

DREAMS THAT DID NOT DECEIVE.

'We are such stuff as dreams are made of.
And our little life is rounded by a sleep.'

ARE dreams visitations from an unseen world, or merely coincidences? Considering what the Psychological Society would fain have the world believe to-day, it is surprising that in all ages there has been a very considerable belief in the reality of visions seen in sleep?

THE AMBASSADOR'S WARNING.

In 1553, Nicholas Wotton, our ambassador in France, dreamed two nights in succession that his nephew, Thomas Wotton, then in England, was about to join in an enterprise which would result in the death and ruin of himself and family. To prevent such a catastrophe he wrote to Queen Mary, and begged her to send for his nephew, and cause him to be examined by the Lords of the Council on some frivolous pretence, and committed to the Tower. This was done; and on the Ambassador's return Thomas Wotton confessed to him that, but for his committal to prison, he would have joined the insurrection led by Sir Thomas Wyatt. It is also recorded of the same Thomas Wotton that he, being in Kent, dreamed one night that the Oxford University Treasury had been robbed by five persons; and as he was writing to his son at the university the next day, he mentioned his dream. Singular to relate, the letter reached Sir Henry Wotton on the morning after the robbery had been actually committed, and led to the discovery of the perpetrators.

THE MOTHER'S DYING CALL.

M. Boisjout, in a work on the subject of dreams, relates that a young woman who was living with her uncle, and whose mother was many miles distant, dreamed she saw her looking deadly pale, and apparently dying, and that she heard her ask for her daughter. The persons in the room, thinking it was her granddaughter she wanted, who had the same name, went to fetch her; but the dying woman signified that it was not she, but her daughter in Paris whom she wanted to see. She appeared deeply grieved at her absence, and in a few minutes ceased to exist. It was afterwards found that her mother did actually die on that night, and that the circumstances attending her death were precisely those her daughter had witnessed in her dream.

REVEALED BY A DREAM.

There is another instance which we remember to have read, but we are unable at this moment to refer to the book in which it was related. It is as follows: A man who was employed in a brewery suddenly disappeared, and nothing

could be ascertained respecting him. Years passed away without the mystery being cleared up, until one night one of the workmen, who slept in the same room with another, heard the latter muttering something in his sleep about the missing man. The workman questioned him, and elicited replies from him to the effect that he had put the man into the furnace beneath the vat. He was apprehended on the following day. He then confessed that he had quarrelled with the other, and that in the passion of the moment he had killed him, and disposed of the body by putting it in the furnace.

HOW THE SHIP WAS SAVED.

The author of 'Signs Before Death' tells of a certain Captain John Rodgers, who commanded a vessel proceeding to Virginia, that he one night left the deck and went to bed, leaving the chief mate in charge of the vessel. About three hours afterwards he woke, and heard the second mate asking the other officer how the vessel was going, and heard the chief mate reply that the wind was fair, and the vessel was sailing well. The captain then fell asleep again, and dreamed that a man pulled him and told him to go on deck. He woke, turned over, and went to sleep again, and again dreamed the same thing, and this repeatedly, until he could bear it no longer, but dressed and went on deck. The night was fair, and there was nothing apparent to excite alarm. He questioned the mate, and received satisfactory answers, whereupon he turned to go below; but, as he did so, he seemed to hear a voice close to him say, 'Heave the lead.' He asked the mate when he last took soundings, and what depth of water he had got. The latter answered, 'About an hour ago, and found sixty fathoms.' The captain ordered him to heave the lead again. The soundings were eleven fathoms, and at a second cast only seven fathoms. The vessel was put about immediately, and, as she wore round, she had only four fathoms and a half under her stern. The next morning they found they were within sight of the American coast, and that, had the vessel continued but one cable's length further on the course she was steering in the night she would have gone ashore.

A SHADOWY VISITANT.

There is a singular dream, recorded in 'Warley's Wonders of the Little World,' of an Englishman residing in Prague. He was lying in his bed one morning, when he dreamed that a shadow appeared to him, and told him that his father was dead. He awoke in great alarm, and taking his diary, made an entry of the circumstance, with the day and hour when it took place. This book, with many other things, he put into a barrel and sent to England. Going from Prague to Nuremberg, he met at the latter place a

merchant who had come from England, and who knew his family well. This gentleman told him that his father was dead. Four years later he himself reached England; but before he would touch the barrel he had sent from Prague, he procured the attendance of his sisters and some friends, and in their presence opened the barrel, took out the book, and called their attention to the entry. To the astonishment of all present, the date was that of the date on which his father died.

CURIOUS FULFILLMENT.

Sir John Pringle relates the following curious fulfilment of a dream. When a boy of fifteen he dreamt that he met with a strange accident—that he had fallen, in fact, into the crater of an active volcano, and was only rescued from his perilous position by means of ropes, with great difficulty, after many hours, it seemed, of duration. The dream was so vivid and circumstantial that it made a great impression on the boy's mind, and he mentioned it to several people. Years passed away, when Pringle chanced to be in Sicily, and here he joined a party of young Englishmen in making the ascent of Mount Etna. They attempted too close an examination of the crater. Pringle lost his footing, and was precipitated into a cup like depression, from which it was impossible for him to extricate himself. In this terrible predicament the recollection of his dream flashed upon him. For years he had never thought of it, but now the horrible nightmare was reproduced in all its fearful realism. After a long and anxious delay he was rescued by means of ropes, precisely as he had been in his dream. Sir John Pringle was a man of undoubted veracity, and, though a Scotchman, was not addicted to a belief in second sight.

COMMON THINGS.

Give me, dear Lord, thy magic common things,
Which all can see, which all may share,
Sunlight and dewdrops, grass and stars and sea,
Nothing unique or new, and nothing rare.

Just daisies, knapweed, wind among the thorns;
Some clouds to cross the blue old sky above;
Rain, winter fires, a useful hand, a heart,
The common glory of a woman's love.

Then, when my feet no longer tread old paths
(Keep them from fouling sweet things anywhere),
Write one old epitaph in grace-fit words:
'Such things look fairer than he sojourner here.'
C. L. M.

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