

space, and drove world after world more tumultuously than before. Strange it is, that as in ordinary dreams I could see myself standing there in towering majesty, but though all was very distinct, from the rapid whirling of the earthly globe to the "frightened countenances" of the stars, I was unable to see the face I wore in this transformed shape of mine. There the figure stood, colossal, brawny, laughing its sonorous laugh of hellish pleasure, lit up by a lurid glare which lit up naught else, and yet, do what I would, I could not see the features.

This was the single vision I had that day. I fell into a profound sleep which lasted several hours and from which I rose heavy, downcast and moody, but with the sight of that awful disturber vividly before me, and his shout that

"Frighted the reign of Chaos and old night,"

still ringing in my ears.

But the most beautiful visions procured me by opium, paled before those the potent cheng called up from the Shadowy Land, and I soon forsook the opium pill for the acrid Indian drug. Its effects upon me were always prompter and greater than those of opium, and, though at first startlingly sudden, easily and quickly enjoyed. However, it so changed realities that observation, while under its influence, was out of the question. Opium changed ordinary scenes into pageants of unparalleled splendour, transformed a block of plain houses into a monumental pile of palaces, enlarged landscapes, and gave immensity to distances, but cheng surpassed it in one and all of these. Stepping one night into one of the most deserted squares in Islington, shortly after having taken cheng, I shrank back appalled at the countless multitude of men that thronged the usually quiet streets, every one of which was now densely packed with human beings, whose faces, of a hideous, ghastly blue were turned on me with a fixed, stony glare in the unreal, monstrous eyes. From this host of unearthly beings arose a loud, long clamour like the restless beating of the vexed ocean on a rock-bound shore, a clamour which was neither a shriek, nor a wail, nor a cry, nor the dread weeping and gnashing of teeth, but seemed made up of all these and moans and murmurs, plaints, groans, sobs, sighs and dying rattle. The horrid sound rose loud upon the air, and the blue haze, which shrouded all, waved and lifted as the clamour swelled, sank and waved as it fell. Here