

# The Two Worlds

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## FAMOUS GHOST STORIES.

There are many famous ghost stories which have become part of English literature. One of the most striking is the following, written by Edward Bulwer-Lytton (afterwards Lord Lytton), who was known as a deep student of occult problems, and we make no apology for resurrecting the story in slightly abridged form as Christmas fare for the readers of "The Two Worlds."

### THE HOUSE AND THE BRAIN.

A FRIEND of mine, who is a man of letters and a philosopher, said to me one day, as if between jest and earnest: "Fancy! since we last met, I have discovered a haunted house in the midst of London."

"Really! By what?—ghosts?"

"Well, I can't answer that question; all I know is this: six weeks ago my wife and I were in search of a furnished apartment. Passing a quiet street, we saw on the window of one of the houses a bill, 'Apartments, Furnished.' The situation suited us; we entered the house—liked the rooms—engaged them by the week—and left them on the third day. No power on earth could have reconciled my wife to stay longer, and I don't wonder at it."

"What did you see?"

"Excuse me—I have no desire to be ridiculed as a superstitious dreamer—nor, on the other hand, could I ask you to accept on my affirmation what you would hold to be incredible without the evidence of your own senses. Let me only say this, it was not so much what we saw or heard in which you might fairly suppose that we were the dupes of our own excited fancy, or the victims of imposture in others that drove us away, as it was an undefinable terror which seized both of us whenever we passed by the door of a certain unfurnished room, in which we neither saw nor heard anything. And the strangest marvel of all was, that for once in my life I agreed with my wife, silly woman though she be—and allowed, after the third night, that it was impossible to stay a fourth in that house. Accordingly, on the fourth morning I summoned the woman who kept the house and attended on us, and told her that the rooms did not quite suit us, and we would not stay out our week. He said, dryly: "I know why. You have stayed longer than any other lodger. Few ever stay a second night; none a third. But I take it they have been kind to you."

"They—who?" I asked, affecting to smile.

"Why, they who haunt the house, whoever they are. I don't mind them; I remember them many years ago, when I lived in this house, not as a servant; but I know they will be the death of me some day. I don't care—I'm old, and must die soon, anyhow. Then I shall be with them, and in this house still." The woman spoke with so dreary a calmness that really it was a sort of awe that prevented my conversing with her further. I paid for my week, and too happy were my wife and I to get off so cheaply."

"You excite my curiosity," said I. "There is nothing I should like better than to sleep in a haunted house. Pray give me the address of the one which you left so ignominiously."

My friend gave me the address, and when we parted I walked straight toward the house thus indicated.

It was situated in a dull but respectable thoroughfare. I found the house shut up—no bill at the window, and no response to my knock. As I was turning away, a beer-boy, collecting pewter pots at the neighbouring areas, said to me, "Do you want anyone at that house, sir?"

"Yes, I heard it was to be let."

"Let! Why, the woman who kept it is dead—has been dead these three weeks, and no one can be found to stay there, though Mr. J—— offered ever so much. He offered mother, who chars for him, a pound a week, just to open and shut the windows, and she would not."

"The house is haunted, and the old woman who kept it was found dead in her bed, with her eyes wide open. They say the devil strangled her."

"Pooh! You speak of Mr. J——. Is he the owner of the house?"

"Yes."

I gave the pot-boy the gratuity earned by his liberal information, and proceeded to Mr. J——, in G—— Street, which was close by the street that boasted the haunted house. I was lucky enough to find Mr. J—— at home—an elderly man, with intelligent countenance and prepossessing manners.

I communicated my name and my business frankly. I said I heard the house was considered to be haunted, and that I had a strong desire to examine a house with so equivocal a reputation, and that I should be greatly obliged if he would allow me to hire it, if only for a night. I was willing to pay for that privilege whatever he might ask.

"Sir," said Mr. J——, with great courtesy, "the house is at your service, for as short or as long a time as you please. Rent is out of the question—the obligation will be on my side



should you be able to discover the cause of the strange phenomena which at present deprive it of all value. I cannot let it, for I cannot get a servant to keep it in order or answer the door. Unluckily the house is haunted, if I may use that expression, not only by night, but by day; though at night the disturbances are of a more unpleasant and sometimes of a more alarming character. The poor old woman who died in it three weeks ago was a pauper whom I took out of a workhouse, for in her childhood she had been known to some of my family, and had once been in such good circumstances that she had rented that house of my uncle. She was a woman of superior education and strong mind, and was the only person I could ever induce to remain in the house. Indeed, since her death, which was sudden, and the coroner's inquest, which gave it notoriety in the neighbourhood, I have so despaired of finding any person to take charge of the house, much more a tenant, that I would willingly let it rent free for a year to anyone who would pay its rates and taxes."

"How long is it since the house acquired this sinister character?"

"That I can scarcely tell you, but very many years since. The old woman I spoke of said it was haunted when she rented it between thirty and forty years ago. The fact is, that my life has been spent in the East Indies, and in the civil service of the Company. I returned to England last year, on inheriting the fortune of an uncle, among whose possessions was the house in question. I found it shut up and uninhabited. I was told that it was haunted, that no one would inhabit it. I smiled at what seemed to me so idle a story. I spent some money in repairing it—added to its old-fashioned furniture a few modern articles—advertised it, and obtained a lodger for a year. He was a colonel on half-pay. He came in with his family, a son and a daughter, and four or five servants; they all left the house the next day; and, although each of them declared that he had seen something different from that which scared the others, a something still was equally terrible to all. I really could not in conscience sue, nor even blame, the colonel for breach of agreement. Then I put in the old woman I have spoken of, and she was empowered to let the house in apartments. I never had one lodger who stayed more than three days. I do not tell you their stories—to no two lodgers have there been exactly the same phenomena repeated. It is better that you should judge for yourself than enter the house with an imagination influenced by previous narratives; only be prepared to see and to hear something or other, and take whatever precautions you yourself please."

"Have you never had a curiosity yourself to pass a night in that house?"

"Yes. I passed not a night, but three hours in broad daylight alone in that house. My curiosity is not satisfied, but it is quenched. I have no desire to renew the experiment. You cannot complain, you see, sir, that I am not sufficiently candid; and unless your interest be exceedingly eager and your nerves unusually strong, I honestly add that I advise you NOT to pass a night in that house."

"My interest is exceedingly keen," said I "and though only a coward will boast of his nerves in situations wholly unfamiliar to him, yet my nerves have been seasoned in such variety of danger that I have the right to rely on them—even in a haunted house."

Mr. J— said very little more; he took the keys of the house out of his bureau, gave them to me—and, thanking him cordially for his frankness, and his urbane concession to my wish, I carried off my prize.

Impatient for the experiment, as soon as I reached home I summoned my confidential servant—a young man of gay spirits, fearless temper, and as free from superstitious prejudice as anyone I could think of.

"F—," said I, "you remember in Germany how disappointed we were at not finding a ghost in that old castle, which was said to be haunted by a headless apparition? Well, I have heard of a house in London which, I have reason to hope, is decidedly haunted. I mean to sleep there to-night. From what I hear, there is no doubt that something will allow itself to be seen or to be heard—something, perhaps, excessively horrible. Do you think, if I take you with

me, I may rely on your presence of mind, whatever may happen?"

"Oh, sir! pray trust me," answered F—, grinning with delight.

I was engaged for the rest of the day on business so urgent that I had not leisure to think much on the nocturnal adventure to which I had plighted my honour. I dined alone, and very late, and while dining, read, as is my habit. I selected one of the volumes of Macaulay's essays. I thought to myself that I would take the book with me; there was so much of healthfulness in the style, and practical life in the subjects, that it would serve as an antidote against the influences of superstitious fancy.

Accordingly, about half-past nine, I put the book into my pocket, and strolled leisurely toward the haunted house. I took with me my favourite dog—an exceedingly sharp, bold and vigilant bull-terrier, a dog fond of prowling about strange ghostly corners and passages at night in search of rats—a dog-of-dogs for a ghost.

It was a summer night, but chilly, the sky somewhat gloomy and overcast. Still there was a moon—faint and sickly, but still a moon—and, if the clouds permitted, after midnight it would be brighter.

I reached the house, knocked, and my servant opened with a cheerful smile.

"All right, sir, and very comfortable."

"Oh!" said I, rather disappointed; "have you not seen nor heard anything remarkable?"

"Well, sir, I must own I have heard something queer."

"What?—what?"

"The sound of feet pattering behind me; and once or twice small noises like whispers close at my ear—nothing more."

"You are not at all frightened?"

"I! not a bit of it sir," and the man's bold look reassured me on one point, viz., that happen what might, he would not desert me.

We were in the hall, the street door closed, and my attention was now drawn to my dog. He had at first run in eagerly enough, but had sneaked back to the door, and was scratching and whining to get out. After patting him on the head, and encouraging him gently, the dog seemed to reconcile himself to the situation, and followed me and F— through the house, but keeping close at my heels instead of hurrying inquisitively in advance, which was his usual and normal habit in all strange places. We first visited the subterranean apartments, the kitchen, and other offices, and especially the cellars, in which last there were two or three bottles of wine still left in a bin, covered with cobwebs, and evidently, by their appearance, undisturbed for many years. It was clear that the ghosts were not wine-bibbers. For the rest we discovered nothing of interest. There was a gloomy little backyard, with very high walls. The stones of this yard were very damp, and what with the damp, and what with the dust and smoke-grime on the pavement, our feet left a slight impression where we passed. And now appeared the first strange phenomenon witnessed by myself in this strange abode. I saw, just before me, the print of a foot suddenly form itself, as it were. I stopped, caught hold of my servant, and pointed to it. In advance of that footprint as suddenly dropped another. We both saw it. I advanced quickly to the place; the footprint kept advancing before me, a small footprint—the foot of a child: the impression was too faint thoroughly to distinguish the shape, but it seemed to us both that it was the print of a naked foot.

This phenomenon ceased when we arrived at the opposite wall, nor did it repeat itself on returning. We remounted the stairs, and entered the rooms on the ground floor, a dining-parlour, a small back-parlour, and a still smaller third room that had been probably appropriated to a footman—as still as death. We then visited the drawing-rooms, which seemed fresh and new. In the front room I seated myself in an armchair. F— placed on the table the candlestick with which he had lighted us. I told him to shut the door. As he turned to do so, a chair opposite to me moved from the wall quickly and noiselessly, and dropped itself about a yard from my own chair, immediately fronting it.



"Why, this is better than the turning-tables," said I, with a half-laugh; and as I laughed, my dog put back his head and howled.

F——, coming back, had not observed the movement of the chair. He employed himself now in stilling the dog. I continued to gaze on the chair, and fancied I saw on it a pale blue misty outline of a human figure, but an outline so indistinct that I could only distrust my own vision. The dog was now quiet.

"Put back that chair opposite to me," said I to F——, "put it back to the wall."

F—— obeyed. "Was that you, sir?" said he, turning abruptly.

"I!—what?"

"Why, something struck me. I felt it sharply on the shoulder—just here."

"No," said I. "But we have jugglers present, and though we may not discover their tricks, we shall catch them before they frighten us."

We did not stay long in the drawing-rooms—in fact, they felt so damp and so chilly that I was glad to get to the fire upstairs. We locked the doors of the drawing-rooms—a precaution which, I should observe, we had taken with all the rooms we had searched below. The bedroom my servant had selected for me was the best on the floor—a large one, with two windows fronting the street. The four-posted bed, which took up no inconsiderable space, was opposite to the fire, which burnt clear and bright; a door in the wall to the left, between the bed and the window, communicated with the room which my servant appropriated to himself. This last was a small room with a sofa-bed, and had no communication with the landing-place—no other door but that which conducted to the bedroom I was to occupy. On either side of my fireplace was a cupboard, without locks, flush with the wall, and covered with the same dull-brown paper. We examined these cupboards—only hooks to suspend female dresses—nothing else; we sounded the walls—evidently solid—the outer walls of the building. Having finished the survey of these apartments, warmed myself a few moments, and lighted my cigar, I then, still accompanied by F——, went forth to complete my reconnoitre. In the landing-place there was another door; it was closed firmly. "Sir," said my servant, in surprise, "I unlocked his door with all the others when I first came; it cannot have got locked from the inside, for——"

Before he had finished his sentence, the door, which neither of us then was touching, opened quietly of itself. We looked at each other a single instant. The same thought seized both—some human agency might be detected here. I rushed in first, my servant followed. A small blank dreary room without furniture—a few empty boxes and tapers in a corner—a small window—the shutters closed—not even a fireplace—no other door but that by which we had entered—no carpet on the floor, and the floor seemed very old, uneven, worm-eaten, mended here and there, as was shown by the whiter patches on the wood; but no living being, and no visible place in which a living being could have hidden. As we stood gazing round, the door by which we had entered closed as quietly as it had before opened; we were imprisoned!

For the first time I felt a creep of undefinable horror. Not so my servant. "Why, they don't think to trap us, sir; could break that trumpery door with a kick of my foot."

"Try first if it will open to your hand," said I, shaking off the vague apprehension that had seized me, "while I enclose the shutters and see what is without."

I unbarred the shutters—the window looked on the little back-yard I have before described; there was no ledge without—nothing to break the sheer descent of the wall. No man getting out of that window would have found any footing till he had fallen on the stones below.

F——, meanwhile, was vainly attempting to open the door. He now turned round to me and asked my permission to use force. And I should here state, in justice to the servant, that, far from evincing any superstitious terrors, his nerve, composure, and even gaiety amid circumstances so extraordinary, compelled my admiration, and made me congratulate myself on having secured a companion in every way fitted to the occasion. I willingly gave

him the permission he required. But though he was a remarkably strong man, his force was as idle as his milder efforts; the door did not even shake to his stoutest kick. Breathless and panting, he desisted. I then tried the door myself, equally in vain. As I ceased from the effort, again that creep of horror came over me; but this time it was more cold and stubborn. I felt as if some strange and ghastly exhalation were rising up from the chinks of that rugged floor, and filling the atmosphere with a venomous influence hostile to human life.

The door now very slowly and quietly opened as of its own accord. We precipitated ourselves into the landing-place. We both saw a large pale light—as large as the human figure, but shapeless and unsubstantial—move before us, and ascend the stairs that led from the landing into the attic. I followed the light, and my servant followed me. It entered to the right of the landing, a small garret, of which the door stood open. I entered in the same instant. The light then collapsed into a small globule, exceedingly brilliant and vivid: rested a moment on a bed in the corner, quivered, and vanished. We approached the bed and examined it—a half-tester, such as is commonly found in attics devoted to servants. On the drawers that stood near it we perceived an old faded silk kerchief, with the needle still left in a rent half repaired. The kerchief was covered with dust; probably it had belonged to the old woman who had last died in that house, and this might have been her sleeping-room. I had sufficient curiosity to open the drawers: there were a few odds and ends of female dress, and two letters tied round with a narrow ribbon of faded yellow. I took the liberty to possess myself of the letters. We found nothing else in the room worth noticing—nor did the light reappear; but we distinctly heard, as we turned to go, a pattering footfall on the floor—just before us. We went through the other attics (in all four) the footfall still preceding us. Nothing to be seen—nothing but the footfall heard. I had the letters in my hand: just as I was descending the stairs I distinctly felt my wrist seized, and a faint soft effort made to draw the letters from my clasp. I only held them the more tightly, and the effort ceased.

We regained the bed-chamber appropriated to myself, and I then remarked that my dog had not followed us when we had left it. He was thrusting himself close to the fire, and trembling. I was impatient to examine the letters, and while I read them my servant opened a little box in which he had deposited the weapons I had ordered him to bring, took them out, placed them on a table close at my bed-head, and then occupied himself in soothing the dog, who, however, seemed to heed him very little.

The letters were short—they were dated, the dates exactly thirty-five years ago. They were evidently from a lover to his mistress, or a husband to some young wife. Not only the terms of expression, but a distinct reference to a former voyage indicated the writer to have been a seafarer. The spelling and handwriting were those of a man imperfectly educated, but still the language itself was forcible. In the expressions of endearment there was a kind of rough wild love, but here and there were dark unintelligible hints at some secret not of love—some secret that seemed of crime. "We ought to love each other," was one of the sentences I remember, "for how everyone else would execrate us if all was known." Again: "Don't let anyone be in the same room with you at night—you talk in your sleep." And again: "What's done can't be undone; and I tell you there's nothing against us unless the dead could come to life." Here there was underlined in a better handwriting (a female's): "They do!" At the end of the letter latest in date the same female hand had written these words: "Lost at sea the 4th of June, the same day as——"

I put down the letters, and began to muse over their contents.

Fearing, however, that the train of thought into which I fell might unsteady my nerves, I fully determined to keep my mind in a fit state to cope with whatever of marvellous the advancing night might bring forth. I roused myself—laid the letters on the table—stirred up the fire, which was still bright and cheering, and opened my volume of Macaulay. I read quietly enough till about half-past eleven. I



then threw myself dressed upon the bed, and told my servant he might retire to his own room, but must keep himself awake. I bade him leave open the door between the two rooms. Thus alone, I kept two candles burning on the table by my bed-head. I placed my watch beside the weapons, and calmly resumed my Macaulay. Opposite to me the fire burned clear, and on the hearthrug, seemingly asleep, lay the dog. In about twenty minutes I felt an exceedingly cold air pass by my cheek, like a sudden draught. I fancied the door to my right, communicating with the landing-place, must have got open; but no—it was closed. I then turned my glance to my left, and saw the flame of the candles violently swayed as by a wind. At the same moment the watch beside the revolver softly slid from the table—no visible hand—it was gone. I sprang up, seizing the revolver with the one hand, the dagger with the other: I was not willing that my weapons should share the fate of the watch. Thus armed, I looked round the floor—no sign of the watch. Three slow, loud, distinct knocks were now heard at the bedhead; my servant called out, "Is that you, sir?"

"No; be on your guard."

The dog now roused himself and sat on his haunches, his ears moving quickly backward and forward. He kept his eyes fixed on me with a look so strange that he concentrated all my attention on himself. Slowly he rose up, all his hair bristling, and stood perfectly rigid, and with the same wild stare. I had no time, however, to examine the dog. Presently my servant emerged from his room, and if ever I saw horror in the human face, it was then. I should not have recognised him had we met in the street, so altered was every lineament. He passed by me quickly, saying in a whisper that seemed scarcely to come from his lips, "Run—run! it is after me!" He gained the door to the landing, pulled it open, and rushed forth. I followed him into the landing involuntarily, calling him to stop; but without heeding me he bounded down the stairs, clinging to the balusters, and taking several steps at a time. I heard, where I stood, the street door open—heard it again clap to. I was left alone in the haunted house.

It was but for a moment that I remained undecided whether or not to follow my servant; pride and curiosity alike forbade so dastardly a flight. I re-entered my room, closing the door after me, and proceeded cautiously into the interior chamber. I encountered nothing to justify my servant's terror. I again carefully examined the walls, to see if there were any concealed door. I could find no trace of one—not even a seam in the dull-brown paper with which the room was hung. How, then, had the Thing, whatever it was, which had so scared him, obtained ingress except through my own chamber?

I returned to my room, shut and locked the door that opened upon the interior one, and stood on the hearth, expectant and prepared. I now perceived that the dog had slunk into an angle of the wall, and was pressing himself close against it, as if literally striving to force his way into it. I approached the animal and spoke to it; the poor brute was evidently beside itself with terror. It showed all its teeth, the slaver dropping from its jaws, and would certainly have bitten me if I had touched it. It did not seem to recognise me. Whoever has seen at the Zoological Gardens a rabbit, fascinated by a serpent, cowering in a corner, may form some idea of the anguish which the dog exhibited. Finding all efforts to soothe the animal in vain, and fearing that his bite might be as venomous in that state as in the madness of hydrophobia, I left him alone, placed my weapons on the table beside the fire, seated myself, and recommenced my Macaulay.

Perhaps, in order not to appear seeking credit for a courage, or rather a coolness, which the reader may conceive I exaggerate, I may be pardoned if I pause to indulge in one or two egotistical remarks.

As I hold presence of mind, or what is called courage, to be precisely proportioned to familiarity with the circumstances that lead to it, so I should say that I had been long sufficiently familiar with all experiments that appertain to the marvellous. I had witnessed many very extraordinary phenomena in various parts of the world—phenomena that

would be either totally disbelieved if I stated them, or ascribed to supernatural agencies. Now, my theory is that the Supernatural is the Impossible, and that what is called supernatural is only a something in the laws of nature of which we have been hitherto ignorant. Therefore, if a ghost rise before me, I have not the right to say, "So, then, the supernatural is possible," but rather, "So, then, the apparition of a ghost is, contrary to received opinion, within the laws of nature—i.e., not supernatural."

Now, in all that I had hitherto witnessed, and indeed in all the wonders which the amateurs of mystery in our age record as facts, a material living agency is always required. On the Continent you will find still magicians who assert that they can raise spirits. Assume for the moment that they assert truly, still the living material form of the magician is present; and he is the material agency by which, from some constitutional peculiarities, certain strange phenomena are presented to your natural senses.

Accept again as truthful the tales of Spirit manifestation in America—musical or other sounds, writings on paper, produced by no discernible hands, articles of furniture moved without apparent human agency or the actual sight and touch of hands, to which no bodies seem to belong—still there must be found the Medium, or living being with constitutional peculiarities capable of obtaining these signs. In fine, in all such marvels, supposing even that there is no imposture, there must be a human being like ourselves by whom, or through whom, the effects presented to human beings are produced. It is so with the now familiar phenomena of mesmerism or electro-biology; the mind of the person operated on is affected through a material living agent. Nor, supposing it true that a mesmerised patient can respond to the will or passes of a mesmeriser a hundred miles distant, is the response less occasioned by a material being; it may be through a material fluid—call it Electric, call it Odic, call it what you will—which has the power of traversing space and passing obstacles that the material effect is communicated from one to the other. Hence all that I had hitherto witnessed, or expected to witness, in this strange house, I believed to be occasioned through some agency or medium as mortal as myself; and this idea necessarily prevented the awe with which those who regard as supernatural things that are not within the ordinary operations of nature might have been impressed by the adventures of that memorable night.

As it was my conjecture that all that was presented, or would be presented, to my senses must originate in some human being gifted by constitution with the power so to present them, and having some motive so to do, I felt an interest in my theory which, in its way, was rather philosophical than superstitious. And I can sincerely say that I was in as tranquil a temper for observation as any practical experimentalist could be in awaiting the effects of some rare, though perhaps perilous, chemical combination. Of course, the more I kept my mind detached from fancy, the more the temper fitted for observation would be obtained; and I therefore riveted eye and thought on the strong daylight sense in the page of my Macaulay.

I now became aware that something interposed between the page and the light—the page was overshadowed: I looked up, and I saw what I shall find it very difficult, perhaps impossible, to describe.

It was a darkness shaping itself forth from the air in very undefined outline. I cannot say it was of a human form and yet it had more resemblance to a human form, or rather shadow, than to anything else. As it stood, wholly apart and distinct from the air and the light around it, its dimensions seemed gigantic, the summit nearly touching the ceiling. While I gazed, a feeling of intense cold seized me. An iceberg before me could not have chilled me more; not could the cold of an iceberg have been more purely physical. I feel convinced that it was not the cold caused by fear. As I continued to gaze, I thought—but this I cannot say with precision—that I distinguished two eyes looking down on me from the height. One moment I fancied that I distinguished them clearly, the next they seemed gone; but still two rays of a pale-blue light frequently shot through the darkness, as from the height on which I half believed, half doubted, that I had encountered the eyes.



I strove to speak—my voice utterly failed me; I could only think to myself: "Is this fear? it is NOT fear!" I strove to rise—in vain; I felt as if weighed down by an irresistible force. Indeed, my impression was that of an immense and overwhelming power opposed to my volition—that utter sense of inadequacy to cope with a force beyond man's, which one may feel PHYSICALLY in a storm at sea, in a conflagration, or when confronting some terrible wild beast, or rather, perhaps, the shark of the ocean. I felt MORALLY. Opposed to my will was another will, as far superior to its strength as storm, fire, and shark are superior in material force to the force of man.

And now, as this impression grew on me—now came, at last, horror—horror to a degree that no words can convey. Still I retained pride, if not courage; and in my own mind I said: "This is horror, but it is not fear; unless I fear I cannot be harmed; my reason rejects this thing. It is an illusion—I do not fear." With a violent effort I succeeded at last in stretching out my hand toward the weapon on the table: as I did so, on the arm and shoulder I received a strange shock, and my arm fell to my side powerless. And now, to add to my horror, the light began slowly to wane from the candles—they were not, as it were, extinguished, but their flame seemed very gradually withdrawn. It was the same with the fire—the light was extracted from the fuel; in a few minutes the room was in utter darkness. The dread that came over me, to be thus in the dark with that dark Thing, whose power was so intensely felt, brought a reaction of nerve. In fact, terror had reached that climax, that either my senses must have deserted me, or I must have burst through the spell. I did burst through it. I found voice, though the voice was a shriek. I remembered that I broke forth with words like these "I do not fear, my soul does not fear," and at the same time I found strength to rise. Still in that profound gloom I rushed to one of the windows—tore aside the curtain—flung open the shutters; my first thought was—Light. And when I saw the moon high, clear, and calm, I felt a joy that almost compensated for the previous terror. There was the moon, there was also the light from the gas-lamps in the deserted slumberous street. I turned to look back into the room; the moon penetrated its shadow very palely and partially, but still there was light. The dark Thing, whatever it might be, was gone—except that I could yet see a dim shadow, which seemed the shadow of that shade, against the opposite wall.

My eye now rested on the table, and from under the table (which was without cloth or cover—an old mahogany round table) there rose a hand, visible as far as the wrist. It was a hand, seemingly, as much of flesh and blood as my own, but the hand of an aged person—lean, wrinkled, small too—a woman's hand. That hand very softly closed on the two letters that lay on the table—hand and letters both vanished. There then came the same three loud measured knocks I had heard at the bedhead before this extraordinary drama had commenced.

As those sounds slowly ceased, I felt the whole room vibrate sensibly; and at the far end there rose, as from the floor, sparks or globules like bubbles of light, many coloured—green, yellow, fire-red, azure. Up and down, to and fro, hither, thither, as tiny Will-o'-the-Wisps, the sparks moved, slow or swift, each at its own caprice. A chair (as in the drawing-room below) was now advanced from the wall without apparent agency, and placed at the opposite side of the table. Suddenly, as forth from the chair, there grew a shape—a woman's shape. It was distinct as a shape of life—ghastly as a shape of death. The face was that of youth, with a strange mournful beauty; the throat and shoulders were bare, the rest of the form in a loose robe of cloudy white. It began sleeking its long yellow hair, which fell over its shoulders; its eyes were not turned toward me, but to the door; it seemed listening, watching, waiting. The shadow of the shade in the background grew darker; and again I thought I beheld the eyes gleaming out from the summit of the shadow—eyes fixed upon that shape.

As if from the door, though it did not open, there grew out another shape, equally distinct, equally ghastly—a man's shape—a young man's. It was in the dress of the last century, or rather in a likeness of such dress (for both the male shape and the female, though defined, were evi-

dently unsubstantial, impalpable—simulacra—phantasms); and there was something incongruous, grotesque, yet fearful, in the contrast between the elaborate finery, the courtly precision of that old-fashioned garb, with its ruffles and lace and buckles, and the corpse-like stillness of the flitting wearer. Just as the male shape approached the female, the dark shadow started from the wall, all three for a moment wrapped in darkness. When the pale light returned, the two phantoms were as if in the grasp of the shadow that towered between them; and there was a blood stain on the breast of the female; and the phantom male was leaning on its phantom sword, and blood seemed trickling fast from the ruffles, from the lace; and the darkness of the intermediate shadow swallowed them up—they were gone. And again the bubbles of light shot, and sailed, and undulated, growing thicker and thicker and more wildly confused in their movements.

The closet door to the right of the fireplace now opened, and from the aperture there came the form of an aged woman. In her hand she held letters—the very letters over which I had seen the Hand close; and behind her I heard a footstep. She turned round as if to listen, and then she opened the letters and seemed to read; and over her shoulder I saw a livid face, the face of a man long drowned—bloated, bleached—seaweed tangled in its dripping hair; and at her feet lay a form as of a corpse, and beside the corpse there cowered a child, a miserable squalid child, with famine in its cheeks and fear in its eyes. And as I looked in the old woman's face, the wrinkles and lines vanished, and it became a face of youth—hard-eyed, stony, but still youth; and the shadow darted forth, and darkened over these phantoms as it had darkened over the last.

Nothing now was left but the shadow, and on that my eyes were intently fixed, till again eyes grew out of the shadow—malignant, serpent eyes. And the bubbles of light again rose and fell, and in their disordered, irregular, turbulent maze, mingled with the wan moonlight. And now from these globules themselves, as from the shell of an egg, monstrous things burst out; the air grew filled with them; larvæ so bloodless and so hideous that I can in no way describe them except to remind the reader of the swarming life which the solar microscope brings before his eyes in a drop of water—things transparent, supple, agile, chasing each other—forms like naught ever beheld by the naked eye. As the shapes were without symmetry, so their movements were without order. In their very vagrancies there was no sport; they came round me and round, thicker and faster and swifter, swarming over my head, crawling over my right arm, which was outstretched in involuntary command against all evil beings. Sometimes I felt myself touched, but not by them; invisible hands touched me. Once I felt the clutch as of cold soft fingers at my throat. I was still equally conscious that if I gave way to fear I should be in bodily peril; and I concentrated all my faculties in the single focus of resisting, stubborn will. And I turned my sight from the shadow—above all, from those strange serpent eyes—eyes that had now become distinctly visible. For there, though in naught else around me, I was aware that there was a WILL, and a will of intense, creative, working evil, which might crush down my own.

The pale atmosphere in the room began now to redden as if in the air of some near conflagration. The larvæ grew lurid as things that live in fire. Again the room vibrated; again were heard the three measured knocks; and again all things were swallowed up in the darkness of the dark shadow, as if out of that darkness all had come, into that darkness all returned.

As the gloom receded, the shadow was wholly gone. Slowly, as it had been withdrawn, the flame grew again into the candles on the table, again into the fuel in the grate. The whole room once more came calmly, healthfully into sight.

The two doors were still closed, the door communicating with the servant's room still locked. In the corner of the wall, into which he had so convulsively niched himself, lay the dog. I called to him—no movement; I approached—the animal was dead; his eyes protruded; his tongue out of his mouth; the froth gathered round his jaws. I took him in my arms; I brought him to the fire; I felt acute grief for the loss of my poor favourite—acute self-reproach;



I accused myself of his death; I imagined he had died of fright. But what was my surprise on finding that his neck was actually broken. Had this been done in the dark?—must it not have been by a hand human as mine?—must there not have been a human agency all the while in that room? I cannot tell. I cannot do more than state the fact fairly; the reader may draw his own inference.

Another surprising circumstance—my watch was restored to the table from which it had been so mysteriously withdrawn; but it had stopped at the very moment it was so withdrawn; nor, despite the skill of the watchmaker, has it ever gone since—that is, it will go in a strange erratic way for a few hours, and then come to a dead stop—it is worthless.

Nothing more chanced for the rest of the night. Nor, indeed, had I long to wait before the dawn broke. Nor till it was broad daylight did I quit the haunted house. Before I did so, I revisited the little blind room in which my servant and myself had been for a time imprisoned. I had a strong impression—for which I could not account—that from that room had originated the mechanism of the phenomena (if I may use the term) which had been experienced in my chamber. And though I entered it now in the clear day, with the sun peering through the filmy window, I still felt, as I stood on its floors, the creep of the horror which I had first there experienced the night before, and which had been so aggravated by what had passed in my own chamber. I could not, indeed, bear to stay more than half a minute within those walls. I descended the stairs, and again I heard the footfall before me; and when I opened the street door, I thought I could distinguish a very low laugh. I gained my own house, expecting to find my runaway servant there. But he had not presented himself, nor did I hear more of him for three days, when I received a letter from him, dated from Liverpool, to this effect:—

"HONOURED SIR,—I humbly entreat your pardon, though I can scarcely hope that you will think I deserve it, unless—which Heaven forbid!—you saw what I did. I feel that it will be years before I can recover myself; and as to being fit for service, it is out of the question. I am therefore going to my brother-in-law at Melbourne. The ship sails to-morrow. Perhaps the long voyage may set me up. I do nothing now but start and tremble, and fancy it is behind me. I humbly beg you, honoured sir, to order my clothes, and whatever wages are due to me, to be sent to my mother's at Walworth—John knows her address."

On leaving the house I went to Mr. J——'s. He was at home. I returned him the keys, and told him that my curiosity was sufficiently gratified. "What on earth can I do with the house?" he asked.

"I will tell you what to do. I am convinced from my own internal feelings that the small unfurnished room at right angles to the door of the bedroom which I occupied forms a starting point or receptacle for the influences which haunt the house, and I strongly advise you to have the walls opened, the floor removed—nay, the whole room pulled down. It could be done without injury to the rest of the building."

"And you think if I did that——"

"Try it."

The day was accordingly fixed. I repaired to the haunted house. We went into the room, took up the skirting, and then the floors. Under the rafters we found a trap-door, quite large enough to admit a man. We descended into a room below, the existence of which we had never suspected. By the help of candles we examined the place: it still retained some mouldering furniture, but our main discovery was a kind of iron safe, fixed to the wall, the lock of which cost us much trouble to get picked.

We found no difficulty in opening the first drawer within the iron safe; we found great difficulty in opening the second: it was not locked, but it resisted all efforts, till we inserted in the chinks the edge of a chisel. When we had thus drawn it forth, we found a very singular apparatus in the nicest order. Upon a small thin book, or rather tablet, was placed a saucer of crystal; this saucer was filled with a clear liquid—on that liquid floated a kind of compass, with a needle shifting rapidly round, but instead of the usual points of a compass were seven strange characters,

not very unlike those used by astrologers to denote the planets. A peculiar but not strong nor displeasing odour came from this drawer, which was lined with a wood that we afterwards discovered to be hazel. Whatever the cause of this odour, it produced a material effect on the nerves. We all felt it, even the two workmen who were in the room—a creeping, tingling sensation from the tips of the fingers to the roots of the hair. Impatient to examine the tablet, I removed the saucer. As I did so the needle of the compass went round and round with exceeding swiftness, and I felt a shock that ran through my whole frame, so that I dropped the saucer on the floor. The liquid was spilled—the saucer was broken—the compass rolled to the end of the room—and at that instant the walls shook to and fro, as if a giant had swayed and rocked them.

The two workmen were so frightened that they ran up the ladder by which we had descended from the trap door; but seeing that nothing more happened, they were easily induced to return.

Meanwhile I had opened the tablet: it was bound in plain red leather, with a silver clasp; it contained but one sheet of thick vellum, and on that sheet were inscribed, within a double pentacle, words in old monkish Latin, which are literally to be translated thus: "On all that it can reach within these walls—sentient or inanimate, living or dead—as moves the needle, so works my will! Accursed be the house, and restless be the dwellers therein."

We found no more. Mr. J—— burned the tablet and its anathema. He razed to the foundations the part of the building containing the secret room with the chamber over it. He had then the courage to inhabit the house himself for a month, and a quieter, better-conditioned house could not be found in all London. Subsequently he let it to advantage, and his tenant has made no complaints.

God is not the God of the dead, but of the living, and every mortal may glorify Him and fulfil the law of being upon the planes wherein his consciousness can find expression.—E. C. G.

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## A DERBYSHIRE GHOST STORY.

IN AN ARTICLE (in a contemporary) on Alport Height, lately presented to the National Trust, allusion is made to a tablet in Crich Church, which recalls, though it does not record, a remarkable ghost story.

The story is fairly well known, the experience related far from unparalleled but memorable as having what may be considered official confirmation by a Government department. The tablet is to the memory of Captain German Wheatcroft, of the 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons, who, in September, 1857, went to India to join his regiment, his wife remaining behind with her mother in Cambridge. The story which follows is substantially as it appeared in the Crich Parish Magazine some twenty years ago.

On the night of November 14-15, 1857, Mrs. Wheatcroft dreamed that she saw her husband looking anxious and ill. She awoke, much agitated, and there standing in the moonlight by her bedside she saw him wearing his uniform, his hands pressed across his chest, his hair dishevelled, his face very pale. His large dark eyes were fixed full upon her, their expression was that of great excitement, and there was a peculiar contraction of the mouth habitual to him when agitated. She saw him, even to minute particulars of his dress, as distinctly as she had ever done, and noticed between his hands his white shirt front, but no stain of blood. Bending forward the figure seemed to make an effort to speak, but there was no sound. After remaining visible for about a minute, as she thought, it disappeared. She had no more sleep that night.

Next morning she related all this to her mother, expressing her conviction, though she had noticed no marks of blood on his dress, that Captain Wheatcroft was either dead or seriously wounded. So fully impressed was she with the reality of the vision that she refused all invitations including one to a fashionable concert at which it was pointed out she would have an opportunity of wearing a fine dress cloak sent by her husband from Malta. She persisted, however, in her determination to avoid every place of amusement until she had a letter from the Captain of a date subsequent to November 14.

On a Tuesday in December, 1857, a telegram was published in London to the effect that Captain Wheatcroft was killed before Lucknow "on the fifteenth of November." Mr. Wilkinson, a London solicitor, broke the news to the widow, who told him she was quite prepared to hear it, but that she felt sure that he died on the fourteenth and not on the fifteenth, as it was on the night between these dates that he had appeared at her bedside. Mr. Wilkinson made further inquiries, and procured a certificate from the War Office, the tenor of which was as follows:—

"War Office,

January 30, 1858.

"These are to certify that it appears by the records in this office that Captain German Wheatcroft, of the 6th Dragoon Guards, was killed in action on the 15th November, 1857

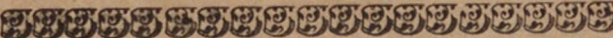
(Signed) R. HAWES."

In the month of March, however, the family of Captain Wheatcroft received from a fellow officer a letter dated from Lucknow, December 19, 1857, informing them that Captain Wheatcroft was killed, not on November 15, as reported officially, but on the fourteenth, in the afternoon. This officer was riding close by his side, saw him struck by a fragment of shell in the breast, from the effect of which he presently died, without speaking again.

As the difference in longitude between London and Lucknow is about only five hours, and as it was proved by an eye-witness that he died in the afternoon, had his death taken place on the fifteenth the apparition seen by his wife must have appeared hours before his death. That it did not do so was finally admitted by the War Office, and the official record of his death was changed from the fifteenth to fourteenth accordingly. "An honest ghost."—M. A. GIBSON in "Manchester City News."

✱

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—E. C. G.

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The author does not seem to favour modern movements, such as Theosophy and Spiritualism, nor even modern occultism, as practised by various mystical schools. He uses the word *mystic* as distinctive from *mysticism*. His idea is that "there are transcendental laws as unalterable as the course of physical laws," and that the ancient peoples who had discovered those laws were *mystic*, in the sense that they knew reality beyond the range of the physical senses.

Like most occultists, he is prejudiced against Spiritualism. He does not seem to see that Spiritualism is essentially the discovery of the super-sensual realms of Nature.

He says: "It is not necessary for us to be cheated by hypnotic or somnambulistic demonstrations, or by the so-called appearances of the spirits of dead people through mediums. All these appearances refer to the lower principles of the human entity."

No one who is really acquainted with hypnotism or Spiritualism could write like that—which, of course, betrays gross ignorance of both subjects. Occultists usually talk of every kind of spirit, but the spirit of a departed human being. It has been left to Spiritualism in its modern form to entertain and welcome the return of the departed as friends and associates—just our own back again.

Occultists and Theosophists, and also this writer, are so overshadowed with the bogey of danger, that everyone warns the other of some terrible consequence unless the other follows the path the one prescribes for himself as the safest. This author does the same. They all forget that perfect love casteth out fear—the love that visualises the heart of the universe as really good, is a shield that protects the wearer, and blesses even the enemy that attacks. This is especially so in dealing with all super-physical realms. This is my experience after 45 years of investigation.

The author is very instructive in dealing with the Patanjali Yoga, Sutra, the Mantra, or the use of letters and sacred words, and his remarks on the Kundalini and the Chakras. He believes in the awaking of the Kundalini, and maintains that there is no danger in doing so, so long as the adept follows his method and that of Kerning's.

The process is that of Dharana, Dhyana, and Samadhi, following the instructions of Patanjali, the *Yoga Sutra*.

Dharana means meditation, as a preliminary to Dhyana, which is the principle of concentration. You are to practise Dharana by holding the breath for twelve seconds, and hold the mind a blank, and repeat the process. Dhyana means to hold the breath for twelve Dharanas, viz., 12 x 12, or 144 seconds. During Dhyana you are to suppress mind wandering until the thinking principle falls into stillness, and is kept so.

It is in this realm of absolute silence where no stray thought can enter, that at last the aspirant finds the real thinking principle within his own depth. The author says: "That is neither our mind, nor our soul, nor our own self." It is a faculty that arouses thoughts and conceptions *inside* ourself. Trance and sleep of any kind must be rigidly avoided. If I follow him rightly it means conscious entrance into a thought world within and beyond the soul, such as Plotinus is said to have experienced. It is the cutting through the consciousness of having a body, and of the

consciousness of being one's self, and yet be more consciously alive than ever. He says: "The proof of this thinking principle not being *own* self, is that when thinking anything, there exists something else *quietly watching* these thoughts of ours." It seems to be something like Leibnitz's monad, a self-luminous, conscious being without a window.

This means arrival at the state of Samadhi—spirit detached from all its moorings in the sea of the absolute. To do this the aspirant must learn to hold his breath for twelve Dhyanas, viz., 12 x 12 x 12—1728 seconds. The aspirant becomes conscious of emptiness without, yet knowing all within; what the author says is known as "The Gnostics' Abyss," and the "lighting of the inward mystical Fire."

This means that the outward awareness is lost in or removed into the interior of one's spirit. One must first control the play of thoughts on the surface of consciousness until the silence becomes a void, and all sensations cease, until the only feeling left is that of ineffable peace. "The student loses the sensation of his body, but never his consciousness—which is of importance. It is not trance."

The author says that this concentration must not be placed in the physical heart, as it would be injured, but on the mental heart. It seems to be an attempt to raise the consciousness into being aware of itself within itself, or the soul in relation to its own spirit. The mystic must also avoid getting into trance or into the hypnotic sleep where he says phantasmagoria of all kinds may occur. However, I have witnessed a hypnotic subject rising altogether above all phantasms. The deeper self in the hypnotic sleep is exactly what the mystic arrives at by auto-suggestion and control. Mediums may and often do arrive at the consciousness of their own spirit, and that with the cutting off of all outward rapport. Exalted music may do the same. So also in worship, faith may become the evidence of things not seen, and the substance of things hoped for. When this outrush of one's spirit flushes the soul—the self-aware part of our being—then truly all external and earthly thoughts cease, and the inward ineffable holds the soul. If the self-awareness then, on return to its outward and accustomed state, puts forth a healing thought to a patient, their spiritual healing takes place, and the patient, according to his receptivity, recovers his health.

Before I close this review I would like to point out one serious defect in the mysticism of the author, and of others in all schools, and that is isolation into one's self as the supreme end of attainment, instead of, as it should be, afterwards opened out again to include an ever-increasing number of others in the ambient of our soul or conscious life—imparting to them the riches thus attained. It was in this that Jesus differed from the Essenes, that Gotama Buddha also differed from the Ascetics. He that attains inwardly Nirvanic bliss, but fails to impart himself to others, is in the greatest possible danger of falling into vanity, and to miss the great aim of every form of spiritual development.

The Heart of Nature loves us all, and as soon as we are consciously aware of it, and to the exact extent that we are so, we also love all—that is, we pour the substance of our soul life into every other soul we meet. The mystics and occultists generally are not often aware of their loved ones in the spirit world, and they discourage (as this author does) intercourse with the spirits of the departed. Whatever evil we may meet is there, whether we cultivate intercourse or not. The evil is not in intercourse with those we love, who have gone before, nor in the kind friends who, oft unsought of us, come and impart their love and wisdom to us. The evil, as far as it exists, lies in our failure to cherish the same unselfish love as theirs. The mystic delving into his own depth is to be commended to us Spiritualists; but our Spiritualistic fellowship and communion with our unseen spirit friends is to be commended to occultists and mystics; so that they, with us, might be enabled to practise pure, unselfish love to all, and, as far as we are able, to our fellow mortals here.

I can thoroughly recommend this work to the readers of THE TWO WORLDS, as it opens out unaccustomed territory for our exploring, as well as much information usually inaccessible to the general reader.

\* "Man's Highest Purpose," by Caryl Weinfurter. Published by Rider & Co. Price 10/6.



## DEATH.

By HORACE LEAF, F.R.G.S.

INDIVIDUAL reactions to the various problems of life are often very personal, and one occasionally meets an individual whose views and solutions are apparently quite contrary to those commonly held. It is impossible to read Einstein, for instance, and not realise that he sincerely believes no one survives death.

Many religious people still persist in saying that the complete materialist is a myth; but religion has always been incompetent of appreciating human psychology. I have met many intelligent people who have disbelieved in survival, sometimes as if instinctively. So firm is their unbelief that the strongest evidence to the contrary seems meaningless. A few weeks ago I sat with a delightful American whose wife had been a remarkable medium for forty years, and yet he could not accept survival. In support of his view he produced all kinds of arguments and the boldest assumptions, and when the faultiness of his logic was made bare, he simply sat in the seat of the fool and continued to assert his unwavering disbelief. It was obvious that he simply could not believe.

It was impossible not to admire the courage of this man. Literally tottering on the verge of the grave, surrounded by friends who deplored his mental attitude, some of them throwing out vague warnings and threats about the vengeance of God, he insisted in holding to that which he felt convinced was correct. He had no God sense. This does not mean that he had no moral sense. I learned sufficient of him to know that he was one of the most prosperous and honoured men in his city. A jeweller of note, he had occupied every position of trust and responsibility among his business associates, and had never failed in his integrity.

This is by no means an uncommon case. I have found intellectual and "instinctive" materialists among the best of citizens. Long ago, even when an enthusiastic convert to one of the most orthodox of evangelical Christian sects, I discovered that religion did not always make a man good, while atheism certainly did not make him bad. In any crowd of people living the ordinary events of social life, one could not tell the average religious man from the average non-religious.

The serious facing of the problems of life and death is more likely to make one non-religious than religious. Most of the great philosophers have been sceptical of a Divine Purpose and of the survival of death. Science almost invariably leads to agnosticism or atheism. A pæon of praise ascends from the Christian pulpit whenever some noted scientist boldly states that he believes man is an imperishable spirit.

Both philosophers and scientists often develop an admiration for Nature exceeding that of the merely religious person, because it is established on greater knowledge, but being logical and unafraid, they usually refuse to twist the facts into unjustified schemes. One cannot believe in the existence of an omnipotent and omnipresent God without deserting plain facts and indulging in faith. This may be logically done only when one maintains that the human mind is too small to comprehend all the facts of the universe. But if the critic determines to stand by the obvious, and appy what is known as the criterion, instead of a religious conception, the idea of a Directive Mind, of a Universal Experimenter, or of Creative Evolution is more acceptable.

Religious people wilfully refuse to face unpleasant facts as a rule. They are like the folk who assert that sin and pain are negative, notwithstanding that sin oppresses mankind terribly, and toothache will stop the greatest genius from thinking. Perhaps their attitude is justified instinctively. It certainly makes life more tolerable, and therefore contributes to the persistence of the race. It is the intellectuals who generally refuse to propagate their species. Science is in favour of birth control; religion condemns it.

It is difficult even for Spiritualists to answer the question that if death is the doorway to a higher life, why do

people hate and fear death? Non-Spiritualists may well be forgiven for denying survival on these very grounds. Outside of positive proof to the contrary, everyone would be justified in saying that death is undesirable, so undesirable that even a worm will struggle with all its might against it. With what anguish religious parents and friends view the possible decease of the loved one! All their loud affirmations of belief in the existence of a beautiful hereafter and a loving Heavenly Father seem to weaken alarmingly before the dread fact that death is in the chamber. Why do we abhor and fight death? Why does youth refuse even to think of death, and middle age tremble at the thought that the meridian of life has been reached; and why does old age deny itself so often, secretly envying youth? Said an elderly doctor to me in San Antonio recently, "Youth is the most wonderful thing in the world: every healthy young man and young woman is richer than the richest millionaire. How I envy them!" This was his way of saying that old age was unpleasant because death held its hand. He was struggling to live, foreswore age by his manner and his dress, slapped his chest and said, "A man is as old as he feels he is," but he knew that sixty-odd years had taken the sap from his bones and "tone" from his muscles, and that before long death would lay him by the heels. So he hated death, because he loved life, and all his belief in survival seemed beating helplessly against the inevitable end.

I have purposely put these facts plainly, crudely, it may seem, but I think truthfully, which is more important, because it may enable us to understand the growing unbelief which spreads with education. Every young botanist, every young zoologist, every young biologist knows that the struggle for existence grips plant and animal alike. From the lowest unicellular animal to the finest human specimen, there is a mighty urge to live, not in a hereafter, but here on earth. They all devise ways and means of avoiding unpleasant, harmful and destructive stimuli, and kick against death to the last. Why should they do this if this world is but the gateway to a "a larger life"? Well, why should they? There is not a person living that can answer that question satisfactorily. They may drag in hope, faith, God, but the mystery remains unsolved.

Who cannot see in face of these facts that if the solution of the problem had been left where it stood before the advent of Modern Spiritualism and psychical research, the whole world might have grown unbelieving. In the Western hemisphere there is ample evidence to support this opinion; the East copies.

The discovery of the spirit world, with its opportunities, may not solve the problem of existence on earth, but it does offer positive facts. It may present a paradox, but it also presents an important fact—man lives again. For the rest we must rely upon commonsense and the value of testimony. What the next world means to the dead must be told by the dead in the main. There are a few privileged human beings who have some definite knowledge of it, and they are more often simple unknown folk, the founders and leaders of religions.

The paradox is by no means unpleasant. There seems to be an almost unanimous opinion among the dead that the world to which they have gone was worth the change, and that death is a nasty camouflage. When this discovery becomes as definitely known to the biologist, the psychologist and the philosopher as more orthodox facts, death will still be unpleasant, but not nearly so much as at present. Its worst features will be quite outshone by the glorious realisation that man not only survives death, but that survival is a beautiful and desirable thing.

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PROSPERITY.—There are many who think that this means getting on in the world, and it does in one sense. Yet there is another type of prosperity. The higher meaning is to prosper in spiritual things, and someone may say: "This is not of much importance here." Yet it is most important for the life to come, which will be of much greater length than this one. Try to prosper in things spiritual, looking to your future happiness, and all other prosperity will be added.—TRUTH BEARER.



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## THE POINTS OF LIGHT.

By HELEN VIOLET HEYM.

I WAS wandering one hot afternoon in a Picture Gallery in an Italian city, passing an hour or two before meeting some friends. It was a very small Gallery, which had caught my eye as I strolled down a street, and I had entered it as much to get out of the heat and to rest than to look at anything I might find there.

There did not appear to be anyone beside myself about. Seeing a seat at the far end, I sat down, to be confronted by a very large picture, which covered very nearly all the end wall. The painting appeared to be a very old one, but what struck me most on first looking at it was the brilliant light which covered the topmost part. The artist must have had, even in that far-off time, a wonderful paint to produce a radiance which had lasted for so long.

The subject of the picture seemed to me somewhat complex. It represented many groups of people of all types and nationalities, and each group seemed to comprise a religious sect. I saw the Cross of the Christians as well as the figure of Buddha, and many other symbols relating to special forms of belief.

Looking closely at the lower portion of the picture the different groups seemed to be more or less arguing and pointing at the other groups, and so intent were they in doing this, that they forgot what they were there for, and did not appear to take much heed of what was being taught them. Dark clouds and mist surrounded these people, and very little light shone on them.

Looking higher, I saw others gazing upwards, their faces expressing joy and a dawning understanding, while higher still I saw those who were no longer only observing their own group, but whose eyes ranged over them all. From each group came a brilliant point of light, and all these points merged into that wonderful radiance above.

I was trying to discover the meaning of this picture, when I was startled by the appearance of another spectator standing by my side, for I had heard no one enter the gallery, and had thought myself alone. My companion was a man of mature years, dressed in the clothes of some hundred years ago: his features were Oriental rather than European, and from him seemed to come to me a feeling of great peace, coolness and health.

His voice, when he spoke, was also that of an Eastern. Gently he said, "Are you trying to fathom the meaning of that picture, brother?"

I answered "Yes," for I felt that the painter had had a very big lesson to teach.

The stranger was silent for a few seconds. His dark eyes swept over me; it almost seemed they read my thoughts—my real desire to understand the spiritual teaching that I inwardly felt was the subject of this painting. His voice fell gently on my ears when he again spoke, moving at the same time nearer to the great canvas.

"The man who painted that picture, my friend, has been freed from his body for many years, but the lesson he had hoped to convey to those who came after him is one that will live forever, bringing truth and understanding to those whose minds are ready to receive it. Look! these groups represent the many different forms of belief that existed at the time the picture was painted, and which still more or less exist to-day. Most people believe in some form of faith, and there are few, I trust, who do not worship God; who to some is a Supreme Being, to others the spirit of all that lives. As our intellect grows, we more and more come to the knowledge that God could not be a personality, but must be purely Spirit; and that humanity if they keep the windows of the soul clean is reflecting this spirit. 'Cling fast to God and His idea,' which saying means: Cling to love, truth, charity and health. All these are the qualities of God, and a man or woman who clings to them must turn their backs on the opposite—hate, lies, uncharitableness, and ill-health."

As I listened to the words of the stranger I felt stirring within me a new revelation, and anxiously I besought him to explain the picture to me.

"Observe these people in groups at the bottom. They are not looking for the truth; they represent those who follow some form of belief, but spend their time in picking holes in the beliefs of their neighbours; they bicker and quarrel among themselves and with others, saying 'Our faith is better than his.' The clouds you see around them are the clouds formed from their own ignorance, and until they look up and seek the spirit of truth, the light above them, they cannot penetrate this mist. Higher up you see those who have caught such truth as is expressed in their belief, and once this is faintly glimpsed they will travel onward. On their faces you see joy, for they have caught, however dimly, the point of light. Now look at the faces of those who are out of the mist; they no longer look at any single point of light; they see them all, and the great light into which each one is merged. They have reached the Truth, and the Truth has made them whole; they have found the Kingdom of Heaven.

"Now realise, friend, that in each belief there is the Truth, but very often it is so deformed by ritual and wrong teaching, that it is nearly lost. Still, as long as a certain number of earnest souls seek it in any religion, it is there to be found. See, all the points of light end by joining that great radiance up above: that represents the Truth, which is God. Take a prism and hold it up to the light, and the light shining through it will send out many colours, some dull, others bright, yet there is only one light.

"Belief in any one form of religion is not necessary to the man who can grasp the meaning of this painting. God is always with us. He is Life, and where there is life there is God. He is Love! Those who love most are the nearest to God. Love, service, and sacrifice are the way to find the Kingdom of Heaven, because it is only to those who practise these that real happiness can come. When Christ told His disciples to seek the Kingdom of Heaven, he meant them to seek the things of the spirit, not of the flesh. To seekers after material things clear sight and understanding rarely come. They think because they pray for material things, and do not receive them, that their prayers are not answered, whereas, if they only knew it, God is everlastingly giving them wonderful gifts if they would only accept them. The Sun shines on all alike; the flowers lift their faces to us all. Love is ours if we seek it. We must give it freely to our fellow-beings, and try to understand their life and temptations, and to help as much as we can.

"We are sent into this world as to a school, the school which is the earth life, and it is in our hands here and now to prepare our spirit life, and through our actions and thoughts to build a spirit body worthy to meet the Master when we cross over the bridge to the life everlasting. Those who think least of their material bodies are often the healthiest, and those who take on their brothers' burdens lose their own; they are sowing seeds that will blossom for them in the spirit world. When they reach that world they will find loving hands to greet them and loving help awaiting them. Love reflects love, and the more love we give the more we shall receive. Now do you begin to see the meaning of this painting?"

I felt amazed at the light and understanding that had

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come to me while the stranger spoke. I asked him if he had ever known the painter, or someone who had.

I saw a smile of great beauty light up his face, and he answered me, "I am the painter. In the long ago this idea came to me, and I put it on canvas, hoping that some of those who would come after me might draw from it the truth it is meant to express. Watching from the spirit world, I am sometimes able to come, as I have come to you, to explain it, but those to whom I come must have great love in their hearts and a desire to seek for the Kingdom of Heaven. That love enables me to draw near and manifest myself."

Once more he smiled, and I saw his form grow fainter, but even as he faded from my sight I heard his last words: "God bless you, brother! Pass on the knowledge you have gained."

I sat for some time before the painting, but I no longer felt alone. A great joy filled me, and my spirit felt uplifted and full of a great renewing love. The radiance at the top of the picture seemed to shine on me with a warmth I could feel. I prayed then to the Great Spirit of All, thanking Him for the vision He had sent me and the teaching I had received, and for help from the angels to carry on to others the message of the painter.

SILENCE.—There is more in this word than just being quiet. Think what great things take place in silence—the growth of the trees, plants and animal life all take place in silence. The mighty flashes of lightning, the closing of day and the rising of the morning sun, and the thoughts of human and animal life all have their origin in silence. So you will better understand the Scripture saying, "Be still, and know that I am God." Only in silent meditation can you draw near to God. To gain spiritual good and God's best blessings, try your best to enter into silence. Do not think that we mean always be silent, for there are times when speech is necessary.—TRUTH BEARER.

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## THE LONELY GHOST.

By IVAN COOKE.

So THIS is Christmas come again! I have been among you in the old Manor House, and watched the children play, gathered with you all before the great fire in the oaken hall, and listened when you spoke of Mary, little thinking that the spirit of Mary stood at your side. Try to sit very quietly with peace in your mind. Since God's mercy granted me release from my darkened pit of despair and hopelessness, I have been cleansed of much of my old mortal heaviness, so that I cannot draw so close to you, my medium, through whose hand I write. Therefore, be very still in thought.

Over a century has passed, they tell me, since I, Mary, lived in the old home. Yet still I love its gentle peace, still can I wander by lake or garden, still sit and dream as I was wont to do. In truth, love brings us very close; earth and heaven are not far apart, spirit can still reach out to mortality.

I am spirit. As you know, I am the spirit of a poor girl, who a hundred years ago flung herself out from this room where you now write, flung herself down to death on the courtyard below. Yet now can I write of this sad act quite peacefully, without qualm or fear, without a sickened heart. For, oh, it happened long ago to a Mary who seems so different to she who now writes! Have I not trod the heavenly ways and gathered peace to wear upon my heart, and bowed my soul before He who is the flower of all the heavens, and felt the touch of His gentle hand, so that I know no more of sorrow and of travail?

Why, without sorrow, I remember he who loved me on earth. His face is bright within my heart, for still I love him, though he brought me down to sorrow and to death. As truly he loved me as ever a man loved a maid. He could not wed me, my lover. Well I knew that he was already wed to a wife who was so shrewish that she had slain the love that he once bore her as with a knife. Well I knew that he was a lonely heartsick man when he stayed by the river's edge to linger with Mary. Was it not springtime, the time for love, and I a-gathering the primrose beside the water when he came riding by, a strong man and a grave, with trouble in his eyes and shadows on his heart?

What harm in friendship, thought he and I, when we found that my laughter had power to lift his darkness? What harm if friends meet sometimes, if friends meet often? But when friendship turns to love, what then? For love is very mighty, love is very strong. Kisses are fire and sweet, sweet wine in the veins of a man and maid. And he poor, and he so lonely, and I so loving . . .

God have pity on all in like case!

Well do I remember the first cold clutch of fear, the dread that came upon me. O, you who bear your babe to the man you love under the seal of wedlock, can you know how fearfully comes the promise to she who is unwed?

It cannot be? . . . It might be? . . . Surely, surely, love cannot be so cruel? . . . And then . . . as the months passed, I knew . . . and others grew to know also. . . . My mother knew . . . many knew. Behind this Mary's back they flung her gibes and sneers. She knew it. They laughed at the farmer's daughter who had dishonoured both parents and home by her coming shame. My parents sent me out from them. I must dwell alone, they said, apart, in this room. Then sometimes they would send the minister to pray with me for the redemption of my soul. So far their pity went! Ah! folk were more cruel in those days than now.

He came, this minister, in his cloak of black, but I was cold and bitter, and he, too, grew angry and spoke of lakes of fire and the eternal torture waiting for those who would not repent. In rejecting his ministry, he said, I aroused God's anger against me . . . at my peril.

I was reckless, and cared little for his threats—then. But there came a day when it seemed that hell's pains were already upon me while I listened to his babble. At length he went, and I knew my hour was come.

In the morning after the long night they put into my



arms my baby boy. He was so beautiful that I loved him with all my poor heart, but not a soul had heart of pity to say that he was fair, none spoke kindly, none forgave me after all my sorrowfulness.

Pain and loneliness had made me mad. I know it now . . . But I had thoughts then that death might be kinder than this life to me, and were it not for my baby I would have gladly died. I was distracted, distraught. "They will never love my baby," thought I. "They hate him; therefore they shall not look upon my babe." So I covered him with a cloth—truly I had no thought—"If they want now to see him they shall not," I said. "Is he not mine alone?" . . . And no one came, and I grew lonely and hungry to see him again. So I lifted the cloth to peep . . . And he was dead . . . I had killed my babe.

Away, away from the clamour of my thought, from this leaping heart and frenzied mind! Away, away out of this dreadful room! A rush to the window, the clatter of falling glass as I thrust myself out . . . I fell, down, down.

Yes, there came a great shock, but I felt no pain. I know not how it happened, but at once I stood in a vast silence beside my broken body, and knew not it had been mine. I saw them rushing out, the lamentations and the tears. I saw them gather up that which had been Mary. Yet still my heart was cold and hard against them, still I proudly drew aside, thinking that even now they would not answer were I to speak.

Alas! I did not dream that I was what men call "dead." The mists gathering came fast about me. I knew not where I was, but soon I went a-seeking, searching for my babe. I found him not. Ah, me! they had stolen him from me, and he so tiny and so weak!

Dark grew the mists, lonely the path I walked, lonely grew I in thought, knowing now that I had cut myself away from men, still thinking that God was waiting to cast me into flames for my sin. Once I had passed the borderline of death (for still I did not know that I was "dead"). And the tale of days and weeks, the months and seasons that make the years I knew not any more, but dreamed on in my dream, a timeless thing. Nothing I knew except that as it became darker I was glad, because I could hide the better from God. Now, thought I, not even God can find and punish Mary. So I wooed darkness and wore her like a cloak about me, neither happy nor unhappy, but just a dream. How strange for one of God's children to dream thus!

They say that folk came to know that I lived still in this little room. That they in this house called me a ghost—they were afraid of me! Afraid—of me! They said that I walked, that I crept up to the servant girls who slept in my room to pull the bedclothes from them, to frighten them. I knew it not. Perhaps in my dream I still sought my babe, perhaps I sought to touch their warm bodies, for I was very cold, and one there was who had compassion on me, who came up here to pray that God would help a lonely ghost. God's brightness upon that loving heart!

Was it she who sent for those people? Ah, now I can remember—I was afraid of them when they came crowding into my room. I watched them form a circle—call you it seance? I heard them singing. I saw one stand to pray. I was afraid, so fearful.

And then the power caught me—what power I cannot say—and forced me up to that woman in whom I saw a light. Was she what men called a medium, a bridge between man and spirit? I was afraid of light then, so I struggled, but two hands held me—they were the hands of a red man, an Indian chief, very strong, so tender, do you understand? I was forced nearer, closer, right up against the light. I seemed to sink right down into that light . . . And then . . . I heard—a voice . . . through mortal ears again I heard a human voice. I heard words of loving-kindness—I—I who had so thirsted for loving kindness! Oh, but I felt so cold then, right down into my very soul. "Warm me," I pleaded. "Warm me!" (and they could hear me).

"Love is warmth, love is light," they told me (but I did not believe). "God is warmth, God is light." . . .

Ah! how they terrified me! God would find me now, I felt sure, and plunge me into eternal hell. I tried to flee, but they would not let me go. Who was that friend they spoke of, so loving and so true to all poor creatures—a friend, they said, who was waiting to lift me, to save—me?

But I feared their friend; might he not too condemn?

They asked me what it was that I had done that I should say that I was so great a sinner. I—I told them . . . all. About my baby, my little baby . . . and my sin. And still they were very kind to poor Mary, oh, gentle with poor Mary! They told me then that when I had thrust myself through that window, out, down . . . that I had killed myself, that I was what men call—dead . . . that I was a spirit now, and that God has been so loving for his child that he had sent His angels to bring these people to me that they might help me again to light and warmth.

But I could only cry, for very much I wanted to find my little baby.

"Was your baby fair?" one asked me, "with bright hair and blue eyes? Because very close to you there waits a little babe, who holds out little hands and calls you 'Mother!'"

"Where, where!" I besought them. My baby, so close, so near to me—and I could neither see nor touch him! My heart seemed to break, oh, out of the cold shell it had been, out into love and warmth. Oh, it bled so for my baby! "Where, where?" I cried. "O God, if Thou art loving and pitiful, take this poor soul of Mary to her baby!"

Thus the broken heart of Mary prayed to the God she had feared so long!

And then, and then . . . earth hath no words nor heaven songs to paint God's mercy with His Mary.

So I come back to you, my medium, to write my thankful song of praise. Lo, I come out of the pleasant places, the bright fields and all the flowerdom of the spirit, back to the old home where once I sinned and suffered. Now the holly and the ivy deck its walls, and children laugh and sing even as a little child called Mary once sang in the long past years. For Christ was born on Christ-mass day, a year ago, into the heart of Mary. Christ came again as a little babe, with tiny hands and dear sweet feet to Mary in her darkness, and raised poor Mary. For Christ is love, and love is as a babe, very sweet and very winsome. And the angels tell me that every babe born of love is a tiny Christ come to earth to teach we mothers the loving ways of Christ.

(This story is based on actual happenings in an old Surrey Manor House, in which the spirit of Mary was earth-bound for over a century. The account, and the verification of the facts later obtained from old records, is given in my book, "The Heavens Are Ringing," obtainable from "The Fifth House," Elmstead Avenue, Wembley Park, post free, 1s. 2d.)

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## JOAN OF ARC AND SPIRITUALISM.

A FINE BOOK BY LEON DENIS.

THE memory of Joan of Arc has never aroused such ardent and passionate controversies as have raged for the last few years round this historical figure. One party, while exalting her memory, tries to monopolise her and to confine her personality within the limits of the Holy Church. A second, by means of tactics which are sometimes brutal, as in the case of Thalamas and Henri Berenger, sometimes clever and learned, as in the case of M. Anatole France, tries to lessen her prestige and to reduce her mission to the proportions of an ordinary historical episode.

Where shall we find the truth as to the part played by Joan in history? Possibly it is to be found neither in the mystical reveries of the men of faith, nor in the material arguments of the positivist critics. Neither the one nor the other seems to hold the thread which would lead them through the facts which form the mystery of this extraordinary life.

To penetrate the mystery of Joan of Arc it seems to us necessary to study, and have practical knowledge of, psychic science. It is necessary to have sounded the depths of this invisible world, this ocean of life which envelopes us, from which we all come at birth, and into which we are plunged at death.

How can writers understand Joan if their thoughts have never risen above terrestrial facts, looked beyond the narrow horizon of an inferior world, nor caught one glimpse of the life beyond?

During the last fifty years psychical manifestations and discoveries have thrown a new light upon certain important aspects of a life of which we had only vague and uncertain knowledge.

The historians of the nineteenth century have all agreed to exalt Joan as a marvellous heroine and a sort of national Messiah. It is only in the twentieth century that the critical note has been heard. This has sometimes been bitter. The vital question is the existence of occult forces, which materialists ignore, of invisible powers which are not supernatural and miraculous, but which belong to those domains of nature which have not yet been fully explored. Hence comes the inability to understand the work of Joan and the means by which it was possible for her to carry it out.

In her short career she surmounted all obstacles, and out of a divided people split into a thousand factions, decimated by famine, and demoralised by all the miseries of a hundred years of war, she built up a victorious nation.

It is this wonderful episode which clever but blind writers have tried to explain by purely material and terrestrial means and lame explanations, which go to pieces when one realises the facts. Poor blind souls—souls of the night, dazzled and dazed by the lights of the beyond!

It is deplorable that certain critics of our time feel impelled to minimise and drag down in a frenzy of dislike everything which rises above their own moral incapacity. Wherever a light shines, or a flame burns, one sees them running to pour water upon that which might give an illumination to humanity.

Joan, ignorant of psychic forces but with profound psychic vision, gave them a magnificent lesson in the words which she addressed to the examiners at Poitiers, which are equally applicable to the modern sceptics, the little narrow minds of our generation: "I read in a book where there are more things than are found in yours."

A constant stream of inspiration flows down from the invisible world upon mankind. There are intimate ties between the living and the dead. All souls are united by invisible threads, and the more sensitive of us down here vibrate to the rhythm of the universal life. So was it with our heroine.

There is in this wonderful life a depth which cannot be plumbed by minds which are not prepared beforehand for such a study. There are factors which must cause uncertainty and confusion in the thoughts of those who have not the necessary gifts to solve this great problem. Hence the

sterile discussions and the vain polemics. But for the man who has lifted the veil of the invisible world the life of Joan is brilliantly clear. Her whole story becomes at once rational and intelligible.

Observe how many different points of view and contradictory ideas there are amongst those who praise the heroine. Some try to find in her some argument for their particular party. Others try to draw some secular moral from her fate. Some, again, only wish to see in the triumph of Joan the exaltation of popular patriotic sentiment. One may well ask if in this devotion which rises from all France there is not blended much which is egotistical, and doubt which is mixed with self-interest. No doubt they think of Joan, and no doubt they love Joan, but are they not thinking more of themselves and of their parties? Do they not search in that glorious life for that which may flatter their own personal feelings, their own political opinions, or their own avowed ambitions?

There are not many, I fear, who raise themselves above prejudice and above the interests of caste or class. Few, indeed, try to penetrate the secret of life, and among those who have penetrated, no one up to now, save in a most guarded way, has dared to speak out and to tell that which he saw and understood.

As for me, if my claims for speaking of Joan of Arc are modest ones, there is at least one which I can confidently make. It is that I am free from every prejudice and from all desire to either please or displease. With thoughts free and conscience independent, searching and wishing for nothing but truth, thus is it that I approach this great subject, and search for the mysterious clue which is the secret of her incomparable career.

A revolution greater than any ever known in the world has begun, a regenerating revolution. It will tear human routine out of its age-long ruts, and will raise the thoughts of man to the splendid destiny which awaits him. The great souls of the past will reappear among us. Their voices will be heard again. They will exhort mankind to hasten its march. And the soul of Joan is one of the most powerful amid that band who work upon the world, preparing a new era for humanity. This is the reason why fresh light is given us at present upon the character of Joan and her mission. By her aid and that of the great spirits who are with her the hopes of those who aspire to good and seek for justice will be fulfilled.

This great soul floats above us. On many occasions she has been able to make herself audible, and to say what she thought of the reasons which brought her back to us, and the nature of the forces which have sustained her.—(From "The Mystery of Joan of Arc," by Leon Denis, Murray's, 7s. 6d. Obtainable from THE TWO WORLDS, 3/10 post free).

### HOW INDIAN SADHUS MEDITATE.

INDIAN SADHUS—ascetics—hermits, yogis, and Rishis always make their homes in forests, jungles, or in mountain caves. They have been doing so from time immemorial. To be one with God, Brahma, they sit in deep meditation, and practise penance. For hours, and sometimes days, together they sit in meditative solitude without eating and drinking.

Here is the latest news which comes from Dacca (India): A few days ago a certain Sadhu arrived at that place. He got a hole dug by his disciples, and the news was circulated that the Sadhu would be there in deep meditation for a period of five days, and then preach the gospel of truth.

People in hundreds massed round the hole to see how the Sadhu got into it. He entered the hole at ten in the morning, and his body was covered with mud, as if he was buried. There was no ventilation in it.

On receipt of an urgent wire the district magistrate of Dacca directed the local police to open the hole. At about midnight the police complied with the order of the collector, and it was seen that the Sadhu was in meditation. His body was again covered as before. Hundreds of men, women, and children came to see the Sadhu's spiritual power.—S. M. TELKAR.



## THE PIPE OF PEACE.

THE introduction of the tobacco pipe into Europe was made by a Governor of Virginia named Ralph Lane, who, in 1586, brought an Indian pipe to Sir Walter Raleigh, and taught that courtier how to use it.

The habit spread like lightning, and just over twenty years later the pipe makers of London formed themselves into an incorporated body like the silversmiths and goldsmiths.

Before the first pipe came to Europe, however, it was probable that the Red Indians of America had been smoking for hundreds of years, for they were hard at it when Columbus discovered that there was a lot more land across the sea.

A great many historians declare that pipes were in existence in the Old World as far back as the time of the Romans, but in those days men smoked aromatic herbs or hemp in their pipes, or used them for burning sweet-smelling incense. Tobacco was unheard of.

In days gone by the art of carving beautiful pipes was practised far more than it is to-day, and many museums possess wonderful examples of carved pipes, some of wood and others of horn, bone, ivory, stone, precious and other metals, amber, clay, porcelain, and even beautiful glass pipes.

Now your father and your big brothers smoke pipes because they like the flavour of the tobacco, and love to watch the blue smoke curling lazily upwards. Also because smoking soothes them and prevents them getting too cross when they think you are tiresome.

But among the North American Indian tribes the pipe occupies a very important position in the scheme of things.

The calumet, peace pipe, or medicine pipe, is almost worshipped and entrusted to the care of a highly honoured official, and produced and smoked with much ceremony only on very important and solemn occasions.

It is the stem of the pipe, however, which is looked upon with such veneration. The bowl is of little importance. This is probably because the stem passes from hand to hand and from lip to lip around the chief members of the tribe.

The Indians of India also pass a pipe around from man to man, and you can sometimes see them smoking very short pipes with a piece of cloth wrapped around the mouthpiece.

The most luxurious form of pipe is the Persian hookah or water tobacco pipe. With this the smoke is passed through water and washed and cooled before entering the smoker's mouth.—A. G.

## THINKING ANIMALS.

### SPEAK THEIR OWN LANGUAGES.

MANY animals, says a writer in "Chambers' Journal," exhibit great curiosity, and deer, chamois, and wild ducks can all be induced to approach strange objects. Darwin states that he took a stuffed and coiled-up snake into the Monkey House in the London Zoo, where it caused intense excitement. The monkeys dashed about their cages, uttering sharp, signal cries of danger, which the other monkeys understood. The stuffed snake was then placed in one of the large compartments of the cage, and presently all the monkeys collected round it in a large circle, staring intently and presenting a very comical appearance. They were very nervous too, and when a wooden ball they were in the habit of playing with was moved in the straw they all darted away.

According to Darwin, dogs, cats, horses, and probably all the higher animals, and even birds, have vivid dreams, which is shown by their movements and the sounds they utter, and he is of opinion that from this we must admit that they have some power of imagination.

So many clever things are done by dogs that hardly anyone who has ever had intimate acquaintance with them can doubt their power of reasoning and their exercise of

judgment. Dr. Hayes, in his work on "The Open Polar Sea," noted repeatedly that his dogs, instead of continuing to draw the sled in a compact body, diverted and separated when they came to thin ice, so that their weight might be more evenly distributed. This, indeed, was often the first warning the travellers got that the ice was becoming thin and dangerous.

Some people have contended that no animal ever uses a tool, but a chimpanzee in its natural state has been seen to crack a fruit something like a walnut with a stone, and Rengger had an American monkey which was easily taught to break open hard palm-nuts in this way. Later on the same monkey used stones to open all kinds of nuts as well as boxes. Another monkey, after being taught to use a stick with which to open the lid of a box, used the stick as a lever to move heavy bodies. Darwin states that he himself has seen a young orang-outang put a stick into a crevice, slip its hand to the other end, and use it as a lever in the proper manner.

Elephants, of course, are famous for their agility, and when they are employed as decoys for the capture of wild members of the species, it is apparent that they know well enough what they are doing when they deceive their untamed brethren. These tame elephants in India are well known to break branches off the trees and use them for driving away flies, and elephants even in a natural state have been known to do this.

Language is supposed by many people to be one of the chief distinctions between man and the lower animals, but many animals are capable of expressing their desires and emotions by different sounds, and possibly enough these constitute the rudiments of language. Dogs bark in different ways to express different things, and monkeys make many different sounds which rouse in other monkeys the emotions they are intended to portray. Parrots and some other birds can speak almost perfectly, and connect words with things and persons with events so unerringly as to show that they are not merely acting mechanically.

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