagination is the vision of an inspired soul, but as the soul is released a little from its passion and at leisure plays with the resemblances and types for amusement, and not for its moral end, we call its action fancy."

Edward G. Maggi, one of Nebraska's well known orators, has drawn the distinction in this way: "Imagination is the stellar system moving on in silent grandeur; fancy the transient meteors flashing athwart the sky. Imagination is the eagle soaring on eager wing, the lark whose song filters down from the skies; fancy is the humming bird flitting from flower to flower, the butterfly fluttering in a field of fragrant clover."

One great poet has called the air built castle "the fool's paradise," but another poet has provided for those who at times yield to the temptation to roam in that paradise the apology that "we figure to ourselves the thing we like; and then we build it up, as chance will have it, on the rock or sand—for thought is tired of wandering o'er the world, and home-bound fancy runs her bark ashore."

Even though one would not be willing to condemn the practice of building air castles such as were constructed by our million dollar philanthropist, there will be little disposition to deny the propriety of the plain admonition contained in the statement of his companion to the effect that such fancies should not be indulged in "too often," and we are all, perhaps, prepared to agree with him that "often enough" is, indeed, often enough.

A man upon whom fortune had not always smiled purchased on one occasion a ticket in a lottery. It had been the hope of the members of this man's household to have at some time a horse and carriage, and the kind hearted parent returning to his home proudly displayed his lottery ticket and calling wife and children around him told them that the capital prize was \$15,000. He then drew a fine picture of the carriage which he intended to purchase with his prize.

The children were of course delighted with the prospect and little "Becky" exclaimed "I'm going to ride on the front seat with papa!"

But "Ikey," the older brother, put in, "No, I'm going to ride on the front seat!"

The father undertook to pacify "Ikey," but he seemed bent upon having the front seat; and finally the father bending down, as it were, from the heights of his air castle exclaimed: "Ikey, get right down out of the carriage!"

Perhaps this is even a better illustration than that given by our million dollar philanthropist of the kind of air castles the construction of which may be mere waste of time. But if in these day-dreams we can obtain that recreation which

many men say they do obtain from such fancies, without the danger of becoming an idle dreamer, there is little harm in the pastime. Indeed it may become beneficial if by yielding to fancy we prepare ourselves for that imagination which plays not for amusement but for moral end. We have been told that "as imagination delights in presenting to the mind scenes and characters more perfect than those which we are acquainted with, it prevents us from ever being completely satisfied with our present condition, or with our past attainments, and engages us continually in the pursuit of some untried enjoyment or of some ideal excellence;" and further: "Destroy this faculty and the condition of man will become as stationary as that of the brutes."

Goschen, the English statesman, gave, in an address delivered at Edinburgh college, an interesting description of the uses of the imagination. He declared that one of the most precious faculties which Providence has planted in the human breast is "the faculty of wise, sympathetic, disciplined, prospective imagination." He referred to "constructive imagination," which having the power of picturing absent things "takes its start from facts but supplements them and does not contradict them." He contrasted constructive imagination with analysis, saying that the latter eliminates, separates, strips off, reduces, while the former proceeds in the opposite direction.

Coleridge said that Tom Moore had fancy, but no imagination; but Poe explained that Moore's fancy "so far predominated over all his other faculties and over the fancy of all other men as to have induced, very naturally, the idea that he was fanciful only." And Poe declared that by Coleridge's estimate "never was a greater wrong done the fame of a true poet."

One of the world's greatest word builders has told us that the man of imagination is merely the man of genius; that that man having seen a leaf and a drop of water can construct the forests, the rivers, and the seas, and that in his presence all the cataracts fall and foam, the mists rise, the clouds form and float; that he has lived the life of all people, of all races; that he knows all crimes and all regrets, all virtues and their rich rewards; that he has been victim and victor, pursuer and pursued, outcast and king—has heard the applauses and curses of the world, and on his heart have fallen all the nights and noons of failure and success; that he knows the unspoken thoughts, the dumb desires, the wants and ways of beasts; that he has knelt with awe and dread at every shrine, has offered every sacrifice and every prayer; that he has lived all lives, and through his blood and brain

have crept the shadow and the chill of every death, while his soul, Mazeppa-like, has been lashed naked to the wild horse of every fear and love and hate. And the greatest castle-builder among all the architects of the air, the greatest dreamer of all the dreamers of the world concluded this powerful description: "The imagination hath a stage within the brain, whereon he sets all scenes that lie between the morn of laughter and the night of tears, and where his players body forth the false and true, the joys and griefs, the careless shallows, and the tragic deeps of every life."

The man who slept and dreamed that life was beauty awoke and found that life was duty. His was of the dreams that come true. Telling on unceasingly he discovered that men who learn that life is duty, and act accordingly, find in fact that life is beauty.

What would life be without its dreams? What would humanity do without its dreamers? The value of our contributions to the world are to be gauged by the character of our dreams. The man who imagined that he had one million dollars and found pleasure in dreaming that he was spending it for the benefit of his fellows is not likely to spoil his own character by his dreams or to injure society by the cultivation of fancies of that order. The man who, having invested in a lottery ticket, found his greatest delight in anticipating the pleasure he might give to his wife and little children had in him the stuff out of which good dreamers are made. He needed but to separate himself from the notion that outside the charmed circle of "frenzied finance" something can be obtained for nothing, or that the parent can bring happiness to his loved ones without an effort. Had that dream been realized upon through the medium of a lottery ticket, it would have been like Dead Sea fruit that tempts the eye but turns to ashes on the lips. It would have been like a victory without a struggle, an achievement without an effort, a prize without a contest, a token of love without a sacrifice. Such victories, achievements, prizes and tokens are without value.

The best of all dreams are those to which, perhaps, we attach not the greatest importance. But they are of the sort that come true and are true just as "the best portion of a good man's life" are "the little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love."

The dreams of love, of humanity, of righteousness, come true. They are, in fact, true in the very dreaming. Every thought that contemplates help to the helpless, that deals with the uplifting of the fallen, the advancement of humanity, the dispensation of charity, the sacrifice of the strong for the weak, the checking of the orphan's sobs, the drying of the widow's tears, the restoration of manhood and womanhood to those who have lost hope, the winning of the world to truth—these are the dreams that make life worth living, these are the dreams that come true.

It is as old as the hills, but it is always good: When Abou Ben Adhem awoke one night from a deep dream of peace he saw an angel writing in a book of gold, and to the presence in the room he said:

"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head, And with a look made of all sweet accord Answered "The names of those who love the Lord;"

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so," Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low But cheerily still; and said "I pray thee, then, Write me as one that loves his fellow men." The angel wrote and vanished. The next night It came again with a great wakening light, And showed the names whom love of God had blessed—

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.  
RICHARD L. METCALFE.

WHAT ABOUT OTHER COMPANIES?

What about the other big insurance companies? Is the Equitable the only one that has sinned? It is highly improbable that the Equitable was an exception. Why don't the investigators investigate the New York Life and other big insurance companies? They have all been paying big salaries and they have wheels within wheels.

Those who administer trust funds must do so with clean hands. It will be a marvel if the directors of other large insurance companies have avoided the methods which have brought odium on the Equitable management.

THE DREAMS AHEAD

What would we do in this world of ours  
Were it not for the dreams ahead?  
For thorns are mixed with the blooming  
flowers,  
No matter which path we tread.  
And each of us has his golden goal,  
Stretching far into the years,  
And ever he climbs with a hopeful soul,  
With alternate smiles and tears.  
That dream ahead is what holds him up  
Through the storms of a ceaseless  
fight;  
When his lips are pressed to the worm-  
wood's cup  
And clouds shut out the light.  
To some it's a dream of high estate,  
To some it's a dream of wealth;  
To some it's a dream of a truce with Fate  
In a constant search for health.  
To some it's a dream of home and wife;  
To some it's a crown above,  
The dreams ahead are what make each  
life—  
The dreams—and faith—and love!  
—Edwin Carlisle Litsey in the House-  
keeper.