



The Occult World.

TELEPATHY.

ASTRA.

From the far-off, mystical hills of the orient a spirit seems to have come into our midst. A spirit of mystery in whose heart is the flame of yearning and whose finger points toward a star of peace. Whomsoever its wing touches in its flight finds his heart aflame with that same fierce yearning, and reaches not the star of peace until Nature, our all-wise mother, quenches that heart-flame with her breath of secret knowledge. In silent supplication we strain our eyes toward the East in the hope that from the home of that spirit we may obtain the assistance we need. The East replies by pointing out that eternal law of compensation which bids us labor for that which we would enjoy. Our eyes return and 'neath a western sun they fall on the pages of Nature's book, whereon the mighty secrets are written, and we seek to unfold their meaning,

Among the many secrets held by the oriental mystics, is that of communicating a vivid impression in the mind of one person to the mind of another, without the intervening assistance of the recognized organs of sensation. To this strange art are ascribed many of the marvelous occurrences in India during the Sepoy rebellion. It was claimed that the learned Yogi and other adepts were enabled by this or some similar psychic process of communication, to send the news of revolt and stimulate a religious war throughout the country. It would be well to think twice before accepting this assertion, and yet, how can we disprove it? Well we know that the mystic of the orient is a psy-

chic of no ordinary power. If he can, as it is claimed, through some great psychic force send an image of himself to a given point, utterly regardless of time or distance, why can he not send a communication of importance which may be correctly interpreted by the percipient?

Of late years an interest in this science has been developed in the western world. At first, the number of believers in a psychic process of communication was a small one. They were menaced by the hostile attitude of western thought, ever hard and practical in trend, and not alone hostile towards such a science, but even towards any inquiry in that direction.

At first, the idea of there being any such process of thought transference was scoffed at and the enthusiastic searchers classed among harmless lunatics. To the world at large, psychical communication seemed, as Professor Barrett aptly puts it, "relegated to the limbo of exploded fallacies." The repetition of efforts, however, increased public interest in the subject and Telepathy, as it latterly became known, engrossed the attention of many able minds. Discussions on the subject became frequent and the existence of such a process of mental communication became established. Its mechanism then became the ground for dispute. The scientist, who held to a physiological explanation, inquired if it could be proved that the impression were not derived through a rare and partially developed sensory organ. Psychologists doubted that the mental percept could be evoked directly without any antecedent sense-percept. The leading question then became: "Can evidence be obtained that will convince us that there is any possibility of transmitting a single mental concept, except through the five senses?"

Fortunately for Telepathy, when the London Society for Psychical Research was founded in 1882, the subject of thought transference received the attention of that body. A committee of investigators was appointed and W. F. Barrett, Professor of Physics in the Royal College of Science for Ireland, Edmund Gurney and F. W. H. Myers, both Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, were selected. It would have been difficult to secure three more conscientious or scholarly investigators than their

work proved them to be, and the results obtained by their labors have stimulated the interest in Telepathy more than anything that had been done up to that time. The evidence produced by them not only established beyond doubt the existence of a process of communicating mental impressions, but proved also that it was a science which was more general than usually supposed and possible of cultivation.

One of the obstacles with which they met was the discovery of a process used by stage performers, miscalled "mind readers," whereby communications were made by unconscious muscular action on the part of one person and automatically interpreted by another. This method was named "muscle reading" and the foes of thought transference at once instituted the broad claim that all apparent phenomena in the way of thought reading could be done only by this and similar processes. Thanks to the efforts of Messrs. Barrett, Gurney and Myers, however, a mass of indubitable evidence was secured which compelled the world to acknowledge that a purely physical basis could not offer explanations for all the existing phenomena.

To this committee also belongs the honor of classifying the various phenomena attendant on this branch of psychical science. A distinction was also made by it between Thought Reading and Telepathy. Under the former heading were classed such experiments as reading names or sentences, describing a card, number, color or any object agreed upon and upon which the minds of the committee were centered.

Under Telepathy were classified such phenomena as communication between two persons, generally a considerable distance apart, and the impression received by means other than the usual channels of sensation. This classification was then subdivided, as follows: when the agent, or person who sends the impression, and the percipient, or receiver, are both in a normal state.

An example of this class of phenomena may be found in the Review of Reviews (English Edition) for April, 1893, pp. 428-430. We will substitute "Miss Ackfield" for "A." Mr. Stead, in relating this experience, changed the sex of the correspondent as an additional precaution against identification.

Mr. Stead gives the following account :

One day in August (1892), "Julia,"—as I call the invisible intelligence that from time to time controls my hand—suddenly wrote: "Why do you think it is strange that I should write with your hand? Any one can write with your hand." I asked her what she meant, and she answered: "Any of your friends." "On this earth?" I asked, incredulously. She wrote: "Try it." "Need they know about it?" "No." "Then," I said, "there will be an end of all the secrets in the world." She wrote, "No; mind is in contact with mind all over the world. Any one to whom you could speak, if you were within range of the physical senses, you could speak to mentally wherever he is, because the mind is not trammelled by the limitations of matter." She explained that the real self, the Ego, had both mind and body as its investments, by which it could communicate with the outside world. Both were instruments; either could be used, but each was not always informed of the use which had been made of the other. That is to say, it was perfectly possible for the Ego to use your mind to direct my hand, without finding it necessary to inform your physical consciousness that any such communication had taken place. But the mind would no more communicate a secret, which the Ego did not wish to be known, than the tongue would be guilty of such an indiscretion; for tongue and mind are alike the servants of the real self.

I was rather incredulous, but I began experimenting with a friend in London, who was sympathetic. I found that it succeeded to a marvel. That is to say, I found that my friend had no difficulty whatever in using my hand to communicate information, or the expression of the mood of the moment. When my friend, whom I will call Miss Ackfield, was writing, I said to her in the middle of the communication, "Are you really writing, or is it only my subliminal consciousness?" My hand wrote, "I will try and prove to you that I am really writing. There is an object in my hand just now, which I will try and bring to your office. I am sitting at my table. It is a small present that I want to make to you. It is an old thistle."

"What!" I said, "a thistle?"

"Yes, an old thistle; it played a part in my life that made it dear to me. I will give it to you to-morrow. I will explain to you when I give it. I hope you will accept it." Next day, when my friend came, I asked her if she had brought a present for me. She said, no; she had not. She had thought of bringing one, but she had left it at home. I asked her what it was. She said it was such an absurd thing, she did not like to mention it. When I pressed her, she said it was a piece of scented soap. I was considerably disgusted at this apparent failure and told her why. She said at once: "That is very curious. Everything happened as you have it written there, and it is a thistle, and an

old thistle. But it is a thistle that is stamped on the piece of soap. I will bring it to you the next time I see you. It did play a part in my life," and she then proceeded to explain. I have the soap now in my possession. It is stamped with a thistle.

The incident, explained to Mr. Stead, showed clearly that it was the old thistle, stamped on the soap, which gave that object its significance. Miss Ackfield had thought of the gift before Mr. Stead's hand wrote,—perhaps at the exact time of his writing.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LANCES OF GOLD.

FIONA MACLEOD.

The afternoon has drowsed through the sun-flood. The green leaves have grown golden, saturated with light. And now, at the sudden whirling of the lances of gold, a cloud of wild-doves arises from the pines, wheels against the sun-blaze, and flashes out of sight, flames of purple and rose, of foam-white and pink. I know the green hidden nests of the wild doves, when ye come again, O whirling lances of gold!



Telepathy.

ASTRA.



THE communication between two minds when the percipient is in an abnormal condition may be placed in the second class of telepathic phenomena. There may be a condition of exalted perception in sleep, in trance, or at the moment of death. The demarkation between pure telepathy and clairvoyance is difficult to determine in this case, as the impression frequently produces visualization. This is peculiarly the fact when the percipient is at the point of death. While the subconscious mind is active during sleep through the natural closure of the senses, and in trance on account of an artificially induced inactivity of the objective mind, still in neither case is it in the condition of exalted excitement, as it is at the hour of dissolution. In this latter case it would seem that the excitement of danger or imminent death has a very potent influence in facilitating the transference of supersensory impressions, and though, as a rule, it is not the percipient, but the agent, who is dying or in danger, this is by no means always the case.

When the percipient is asleep and the agent awake, the impressions are so rarely stamped upon the memory that they are not likely to be observed or remembered. This is more particularly the case when there is nothing of an extraordinary nature in the impression, but even should it have unusual features, it is too often laughed at as a phantasy of the brain and of too little importance to command any attention.

In the following case the impression was vivid and unusual enough to fasten itself strongly in the percipient's memory, so that on awaking he was able to recall its every detail. The names of all the persons connected with the case are in the possession of the writer, but cannot be published.

In April, 1896, Mr. L., a western gentleman, long connected with matters pertaining to psychical research, was obliged to make a trip to New York on some personal matters of importance. One of the members

of the family, whose guest he was, was nursing a friend who had undergone a severe surgical operation and was then in a critical condition. Although the time of Mr. L. was limited, he determined to wait until a favorable opportunity of seeing her presented itself, as she could be of material assistance to him in a certain business transaction. On the third morning of his stay he was aroused by a dream, in which the figure of this young lady, Miss W., presented itself. She looked sadly at him and said: "Mrs. Z. is dead. I will see you in the morning." The dream was so vivid that Mr. L. remembered every detail of the dress worn by Miss W. At breakfast he related his dream to the family, who laughingly requested him to describe her dress. This he did minutely, to the intense astonishment of all, as the family were well aware he had not seen her in that costume. At eleven o'clock in the morning Miss W. arrived at the house. Her friend had died during the night and she had been thinking of seeing Mr. L. in the morning.

A similar experience was related to the writer by Mr. L. and the statement verified by the correspondence relating to the matter which had passed between him and the agent. Mr. L. says: "One evening recently, I was sitting in my study, resting quietly in an easy chair, and, becoming drowsy, fell asleep. While in this condition I imagined myself in the house of a friend, who is a medical practitioner in Newburgh, N. Y. His sister, Miss K., a lady very deeply interested in psychical research and with whom I have had considerable correspondence, was seated at a desk writing a letter. She said: 'I am writing you a letter, which I wish you would answer immediately.' The vision then faded out, only to reappear, this time in a different room. Being familiar with the house, I recognized the room as the dining-room. Miss K. was seated with her back to the mantel-piece, writing a letter on the dining table. No words were spoken in this second vision. On arousing from my sleep, I distinctly remembered every portion of the dream, but cast it out of my mind as being highly improbable. I had reason to believe that Miss K. was then at a summer resort in the mountains, more than a hundred miles from Newburgh. Again, it seemed very unlikely that she would begin a letter in one room and finish it in another. Judge of my surprise, however, to receive a letter a couple of days later, post-marked 'Newburgh,' and written at the time of my dream. Miss K. had made a flying trip home on some business matters. In

my answer to her letter, I asked if she had written the letter in the dining-room and received the following reply: 'I began my letter in my brother's office, but, as there was too much noise there, I took my writing materials to the dining-room and finished it there.'"

Had the percipient been less interested in telepathy than Mr. L., the theoretical importance of the impression would not have been discerned. It would have been thought trivial and purposeless—merely incredible, a phantasy of the brain. Mr. L. assured me that he had not been thinking of the agent at the time, nor had anything occurred that would serve to suggest that Miss K. was about to write him a letter. The most interesting incidents in the case are those which lent an improbable character to the entire dream, namely: the presence of Miss K. in Newburgh, when Mr. L. supposed her to be more than a hundred miles away, and the writing of the letter in two different rooms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DAY AND NIGHT.

FIONA MACLEOD.

From grey of dusk the veils unfold
To pearl and amethyst and gold—
Thus is the new day woven and spun.

From glory of blue to rainbow-spray,
From sunset-gold to violet-grey—
Thus is the restful night re-won.



Telepathy.

ASTRA.

(CONTINUED).



ANY of the famous psychologists have been trying for some time past to develop clairvoyant faculties in hypnotic subjects, and with reasonable success. Most of the results of these experiments should more properly be classed with telepathy, as the subject is usually unable to describe any impression not emanating from the mind of the hypnotist. In one case of this kind the operator vainly endeavored to send the mind of the subject to places utterly unknown to him. The attempt was a failure. When he brought his own mind upon scenes and persons familiar to him, they were accurately described by the subject. A letter in the pigeon-hole of a desk was described and its contents given in a general way. The chief cause of failure to go beyond telepathy rests in the fact that a hypnotic subject voluntarily depends on the operator for impressions or suggestions, thus losing his own individuality. Self-induced subjectivity or trance is the only condition in which clairvoyance can be successfully accomplished.

The most important of all the phenomena occurring when the Agent is in an abnormal state are the apparitions perceived at or about the time of the Agent's death. It is absolutely necessary to use here the vague phrase, "at or about the time of death," in order to cover the whole process of dissolution; for, in fact, some of these appearances would seem to have been witnessed at some little interval before death, others at the moment of apparent death and others again at some short time after apparent death had supervened. It is obvious that when the interval between death and the apparition exceeds a certain length, we are brought face to face with problems, and possibly with phenomena of a quite different kind from those we have been discussing. These phenomena and these problems lie outside the scope of this magazine and cannot, therefore, be treated upon. We shall merely discuss the cases in which there is approximate coincidence between the death and the apparition, and

these cases are quite numerous. In many of these cases, as of those where the excited or dying person is the Percipient, the evidence seems to point rather to the vivification of a general *rapport* already existing between the parties, than to any special transference of the emotion or thought of the moment, and the impression produced on the Percipient's mind is either that of the sensible presence of the Agent, or is a strong idea of him, without any distinct reference to what is passing in his mind.

In the Reports of the Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research, we find the following narrative, written by Captain G. F. Russell Colt, of Gartsherrie, Coatbridge, N. B. :

"I was at home for my holidays, and residing with my father and mother, not here, but at another old family place in Mid-Lothian, built by an ancestor in Mary Queen of Scots' time, called Inveresk House. My bedroom was a curious old room, long and narrow, with a window at one end of the room and a door at the other. My bed was on the right of the window, looking towards the door. I had a very dear brother (my eldest brother), Oliver, lieutenant in the 7th Royal Fusiliers. He was about nineteen years old, and had at that time been some months before Sebastopol. I corresponded frequently with him, and once when he wrote in low spirits, not being well, I said in answer that he was to cheer up, but that if anything did happen to him, he must let me know by appearing to me in my room, where we had often as boys together sat at night and indulged in a surreptitious pipe and chat. This letter, (I found subsequently) he received as he was starting to receive the sacrament from a clergyman who has since related the fact to me. Having done this, he went to the entrenchments and never returned, as in a few hours afterwards, the storming of the Redan commenced. He, on the captain of his company falling, took his place and led his men bravely on. He had just led them within the walls, though already wounded in several places, when a bullet struck him in the right temple and he fell amongst heaps of others, where he was found in a sort of kneeling posture (being propped up by other dead bodies) thirty-six hours afterwards. His death took place, or rather he *fell*, though he may not have died immediately, on the 8th of September, 1855.

"That night I awoke suddenly, and saw facing the window of my room, by my bedside, surrounded by a light sort of phosphorescent mist as it were, my brother kneeling. I tried to speak, but could not. I buried my head in the bedclothes, not at all afraid (because we had all been brought up not to believe in ghosts or apparitions), but simply to collect my ideas, because I had not been thinking or dreaming of him, and indeed I had forgotten all about what I had written to him a fortnight before. I decided that it must be fancy, and the moonlight play-

ing on a towel, or something out of place. But on looking up, there he was again, looking lovingly, imploringly, and sadly at me. I tried again to speak, but found myself tongue-tied. I could not utter a sound. I sprang out of bed, glanced through the window, and saw that there was no moon, but it was very dark and raining hard, by the sound against the panes. I turned, and still saw poor Oliver. I shut my eyes, walked through it and reached the door of the room. As I turned the handle, before leaving the room, I looked once more back. The apparition turned round his head slowly and again looked anxiously and lovingly at me, and I saw then for the first time a wound on the right temple with a red stream from it. His face was of a waxy pale tint, but transparent-looking, and so was the reddish mark. But it is almost impossible to describe his appearance. I only know I shall never forget it. I left the room and went into a friend's room and lay on the sofa the rest of the night. I told him why. I told others in the house, but when I told my father he ordered me not to repeat such nonsense, and especially not to let my mother know. On the Monday following he received a note from Sir Andrew Milne to say that the Redan was stormed, but no particulars. I told my friend to let me know if he saw the name among the killed and wounded before I did. About a fortnight later he came to my bedroom in his mother's house in Athole Crescent, in Edinburgh, with a very grave face. I said, 'I suppose it is to tell me the sad news I expect?' and he said, 'Yes.' Both the colonel of the regiment and one or two officers who saw the body confirmed the fact that the appearance was much according to my description, and the death wound was exactly where I had seen it. But none could say whether he actually died at the moment. His appearance, if so, must have been some hours after death, as he appeared to me a few minutes after two in the morning. Months later his small prayer-book and the letter I had written to him were returned to Inveresk, found in the inner breast pocket of the tunic which he wore at his death. I have them now."

Mr. Colt's narrative was corroborated by a letter from his sister and he mentioned the names of several persons whose evidence would support it.

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Telepathy.

ASTRA.

(CONTINUED).

THERE are so many interesting cases of impressions being received from dying persons, that quite an interesting volume of "creepy" stories might be compiled with but little labor. Well authenticated and numerous, these incidents cannot easily be explained on the ground of co-incidence. Those of us who have listened to blood-curdling tales, handed down from one story-teller to another, with no corroboration, can scarcely realize the startling effect of a mass of indubitable evidence, such as has been brought forth in the support of the reality of these phenomena. The point in the evidence that impresses us is not its exciting or terrific quality, but its overwhelming quantity—overwhelming, we mean, to any possibility of further doubting this class of phenomena.

An English lady sent the following story to the Society for Psychical Research some years ago, and the literary committee of that society published it in the Report of the organization's proceedings.

"My mother married at a very early age, without the consent of her parents. My grandmother vowed that she would never see her daughter again. A few months after her marriage my mother was awakened about two a. m. by a loud knocking at the door. To her great surprise, my father did not wake. The knocking was resumed; my mother spoke to my father, but, as he still slept, she got up, opened the window and looked out, when, to her amazement, she saw her mother in full court dress, standing on the step and looking up at her. My mother called to her, but my grandmother, frowning and shaking her head, disappeared. At this moment my father woke, and my mother told him what had happened. He went to the window, but saw nothing. My mother was sure that my grandmother, even at that late hour, had come to forgive her, and entreated my father to

let her in. He went down and opened the door, but nobody was there. He assured my mother that she had been dreaming, and she at last believed that it was so. The next morning the servants were questioned, but they had heard nothing, and the matter was dismissed from the minds of my parents till the evening, when they heard that my grandmother had been in court dress at a ball the night before—I think at Kensington Palace, but of this I am not sure—that, feeling unwell, she had returned home, and after about an hour's illness, had died at two a. m. She had not mentioned my mother's name during her short illness."

It will be observed that in this case the impression from the dying mother, although fully realized only in wakefulness, made itself felt in the first instance during sleep.

In the year 1830, a transport, carrying some two hundred English soldiers, left Bermuda for Halifax, and was lost at sea with all on board. Two young officers of the regiment to which the detachment belonged, Lieuts. Creigh and Liston, had, in a half-jesting way, made a sort of promise that whoever died first, should come back, if he could, and let the other know whether there was another world. This conversation was overheard by the narrator, Dr. Colchester, as it took place in his presence, perhaps a year before the events happened, though not remembered till afterwards. Liston embarked in charge of the detachment, and had been gone about a fortnight, when Creigh, who had one night left the mess early and retired to bed, and was beginning to close his eyes, saw his door open and Liston enter. Forgetting his absence, and thinking he had come to pull him out of bed (for practical joking was then more common in the army than it is now), he cried, "No, no, Liston, don't, old fellow! I'm tired! Be off." But the vision came nearer to the bed, and Creigh then saw that Liston looked as if very ill (for it was bright moonlight), and that his hair seemed wet and hung down over his face like that of a drowned man. The apparition moved its head mournfully; and when Creigh in surprise sat up, rubbed his eyes, and looked again, it was gone. Still Creigh had no idea that he had been looking upon a spectre, and, believing that he had seen Liston in flesh and blood, he went to sleep. In the morning he related the occurrence, when he recollected, but not till then, Lis-

ton's absence from the island on duty. In this case, it is impossible to say whether the transport foundered at the precise moment the vision occurred or not. It would be well to draw attention to the fact that a large proportion of these appearances at death seem to have been preceded by some such compact as that which existed between Liston and Creigh.

(To be continued).

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations,—these are the threads of gold, which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—*F. W. Farrar.*

Man cannot go out beyond himself, for the universe is contained within the circumference of his being. In him potentially exist celestial harmonies and hellish flames, heavenly ecstasies, and demoniacal orgies. He has the equipment to play saint or sinner, devil or angel.—*Henry Wood.*



Telepathy.

ASTRA.

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AN interesting class of telepathic phenomena is formed by the cases where similar thoughts have occurred and impressions been made in minds far apart without any known methods of communication. Many of the cases reported in late years have been supported by the evidence of persons of unimpeachable character, leaving no doubt as to their occurrence, and are of such a nature as to preclude all idea of coincidence. It is also found that in almost every case there is some previous relation between the two minds in communication, as in a condition of anxiety for the absent or a very strong yearning. The following cases, collected by the Society for Psychical Research, are excellent examples of this class of phenomena, and having been proved to the satisfaction of a committee appointed by that body, may be considered reliable:

On September 9th, 1848, at the siege of Mooltan, Major-General R—, C. B., then Adjutant of his regiment, was most severely and dangerously wounded, and supposing himself dying, asked one of the officers with him to take the ring off his finger and send it to his wife, who, at the time, was fully 150 miles distant, at Ferozepore. On the night of September 9th, the wife of General R— was lying on her bed, between waking and sleeping, when she distinctly saw her husband being carried off the field, seriously wounded, and heard his voice saying, "Take this ring off my finger and send it to my wife." The apparition haunted her all the next day and the words uttered by her husband's voice kept repeating in her mind. The mental condition into which the vision threw her was anything but an enviable one; and her anxiety can be better imagined than described. In a few days news came to her that the General had been severely wounded in the assault on Mooltan. He survived, however, and is still living. Quite a long time after the siege the lady heard from one of the officers who helped to carry the General from the field,

that the request was actually made to him, just as she had heard it at Ferozepore at the time it occurred.

The next case is still more remarkable, as the impression was conveyed to minds at the same time, the agent being in an abnormal state. It was related by Dr. C. Ede, of Guildford, Surrey, England, to whom it was told by Lady G. and sister, a short time after the occurrence:

Lady G. and her sister had been spending the evening with their mother, who was in her usual health and spirits when they left her. In the middle of the night the sister awoke in a fright, and said to her husband, "I must go to my mother at once; do order the carriage. I am sure she is taken ill." The husband, after trying in vain to convince his wife that it was only a fancy, ordered the carriage. As she was approaching her mother's house, where two roads meet, she saw Lady G.'s carriage. When they met, each asked the other why she was there. The same reply was made by both, "I could not sleep, feeling sure my mother was ill, and so I came to see." As they came in sight of the house, they saw their mother's confidential maid at the door, who told them when they arrived that their mother had been taken suddenly ill, and was dying, and had expressed an earnest wish to see her daughters.

Dr. Ede relates a little incident which happened to him personally. About a half mile from his home there was a house inhabited by some ladies, friends of the family, and outside of the dwelling there was a large alarm bell. One night Dr. Ede awoke and said to his wife, "I am sure I heard Mrs. F.'s alarm bell ringing." After listening for some time they heard nothing and went to sleep again. The next day Mrs. F. called upon his wife, and said to her, "We were wishing for your husband last night, for we were alarmed by thieves. We were all up, and I was about to pull the alarm bell, hoping he would hear it, saying to my daughters, I am sure it will bring your husband, but we did not ring it." Mrs. Ede asked what time it was; Mrs. F. said it was about half past one. That was the time Dr. Ede awoke, thinking he heard the bell.

In the memoir of the late Bishop Wilberforce, a similar transmission is recorded in the following words: "The Bishop

was in his library at Cuddesdon, with three or four of his clergy writing with him at the same table. The Bishop suddenly raised his hand to his head and exclaimed: 'I am certain that something has happened to one of my sons.' It afterwards transpired that just at that time his eldest son, who was at sea, had had his foot badly crushed by an accident on board his ship." The Bishop himself records this circumstance in a letter written at the time, and dated March 4th, 1847: "It is curious," the Bishop writes, "that at the time of his accident, I was so possessed with the depressing consciousness of some evil having befallen my son Herbert, that at last on the third day after, the 13th, I wrote down that I was quite unable to shake off the impression that something had happened to him, and noted this down for remembrance."

The transference to a sleeping percipient of the impression of a distressing accident, is the last form of telepathic experience we shall take up in this article. There are many instances of this kind, and still more of the apparition of a dying person perceived by a distant mind in dream and in vision. Cases of transferences where the agent is in this most momentous of all conditions, seem, however, to differ from the less momentous cases in the fact that the number of them, where the percipient is asleep, large as it is, is disproportionately exceeded by the number where the percipient is in a state of normal waking consciousness. It will be well to illustrate these last classes by the following cases:

The Rev. R. B. F. Elrington, Vicar of Lower Brixham, vouches for the fact that the following occurrence in his parish was described hours before the arrival of the news confirming the fears which it occasioned, and he certifies to the good character of the witnesses.

In the early spring of 1881, Mrs. Barnes, of Brixham, Devonshire, whose husband was at sea, dreamed that his fishing vessel was run into by a steamer. Their boy was with him, and she called out in her dream: "Save the boy!" At this moment another son sleeping in the next room rushed into hers, crying out, "Where's father?" She asked him what he meant, when he said he had distinctly heard his father come upstairs and kick with his heavy boots against the door, as he was in the habit of

doing when he returned from sea. The boy's statement and her own dream so alarmed the woman that early next morning she told her neighbors of her fears. News afterwards came that her husband's vessel had been run into by a steamer, and that he and the boy were drowned.

The following narrative was had from three independent sources, viz.: (1) Letter from Mr. John C. Strefford, 39 Mount street, Welshpool, son of the superintendent of police, whose dream is recorded and who is now dead; (2) verbal account taken down from Miss Phillips by Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood; (3) letter from the Rev. J. E. Hill, Vicar of Welshpool. All the accounts are practically identical, the only discrepancy being the length of time for which the girl was imprisoned. The incident is related briefly as follows:

About 1871 Miss Phillips, of Church street, Welshpool, had a deaf and dumb maid. This girl fell ill and needed a change of air, and Miss Phillips proposed to send her to her brother for three weeks. The girl was very unwilling to go, and on the appointed morning, a Tuesday, she handed over a tray which she was carrying upstairs to another servant and was not seen afterwards. Miss Phillips and her friends in great alarm searched the house all over, including the cellar in which the girl was afterwards found. On the following Friday (or possibly the Wednesday) morning, the superintendent of police, Strefford, called and said that he had an impression on his mind that she was concealed in the house and begged to be allowed to make search. Miss Phillips consented, and Strefford, who had never been in the house before, walked straight to the door of the cellar stairs and went down. In the cellar they found the girl jammed fast in an open flue directly beneath the fireplace in the room above, the ashes of which it was meant to receive. The opening from the flue to the cellar was not above eighteen inches high, and the girl had drawn some carpeting after her so as to conceal her legs. They were compelled to get bricklayer's tools and dig down the bricks before they could get the girl's body out.

Now as to the cause of Mr. Strefford's assurance that he would find her there. "My father," says Mr. John C. Strefford, awoke my mother in the middle of the night and said, 'I know

where that poor girl is. She is up a chimney in the cellar belonging to the house in which she lives.' He could not rest after this : got up at five o'clock, went to the house and found the girl as above narrated."

During the early part of September, 1898, the following account of a terrible accident followed or accompanied by a telepathic message, was transmitted by cable to the press of this and other countries.

A young man named Livio Cibrario, belonging to one of the most ancient families of Turin, while attempting to climb the peak of Rocciomelone, in the Maritime Alps, lost his way, and on the following morning a search party found his body, terribly crushed and bruised, at the bottom of a deep crevasse. Count Cibrario, the young man's father, who was at Turin, and knew nothing of his son's unfortunate expedition to the Rocciomelone, on the night of the accident aroused the rest of the family, announcing with tears in his eyes that Livio was dead. He had seen him distinctly he said, blood flowing from his battered head, and had heard these words spoken in a tone of terrible anguish :—

"Father, I slipped down a precipice and broke my head, and I am dead, quite dead."

The other members of the family tried in vain to persuade the poor Count that the ghastly vision was nothing but a nightmare, and the bereaved father continued in a state of anxiety bordering upon distraction till the morning, when the official confirmation of the accident reached him. The case is a remarkable one as the Count is a very quiet, matter-of-fact person, not in the least nervous and has never taken any active interest in psychical experiments.

Since the arrangement of topics has brought us around at the end to what we started at, sleep or vision on the part of the percipient, and since no department of our subject has been the field of more folly and superstition than this same realm of dreamland, we may take the present opportunity of stating what dreams are evidently most deserving of notice. Dreams form, no doubt, the most assailable part of our evidence. They are placed almost in a separate category by their intimate connection with the lowest physical, as well as the highest psychical, opera-

tions. The grotesque medley which constantly throng through the gate of ivory thrust into discredit our rarer visitants through the gate of horn. For our purposes, then, the dreams must have been noted down, or communicated to others, directly after their occurrence. If concerned with grave events, those events must not be of a chronic but of a critical kind, such as sudden danger or actual death. If concerned with trivial events, those events must be in some way bizarre or unexpected, not such everyday occurrences as a visit from a friend or the arrival of a present. To all dreams, however, one objection may be taken which has plausibility enough to be worth a minute's consideration. It is said that millions of people are dreaming every night, and that it might be expected, according to the doctrine of chances, that some few out of so vast a multitude of dreams would "turn out true." But, in the first place, an extremely small percentage of this multitude of dreams contain as their single or culminating point the definite sight of some one else in unusual or exciting circumstances.

There are few exceptions to the rule that we are the heroes of our own dreams, and when a single strong impression survives the moment of waking, an occurrence which in itself is comparatively infrequent, the impression is far more often than not of circumstances in which we ourselves are central. And, in the second place, a dream which leaves on the mind a sense of interest or disturbance, extending far into waking hours, is with most of us a decidedly rare event, and is a *comparatively* rare event even with those to whom it occurs oftenest, if the number of their dreams be completely realized. The very fact of a dream being specially remembered and noted may be taken as a proof of its having been exceptional. Far rarer, of course, are the cases where these two rare characteristics are combined, and where a vivid impression of another person in unusual or exciting circumstances, having been first produced in a dream, survives as a haunting and disturbing influence. If the dreams of a single night in this country could be counted it may be doubted whether so large a proportion as one in a million would be of this character. And when this immensely reduced number of dreams is considered, the number of occurrences, coincidently with the dream

of the identical event dreamed of, so far from exemplifying the law of chances, would be found to set it completely at defiance. If it be still objected that this argument at any rate does not apply to cases of coincidence where the event or scene is not of an unusual or exciting kind, and is remembered sufficiently to be noted without the production of any haunting impression, the reply is obvious. Of ordinary and unexciting events and scenes the number possible to imagination is practically infinite; the trivial details of circumstances which any single person can in imagination connect with the various persons of his acquaintance so clearly outnumber the remembered dreams of his whole lifetime, as to put the coincidence of dream and reality again completely outside the law of chance.

Pleasures lie thickest where no pleasures seem ;
There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground
But holds some joy, of silence or of sound ;
Some sprite begotten of a summer dream.

—*Blanchard.*

Thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
Is loosened, and the nations echo round,
Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now.

—*Shelley.*

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.

—*YOUNG—Night Thoughts.*