

OUR UNSEEN COMPANIONS,

BY

SANCHO QUIXOTE. *pseud.*

William Arthur

"Ceas to do evil : lern to do well."

"The more I think of it," says Ruskin, "I find this conclusion more imprest upon me—that the greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to *see* something, and to tell what it *saw* in a plain way."

TORONTO :
G. M. ROSE & SONS,
1896.

3F1042

A76

2004

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, by G. M. ROSE & SONS, at the Department of Agriculture.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
THE AMENDED SPELING	iii.
AS THE DAY— A POEM	viii.
INTRODUCTION	ix.
I. OUR ANGELS-	13
II. MAKING MY BOW	16
III. ABOUT THE OCCULT WORLD	20
IV. WORSHIPPING SATAN	21
V. TRAPPING AN ENTHUSIAST	31
VI. STILL TRAPPING	39
VII. THE GIFT OF TUNGS	43
VIII. MY EARS AR OPEND	48
IX. HEVENLY MUSIC FROM ANGELIC HOSTS	52
X. THE VERY GATE OF HEVEN	58
XI. FIENDS AND HYPNOTISM-	65
XII. THE MOUTH OF THE PIT	71
XIII. THE TRAP IS SPRUNG BY DEMONS-	77
XIV. INSIDE A LUNATIC ASYLUM	88
XV. LUV AND HATE	99
XVI. FIENDISH PERSECUTION	109
XVII. DON'T MENTION IT!	116
XVIII. HYPNOTISM MEANS TORTURE	121
XIX. THE DEMONS AND THE ARMENIAN MASSACRES	127
XX. "JESUS LUVER OF MY SOUL!"	130
XXI. REJOICING AS A STRONG MAN	134
XXII. DEMONS SWEAR—DO YOU?	140
XXIII. AN EVOLUTIONARY FUTURE	145
XXIV. WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?	160
XXV. STRAY NOTES	162
XXVI. AMERICAN CIVILIZATION	223
XXVII. AN ANGEL ASKS ME, "WHAT DO CHRISTIANS MEAN?"	242
XXVII. THE TIME SPIRIT AND AU REVOIR	250
TO THE REEDER	265



THE AMENDED SPELING.

IF you want anything done, do it. "You ar like others; you dream about things and talk about them, but you don't do them." That was what an angel said to me one day.

When I lernt shorthand some eighteen years ago I became an advocate of fonetic spelng and expected with the enthusiasm of youth that the new system would win its way in a few years, and that the barbarous, mossback English which has tortured so many millions of unfortunates would soon be thrown into the wastebasket to be grubbed up only by antiquarians. But the sluggards and the traditionalists still survive to witch the world with strange orthografy.

The thanks of all English speaking peopl ar due to Sir Isaac Pitman for the splendid work he has done for spelng reform. I do not like some of the characters he uses, but when the legislators of English speaking countries make up their minds that it is time to hav a new and better language we can easily find suitabl characters to represent the different sounds.

I believ English will be the universal language. I hav examined Volapuk to some extent, and I do not think it will ever be generally used. In addition to our other tronbls, we ar afflicted with mossback, purblind legislators who do not seem to understand what a fonetic language would mean even from the sacred point of view of making money. Our present system is wasteful in the extreme,

even for home use, while a fonetic system would in a single decade, in addition to setting us right at home, effect a marvelous change in our foreign relations and help to fill our gaping pockets. *

The etymological difficulties 'ar more imaginary than real. When I lern't to read Spanish I had no troubl whatever in understanding that "filosofo" ment philosopher, and surely the lerned men should be the last to say that simpl changes of that sort will confuse them. They ar not aware of the extent of their own abilities. But even if the origin of the word were obscured there ar dictionaries enuf and to spare to help them out of their difficulties. And there is another consideration. Even if the origin were obscured ten times over we don't care. We ar getting defiant. We will soon become reckless. Is language for the use of a very, very few purists or is it for hundreds of millions of peopl? Ar children to be tortured from generation to generation to pleas a few of the professors, and all of the mossbacks? The best men ar on the side of the radicals. The very cream of the cream of the filologists ar with us, and we ar going to win, for Demos shall be king, yea Demos king.

It should be an easy matter to make progress. There ar thousands of stenografers in the land and it is safe to say that they all favor a change. They practically conduct all the business correspondence of the country, and "The House" would bow to their will if they went about the work diplomatically.

The system used in this book might easily be adopted without any volcanic eruptions. It would be sufficient to put on the letter heds, "The system of speling used in our correspondence is that recommended by the Filological Societies of the United States and the United Kingdom." Then, in the current language "The House" would be at the hed of the procession.

The newspapers ar never tired shrieking about what

they do to bring about a higher civilization, but they seem to steer clear of this reform. There is a limp in their progressiv gait when it comes to fonetic spelling, yet most of them acknowledge that it is necessary. Why don't they adopt it?

If our statesmen had adopted a system of fonetic spelling a quarter of a century ago, all linotypes and typewriters would have been made with the new characters; but they were busy with "practical" work and left at the dreamers. It sometimes turns out tho that the dreamers are the practical men in the long run.

I had my book already typewritn and I said to myself, "Why not use the amended spelling? Why not do it instead of talking about it?" And I took up my pen and began to make corrections. It cost me some hard work, but I think the result will justify it. We have a good deal of influence upon one another. A single thotless remark of a companion set me to learn Spanish. From Spanish I went to French and formed acquaintances, and listened to speeches that I would never have done but for that one remark that Spanish was an easy language. So I have amended the spelling because I know that some of my readers will mend their manners, and make their fortunes by adopting this reform thru having read "Our Unseen Companions."

I have undoubtedly mist many words, and again I have drawn my pen thru some that should have been left untouched on the principle that if you give a man an inch he will take an el. I believe in an absolutely fonetic English, but it is best to take what we can get at present, and be thankful.

If the spelling you see here looks strange, it is simply because the eye is not accustomed to it. I like Pitman's spelling better in one respect. "Posibel" looks better, according to my view, than "possibl," "trifel" than "trifl." I like a language with plenty of vowels. Spanish, for ex-

ampi, has a musical look about it, if I may employ a figure that will make the heathen rage; but the authorities can settle these disputed questions when the great fight comes, for as yet we have only been skirmishing.

I was half inclined to adopt a new character for the long "e" in such words as "believe" and "receive," but concluded not to go too far and offend the Philistines, for they are as shy as little fawns. It is best to do as much as possible with the familiar characters at this stage and very much can be done with them if you, the reader of this book, will act, act in the living present. I have more faith than ever in what we can do if we only put our shoulders to the wheel at once and not wait until to-morrow, when we may have joined the angels who can communicate with one another without any language.

It would weary you to tell of the schemes I have thought of to bring about a phonetic English. By the time you finish this book you may understand matters. No, no; that was not the dominating idea; only one among others. Perhaps I may have some good ideas. Perhaps not. You will not be troubled with them, at all events, until the proper time. In the mean time I sleep very well indeed, thank you, and eat a good-sized dinner.

The thanks of spelling reformers are due also to Funk & Wagnalls, Publishers, New York. They issued a circular some months ago with a list of more than twelve hundred words in the amended spelling. The understanding was that as soon as they got three hundred signatures of editors, authors, prominent teachers, prominent business men who would agree to adopt the list they would use it in their periodicals. Two hundred and nine persons sent their signatures at once and it is believed that the required number will soon be in and the conditions fulfilled.

While I have always been much interested in the subject it is not likely that this book would have been printed as it

is had the list not been sent out. The spelung does not go far enuf to suit a radical, but it is a nearer approach to common sens than that which is in most of the books mine will rub covers with on the bookshelvs.

I hav introduced a littl word into the language to irritate the professors. If you don't like it, invent one yourself, and out of the host we shall be abl to select the right one. What is it? Read on, read on! It is not plethysmograf, at all events.

If you ar interested in the subject, as all men and women of progressiv ideas should be, you can get further information from the circular by writing to Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, 30 Lafayette Place, New York. Forget to enclose a stamp, as usual, and the reply will likely come the quicker: let brotherly luv continue.

"You think about things, you dream about them, but you ar like the others—you don't do them," said an angel to me. How much longer ar we going to lay ourselves open to this charge?

"AS THY DAY."

At this my day ! O promis blest !
Sweet words of comfort, words of rest !
No more with boding fear I wait
To read to-morrow's hidden fate.
Whate'er its toils, whate'er its tears,
Whate'er its perils, pains or fears,
While sun and stars and worlds endure.
The old sweet promis standeth sure !

The hand that holds the world upbears
My weary hart with all its cares ;
The eye that slumbers not hath seen
My graveyard mound with grasses green.
My Father's pitying luv has red
The pain behind the tears I shed.
How comforting his words to me—
Child, as thy day thy strength shall be."

Long, long ago when life was new,
I lernt that luv, divine's true,
That watchful care that cares for all ;
The stars' grand march, the sparrows fall.
Long, long ago, I lernt to trust
That calm wise will and purpose just.
Worn, weary, wounded, now at length,
I lean upon that matchless strength.

As this my day—my little day !
My broken, troubid, thwarted day,
The day whose roseate morning bloom
Was quencht and darkened into gloom.
The morn of gifts! the noon of loss !
The lengthening shadow of the cross !
Once more, my Father, say to me ;
" Child, as thy day thy strength shall be "

MRS. MARY H. FINE.

INTRODUCTION.

"And many of them said, 'He hath a devil. Why hear ye him?' Others said, 'These are not the words of him that hath a devil.'"—John x., 20, 21.

"Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
'Be bold I be bold I' and everywhere 'Be bold;'
'Be not too bold I' Yet better the excess
Than the defect. Better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly."—LONGFELLOW.

IT is literature of one kind and another that plays the mischief with us all. Down in La Mancha in the olden time the knight red and re-red his books of chivalry so often thru the day, and dremt so much at night—eyes sometimes closed, sometimes open—of the golden days of the past and the golden days to come when he should lay his lance in rest and clear Spain of marauders, that he lost taste for the quiet pursuits which had formerly charmed him, and found no peace unto his soul until he went forth a-fighting. And if his poor cousin Sancho Quixote, master builder of castles in the same country spent the best part of a year in an insane asylum in these latter days gathering wisdom that he might easily have found elsewhere in a much plesanter manner, and if he past thru the horribl experiences narrated in this new book of chivalry and fool-hardy daring he owes it from beginning to end to bad ideas, bad literature and worse judgment.

It took a long time of preparation; the evidences were carefully weighed again and again, for it was a risky venture; but bad mistakes were made in the premises and Sancho suffered.

The average man or woman has very littl idea of the

influence that one mind has upon another. Ideas rule the world. A good book lifts us up; an evil one pulls us down. The effect of both lasts for ever.

* * * * *

"Tho' losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, you'll get there.
You'll find no other where."

* * * * *

Upon a certain day, a few years ago, a millionaire was sitting in his office in the city of New York. He was one of the rulers of our modern world with all the power but without the trappings that his barbaric brothers of old used to throw around themselves. He was expecting a very important message, and had told his chief clerk to see to it that there was no ceremony wasted when his trusted agent appeared. Just before the time for closing the office the door opened and a sharp-looking man walked in. "Well?" said the millionaire interrogatively. "The deal is closed," was the smiling reply, "and the papers are all signed." "Allow me to congratulate you," said Midas, for this was his name. "Your share will make you rich." The fight was over, the millionaire was successful; he had acquired more power, and the two men went out the office together smiling and satisfied. Midas had not so much as looked at the clothes or the muddy shoes of his agent.

Moral number one.—Muddy shoes don't count, if the man who wears them brings good tidings. * * * * *

You, who are by no means a millionaire, much to your sorrow doubtless, but just an ordinary mortal selling sugar, or hides, or lumber, are sitting like your rich friend waiting for good news. The messenger boy taps at your door and brings you in a telegram. You open it, read the contents, and you say, "Ha, ha, the game is mine: things are coming my way at last." The boy is gone and

you hav never so much as lookt at the shape of his cap.

Moral number two:—Caps don't count if the boy who wears them carries a plesant messag

* * * * *

A short time after the Batl of Flodden a weary knight rode up the streets of Edinburgh, surrounded by anxious citizens.

"News of batl! News of batl!
Hark! 'Tis ringing down the street,
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.

"How has the day gone, Randolff Murray? Why hav you left our sons and fathers? Where ar they?" But the old man rode on to meet the fathers of the city. He brot them news of fierce batl against the Southern, of great loss, of the wreck of their hopes.

The wise old men had shaken their heds when their sons had shouted for war with their ancient enemy to the south, but the yung bloods led the way and would not be gainsaid. The result was disaster. The old knight had escaped after he had fot a good fight, but it was a sad story he brot to the waiting burgers.

Moral number three:—They believd his message, becaus they knew him and trusted him.

Moral number four:—It would hav been far better if the yung bloods had listened to the counsel of those who implored them to let well enuf alone and to profit by the experience of their grandfathers.

Moral number five:—We would all be better littl men and women if we would remember what happened to the fools of old who engaged in batls that should never hav been fot.

* * * * *

"My dear yung lady," said an old gentlman in a pompous way to his ward who was enjoying herself in a manner that did not accord with his ideas of propriety, "I am an old man now; I hav seen a great deal of the world."

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said interrupting him, for she knew what was coming. "But I wish to see it, too."

Moral number six:—If the rising generation would only—etc. But we insist on biting the apple for ourselves, and we have to spit out the ashes in the same way as our respected forefathers did.

* * * * *

"How is the battle going?" was the question asked one day when Napoleon was turning things upside down. "The battle is lost, but it is only four o'clock, and there is time to gain another." was the reply.

Moral number seven, and last and best for both reader and writer of the following experiences:—We can win all our battles in the future no matter what blunders we have made in the past if we will only accept the generalship of One who will lead us to a victory that will grow brighter and brighter as the days go by.

* * * * *

Let it be said at the outset, and remembered to the end, that there are many, very many Christian Spiritualists. I think they are making a serious mistake, but it may be said with respect to them, and also with respect to many who are not Christians, that not a few of our nominal Christians who are strictly orthodox in their views might easily learn something from some of the Spiritualists. They are trying hard amid difficulties that we all feel to love their neighbor as themselves and they are succeeding fairly well. A pity that we don't all do as well as some of them are doing.

There are said to be several millions of Spiritualists in the world now. A belief that is held by so many of our fellow beings is worthy of being fought for if it is right, and worthy of being opposed if it is wrong. The truth will conquer in the end, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And now hands to the work.

CHAPTER I.

BY PERMISSION FROM THE NEW YORK HERALD OF NOVEMBER
24TH, 1895.

OUR ANGELS.

Angels Came and Ministered Unto Him.—Matt. iv., xi.

It is a glad surprise to the careful student of the older and the newer Scriptures that the beings whom we call angels occupy so prominent a position in the Father's dealings with His children on the earth. And it is not the least curious fact in the history of our modern religious life that the mission of these angels should be either ignored or practically discredited. We have not been willing to admit that God uses any secondary agencies in the accomplishment of his purposes. As a consequence, we suffer spiritual loss, for there is great comfort to be had in the belief that a throng of invisible beings are nigh at hand in our time of trouble, pitying us in our distress and lending such aid as lies in their power. How many of our burdens are lightened by their succoring strength, how frequently we are enabled to resist temptation by their power added to our own, how often holy suggestions come from them which we attribute to our own minds and hearts, no one can tell. But that they do come from heaven to earth, and that our daily lives are blessed by their presence, no one who accepts the record of Christ's ministry as veritable history can possibly doubt.

Their doings run through the pages of the Old Testament like a golden thread in a costly fabric. The dark places in the life of the ancient Hebrews are illumined by them, and every prophet held communion with them and received from them the mandates of the Most High. Daniel, when speaking of the straight he was in, said: "Behold, there

stood before me as the appearance of a man. . . . And he informed me and talkt with me." And his experience is so multiplied by others of a like nature that we ar almost startld by their constant recurrence. They shine like stars on a winter night; and to them the Hebrews were indeted for their courage and their national glory.

The birth of Christ was announct by an angel; the flight into Egypt with the Child was commanded by an angel; when the temptation of Christ was ended He was ministered unto by angels; when the tearful women stood at the tomb it was an angel "whose raiment was white as snow," who proclaimed the resurrection. And when the mob followed the Lord and the discipls talkt of resistance by force, He rebukt them, declaring that if needful He could call on "more than twelv legions of angels."

I adduce only a few out of many instances, but they ar sufficient to establish and emphasize the fact that we ar seen tho we do not see, and that heven holds the erth in its arms as a mother her babe. No distance forms a barrier either to our longing or to their respons to it. We may not feel the hand that is placed in ours, but it is there; we do not hear with the hearing of the ear, but with the hearing of the hart; we do not see these guardian spirits with the eye, but with our inner consciousness we ar sure that they ar close by. What a glorious relm of thot we ar exploring! What a glorious relm of fact is revealed to us! The poor soul that is being driven along the downward path by the fury of his passions is accompanied at every step by God's messengers—the messengers of his pity and his luv—and with their supremest efforts they try to bar his way to further wretchedness. The lonely hart that has been chilld by frosty misfortune, and falls upon a desperate mood that regards even crime with indifference, is surrounded by invisibl agents who ar doing all that heven itself can suggest to make the way

smoother and the sky brighter. And the mourning soul sitting in the shadow of a great bereavment, looking upward with tear-dimmed eyes—is no one near to whisper consolation? Is God unmindful or powerless to assuage this grief? The angels who represent God's sympathy are in that darkened room, and the peace that comes to the broken heart comes from above.

We have here a practical fact, but we have made too little use of it. The wonder is that we have neglected it so long, for it is one of the most precious truths to be found within the whole range of God's providence. Not alone, never alone, but always in the companionship of ministering spirits enjoined by the Father to do us good service if we will allow them to do so.

And who are these heavenly beings? Why not those who have been bound to us for many years and who love us now more than ever? Shall they who have been so dear, but who were summoned to the other land, be sent far away while strangers do His bidding for our behoof? Our guardians are those who have been closest to our hearts, I believe, and they are always ready to come at our call. They hover about us, guide our wandering footsteps, avert impending danger, do what they may to encourage and cheer, and after the nightfall, when the morning comes, they will be the first to greet us and welcome us to that home where partings shall be forever unknown.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

That sermon of the Rev. Dr. Hepworth is one of the best and most practical I have ever read. I say most practical, and I am a fairly good judge as you will perhaps acknowledge before you finish this book. The oftener you read it, the better you see it to be. Every word of it is true with the possible exception of the first part of the last paragraph. It is worth your while to read it over again, for it is a beautiful sermon full of glorious ideas that I know to be true. I know to be true, for as I used

to read it demons were cursing around me, but angels were there to cheer and encourage me to the end of a fight that was waged inch by inch with a savage intensity of earnestness and hatred that astonished, and during the earlier stages appalled me.



CHAPTER II.

MAKING MY BOW.

There are a great many strange doctrines in the world we live in, but strange indeed must be the one that does not have an earnest body of supporters.

There are men who have a firm belief in the virtues of protection, and there are others who pin their faith to free trade. Gold, says one man, is the only proper medium for a currency, and his neighbor across the street shrieks for paper and confidence and is ready to march to the stake in support of his theory if necessary. We have Whigs and Tories disguised under modern names, Republicans and Democrats, Shakers and anti-Shakers, Women Suffragists and those who become furious at the mention of the subject, and we have earnest men and women who believe in miracles and others equally earnest who refuse to bow the knee. In short—for we might easily prolong the discussion until your patience was exhausted—whenever there is a question of any kind brought you find that through a conception of some law on the one side, and a want of faculty to understand that law on the other men and women instantly take sides and begin to fight. They have been fighting for thousands of years over some of the questions that agitate the human race, and they do not seem to be much nearer a settlement than when they be-

gan. Man, with all his faults, is a patient kind of a being, and insted of looking for fruit from past effort, as he certainly should in these evolutionary days, he trots around the circle as his fathers did and tries to keep happy. Much to my surprise I hav been foret to change sides on one of these subjects as old as the hills, and I want to take you into my confidence and tell you all about it.

But for the fact that I think my experience will do something to keep other: in the narrow path this book would never have been writn. The best thing to do as a rule when you hav been foolish is just to take your punishment and say as littl as possibl—just to take your medicin, as the vernacular has it, and make up your mind to do better in the future, and, now that the sun is shining as brightly as ever, this is what I would do if I did not know that hundreds ar being trapt into the same belief as I was altho few go so far.

First of all then, largely owing to my reading on the subject in the newspapers and reviews, and principally, I think, in the proceedings of the American and English Psychical societies, I hav believd for the last seven or eight years that we ar, as the reverend Mr. Hepworth says in his admirabl sermon, surrounded b angels who ar trying to raise us up and help us. Previous to that time I did not think much about the matter, but took it all for granted. I now regret to say that I am in a position to giv the other side of the story and to state from my practical experience of many months that we ar also surrounded by fallen angels, you might call them, or demons or fiends as they ar sometimes called.

Now, here is just where our troubles begin. There ar men who believ that angels of both kinds surround us in our daily lives, and they ar so sure about it that nothing will convince them that it is not true, but there ar also irritating men and women who look rather superior and smile in a patronizing way when the fact is mentioned

and whisper in an aside to their neighbors that so and so has lost what littl brains he ever had. It is worth while to stop here long enuf to say that the plain teaching of the Bible is with the believers, but it counts for so littl with many who are church members that it might, so far as they are concerned, be left out of the question. It is a pity when men within the camp are fighting the batls of the enemy.

Here, then, is where the fight begins. On the one side we hav those who accept the New Testament doctrin of demoniac possession, and on the other we hav those who profess their belief in it when they join a christian church but who smile at the idea. Those outside the fold who scout at such a thing ar, at least, not playing hypocrit.

The unfortunates who know something about possession, and hear voices from our unseen companions ar assured by the materialists that these voices ar imaginary and come only thru a derangement of the nervous system. The doctors ar partly right—they do come thru a derangement of the nervs, but they ar real. To hold this belief and to maintain it in the face of the experts, as other unfortunates maintain their delusions is to convict one's self of being insane. When hallucinations become so persistently imprest on the mind, says a good authority, as to induce absolute belief in their reality as facts, and the subject acts in conformity with such belief, his mental condition comes within the scope of delusion, which is legal unsoundness of mind. These be brave words, but I never set much store by that view when I studied the subject from a theoretical standpoint, and I set less than ever now that I hav added reality to theory.

The doctors work from the outside. An ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory.

"Write your experience," the voices I herd told me time and again, "and perhaps others will tell of theirs and men and women will come to understand that the old idea

of possession is right." I herd these voices ringing in my ears all day and every minute of the night that I was awake. If they were imaginary then so ar the voices you hear for the sound is the same.

While I was under the torture there was but littl relief except when our good angels spoke to me. It was a cold blooded, merciless persecution, and had it not been for the frendly voices bearing me up and encouraging me thru the horrors I could never hav come out of it.

Knowing the theory of the doctors as I did, I tried hard to believ in the face of all my previous reading that the voices were imaginary, and even when listening against my will to their lafter at the medical authorities, to their jeering and their cursing, I stoutly maintained that I was mistaken and that the lerned men were right, but I had to give it up after a time and get back to common sens. The only way I could revenge myself was by remembering that the physicians of Austria had tried to prevent the running of railway trains erly in the century on the theory that they would cut off the breth of the passengers owing to the rapid motion and land them at the wrong destination. I remembered, too, that they had denied the circulation of the blood, half boiled men for fevers and otherwise made such terribl fools of themselves that the wiser among them now ar modest enuf to declare that medicin does not possess half the virtues that the ancient quacks used to attribute to it. This is what a good many of us hav been suspecting for a long while, but we were half afraid to speak before the college bred men gave the nod.

It would fill a book to tell of their lerned nonsens, and firmly believing that they hav something to lern on the subject of insanity, I intend, humbly enuf, to set forth my views, to give my reasons for believing that voices ar real, that Mahomet and Joan of Arc, to quot two well known exampls, herd them, that thousands of men and women hear them to-day, many of them to their sorrow, that

many hav escaped by the skin of the teeth, and that every one who has not herd them as much as I did should fall on his knees and thank God no matter what his surroundings ar.

For those who cling to the gospel and the old theory of possession my story may be interesting and profitabl; for those who cannot believ in any other than the orthodox theory it will be as the story of a madman, and therefore interesting enuf in a mesure as a revelation of the workings of the human brain under abnormal conditions.



CHAPTER III.

ABOUT THE OCCULT WORLD.

Macaulay in describing the Puritans says: "They were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish when compared with the boundless interval which separated the hole race from Him on whom their eyes were constantly fixt. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terribl importance belonged—on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness lookt with anxious interest. He was half maddened by glorious or terribl illusions. He herd the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends."

That is what the Puritans thot about it, and before I had studied the occult world I often smiled on the sly at our grim friends and their beliefs. But they were rather a strong kind of men too. Bishop Spalding says well,—

"I look around me and I do not know where to find their match to-day." For a good many years I have believed like them that we are encompassed round about with angels, but somehow or other I made the almost fatal mistake of thinking that mine were all dressed in white. I forgot altogether about the black battalions, and they are very industrious and very much in earnest. In our modern phrase they mean business, and they work with a passionate desire to drag us down to their level, and make our lives a burden almost too heavy to bear.

I ask myself often, What is the use of saying anything about it? The torture is over, and others are more inclined to laugh or joke over what is a deadly serious matter than to keep away from it themselves and do their best to help their neighbors from falling into the pit. I need never have passed through the depths, for there was evidence enough in the world, outside of the Bible altogether, for even a fool. But we have become so devout in our worship of "science" that we must have evidence for ourselves—we will not believe unless we see the nail prints and put our hand in His side. We will not believe Moses and the prophets, and neither will we believe even if one should rise from the dead. This saying has a new meaning for me now-a-days.

In these days when so many are telling us wonderful stories of the occult world and the glories thereof, it may be worth while for me to lift up my voice like one crying in the wilderness and tell what I found. We are all willing to listen to the story of the man who succeeds, but it is well when occasion serves to lend an ear to him who fails. The knights of old fought many a hard battle, and it must have been rather pleasant for the victors to ride around the lists amid the plaudits of the spectators, but somewhere there were other knights who had bit the dust and broken hearts by their failures, and to-day when we are fighting on other battle grounds some of the gallant gentlemen bear off the colors, and we clap our hands and make

merry and forget all about the muddled creatures who have fallen by the wayside or remember them only to speak of their folly, and to hug ourselves as we think that we are not as they were.

The successful occultists are like the doctors—they are wedded to idols, so that I am between two contending hosts neither of them over wise. I shall tell the successful explorers of the occult of my journey into the hidden realm and its direful consequences. As the motto on the book cover says, I went out for wool and came back shorn. Surely the men who are telling us of their triumphs can have patience enough to listen to the story of one failure, or if they told the whole truth would some of them not have to say too, as I have, that we should be content to leave things as God has fixed them? They are, according to my views, in a very bad business, but we are free-will agents on this earth and I have to deal only with my own folly.

It came about in this way. I had read of ghosts flying everywhere, table tapping and tipping, wonderful messages through clairaudience, uncanny sights through clairvoyance, telepathy, seances and all the various ways in which our unseen companions make known their presence to us. I had been especially charmed with the statement that all that was necessary to turn a clown into a philosopher was simply to connect him with the hidden realm, get him to concentrate his thoughts, and nature herself would attend to the rest by turning on the current and pouring whatever knowledge he needed on his brain. This, I say, charmed me, and looked rather reasonable to one who believed in evolution. Just to keep the clever, practical reader from smiling, I might as well say before I go further that I found the statement to be true, but I found something connected with the process that I did not quite expect. I still retain my old beliefs with respect to a good many of the truths I had imbibed, but I now believe that the whole

of the occult craze that is sweeping over the earth comes from Satan and belongs to him. I believe furthermore that those who attend seances and carry on their investigations thru mediums are doing their best to further the progress of his kingdom. Of late years I had doubted whether there was such a being, but I am now in the habit of painting him as black as possible.

Singularly enough, although deeply interested in spiritism, as I now call it, I had never been at a seance. I had seen only two mesmeric exhibitions during my life. The first I attended as a schoolboy, the last as a fool among other fools. I had attended only three meetings of Spiritists, more out of curiosity than anything else, for I did not believe much was to be learnt among them even while holding to many of their theories. At one of these meetings I remember smiling as I heard the medium say that the spirit of Mary Jane was in the audience anxious to communicate with her uncle Richard Roe. Was he present? Of course, I did not doubt that the medium heard the voice, but it was one thing to read of it and another to be in the hall where it was going on. The medium looked at me and said, "I want no more of that smiling. This is a serious matter." I found afterwards when in the toils listening to the irritating question, "Do you now believe that it is a serious matter, Sancho Quixote?" Well, they all get a warning before they enter the occult and you get yours," that it was indeed a serious enough matter for me. There is a good deal of fraud in connection with spiritism, but many good people do not understand that there is a good deal of truth too. Satan directs the machinery, and he likes a good basis for his work. Sometimes he tells the truth for a purpose. For a few years previous to my trouble I had ceased to believe in the divinity of Christ, and looked upon the various occult beliefs as a part of the evolutionary struggle that was to lead us to Mount Olympus. It is comparatively easy for those who do not read or

even think of the strange beliefs, the strange revelations of science that are pouring in upon us from all quarters to retain an unwavering faith in the New Testament, but a man does not need to be a professor to doubt many things once firmly believed. I glided into the new faith almost insensibly, but many a man and many a woman has suffered agonies for years over the great question.

Is Darwin right or is he wrong? Is he right so far as the vegetable and animal kingdoms are concerned and wrong as to man? Was there a fall or has there been a steady ascent? Are the Darwinians of to-day right or are they wrong? There is good and evil in each of us. Progress seems to be the law of life around us; why should it not be continued after we have passed behind the veil, instead of a change being wrought which will turn us into sinless beings as the angels are? Does nature make such sudden jumps? Does it seem likely that the worst man, we shall suppose, who has ever disgraced the earth should be made an angel if he believes in Christ, while his neighbor who has done his duty according to his lights should be sent to hell for ever because he cannot see his way to accept the orthodox belief? Is it in accordance with law of growth? and so on, and so on. The easiest way to live, perhaps, is to go through the world ostrich fashion, but many are so constituted that they cannot do so. Only very uncharitable people say that it is with all a question of pride of intellect. The worst critics are those who do not know anything at all about the reasonableness of the scientific creed. I think now that it is a wretched mistake, so far as it refuses to accept Christ, but I can sympathize with those who believe in it and understand their position.

When I came back to the old belief I did not have to contend with the question of miracles. Whatever harm may have been done through occult studies they have at least led many to understand that there are so many strange

forces around us that a miracle to us is a very simple matter indeed to those behind the scenes.

I have no doubt that Aaron's rod was turned into a serpent to swallow up its wriggling companions, for it is whispered around among the adepts that Satan is still engaged in the same business, and that the magicians of old have their descendants to-day.

We know very little of the hidden world, but one thing we do know is that, in spite of the theory of the universality of law never to be interfered with, God rules superior to any laws He has seen fit to reveal to us, and "interferes" with them oftener than some of us imagine. Christ and His apostles performed miracles, and so did many of the early Christians, and so too, I believe, in spite of the cheap talk about the chapel and the grotto do his messengers to-day. Messengers, you will observe.

We are gifted with reason and we are expected to use it, and it is pleasant and desirable to know how God creates his worlds, but the way in which they are created does not after all so seriously affect our conception of Him as might be supposed. Whether is it greater to make a world in six days or in a million years?

After the long debate we are assured that there is not a single particle of evidence to show that man follows at the end of the chain. Very well then, let the scientists keep on with their work and let those of us who hew wood and draw water keep an easy mind—if we can.

I am glad to-day that I can cling to the old belief, but I have had some experiences that would make any one ponder over his future destiny. I wish that some of our scientific friends would turn from their barren doctrine of struggle for life and wild beast logic that I could never accept and read over the New Testament, for to many of them it has become a forgotten book.

I have always been astonished whenever I have read or heard of a man who denied that there was a God. This, of

all doctriens, is the sheerest kind of insanity that has ever afflicted any one of our race.

I believed that after death our life went on as here—the good or bad getting the upper hand just as we were inclined, but I thought that ultimately, gradually and slowly it might be, we would all be led onward to God and goodness and felicity forever. After the long evolutionary struggle there was to be nothing but ethereal sweetness—all other views were ruled out of court. God, I often said to myself, would never have created beings for any other kind of a destiny. Punishment for ever? Nonsense.

I had been studying social questions closely for more than a decade, and I became more anxious every day to see something done to put an end to the swinishness of our modern feudalism. I wanted to see, and I want to see more than ever to-day, a social system in which there would be no possibility for one degenerate to acquire a hundred million dollars in a lifetime while his brother died of starvation. That sort of a system makes my blood boil. I do not look for the millennium, and it happens to be the case that I have a far better idea of the terrible forces arrayed against humanity than our political economists, but I still think that we could turn this glorious world we have received from God to rule, from the pig-pen it is to millions of poor unfortunates to a paradise. Environment will do a good deal, but not quite everything, I am well aware. I sometimes think, though, that we really could do a good deal, but if the rest of you still object, and the professors frown—As for some of our fashionable ministers who are keeping quiet and cultivating the friendship of some of the most selfish men—! But I am getting off my text. I have started to preach instead of telling you my story.

I have set down the above particulars to let you understand to some degree, what manner of man I am. "This social question is a pretty hard one," I said to myself. "Could we not turn on the current from the occult, as it were, and perhaps—who knows?"

CHAPTER IV.

WORSHIPPING SATAN.

Fild then to the brim with these strangely quixotic ideas I, Sancho Quixote, went to liv with Mr. and Mrs. B., and one night the conversation turned on spiritism, and I spoke of tabl tipping among other things. "O, that is nothing," said Mrs. B. "We used to do that at home several years ago, and we gave it up becaus we thot it was child's play." I was rather surprised, for she had been living in a small village of perhaps two hundred inhabitants where, as the city men put it, they still sew the postage stamps on the letters. "Is it the case that this study has penetrated everywhere?" I askt myself, "and that even the church members ar busy with it?"

A few days afterwards I spoke of it again, for I was too much interested to let the chance slip without some practical demonstration of what could be done, and I proposed that we should try the tabl to see if it would rise. (It is perhaps just as well to anticipate matters a littl here, for there ar still plenty of fools in the world, and say that tabl tipping means Satan worship. If you feel inclined to worship him, that is your own business. I throw out the hint in time to abstain from everything of the sort.)

I had never seen anything of the kind done, but I was at that stage where I ment to see it, and it was with a curious feeling that I saw the tabl rise about a foot on one side and hammer again and again on the floor. There was no possibility of any mistake. There we were, three of us, with no possibl chance for fraud, and no interest one way or another.

We hav all red of seances being broken up and a satis-

factory natural explanation given of the hole affair. But here two of us had never seen a tabl move, and the only one who had, had been told that it was due to some action of the nervs and had not the least idea that there were spirits moving it. She had not tried to do anything for several years, but as soon as she began it rose. Mr. B. succeeded in raising it from the floor after some time—for we became so interested that we kept up the experiments for several weeks—but I could not do anything with it without the help of the others. This rather hurt me. I did not like it. Was it right that I who had studied occult phenomena, should not be abl to do what others who had never lookt over their shoulders for a gost did without any troubl? The gods when they want to punish a man often giv him just what he wishes.

We would take a tabl about two feet square, and it would rise from the floor and thump down till it made the windows ratl. "We shall hav to stop this," we sometimes said, "or the neighbors will come into see what is the matter." The house stood alone, but the sound of the blows was uncanny. We would sometimes take a large kitchen tabl to vary our amusement, and it rose as easily as the smaller one. It came down on the floor hard enuf to make the frame house echo, but if we askt to hav it strike softly it toucht the floor like a fether. We got answers to all of our questions—suggested as I know now by evil spirits—by the number of taps on the floor, and it became very interesting indeed. Chairs responded to the touch the same as the tabls, but alone I could not do anything. This was still rather provoking, for I knew that nature's storehouse was full of knowledge if I could only make the connection, and thus acquire what I wanted in a way that would put our best schoolmasters to shame. There is no occasion for smiling just here. A cours of reading pursued for a certain number of years will change your world. Perhaps the practical men don't understand it all.

Now I know that I was blinded in the same way as millions ar who strive for welth they can never enjoy, and torture their fellow beings to acquire it. One man is caught in this way, another in that. Dollars or ideals, and the devil pipes to all, and you dance to his music ofener than you imagin.

There was something I could not at first understand, altho I suppose I had red enuf about it. We would ask Mrs. B. to begin alone, and she would fall nearly asleep and we would say: "Why don't you take more interest in these things. There is something grand behind all this, and yet you fall asleep when we ask you to do what we cannot do ourselves." "I cannot help it. I cannot keep my eyes open." "That is always the way." I would reply, "Altho I hav told you all about the peopl who ar engaged in these investigations you won't try to help us." I understood better afterwards where the sleep came from.

But we had got something more interesting than playing with tabs. Shortly after we began I spoke of automatic writing and the strange experiences that so many had had with it, and we tried to get some messages from the occult world by this new route, and they soon came in rapid succession. At first they came thru Mrs. B., but later on we found that her husband was the better medium.

I tried hard to do some writing but failed here too. Why is it, I thot, that I am always left out in the cold? Do the spirits not luv me? They came to luv me better than I had ever expected after a short time.

We receivd all sorts of messages in answer to all sorts of questions. How long were we to liv? Ar the lines we see on Mars canals? Ar we doing right in continuing this study? And so forth. We were alternately praised and reproved, but always encouraged to continue the study, and assured that we were making progress. Only once,

later on, when we were becoming a littl uncertain about our cours, we got a short message to give up the hole business and turn our thots to something of more value. Mrs. B. gave it up and urged us to do so, but her husband, in spite of my warning that it was something to be entered upon in a reverent manner, if at all, thot it a good joke and kept up the writing.

We began to think, however, that we were keeping company with evil spirits, and this put a different aspect upon our "amusement." What kind of a spirit would you think gave me the following advice? "Stop writing that book you ar engaged with at present. You ar simply wasting your time. Leav that sort of nonsens to those who care for it." The library shelves ar alre dy overloaded; of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness to the flesh, but when did you ever succeed in getting a budding author who is writing a book that is to change the face of civilization to believ that he was laboring in vain? In these days when crops of literary men ar hanging half-ripe on every tree Solomon's doctrin is at a discount. I put it to any of them,—Was it a good or a bad spirit? A lady or a tiger? What would you do in a like case if you felt certain that the knowledge you were going to lay before your fellow mortals might hav a certain effect upon the cours of the stars? You would do as I did. "I will continue," I said to myself, "I think the book will do good, and spirits or no spirits I will follow my own cours."

During all these weeks we had a good deal of company in the hous. Chairs rockt thru the night, and moaning was herd, and the tapping on the walls, as distinct as anything could be, went on regularly.

One night when Mr. B. and I were alone he began writing and much to our astonishment he got a very offensiv message about a matter of which he was completely ignorant. We lookt at one another in amazement for a while,

and then we concluded to end it all there and then. It was the first time anything of the sort had come, and we understood then that those who go into such studies must take their chances.

We wanted to get rid of our unseen companions, but they did not leave us so readily. The tapping still went on, the chairs still rocked below me, and in various ways I was made aware that I was not alone. Then I came to understand that it was just about as well to be content with the seen world instead of groping after knowledge we were never ment to have.



CHAPTER V.

TRAPPING AN ENTHUSIAST.

We gave up the "study" of the occult after this and were very glad indeed that we had escaped with a hole skin. For about a couple of weeks things moved along all right, with the exception of the annoyances that we expected to get rid of in time. But one night I went to bed as usual and before I fell asleep I felt something move in the pillow below my head. The windows had been open all day, and I suppose I thought that some uninvited guest had crawled in and gone to sleep before I disturbed him. I was rather startled, and jumped out of bed a little hurriedly just as any other philosopher would have done. I plunged my arm in the pillow case and found nothing. "Shaw!" I said to myself, "That was a case of imagination. When did any man in his senses ever hear of a harmless pillow behaving itself in any other than a proper and decorous way?" I went back to bed laughing at myself and put my head down, and no sooner did I begin

to feel comfortable than!—This was just a little more than I liked, and I took to the floor again, but I did not examine the pillow this time, so I was making progress. I walked around and reasoned over the matter and went back to bed unable to account for it. Again it began, but this time I lay still and felt it slowly heaving below my cheek.

Suddenly, like an inspiration as the novelists would say, and as I would say too, if I did not know by a long and bitter experience just how and from what source inspirations of that kind come, the whole thing flashed upon me. Why had I not seen it before? Ah, yes! And so that is the meaning of it, is it? They were back to see me. They are busy everywhere, and they are at your side as you read this, believe it or not.

I did not altogether like it, but such is human vanity that I felt rather flattered too. It is evident after all, then, that my longings are to be satisfied? Table tipping is only for beginners. It is clear that I am on the way to something of greater importance. Very good. And I lay and thought over the matter seriously and felt as calm and pleased as a slumbering child. I did not quite realize then just how the thoughts are sent through our silly heads.

Perhaps you might have jumped you think; you could never have endured it alone in the dark, but as I have already said continue a certain course of reading for a certain time and you become a new being. I knew of too many cases to be very much alarmed. I certainly did not believe that they were evil spirits, even after the message we had received. I was simply blinded just as those foolish men, our millionaires are blinded to-day, and with a better excuse, I still think, for it was not in any self-seeking spirit that I began or continued, and that was lucky for me.

After a short time the pillow stopped heaving, and it seemed that a current of air was pumped into my ear.

Another "inspiration" came. Now I understand—They are going to make me clairaudient. Very good again.

The puffing of air continued until I fell asleep fairly well pleased with the thought that I was on the right track.

I thought it best to say nothing on the subject next morning. I wanted to see a little further into it before alarming my friends. It might go away, it might continue—the world is his who has patience.

I had been praying for light on the evils surrounding us—on the unendurable starvation that is driving thousands in the gutter in all lands, and in this new continent the richest part of the earth where there is more than enough for all of us, and—for Satan works in queer ways—I said to myself, Can this be my answer? I am well aware that it provokes a smile on the part of many church members when they hear of any one really believing in answers to prayer, but we are not all constituted alike. When all who profess to believe in Christ expect answers to prayer as many who do not believe in his divinity do—but here we run foul of the rocks again.

But as the days went on and the puffing likewise, morning, noon and night, I became a little uncertain about it all. Am I on the right track or am I making a fool of myself? Shall I go and get advice from some one or foot the path alone? It is unnecessary to tell of the long debates I had with myself. It is sufficient to say that as the work on my ears kept steadily on I saw that I was perhaps on a dangerous course. Evil spirits will not approach me, Satan thought for me. I am entering into this world in a reverential spirit and with the intention of doing good. There will be no more danger for me than for others.

I read all the articles on spiritism in a magazine I had at hand, and weighed both sides as well as I could, and concluded that I was doing what was right. Had not even Mr. Gladstone, a Christian, said that as far as he knew

there was no harm in investigating spiritualism?—for he like others uses the wrong term. Had not even an English bishop spoken favorably of a doctrine that was doing a great deal to bring many back to a belief in a future life? To cut the matter short, is there not enough and ten times more than enough, to one who does not accept the Bible for what it really is, to encourage him in going forward? And if you believe in evolution on both sides of the grave what then? And who is the judge? Those who have read the long argument or those who have not? And whether do you think it better to investigate for yourself or play the coward and get mediums to investigate for you? I say, play the coward, because I know that any man or woman can investigate if you choose.

What my opinion of those who do march forward is you can guess, but I would at least be manly enough to do it for myself and not drag others down.

I prayed earnestly for light, and at last the long debate ended, and I decided on the wrong course, as far as human eye can see.

I had been so busy writing for a couple of months or more that I had forgotten to take any exercise, and when I began this investigation I was more in need of open air than of "spiritism" but the scales were over my eyes. My friends thought that I was still busy with a book, while I was lying in bed in the long, hot summer days, sweating myself down till both weight and appetite left me. I did not pay much attention to such trifles then, for I was too much in earnest now that I had settled on my "duty," and when spoken to on the subject put it aside or blamed the weather, and believed in what I was saying. No one eats in hot weather as in cold, ergo it is only natural that I should fast when the sun shines. I had never fasted voluntarily, so that I can claim the merit of originality even here. But Satan does not care particularly whether you fast in the orthodox fashion and carry it to extremes, or

take it in another way so that the end is attained. Folly? Certainly. Clear evidence of incipient insanity? Well, I feel like the fox who had lost his tail—I want company before confessing too much. Ar men who pass their lives in a chase after money insane? Ar men who nurse hate and keep it up for a lifetime insane? Ar fashionabl Christians insane, and doubly insane, when they know that their brethern ar dying of want and, insted of flying to their relief, defend the accursed system that is filling our cities with the spirit of hell? I hav been in a world where the veil is lifted, where all our petty distinctions ar at an end, where men and women ar valued for what they ar and not for what they hav, and political economists ar weighed by the hart and not by the hed, and this same question of insanity goes a far way. At any rate, after the storm is over, I am not ashamed of the motiv that led me on. The road to hell, in my case too, was paved with good intentions.

As Dr. Hepworth says in his sermon, our good angels strive with us to save us from the certain punishment that they see in store for us, but we ar free will agents, and altho I know well now that they strove with me as they do with you in your folly, I was too determined to stop half way. I got up from bed sometimes and walkt the floor and thot it over, and the result was always the same—"No backward step," I used to say, and months afterwards the same words were thrown at me with jeering and lafter.

The political economists were primarily responsibl for my stubbornness. This may seem strange, but as I hav already told you the influence of one mind upon another is something wonderful.

Let me explain how these practical men helpt to pull me down. I had red some of their excellent works, and after a good many years had come to the conclusion that nine out of ten of them had either been born fools or had won the cap and bells in after life. "Now," said I to my-

self, "nine to ten the men I would go to for advice are of the same stamp. The spiritists will say, Go ahead; the practical men will say I am a fool: I'll e'en trust to my own judgment,"—Or what was left of it, says the sarcastic reader.

And so when I got tired lying on the left side I turned to the right, and hung on to my task with a patience that astonishes me to-day. A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and—what's the rest of it? It will do you good to turn to your Bible and find out. Perhaps like Sancho Quixote in those foolish days you have almost forgotten that such a book exists. It seems strange that I did not see that the evil scheme was to keep me in bed perspiring and worrying until my whole nervous system got to such a condition that they could approach me—that the puff-puffing in my ears that kept on for months was simply, in popular language, a blind to keep me in bed till the work was done, but I soon had another message that convinced me I was right. A pain in the small of my back began to trouble me. Clearly, I thought, they mean me to stay here and they send this as a sort of a hint that they have means to keep me where they wish till the work is finished, and it was true. They had me already under the hypnotic influence although I did not know it. I needed a pain on the back, but it should have been administered in the way that wise king Solomon recommended, by the application of a rod. Let no one doubt the inspiration of the Bible.

It went on until they had control of the emotions to a certain extent, and then I began to get really uneasy. I had not said a word to my friends, and they had not any idea of what was going on. One night that I am not likely to forget for some time, I felt that the mind was awake while the body slept. The time had come at last, and as if with a quick, swaying motion that was rather agreeable I fell into a trance, and was shocked to hear a

chorus of exultant voices far, far away, shouting again and again, "Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!"

For weeks during the time I had been in bed I had felt a slight tremor run over my body almost every second or two, and from the "inspiration" that came to me I felt sure that it was for the purpose of strengthening my nervs, for the fluid, or whatever it is, to pour thru my system. Don Quixote hurt himself with literature and so did Sancho, and that is all there is about it.

But all this sham work was over. I was clairaudient. I know now that I hurt my nervous system by my cours before the trance, but that night's work did a good deal of harm. I had certainly red that it was necessary to "dominate" the spirits, but it is really wonderful how your filosofy leaves you sometimes.

You hav undoubtedly herd the story of the man who became alarmed at the way foolish peopl allow themselves to burn to deth when by the exercise of a littl filosofy they might easily save themselves. He drild his wife in her duty so that, should the fire really come, there would not be a vacant chair in the family. As for himself—! Well, the fire did come, and his wife ran for her life like a sensibl woman. He put on his clothes as camly as if he had been dressing for church and wondered at her haste. Why is it that women can't see that calmness is the very crown and glory of a human being? He got down to the street in due time and began to scold her,—"See how quietly I acted, my dear. There was really no occasion for such a rush." "Very true, John, very true; but why did you not put on your pants?" There is the hole troubl with the human race. We ar all caught without the pants at one time or another. That was my forgetful night.

I went downstairs and awoke Mr. and Mrs. B. and told the hole story, and they were as much astonisht as you would be if some one came to you at the ded of night

with such a trouble on his head. I lay down on a sofa in the next room and tried to sleep, but the time for that was past. There was no peace. I had crossed the border as many a fool had done before me and many a one is trying to do to-day.

The sofa seemed to be alive, by the way it moved below my cheek. I tried a chair, but the tapping all around kept me from sleep, and there was no help for it but to suffer. During the worst of it it seemed as if a hot poker were passing across my temples. The pain was severe, the heat was intense, but the skin, I was told, was about the normal temperature. I sat through a night of torture anxiously waiting for the morning light. The screws had been turned on after the long preparation. When the morning came I thought I heard voices shouting far off in the woods, but I could not be certain about it. I wished then from the bottom of my heart that I had never read a word about the marvels of the unseen world, so far, at least, as our modern "scientific" gentlemen tell us of them. It is a fairly good plan to let others make the investigations, is it not, while you profit by them? Selfish? Well, this is a world where there are always plenty of fools. It took a long time to train my system down. Cases have been known where people have been caught at the first attempt and tortured to death. Moral: Leave it alone, never mind what you read.

CHAPTER VI.

STILL TRAPPING.

It was Sunday and Mr. B. workt with me for some time to very littl advantage. He put a wet cloth over my face and as soon as it toucht me I was so startld that I did not know what to make of my surroundings. My eyes were closed, but I saw as clearly as if they had been open. Shut your eyes when you read this and all is black before you. You ar accustomed to this and do not pay much attention to it. Or take a walk on a dark night when, as the saying goes, you cannot see your finger before your face, and again all is black around you. But suppose insted of black you saw the deepest kind of blue as I saw that forenoon whenever I shut my eyes, what would you think about it?

I concluded that there was only one thing to do and that was to find a medium who might be abl to giv me some advice. I was so exhausted that I fell asleep in the train going to the city, and awoke refresht and redy for relief if it was to be found. We walkt the streets for nearly half a day but could not find a "psychic." Sunday was apparently a day of rest even for them.

We succeeded in finding a theosofist, however, with rather singular ideas. "We do not believ as the spiritualists do," she said, "but when the spirits approach us we know how to dominate over them." Here, indeed, was luck. This was precisely what I wanted, and I askt her how the thing was done. She replied that the man who knew the *modus operandi* from beginning to end was not in the house just at that moment, but she invited me to call again and see him. There was one way of relief,

however, she said, that would help me for a short time, and that was to smoke and smoke vigorously. This was rather a desperate remedy, for smoking does not come natural to me, and altho like all ambitious youths I had struggld hard to acquire the art in my school days, I had less success than most. Tobacco had always floored me, but one is redy for anything at a pinch, and on going home I bot some cigarets to perfume the pillow and offend the nostrils of my visitors. They did not leav me, and as the cure was rather hard to endure I soon gave it up. My thanks ar due to my frend nevertheless, altho her recipe was not a success. She was in earnest, and she did what she could. As I hav said it was Sunday, and her Bible—"Isis Unveiled" was in her hand—a book which I hav never red, but which I am assured is worth its weight in gold, at which, if you will allow another pronoun, I smile and smile again. A good many things hav been unveiled to me since that afternoon, my unknown sister, that I would rather not hav seen, but one of them of some littl value is that the less we hav to do with "Isis" the better it is for us. I hope you will never hav occasion to try the cigarets, for they ar not only unbecoming in the mouth of a woman, but ar wors than useless to frighten spirits.

I had red somewhere of a medium who complained that her visitors could not expect messages, for they visited her reeking with tobacco, and she held that there were few things the spirits detested wors than the weed. I had red this before the cigarets were recommended, and as two and two make four I thot—I merely throw that out as a reply to the smile that a practical man like yourself indulged in just now. I frankly admit that it looks funny, but supposing that all your funny remedies for your physical and mental evils were laid bare now? Your doctor has often given you a madder kind of a cure than mine and you have swallowed it like a littl child while he smiled

at you behind your back. I am afraid that our good angels ar often foret to smile at us—and sigh too. The other kind don't smile any, or els my experience goes for nothing.

I slept well on the succeeding night, however, after undergoing the puffing in the ear that I could not get rid of, and I began to think that I was more afraid than hurt; but I concluded to see further into the matter before going ahead.

Something rather strange happened to me on my way to the city. Strange then, but not now. I know what is said of those who draw inferences, as I shall sometimes do, out of trifles, but I am as stubborn as the rest of *les fous*. A mere coincidence, those who ar not acquainted with the literature on the subject will call it, but I know better. Passing along the street on the way to the station and wondering where I should find some one to giv me counsel, I glancet at a news-stand, and there before me lay a magazine devoted to the hidden world. It was publisht in the city, and I took down the address. About two hours afterwards as I was serching for the place, for I was a stranger in the city, I suddenly lookt up to the top of a high building, and there was the signboard. I thot I was several blocks away from my destination. I hav had too much experience since then to be satisfied with "chance."

From the office I went to a medium who told me he could not do anything for me. "Go to Richard Roe, and he will advise you." I found Richard after a time. He was rather a plesant man, and the second medium that I had ever talkt to. "You hav herd voices?" he inquired after I had stated my case. "Well, I was in a kind of a trance." I replied. "I think I herd them, but I don't want to be too positiv." "Well, you ar a very fortunate man." said Richard Roe "You ar in the right path, and you will develop after a time. If you do not care to take les-

sons from me, you will develop if you go on in your present way, and everything will come out all right." A strong feeling that I was on the right path came over me and I felt happy. I did not know then how easily feeling was manufactured. We talkt for an hour or so, and he related many of his strange experiences to me, and I listened and congratulated myself that I was not in such a bad corner after all. He cured the pain in my back in a few minutes. It makes me laf now as I think of it. The hypnotic influence was simply taken off for a short time, and that was how the "cure" was effected.

I rose to say good-by and he accompanied me to the door. "This hole talk of peopl going wrong is nonsens. It is becaus they do not understand it. I could get a great many peopl out of asylums who hav gone wrong if I only had the chance." We parted, and Richard Roe took a good fee? No, that is where you ar mistaken. He did not take a cent, and he was not rolling in welth by any means.

Now, I think Richard is wrong. I think he is in a bad business—a forlorn and shipwreckt brother, but he seemed to be good harted. Perhaps he knew that I was nearing the rapids,—perhaps again he did not—but I wish he was out of it, for even altho I felt perfectly certain that he had deceivd me I could not get angry at him. During later days the evil spirits did their worst to get me enraged at him as at others but they did not succeed, for woe to the man who lets his temper get the better of him while the fight is going on. Insane, they say, and many do go insane under the torture, but as a cold blooded fact there can be no possibl crisis where you need all of your wits so much as when the cursings and blasfemies, the lies and slanders ar howling around you, when, do the best you can, you ar foret to believ some of them.

Richard Roe did not believ in the divinity of Christ. I hope he will put himself in better array for the next world, for unlike many he knows that there is one.

I went home convinct that I was on the right road, and that the voices I herd were frendly ones, for I had often red that the spirits tried to frighten anyone who penetrated into their relm. I told my frends that I was determined to go to the end of it, and altho they thot it folly, I talkt lernedly on the subject, and as I was quietened down we concluded that it was a kind of a nightmare that had troubl'd me. We laft over my scare and things went on as usual.

Satan had an easy mark. Had I stopt there, I would hav had some troubl, but very littl, comparatively speaking. The voices stopt and I went on perspiring. They fild me as full of soothing thots as they sometimes fill you when you ar nearing the rapids.

Had I stopt there, however, I would still hav been a believer in spiritism, and a disbeliever in the divinity of Christ. It has not been all loss.



CHAPTER VII.

THE GIFT OF TUNGS.

I was now more firmly conyinct than ever that I was on the right track, and I went on with a light hart. Mr. and Mrs. B. had stopt all experiments by this time, for they were not sure about it, and I wanted to see the outcome before inviting anyone to keep me company on my journey.

I soon made a littl more progress. My new experience sent me up to the clouds. I had often wondered how thot transference was managed in India. How was it that during the Indian mutiny the news of an important batl was known among the nativs long before the British officials herd of it? The best horses were at their service and yet

the natives with no horses at all outstript them. I thot that the adepts had simply discovered some law of which we ar as yet ignorant, but now, like the ministers, I think that they ar under the direct control of the Evil One. I once laft at this theory of our reverend frends, and I should not like to discourage any scientist who disagrees with them. The more we know of natural laws the better certainly, but I would not like to set any more false views afloat in a world full of error. I think I am right, and that is enuf for me. Now for my experience.

One day I was sitting in an old orchard thinking of the invisibl world, and enjoying myself as a man at peace with all his fellows, when suddenly to my surprise, for it was the last thing in the world I was thinking about, a long sentence in French was shot thru my hed as if by some process of mental telegrafy. The writing on the brain had come at last. I undertood it and was exultant.

Now, I had studied French for several years; I had livd among French peopl, and had spoken it redily, altho I had occasionally, like other worthy fellow mortals, to make a respectful circuit around some of the frases. I knew the language fairly well; I had red some of the literature, and for onë year in particular I had red from ten to twelv hours a day. In some respects then, I knew French better than the average student for I had workt hard at it, and hard work counts for something here as elsewhere. But I had scarcely spoken a word for three years, and had red but littl, so that when I had occasion to speak it I found that it took me sometime to remember the words, and many of the verbs, old familiar frends, had departed.

But now there was not the least hesitation. I replied like a flash, and for two hours I sat there, with an occasional rest, which was fortunate for me, the words rolling thru my brain like a torrent. Now, thinks I to myself, I am at last in connection with the higher intelligences and this is what I have been waiting for. I was so thuroly

hypnotized that my brain was worked upon like the keys of a piano. Had I not diverted my attention to one thing and another around me during this mental process the crisis would have come there and then. But the work did not continue long enough and I escaped. Concentration is a good thing in this world, but nature takes care that we cannot concentrate our minds too much on one subject for too long a time. Try it, and you will find your thoughts shooting in a good many different ways. We can concentrate our minds sufficiently for all practical purposes and that is enough. Too much of it would overwork the brain very soon as I found out afterwards, when there was no diverging thought allowed, but when the mind was kept on the stretch.

The process is not the same as thinking. Do not let any one think so, It is another and different sensation altogether.

Another "inspiration" struck me during the course of the conversation. Can this be the gift of tungs? Can I bid good-by to grammars and dictionaries?

Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to confess it, but the truth is that I, Sancho Quixote, a member of one of the leading houses of Spain, if not the leading one—*Sauvez les papiers de la maison de Quichotte*,—can not for various reasons that need not be specified speak my native language with anything like the facility that characterized my learned cousin Don Quixote, but I can read it and venture to mumble a little of it when I am sure that none of my countrymen are within earshot. I tried Spanish by the new route and was so elated with the result that I could have jumped out of my skin. At last, after a long wait I could go back to La Mancha without fear and without reproach.

I carried on a mental conversation in Spanish as readily as in French or English, and just as fast. Our medical friends can explain this as they please. The fact remains that I, who had scarcely ever had occasion to speak this

language, carried on a conversation in it with my unseen companions, and that the answers and questions and general remarks flowed as rapidly as if I had never spoken any other language in my life. Some of my readers may be surprised at this, but I was not in the least, for there are men and women alive to-day who do the same thing.

Then I tried Scotch—a patois, some irreverent people call it,—and words and sentences forgotten for many years came back as tho I had never stopt using them, and I smiled as incident after incident of my childhood and boyhood was brot before me in the old setting. “This is to be something wonderful for me,” I thot. “Now I shall be able to speak Chinese or Choctaw, hob-nob with the Laplander and scold the Moujik in his own tung.”

Almost from beginning to end of my sorry venture I got just about everything I expected—they were fooling me to the top of my bent, and luring me on. It is true that I got something that I did not expect, but that is a horse of another color. Don't you think that smile was rather ungenerous? You think that it came from you, as I did when I herd wailing that I thot was from my friends suffering on my account, and my lips were smiling. You are mistaken. It comes from my enemy. He sends them regularly to you.

I tried German, which I did not understand, and they amused themselves with me. I could not understand what they sent and neither could I reply. I tried other tungs that I did not know with the same result. And now, says my critic, there is an end to the gift of tungs.

It may be said that altho I had never spoken Spanish the rules of the language had once been learnt, and that by some means or other the memory had been awakened into a state of abnormal activity, as in the case of people drowning whose whole life is mirrored before them in a few seconds, and I shall have something to say about that, too, for the drawers of my memory were unlockt later on;

but for me, knowing what I do of the subject, both from theory and experience, there is no other explanation than hypnotic influence. It is really writing on the brain as distinct from the process of thinking as anything can be. It cannot be explained, but it can be felt. And just suppose that for, say six months, I had ample time to compare the two processes? And just suppose, further, that if I let my mind go a wool gathering, as we are all inclined to do, it would begin again, and that the messages are very often of an unpleasant nature, what then?

I have heard a good deal of French spoken, but I have never heard a Frenchman speak so well as I did that day. I had never spoken much Spanish; then I spoke it as easily as English. Scotch I knew, and the theory of the drawer of memory will pass there if you insist upon it but for the other two languages it is worse than preposterous—it is silly. If I did not take the trouble to speak aloud it was just because there was no necessity for it.

What made that long French sentence come to my mind? I had no more idea of speaking or thinking about French at that time than of looking for the moon at mid-day. The psychic explanation is the only rational one. The wonder is that with the evidence we already have there are men who doubt it.

The Puritan idea is right. We are surrounded with good and evil spirits, and they look upon our slightest acts with anxious solicitude. This world we have received to govern is a very serious one, and woe to the man who does not find it out before it is too late for his comfort.

It is just as well not to moralize too much, but I shall conclude this chapter by counseling any one who reads it to act at all times as if his fellow men knew his thoughts, for we are indeed surrounded by a cloud of witnesses who know every thing which passes through our heads.

CHAPTER VIII.

MY EARS ARE OPENED.

There was nothing for me now but to put on full steam and go ahead. I was no longer working in the dark. The hot transference stopt for a time, but I lookt upon the experience in the orchard as simply an encouraging hint to keep on with my work, and went to bed and perspired and worried because I was so slow in getting to the top of Mount Olympus. The puffing, or to be more correct I should say, the puls beating, for it was just as if a strong puls was at work—went on in my ears and I was certain that I was making rapid progress. Who was it who had ears just like mine then? Bottom was it? Some name like that.

I was sure my good angels were leading me on to green pastures. Perhaps I might as well confess here before we go further, that it is a little embarrassing for me to speak of my good angels in spite of the assurance of Dr. Heworth that we all have them. Good wine needs no bush, and I might have writn this book without taking shelter below the wing of a practical man, but it is sometimes well to have good company. I have been inclined to be reserved about all matters connected with the next world in the past, and now I am going to lay everything bare in a way that few do. Who was it who made that often quoted remark about the religion of a gentleman? And why then should a Sancho open his mouth, or wear his hart upon his sleeve for the rest of you to peck at? When I was in the asylum a good natured patient told me that his angel had told him such and such things, and altho I

should not have done it, I smiled and pitied him. Perhaps you smile and pity me.

The elderly Scotch woman when asked if she knew what love was said that she knew in the abstract. It is one thing to write of angels in the abstract, as the learned doctor does and quite another to write as I am doing. I shall speak of good angels deliberately then, for I could easily take another tone in this book and give scorn for scorn.

One night shortly after this as I was sitting on the porch with the chair rocking quietly under me—I knew where the motive power came from—I thought I heard a buzzing sound all around me. I thought that it was the voices I had longed and worked for, and I was glad of it, but I went to bed that night without having heard them. I heard something else, however. Likely enough some of my readers have read of the astral bell. Perhaps others are a little skeptical. It is difficult to get a man to believe that there may be a bell ringing in the air which he cannot hear, but which his neighbor listens to. That is humanity all over. But still it moves, said poor old Galileo, and they laugh at him.

I was rather pleased to hear the soft, delicious, liquid sound, although I do not know how it is effected. I had read something in its favor and it was becoming that I should listen to it with pleasure. There is an impressive scene in one of Conan Doyle's novels that deals with a British officer who heard this sound for the first time. "God help us!" he said. That would have been my exclamation also had I known to what it was the prelude. It is well, in one sense, that we cannot see far ahead.

It sounds well in fiction, and I rather enjoyed it—at first. You know although there were a thousand people around you that the sound reaches your ear alone. I seldom heard it through the day, but as soon as I went to my room at night it began. I waxed quite poetical over it sometimes. I thought of Bret Hart's lines:

"Bells of the past whose unforgotten music
Still fills the wide expans,
Tinging the sober twilight of the present
With color of romance."

But the romance was soon colored with reality.

I had begun another folly that brot on the crisis sooner than it might otherwise hav come. I had red something of the way in which the lerners in India hypnotized themselves by rock-cristal gazing and other means, and shortly after the beginning of my serch for wisdom I began to gaze hard and fast at a certain object for a short period. I gazed so hard at the ceiling sometimes that the white plaster appeard as if it were purpl. This lookt dangerous, and I often stopt while at it and askt myself if I was not going too far. "No," I would reply, "I will go to the end of it." "Ar you still determind to go to the end of it Sancho?" was a question I often listened to when it was too late. "Sweet littl man!"

One day as I was undergoing the ear-opening process, I closed my eyes, and suddenly there was a small ball of deep-colored purpl past down before me. I saw them often enuf afterwards when I did not like them half so well as I did the first one.

The ceiling was spred over for several yards at a time with this color, and a strange pale light began to appear before me on the wall. If, for exampl, I lookt at a door or window and then directed my eyes to the plaster wall the object would be fotograft before me.

I did not need to stare so hard in after days to hypnotize myself. It is no troubl to throw yourself into the hypnotic state after you hav acquired the habit. I do not know, after all, if we really do it ourselves. I am inclined to think that there is no such thing as auto-hypnotism. I do not believ that one man can hypnotize another. I think that what we speak of as auto-hypnotism is just this—That by one means or another we put our

nervous system into such a condition that the spirits around us can acquire a power over us that under normal conditions they would not have. There are men who seem to us to hypnotize patients. My impression is that the work, either for a good or a bad purpose is done behind the scenes. There is plenty of literature on the subject which you can read if you choose. My candid advice to the average reader is, don't. Go out and count the trees and you will find it a far more profitable way of passing the time.

At last the voices I had waited and worked for became audible, and surely it was a happy day in my life. The indistinct buzzing I had heard was turned into a joyous burst of song that made the hills and valleys around me seem as the gateway of the immortal city. Faint at first, certainly, and far off, but the glorious harmony reached my ears and thrilled me through and through. Whenever I chose to open my ears it began. I had only to wish for it and it came. I had only to wish for a certain tune and it was ready. I smiled as I compared the reality with the pleasant romance of Mr. Bellamy.

I worked hard then. I never left my pillow for more than an hour or so in the middle of the day, but when the gloaming came I sat down at my leisure and listened to the voices of the sirens, and surely they never sung sweeter to mortal man.

St. Anthony says in one of his sermons: "We walk in the midst of demons who give us evil thoughts; and also in the midst of good angels. When these latter are especially present there is no disturbance, no contention, no clamor but something so calm and gentle that it fills the soul with gladness. The Lord is my witness that after many tears and fastings I have been surrounded by a band of angels, and joyfully joined in singing with them."

CHAPTER IX.

HEVENLY MUSIC FROM ANGELIC HOSTS.

"Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave beat shore,
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tolling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night."

"All the efforts of ten thousand Ethical Societies will count as nothing in the furtherance of ethical regeneration, compared with the work of the men who shall again convince the world that every human soul is immortal, and that such a task is not beyond the reach of man I am thoroughly convinced,—
T. DAVIDSON.

"If the proof of immortality is forthcoming, it is my conviction that no drowning sailor ever clutched a hencoop more tenaciously than mankind will hold by such proof—whatever it may be."—PROF. HUXLEY.

"Take me away, or I shall cry," said Carlyle to Froude one day as they stood in London, listening to that beautiful hymn which has touched so many. I heard it sung to another tune than the ones we know by the beings who surrounded me—a tune that I still remember, altho I have forgotten many that I heard in those days.

Surely they never sung sweeter. I have listened to some of the finest singing of the age in a few of the great capitals and commercial cities of the world, but that, grand as it is and much as I love it, is to what I heard as the poor efforts of the singer in the village choir matched with the great vocalists, the trained voices, of Paris and Vienna.

I could not understand why they kept so far away from me when I was so anxious to hear them, but I thought a part of my training in the new school was to learn patience and keep humble. I know now that a great deal of it was to

keep my mind on the strain. It was often hard to reach and my efforts became correspondingly eager to meet them half way.

I felt rewarded for the long work of the months gone by when, as I would go out in the evening a beautiful tenor voice such as could never come from mortal throat, would rise and pour out a flood of liquid melody far away on the air till my soul would swell with the joy of the strain and long for the life of the blest. Surely this earth is a barren wilderness compared with their abiding place. The tenor voices were painful in their sweetness, and yet the memory of them is half hateful to me now, for I know what some of them were sent for.

I herd too, the high piercing notes of the sopranos an octave abuv anything I hav ever herd from our singers, and the altos and baritones and the deep bassos, and chorus after chorus soon rolled around me and fild the land full of such glorious harmony that I thot myself in heven. Never was such singing herd, I often thot in wonder, and yet if I told anyone they would set me down as a madman. And so I said nothing except to Mr. and Mrs. B. who laft at me, but thot it all right, with an occasional doubt.

But terribl as has been my punishment I look back upon that time with something like a longing for the mere joyousness of it. From first to last the joy of the singing fild me with wonder. Call them lemons or angels they sing with the hole hart. But when they toucht a minor strain it was sad enuf to make one melt away in ecstasy. I hav found out since that I was where I had no business to be. I hav found out that there were two kinds of angels there, and two kinds of melody—but the marvelous singing, the solos that rose on the air so sweetly as to make me wonder how such music could be produced, the great choruses of altos and sopranos and tenors, ali the different parts flowing together like the flow of a mighty river, not a singl flaw in the exquisit harmony, make me look back

to it with longing, and look forward to the time when the chorus will greet us on the other side of the river.

Exalté, un peu extasié, say some of the authorities. Not quite. I hav done some hard-heded business in my time, and I was at it then in a hard-heded business way too, but to encourage them in their hallucinations I may say that on any subject not connected with this occult world I was just as I hav always been, just as I am now. That is how they all ar, says Lobe Lombroso, the man who can gage your mental status from the shape of your ear. Qu'ils m'amuse beaucoup ces sages Italiens!.

It is wrong to digress, I know, but do you remember what poor Robbie Burns said?

“Whene'er divinity comes across me

My readers aye ar sure to lose me.”

That is just how I feel about the Lombroso tribe, but they will have to burn their books on tactics yet. A race of degenerates!

There were two kinds around me. Listening to the one band was almost painful, it was so far off and yet so sweet. At any time I awakened thru the night a tenor voice would start up apparently at a long distance away and the melody was so entrancing that I could not choose but listen and strain my ears lest I should miss a note. It was all a part of the scheme that I was so slow in understanding—work on the nervs, work on the emotions till the time came, and then tear to pieces.

With the other band it was different. When in the horrors I made up my mind if ever I got well to write my story to warn others, but not to say a word about the music I herd. I was afraid that some one might venture into the trap and get caught, but afterwards I concluded to tell it all. If any one dallies with it after what he reads in this book he deservs to be punisht. During many years I had never red anything of consequence against the study.

"Tell both sides," the demons shouted at me, "and do not play the coward. If it is wrong to venture in here, it is wrong to say a word about it, as you will find out when you do come. Tell it at your peril"—and so on for months.

There was no need of straining the ear to hear the other band. They sung all the old hymns we loved and sung them as if within forty or fifty yards of where I was sitting. If grim old Thomas Carlyle felt like crying I suppose that it is permissible for me to confess that I was often in tears then. Not quite pleasant to confess it, but it is true. Again, as with our reverend friend, I seek shelter below the wing of another. But the music was overpowering. Sometimes I could not listen for more than a few minutes, it was so affecting. I had to close my ears to it and rest. I still had that power, or, as I believe, the evil spirits were not allowed to open their batteries upon me. I often thought during the dark days that I had heard a good deal that was sent for the purpose of encouraging me for the struggle, something to show me that although I had made a mistake everything was done for me that should have been done.

It is a pleasure in writing this to think that there is a multitude of people who know that I am telling of facts. A serious world indeed—yes, a feeling comes over me that prompts me to say now as I think of the past,—a sacred world. What fools we are, rich and poor alike!

"Rock of Ages," and "Jesus Lover of my Soul," and "Old Hundredth," and "Ballerma" and all the old Christian hymns which have delighted and comforted the souls of millions were sung to me then until I felt that I was standing upon holy ground. And "Adeste Fideles" too, swelled high and higher in the Latin that I did not understand, and "Jerusalem the Golden" and scores of the old favorites, and still I did not ask myself why it was that they sung Christian hymns to me an unbeliever. I was

blinded. Both sides sung them. Why is it? I was cheered by the one side with them, and lured on by the other.

That was a glorious time for me. No wonder I went on and on till the doors closed behind me. What would you hav done? Take up your hymn books, old and new, and pick out your favorits as I did mine, and then think of hearing them sung by a great choir invisibl, all the parts harmonizing so that it seemed but as one voice, and do your best to imagin it, and you will fall far short of the reality. Often did I think of the inspired saying,—
 “Eye hath not seen, nor ear herd, neither hav entered into the hart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that luv Him.”

“Giv me the wings of faith to rise
 Within the vall, and see
 The saints abuv, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be.
 Many ar the frends who ar waiting to-day,
 Happy on the golden strand :
 Many ar the voices calling us away
 To join their glorious band—
 Calling us away ! Calling us away !
 Calling to the better land !”

Whatever you may think of the divinity of Christ, my scientific frend, one thing is certain, and that is that the Christian hymns ar sung in the next world as they ar here. It will not do to say that it was only the demous singing to lure me on. Long after there was no necessity to lure me further I herd them as of old, and I herd, too, another kind of singing.

“There is a happy land, far, far away,” and I knew that there was indeed a happy land for those who believd. And on and on it went.

“Oh, we shall sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Savior King
 Loud let his praises ring.
 Praise, praise for aye.”

I hav said that I could not endure it sometimes it was so affecting,—“They stand those halls of Zion, all jubi-

lant with song!" But I often sat down determined to keep my emotions under control, and I hav sat for hours in the evening listening to it as calmly as tho I had been at a sacred concert or grand opera.

" Littl children, littl children,
Who luv their Redeemer,
Ar the jewels, precious jewels,
His luv and his lost.

Like the stars of the morning
His bright crown adorning
They shall shine in their beuty
Bright gems for his crown."

All moonshine, they say, an excited brain. There ar some who know better, but they yield up their convictions to the regular school, and thus error is perpetuated from generation to generation. To say nothing of those who, unfortunately for themselves, hav had some practical experience, the list of the men who stand on the side of the reality of the fenomena we encounter on the other side of the border is respectabl enuf to be entitled to a hearing. They ar, to say the least, as well qualified to judge as the members of the regular school.

Why did the ministering spirits not save me from what came? Why is this a world where men and women hav free will? we might as well ask. If a child gets its hand burnt by putting it too close to a red hot stove it is likely that it will be a littl more careful in the future.

" Hark, 'tis the voice of angels
Borne in a song to me
Over the fields of glory
Over the jasper sea."

CHAPTER X.

THE VERY GATE OF HEVEN.

"Softly sweet, in Lydian mesure,
Soon I'll sooth your soul to plesure."

The Spanish proverb says that the stone which is fit for the building is seldom left in the street. It is a good thing to be fit for the building—a good thing to be abl to rise to the occasion. Unfortunately I did not know a singl note of music then, or els I might hav been abl to lay some of the hymns, and songs and marches and all kind of music that I herd before you. Just what you expected, is it? Let us reason the matter over quietly then.

I like singing and hav a fair ear, and so it happened that I was abl to catch two or three tunes and sing them to Mr. B. who understands music. He pronounct them of an average quality, and wonderd where I got them, for he was a littl skeptical occasionally. We threw them aside, for I then expected that I was to listen to the music whenever I so pleased, and I did not think it necessary to preserv the paltry tunes I had caught when finer ones could be had for the wishing. I hav often regretted that I did not take more pains to preserv at least a littl of what I herd, but there ar no birds in last year's nests. Had I taken pains I could easily hav had several dozen good tunes to vouch for my expedition into the forbidden land—as it is I remember only four.

But four will answer my purpose fairly well. How did it happen that I who had never made an attempt to compose a tune in my life should be abl to sing four unless I had herd them sung to me? The other airs I herd left me, but these four stick. I askt for Gounod's "Ave Maria,"

and if they hav not deceivd me, as I am afraid they hav, for it is almost too simpl to be taken for that piece of music which I hav never yet herd, that is one of the four. It will not matter very much whether it is or not—how could I lern it from imaginary voices? And how did I lern "Lochaber no more" from them if they were imaginary? Will an inflamed or an excited brain set me composing music? Do not let any one think I am insisting on these questions too often. It is sufficiently wearisome at this late day to hear men talk of "imaginary voices," "false hearing," and the rest of it. It involvs too, the theory of possession, the treatment of the insane, and the advisability of thousands of our fellow mortals, reverting back to the holesom warnings contained in the scriptures.

We shall leav a great many things behind us when we go to the next world, but there will be singing there as well as here, and the rapture of it is beyond belief. If I may use a wild figure it was as an expans of music—as if the holeatmosfere were swelling with harmony.*

It was plesant to listen to "Swance River," "The Last

* Just as this book is going to the printer I clip the following from a review of an autobiography of the late Gail Hamilton. She had a strange experience with the unseen. The book itself I hav not red. I, too, herd an instrumental band.

HER SPIRIT JOURNEYS.

"To myself it seemed as if my spirit were partially detached from my body—not absolutely freed from it, but floating about, receiving impressions with great rediness, but not with entire accuracy, as if the spirit were made to receive impressions thru the bodily organs, and without them could not rely implicitly upon its own observations. Many foolish things I undoubtedly said, but many I distinctly remember to hav refrained from saying because I knew they were foolish."

To those who liv in dred of deth this woman left much consolation.

SHE SAW AN OLD FRIEND.

"Immediately in the distance I herd a sweet voice singing a familiar air. While trying to recall the voice, A. B. (a dear frend) stood before me. She and her band seemed to fill all space with a flood of angelic melody, while from a distance, softly harmonizing with the voice of the singer, was herd the rich strain of an instrumental band. My delight was intense; it was too much for my poor weak nature, I lost consciousness. When again myself the band had gone."

Rose of Summer," "Annie Laurie," "The Soldiers' Chorus in Faust," and the plaintive music of "Il Travatore."

I never tire of the sad wail of the "Miserere," but if our singers heard it as I did they would be half ashamed to bow to the applause that now greets them.

Then, for variety, I would wish to hear them sing in rounds. The sopranos would begin, the tenors would follow, and the other parts would fall in just where I wished them to do so.

Then as I heard some of the songs rise, I would forget everything but the music, forget the seriousness of my position looked at in any light, and say "Da cabo a Mesdames les sopranos!" and an answering voice would shout laughing—poor fool that I was—"M. Quichotte dit da cabo a Mesdames les sopranos." And all around me were rage and hate that could have devoured me, and love that pitied me in my folly,—moorings lost and drifting out on the ocean.

I did not understand then that there were evil spirits around me savage with rage and anxious to get me completely under control. It is not everyone who ventures so far among them. Do you think it was good spirits who sung to me the wild emotional march of the Marseillaise? Do you think it was they who sung the war songs that fire our blood until we get ready to trample every law of God under foot in our devilish rage? Are they engaged in that kind of singing do you think? I am perhaps as fond of war songs as any one, and I catch myself humming them often enough, but I have been asking myself of late, "Is this the Christian spirit that recognizes no boundaries, to sing the songs that to-day as a hundred years ago, inflame one people against another?" I like them, I say, passionately; they stir the blood like a trumpet, but let it be distinctly understood, once for all, that the spirit of the New Testament or the spirit of many of these songs has to bite the dust, and you who read this will help to decide

which. You don't think so? Then you ar still in the bonds of iniquity.

I think the sensation we feel when we wave our arms and sing "Marching Thru Georgia," "Scots Wha Hae," "The Watch on the Rhine," or when we shout on the Boulevards, "A Berlin! A Berlin!" is instilled into us by a process that I hav felt too often. Fancy our Savior with a sword in his hand.

As I hav been unwittingly drawn into the subject just look at the Christian nation of America shouting a few months ago for war with Great Britain. Some of our Christian frends will yet get the scales pulled off their eyes. Talk about war here, and there ar always loud-mouthed fools telegrafing over the continent that they ar prepared to raise such and such a number of men to go to the front instantly. If such things were done in much criticised Europe the continent would be aflame with hell in a few weeks' time. "Patriotism" of that sort does not smell merely; it stinks. Enuf of it.

As singing does not make up all of life I tried something els both for instruction and variation. I would take a French or Spanish book and keep my eyes on the page and listen to the voice, and surely I hav never herd better pronounciation or more careful reading. I used to think that if I could not get the gift of tungs I would hav a fair substitute that would help me to keep the two languages up to a respectabl standard.

When I askt myself months afterwards what it had all ment, how it was they did not open on me sooner than they did, the frendly voices would say to me—"No, you cannot understand it now, but if you knew the meaning of it from beginning to end you would be very much surprised." So will we all be some day when we see the narrow escapes we hav sometimes had. The prayer to be preservd from unseen dangers has a great deal of meaning for me. Hay de me, senores! Que Sancho Quixote

estaba gran burlador y gran bobo tambien en estos dias! But the change was near at hand. One night I awoke and instantly the twenty-third psalm arose. I lay and listened to it and enjoyed the singing as usual, but contrary to my previous experience I could not close my ears. On and on it went without stop. I felt that I was in rather a peculiar position. If this does not stop soon, I thot, it will drive me mad. But it came to an end when I was twisting and turning around in my nervousness at the long insupportabl strain. I concluded that they had been playing a littl joke upon me and went to sleep again.

When I awoke in the morning my whole body was tingling with a strange something that surged thru me as stedily as the beating of a puls. It went thru me from hed to foot with a force that surprised me. Can this be the ether, I thot, the mysterious fluid, the od, the anything, that the wise men tell us goes from star to star all thru the univers? And the answer came—for by this time I was on speaking terms with my unseen companions—"We ar simply keying you up in tune with the univers," and I laft, but it sounded reasonably enuf, for I had begun to attribute the marvelous harmony of the singing to some mysterious force that held all the voices together.

Then, you see, by this time, I believd a good many strange things, for I was under the hypnotic influence to some extent. Something happened too, that made me think that there was more or less truth in their theory. They began to sing and told me to sing with them. Now, I cannot sing very well, and I frankly acknowledge it and beg to be excused in advance. There is a slight obstruction of some kind or another in my throat that simply precludes me from humoring my frends or doing anything startling in this direction, but on this and subsequent occasions 't was removed. My voice was altered to some extent quite a number of times, but I speak of these two occasions because the change was most pronounced

then. They started a tune I did not know, and I immediately began to sing bass with them in spite of the fact that the tune was new, and I sung like a trained singer. How did I keep the time? The surging feeling in my body kept me to the exact time, long or short notes, and I thot that I had surprised a great secret.

"Of Prometheus how undaunted
On Olympus shining bastions
His audacious foot he planted,
Myths ar told and songs ar ebanted,
Full of promptings and suggestions.

Beutiful is the tradition
Of that flight thru heavenly portals ;
The old classic superstition
O' the theft and the trans mission
Of the fire of the immortals !

First the deed of noble daring,
Born of heavenward aspiration.
Then the fire with mortals sharing,
Then the vulture—the despairing
Cry of pain on crags Caucasian."

So Longfellow tells us of it. I often thot of his poem in later days in a lafing, comic sort of a way, and the shout would come. "Yes, you fool! but Prometheus took something with him, and you go out empty handed."

Many of the voices I herd at this time were those of frends and relatiys who had died or were far from me. I knew their voices, and there was no mistake about them. It was with a strange feeling that I listened to the voices of those who were ded. They spoke to me, and sung to me, and told me of their life in heven, and spoke of the work they had done for Christ on crth. Was it a wonder that I should be fooled?

There was another feature about their singing that charmed and surprised me. Very often when I would ask for any well-known hymn or song they would sing the words we know. But the tune would be entirely different,

and there was never the least hesitation in beginning. It is evident that improvisation is a very simple matter in the next world. I listened to dozens of old songs and hymns in new settings. What a famous composer I must have been in those days! What a pity the reporters did not catch me in time, for we are all a little tired of the men who take themselves for Czars, Emperors, Grand Moguls, Grand Muck-a-Mucks and so on. A composer might have given a little variety to the story.

One of two things is true—either that singing was real or else I must, in that dual, unconscious personality we have heard about, be the most famous musician who has ever lived, and that theory would involve me into trouble and loss of self-respect considering what that same personality developed into later on.

But the harvest was past the summer was ended, the leaves were falling off the trees and the quiet and enjoyment I had hitherto experienced were near an end. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, say the learned men with a sigh, and others of us say with our philosophical friend Sancho Panza—*Hay muchos que van por lana, y revien esquilados*.

But making all due allowance for the devil dressing himself as an angel of light could it be possible that such glorious music was used to entrap me?

It seems awful to me even yet. Listen to them as if they were pouring out their souls in an ecstasy of rapture! Do you hear it rising to the simple old tune of Autumn? Could I even yet by the mere wish and a little hard work hear it? Does a burnt child dread the fire? But listen,—

"Glorious things of thee are spoken
Zion city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded
Thou art safe from all thy foes."

CHAPTER XI.

FIENDS AND HYPNOTISM.

"Fierce he broke forth; 'And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?'
And hop'st thou hence unscath'd to go?
No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up draw bridge grooms!
What warder ho
Let the portcullis fall!"

One night I awoke and heard voices that seemed to be within three feet of my ear, and they were not speaking to me as formerly in a friendly way, but cursing and blaspheming slowly and impressively. What made it so terrifying to me was the fact that there was no passion in the accent. They went on in such a concentrated way as if so sure that they had me in their power that there was no need of hurrying, and so they cursed and blasphemed deliberately. It was a horrible awakening out of my dream, but I am not the first who has passed through it, and I have been often assured since that I shall not be the last. There are certainly plenty of fools in the world, and there may be some foolish enough to tamper with this forbidden thing even after reading this book, but they do it at their own peril.

The horror went on and on without stopping and I became half dazed. What could it all mean? I had really thought, with some misgivings, that I was on the right track to do some service to my fellow men, and I awoke to find myself in the company of demons. I had prayed earnestly, and believed that I was undergoing a long course of my preparation for something that was to come, and here I was at the end of four months' striving landed in the mire

up to my neck. What did I do? I forgot the instructions to "dominate" the spirits, and fell upon my knees and askt God to forgiv me for my blindness and transgression for Jesus Christ's sake.

A trifi cowardly, you may say, but that is human nature often, and especially when you feel that there is a great fight ahed of you where human aid can avail but littl. I had believd that Christ was only an extraordinary man, a man to be luvd certainly as I always had luvd him, for who in these times when it has either to be a great forward march of dogma and boundless faith as I believ, and believd before I turned again to christianity, or terribl wars that will sweep this planet of ours with the besom of destruction,—Who that has a spark of the new spirit that is rising in all lands can help luvng the character and spirit of Christ which would put an end to war and rumors of war if we would only let it reign? Emerson tells us that all great ages hav been ages of faith, and men of sens now see that it has to be faith in something els than money gathering if we ar to bring in the greatest of all the ages which, I believ, is just ahed of us.

And Fichte told the truth when he said,—“Christianity still carries in its bosom a power of renovation that many ar far from suspecting. Up to the present it has only acted on individuals and thru them on the state. But he who has been abl to appreciate its hidden spirit whether as a believer or an independent thinker, will admit that one day it will become the internal and organizing force of society, and then it will reveal itself to the hole world, in all the richness of its benedictions.”

All independent thinkers, even if not Christians, know that the New Testament is the most democratic book in the world. If our microscopic frends try to make it anything els it is because they ar busy with the letter as an excuse for neglecting the spirit.

Now that I hav had time to consider my change and

look at it quietly and smile at the momentary haste I have never regretted it. I have been happier sometimes in the midst of the torture than in periods of prosperity. Doubts and struggles enough have come, for I have been in a strange position, but I have learned to pay little attention to feelings for they are pumped into us very often at the will of our enemies. I believe that by accepting Christ then I passed through the trial as I could not have done without Him,—goggle-science to the contrary notwithstanding. Faith is the supplement of reason. We don't know everything yet, as I have found out.

But I am again abusing the privilege of an insane man and running you along a spur instead of the main track. It is a good rule to keep on the main line and tell all about the spurs afterwards, but it is well known in these days that insanity is closely allied to genius, and I am showing the way to set ancient maxims to one side.

I concluded after I had suffered this infliction that it was about time for me to get out of the occult world—if I could. It is a sin to digress once more, but did you ever read the story of the animal that went down into a well and could not get up again? It had to listen to some sage advice about not venturing into a place unless the way out was clear. Not very pleasant advice, and perhaps if we think as highly of charity as the apostle Paul did, not very necessary, for the poor brute was likely enough feeling just that way as he looked up and saw his critic smiling at the top. I know the feeling. I did not visit any one for information this time. I made up my mind that I would get out of a bad corner in due time, and I had lost faith in the prophets of the occult world. I was in it, and theory is not nearly so convincing as reality.

I went to the city determined to find work and get rid of the whole foolish business, to be content with this world we see around us as others are, but I found that my

enemies clung to me, as they will to us all till deth do us part, if we ar wise in time.

Tappings went on all around me. I herd strange noises, and whenever I sat down I knew by certain tokens that I was not alone. Another disturbing feature caused me a great deal of suffering. The astral bell still kept ringing, and as soon as I entered my room at night it began and peald away in the darkness and caused me unaccountabl irritation. I would hav given anything to get rid of it. What was a plesure in my salad days became unendurabl, but my feelings were not consulted. It began with its soft tingling and kept on till I could have run any where to escape. "What is the matter?" I askt myself. "How can this bell affect me so much? Let it ring and pay no more attention to it than to an ordinary one in a steeppl." I did not quite understand then that it was not the bell itself that tortured me, but the hypnotic power the evil spirits had acquired over me.

I was living near a railway, and as in the erly days when they were leading me gently on to the precipice the spirits and I were on good terms, I said one day when a train was passing,—“Hush! Don't you know that that is the train of that great man, the honorabl John Doe? Let us keep quiet until it passes.” A low, peculiar whistl came as an answer, and every time a train past after this the same sound came to me as distinctly as tho within a few feet of my ears. This, too, like the bell, became a scource of torture. Can a man touch pitch without being defiled? And when I was driven to prayer for relief there was no peace, and I knew then what I had lost. As soon as I began the mocking began with me, and whistling, and bell, and jeering, and cursing, and blasfeming. A very serious world indeed. Kindly warnings ar given us to let it alone, but when you hav taken the first step and come to look upon the Bible as upon the Koran and other books of a like nature the rest is easy.

I felt an inexpressible sense of loss when I found that I could not be alone for a minute. We are all surrounded, but I was conscious of it, and it makes a good deal of difference. If you think that you have nothing else to thank God for, you should be grateful that the veil is not lifted. Many who to-day are talking learnedly, and some who are talking scoffingly, would change their opinions if they were brought face to face with the realities only for five short minutes.

Strange noises were sometimes heard around the house. One night Mr. B. and I were sitting alone when we heard an awful clattering passing by like a whirlwind in its speed. "What is that?" he asked, and he ran to see. The street in front of the house was unpaved; it was soft, and about twenty yards past the door it landed in a meadow that was softer. There was no possible chance of any wagon passing, for it was too late and besides there was no outlet for one. "You need not go," I replied, but he was already out. I knew well enough what it was and sat still. I had read enough of the experiences of others to know. He soon came in and said that there was nothing. "Nothing visible," I replied. "But you know that an awful noise passed here, and I know where it came from."

As I have digressed often enough already I shall end this chapter by looking forward a few months and telling of something that I do not wish to forget, for I am writing this book often against my will and without much regard to arrangement. It is not altogether a pleasant thing to look back upon my folly, and I wish the task was finished in any reasonable manner without paying very much attention to systematising the work or writing it in a style to please the dilettanti.

Doubts as to the divinity of Christ were poured upon me like a flood, both in the ordinary way and by the voices when the struggle was going on, and I often began to speculate in the old way. Why is there not more evidence to

satisfy many earnest men and women who cannot believe? God is all powerful—Why should He allow them to suffer when He could send them relief? If Saul of Tarsus, why not others? and the thousand and one objections that the subtil ingenuity of the evil spirits threw at me. At such times when I was perhaps going too far, and inclined to get angry over the whole business, it often happened that the screws were applied, as it were, and after gasping for a few minutes somehow or other a strong conviction arose in my mind that Jesus Christ was just exactly what He represented himself to be—the Savior of the world.

Some who to-day are busy with their microscopes may have their doubts settled in the future as I had mine in a very strange school. I make a poor preacher, but I hope they will consider the matter in time.

I used to have a little jest occasionally like many of you on the subject of evil spirits and a devil ruling over them, but my jesting was soon taken out of me when I met them. They are around us, but outside of the few hints given in the Bible, I do not know why. It seems to me that we could get along much better without them, but that does not change the fact that we have to deal with them and their deadly enmity. Do you remember something about not having to war against flesh and blood but against principalities and powers?

"Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy ungarded hours,
"Watch and pray,"

I often thought with bitterness that men would not believe my story. They have Moses and the prophets and the New Testament besides, but if a man rose from the dead to-day they would ask for his credentials.

It has sometimes occurred to me since,—Could it be that the angels who were watching over me gave the evil spirits permission to exercise their will at those times? We know so little of what is around us that it is hardly worth

while to speculate very much, but I hav seen my wavering belief in the divinity of Christ co. back to me in such a strong way under the pressure that the more I look back to it the stranger it appears.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MOUTH OF THE PIT.

The voices still kept around me. I did not expect to get rid of them for some littl time, for it had taken me a long while to get within range and I was as patient as possibl. One day not very long after I was startld in the night I went to the city. My troubles commenct shortly after I left the house. I past a hand-organ grinding out some popular tune and soon I herd it ringing in my ears. I moved on as fast as possibl to get rid of it, but it was of no use. The pretty littl poem we hav all red says that everywhere that Mary went the lamb was sure to go, and wherever I went the tune followed, and rung in my ears as distinctly as if the organ had been at my side insted of being miles away. Whenever the street car was in motion the noise was at the highest, but when it came to a stand-still so did my organ. I found out by long experience afterwards that whenever I was near any hissing noise, such as steam escaping, or indeed anything that changes the vibration of the air the voices would be much mre distinct than usual. This perhaps is only imagination. The virbration of a railway train affects the nervs, of cours, say the medical authorities, and that accounts for it. I must then conclude that my imagination was a good deal stronger when in the cars than when on foot, and this is un-

plesant. I feel inclined to take my stand with the defunct Austrian physicians, and with an old Scotch woman now ded as well as they, and call for an act to prohibit the running of trains. I left the car and wandered on thru the streets of the busy city, and whenever I met anything in the line of music, down even to the tinkling of the bells on the car horses, it went into my ear as a lodging place and there tarried.

Then, too, for the first time I herd voices fairly shouting and yelling and mocking at me apparently about a mile away. I herd them for some months afterwards, but they reacht their highest pitch that day. I went from one place to another trying to escape, but, of cours, it was of no use. Ah, you cannot realize what a blessed world you liv in as it is, until you lift the curtain from the mouth of the pit that is raging around you. Where is hell? some peopl ask. Within us and around us.

"We will follow you to the deth. We will drive you insane. How long can a man stand this life? We know. It is an old story to us. You fool! Do you think we were amusing ourselves, playing with you all that time? You ar trapt as thousands hav been. Now you go whining to your Savior to releas you. There is no releas in this world. Show us a singl line in the Bible to support the pretensions of those peopl who ar coming thru into this world. We know it from beginning to end. Yes the Bible is true, you fool! but you, like us, know too late. Accept Christ when you were alredy in hell? Things ar not managed that way here. The body! The body! What is the body to us? Your mind was in hell when we frightened you that night. Not only that, you poor idiot, but that first night you meddld with a tabl we acquired a power over you. The mind was willing and that is enuf. Christ will never accept a man who has to come to hell before he will believ on Him. You ar with us now and you ar just going to stay and fight on this side. You fool! You do not

hav any idea of what hypnotism is. We will simply make you do what we want you to do, and make you luv it."

The same sickening feeling comes over me now as I sit here at my typewriter as I felt that day. The same in nature, but not in degree. I remember it only too well I was partly under their control—that is, I herd their voices and could not get rid of them. There was as yet no danger to myself or any one els. This I know as an absolute fact from what took place afterwards.

They yelled at me for nearly a hole day in the same strain as in the foregoing paragraf. Much of what they said would hav past by me in my normal state as chaff, but my nervous system was pretty far reduced by this time, and I swallowed a good deal of it and my hart sunk within me.

Yes, the Bible was really true, and I was among the wrong kind of spirits. In the old days they used to stone men to deth who were willing to continue communication with them, and they reminded me often enuf of this. Whoever knows or does not know the Bible these demons know it from beginning to end. They gave me chapter and verse and threw discouraging texts at me for weeks and months. To many Christians to-day the Bible is a strange book. Their dedly enemies know it from Genesis to the Revelation of St. John. Indeed, as it may serv to keep some of our ponderous frends humbl, they know every book in every language on the face of the erth. This wonderful pride of intellect will get some rude shocks in the next world. It is an excellent thing to hav knowledge if accompanied with humility, but I feel ashamed of our species when I think of many articles I hav red in our reviews lauding the "educated" man as if he were a kind of demigod. Not that we should be content with a dull, indifferent ignorance either, but there is surely middl ground.

How very littl we know of one another. I was moving

along the street as sensible looking as my neighbors, but they did not suspect that I was listening to voices yelling at me, and if I had told the first man I met that such was the case he would have thought me mad. Mad, I certainly was, to doubt that the Bible meant what it said. But I have many companions. It was well for me in one sense that I knew something of the unseen world, and managed to control myself. But I do not wonder that many go raving mad under the strain. That day I remembered what Richard Roe, medium, had said to me: "There are people in insane asylums now through hearing voices, but I could bring many of them out if I got the chance."

I was told a few days afterwards by my invisible companions that I was completely hypnotized and that there was only one way of getting me clear of the influence. That was to let them put me in a trance and I would awaken clear of voices and every other annoyance. It looks decidedly childlike and bland now, but supposing you were in a tight corner and a very, very sympathetic voice told you the way out? Supposing again that you really believed that your friends were helping you now that you were anxious to stop all folly, and you might have been won. Supposing they pleaded earnestly to let them save you? Yes, I know, practical, common sense man, but the world is helped occasionally by dreamers too, although

"Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment

Who put their trust in bullocks and in bees."

I was very unwilling to do it. I had stopped everything of the sort, and it looked wrong to begin again, but I yielded. It was to be a serious struggle I was told—no one was to disturb me from one o'clock to five. If it was not decided before that hour I had to take what came, but my friends were determined to do their best for me.

I lay down and tried hard to fall asleep, but it was no use. The more I struggled the worse I became. And at my ear was the voice I heard all afternoon,—and I heard it

often enuf afterwards mocking me with the same words—saying to me sharply and emfatically—"Si vous pouvez, si vous pouvez," (if you can, if you can.) How on erth could I sleep with a voice ringing in my ears? "Exactly so, Mr. Quixote," came another voice, "such ar the conditions. You must fall asleep with that voice going on or els you take your chance."

I sometimes arose with the perspiration flowing over me. I cannot help lafing now at the sheer folly of having had anything more to do with them, but if you think you can gage the depth of their cunning you ar mistaken. It was all madness that leavs a bad taste in my mouth to this day. It is sometimes said that a man never amounts to much until he has played the fool. I don't quite like the theory, but if there is anything in it, your cousin Sancho Quixote will astonish you one of these days, for he has laid the foundation for future greatness.

I went down stairs after the struggl with a kind of a dred in my hart and said—"I am afraid that I hav got into a wors troubl than ever. I hartily wish I had never had anything to do with this business." "You will get over it all right," replied Mrs. B., "if you will only let it alone. I did not like it at all when you said that you would try it once more." I found out afterwards that on this occasion and when I was sitting among the trees with the "gift of tungs" rolling on my brain she had been siezed with a strange, overpowering presentiment that I was nearing dangerous ground, and she was anxious to see me stop all future experiments.

She handed me a letter, which would hav kept me from that afternoon's work had I not said that I was not to be disturbed. I had seen a sentence in a magazine that I did not altogether like. The writer said, as nearly as I remember—"I hav visited a good many mediums"—the more's the pity, says Sancho Quixote,—“but as far as I can judge I hav seen only two or three who were in communication

with good spirits. Mediumship usually ends in loss of health, morals, and reason." Another warning that I red about the same time spoke of the horribl consequences of possession. I did not quite like the look of matters and wrote to a frend for advice. He replied in about a coupl of weeks—he may laf if he reads this, but I know how things ar workt now, and I am sure the devil influenct him to delay matters. "You ar a busy men," said the devil to him,—and he is, "take time and answer that letter. Some man got a littl excited, doubtless," continued the devil. His answer was encouraging and frendly as I knew it would be altho I had never met him. He spoke of the danger from spirits of a low, gross nature—so low that the angels could not help them—evolution, eh?—spoke also of frolicsome spirits—woe's me—but thot that there was no harm in investigating the subject. He also referred to Willie Pel-Mel, who had just about that time became an automatic writer and was, as we say here, real proud of it. Now, Willie is an agressiv Christian and why should Sancho be afraid to follow if Willie leads? And I felt comforted, for the Christians ar very busy with this same occult study at present. They don't go quite so far as Sancho did, but his impression is that they had better give up their automatic writing and all the rest of it.

My frend referred me to an acquaintance of his who might assist me, and I wrote to him for advice. Again Satan engineered things, for it took about two weeks for the answer to reach me, but when it did come it was worth reading. I was warned to give up the hole study at once and forever. It was rather discouraging, but it was a common sens view of the subject of spiritism. It told me of men and women venturing into the hidden world and losing their reason; of opening the door to fiends and finding that they could not shut it, and told me too that mediumship was a sign of weakness and not of strength.

"Well," I thot, altho the plain facts were not very comforting, "I'll get out of it all right."

Had the answers come a littl earlier, I might hav been saved some suffering, but it is doubtful. Had I known what I know now I could hav been saved the necessity of going to an insane asylum, but I lerned some things there that ar worth knowing. Had the proper means been taken when I wrote the first letter the crisis would never hav come, altho I would not hav escaped with a hole skin by any means.



CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRAP IS SPRUNG BY DEMONS.

"He needs a long spoon who sups with the devil."

For several nights Mr. B. slept with me in order to keep me company until the storm should pass over. One night after I had gone to bed he sat at a tabl busy with some work he wanted to finish. I fell asleep in a few minutes. Here I might as well say that for some time I had lost considerabl sleep. Sometimes I lay awake the hole night unabl to close my eyes; but I had plenty of company and plenty of conversation. On other nights again I would sleep for only an hour or so and then the awaking would come. I could not understand it at all. I always rose in the morning as fresh as if I had slept for eight or ten hours. I had red something of hypnotism, but somehow or other I did not understand my own case. The lawyer who takes his own case, they say, has a fool for a client. I seemed to be completely blinded.

I was thrown into a trance immediately on going to bed, and my first conversation in that state began at once. The mind was awake, but the body lay at rest. I spoke as clearly and understandingly as ever I have done in my life. I was as fully conscious of what I was about as I am now. I reasoned with my unseen companions, I argued, I refused to do certain things, I assented to others, and the conversation went on as it does between you and your intimate friend, with this difference—the mind was not allowed to wander. It was concentration with a vengeance. There were no disturbing thoughts shot thru my mind then. Only those who have passed thru these trances know how strange and yet how natural it all seems.

I seemed to be in a kind of a luminous atmosphere speaking to some unseen friends who lifted at my fears, and told me that my troubles were nearly over. They told me to show that I had enough confidence in myself and in them by asking Mr. B. to go down stairs. I awoke at once and told him that I felt all right, and that there was no necessity for him staying with me. He had read the letter I had received and was unwilling to leave me, but at last he consented. Had I told him that it was at the suggestion of the spirits that he should leave me alone he might have refused to go, but with the "well-known cunning of a lunatic"—have you ever read that before?—I did not say whence came the inspiration. I persuaded him, and I believed myself that I was over the danger line, and he left me alone with the stars and I have often been very thankful for it since. Are these things sometimes arranged for us? There were evil spirits near me certainly, but there were also good ones. Can it be that it was they who told me to tell him to leave me knowing what was to follow?

I went back to bed and fell asleep at once and soon very strange things began to happen. I was at once engaged in a wonderful conversation: The devil was there

in person,—at least, I was so assured, and I have since come to the conclusion that he is not far from any of us. It was a fight for my soul, I was told, and I believed it. Then there was a long dispute between the pretended good and the bad spirits over my case, and I listened to the discussion as I had a perfect right to do.

What do we hear with? Our ears or our brains? And if some one has possession of the brain cannot he make us hear without the ears? My body lay there for four or five hours that night like a log, but I was listening and talking all that time as consciously as I am writing at present. How little we really know of the unseen world around us!

Then the trial of arms came between me and Satan. I and my king, the cardinal put it; a cardinal in our own days spoke of "myself and God," as the two beings he was most interested in, and altho there may be those who think that I am a little presumptuous I am fairly well qualified to judge. I want to raise people up; he, according to good authority, has been a liar and a murderer from the beginning and wants to drag them down. Take your choice.

Now he was winning, now I was ahead. The game was very, very funny, but they understood the outcome and I did not, and could not have done anything even if I had. They cursed and swore, pretended good and bad, and I laughed and joked and thought the whole thing a piece of fun the one minute and a very serious matter the next. They gave me problems that had to be solved in the twinkling of an eye and as I usually failed the last came,—"Lost again, lost again!" We do not know the savage nature of the wickedness that is near us, and nature is merciful, for I have forgotten a great deal of it but enough remains for all practical purposes.

I tried my best to win the approbation of my "friend" but he usually told me that I was making a sad mess of

it. "It's terrible man," he would interject in a whisper. "Be more careful; you have no idea of the horror in front of you if you lose."

After a time we began another scheme that was to decide whether my future abode was to be heaven or hell. I was getting pretty serious about it. My "friend" warned me that I had fallen far short in the previous tests and that this was my last chance. "Why," I said, "It is ridiculous to stake a man's future on such tests as these." "You have come to this world before your time and you must submit to the rules. If you fail at this test you fail forever." We began.

I have often wondered since whether the last "test" was to fill me with the dread of being made clairvoyant in the fight to come. No one can have an idea of the multitude of snares and discouraging schemes that were woven around me weeks and months in advance.

"Open your eyes! Shut your eyes! Open your eyes! Shut your eyes!" was the new test, and well I remember it. They seemed to open and shut. Perhaps the nerves were worked. I do not know. I think so, and my reason will appear in another place, for my eyelids were worked for several minutes later on in spite of a hard fight against it.

If I did as I was told things remained even. If I was trapped by a trick and shut them when I was told to open them I lost one point. If I caught the trap in time Satan lost two. It was a case of "Simon says thumbs up, Simon says thumbs down." "He's gaining," he said often. "Am I to lose that simpleton after all?" "Don't you trust him," came the warning, "he says that to them all." "Is this thing fair?" etc. And the discussion went on as before, and I listened. Frolicsome spirits, my friend had called them. Possum up a gum tree, my friend; they mean business.

It was hard work. I felt completely exhausted when

the winking came to an end. "We ar very sorry," said my "frendly" voice. "We hav done our best for you, but you hav lost. He will give you one more chance. It is called taking the devil's mercy. It is to do as littl as you can for him. Do nothing unless he compels you. The life will soon kill you anyway. We tried our best and yet you failed. I tried everything to get you mad against him"—and he did—"but you kept on thinking he was you frend. He deceives them all that way. He is our dedly enemy, but you kept on smiling while the rest of us were horror struck. Do the best you can to make terms with him. If he tortures you, and he is savage, we shall be near you and suffer as much as you do. We never saw one wors prepared for the struggl." I remember the chilling effect of that last sentence. You may smile, but I did not—that is, not just then.

"Oh, ho, Sancho, and so you ar caught at last?" rose the other voice. "Well, we ar going to tear you to pieces. You hav caused us too much troubl. Or, let me see. You thot I was your frend, did you, when you were lafing and sympathizing with me? You thot I was rather an ill-used kind of a being? Now I don't like that half so much as you imagin. But we'll let it pass. I don't want to be hard upon you. You can go to South America or Africa and do my work there where you ar not known. It is all the same to me, so that hell is raised all over the world. Go to Asia if you like, to Tibet among your frends. Hang it, man, go anywhere! You ar not a bad fellow. In spite of them doing their best to make you hate me you had a sneaking kindness for me. You will come out all right in my service."

How do I remember? Only two well, and a great deal of it word for word. I found out afterwards how easily my sympathy was manufactured. If I did not become angry, and I tried hard enuf to do it in the trance, it was because some power held me in control. Your nervous

system can be injured in a trance as easily as when awake.

It is a foolish thing to allow yourself to become hypnotized; something too that I have always been surprised at in others, and yet there I was hypnotized myself. I had sot for the occult world as for hidden treasure, and I had found it.

"Now," continued the voice while I still remained in the trance, "stretch yourself out in bed and I will come in a few minutes and tear you to pieces. You fool, you will have all the torture but no one will see any difference in the morning. We don't manage things that way in the occult. We have ways and means of settling all such matters so that nothing is known to outsiders."

I did as I was told, and lay there with my arms stretched out, the one touching the wall and the other at the front of the bed, expecting the agony to begin every second, when suddenly I came to myself and jumped on the floor.

"What on earth does this night's work mean?" I asked myself. "It just means, Mr. Quixote," came a calm, impressive voice out of the darkness from the corner of the room, "that we have won the game, and that you are caught now. Now, sir,"—for he was very polite at first,—"just stand there where you are on one foot till you get permission to change. You are going into training."

I have been angry at it often since, but I thought that the game was really up—I actually believed that I was at their mercy. I think from what I have come through since that I could have refused. In fact, I am almost sure, but the doctors will tell you differently, and I am half-inclined to bow to their judgment here. It was a case of partial possession.

So I stood there as I was told till I thought my leg would break, but as soon as I made an effort to put the other one to the floor the order came sharply to do what I was told,

and keep the proper attitude. It was cruel to bear. I know what the word tyranny means. I have often said, "Had I not been taken by surprise," and so on, and so on. The truth of the matter was that I had been in that trance for several hours with the brain working steadily without any relief, and they awoke me when the proper time came.

Then there was a change. They told me to sing. I knew at once why this order was given. It was to bring Mr. and Mrs. B. to the room, but I started with my whole soul revolting at it. I did not want to awaken them, and made as little noise as possible, but it would not work. I was told that it would not do, and I had to sing louder and bring them to the room.

I stood there with my eyes glaring in my bed, I have been told since, and as soon as they came to the door I was told to spring on Mr. B. and overpower him, and again I obeyed. We struggled for a time, and although he is far more powerful than I, and I was weak at the time, I nearly got the better of him. The shot came to him like a flash to get out of the room and lock the door, and he caught hold of me and with an effort threw me on the bed and escaped. I remember that during the whole struggle although I believed I had to fight with him I was anxious that he should master me.

Then the order came to break in the door, and I began and smashed it in with a chair and wrenched it open, how I do not know to this day, for I have seen the bent lock since. That was one of the worst attacks I had during the whole time the fight lasted. I was passionately anxious to do just what they told me at this time. It seemed that before Mr. B. came to the room and after he left the feeling was strongest. I have often wondered since whether they eased up the pressure just when he came in and during the struggle in order to make me feel worse over it afterwards. I think I could have refused to obey their orders at that time as I did later, but I am afraid that if

I had the pressure would have been put on. However, I was more than thankful at the outcome.

I went down stairs and found the house deserted, obeyed another order to put the Bible in the stove—they do not love that book—and then came to myself, and walked up stairs, thinking I was a ruined man.

"Give up Christianity at once and become a medium or go to an insane asylum and die in three months."

"I will not give up Christianity," I replied. "You can do your worst." I believed the whole business, and felt as if the end of the days had come for me. This, then, was the end of it all! I had landed in a bog of accursed diabolism instead of in the celestial regions.

I had told Mr. B. that if anything happened to me to take means at once to put me in a safe place, and he soon returned with help. I was as quiet as ever I have been in my life by this time, and made some arrangements to go with the men, perfectly well pleased to go, for I knew that it was time. From the time Mr. B. came to the room till I broke out of it, I do not think that more than a quarter of an hour had elapsed. Four months of preparation and a bad quarter of an hour to end it.

I stayed that day guarded in a small room, and if hell itself is any worse than that place was for me I would caution anyone who may read this against going there. You read a short paragraph and you try to imagine what it means, but a few words describe a day's torture. It went on from ten to twelve hours that day without a minute's rest. Earthly tyranny is bad, but it is mercy compared to what meets those who are caught as I was. You cannot escape. "And have you met the spirits yet, Sancho? What do you think of them? Do you really imagine we work for pleasure? It is business with us from the word go." They used slang enough to satisfy anyone, and the foul language and cursing were sickening.

"Try your Christianity now you fool! You prayed to

be garded last night. Why did He not save you? Just because He could not. That was the reason. Ah, yes, my son, we will make you disbeliev in yourself, in your God, in everything until you go completely raving mad."

Small sparks of fire about the size of a pin's head shot before my eyes all day. I saw them for months afterwards, but at first they were not plesant to look at when I knew what was behind them. I had gazed so hard at a piece of paper during my "training" that I had seen it covered as with a thousand littl sparks. That cost troubl. Now they came without exertion. Real? Wait until we get to delirium tremens, and we may talk about it. Not that I hav ever had them myself. One thing that helpt me when the waters were flowing over my soul was the fact that during my hole life I hav been a strict abstainer from all kinds of intoxicating liquors. But that's another story.

"There, we've caught him again in the eye. Once, twice, thrice! Caught again, my boy. Too bad, really, but you see that is our business—we trap fools." Yes, and fools who read this ar trap in other ways, and some of them stand in plupits and preach peace to fashionabls while children starv and die like rotten sheep. But again we digress and become impolite.

I tried hard to follow a plan that did me good service afterwards. That was to keep my mind as far as possibl on some other subject, to sing quietly to myself, to talk, to do anything to avoid listening, but I was not strong enuf for it and did not become strong enuf for months. You can try the experiment. Hav some one yell at you and sec if you can avoid listening to voo.

But the longest day passes minute by minute, and when night came I found that another home had been made redy for me. Two doctors had chatted with me for a short time, listened to the evidence, and as I found out afterwards had adjudged me insane. An attendant was sent for me, and I walkt quietly to the station with him and soon

found myself on the way to what I thought was a sanitarium.

"Go out that door," they yelled as I left the room where I had been confined, "and we will tear you to pieces before you cross the threshold."

This threat was not altogether unpleasant. I was rather weary of the sun like Ma beth, and if they had done what they threatened I would not have been sorry.

I was in the train for about two hours, but I had a legion with me. From the starting point to the end of our journey they yelled and cursed at me high above the noise of the train. The vibration had such an effect upon the atmosphere, that they were able to come close to me, just as if on the outside of the car windows, and as their means of locomotion are evidently as good as ours they kept me close company.

Have you ever passed through any experience in the course of your life when you felt that somehow or other you knew what was going to happen next? When you felt on seeing a certain object that you had seen it before although you had never passed that particular place? Have you ever known what was coming on the next page of a book you were reading? Many cases of this kind have been narrated and they are very interesting.

This was how I felt on my journey to the asylum. I had never been on that railroad, but I knew it. I knew what was coming next, and I felt as if every step was plain to me before I went forward.

And they laughed in the window and shouted,—*"Poor fool, Sancho! Poor fool! Don't you see at last that you are so hypnotized that you believe anything we want you to? Don't you see that we make you believe you have passed this way before? And don't you see, too, that you are in our power? Does this not make it plain?"*

I had many such experiences afterwards, and suffered a great deal through believing things that in my inmost heart

I could not agree with at all. We ar all, I believ, more or less susceptibl to the influences around us, and if you hav ever had any experiences of the nature spoken of you hav been to a slight extent under the influence of your frolicsome frends. A hevvy supper will sometimes help you along the way, for it is as much of a sin to over-eat as to fast. But there is no danger, so do not be alarmed. The delicate machine we walk around in is fairly well taken care of if we ar not too foolish.

We reacht our destination in due time, and I felt better before I got inside the reception hall. On the way from the depot the choir invisibl started with the softening old melodies and calmed me. There has been a long debate going on about this singing between the hosts that contend inside of us. "It was all done by us," said the demons, "from beginning to end. It was to keep you listening." The other voice,—a silent one this time, said, "By their fruits ye shall know them. Were you encouraged on the way from the depot by that singing? Do you think your enemies would encourage you?" Let the reader judge.

I met Dr. Bolus, the hed engineer of the establishment. I shall again anticipate a littl by saying that he did all a man could be expected to do for me during the last months of my stay under his care, and made himself agreeabl and in this ne showed a forgiving spirit for I had at first refused to swallow his mixtures, and very few doctors can endure that. Now I know that it was foolish, but my back was up

My first interview was a littl discouraging tho. "Puffing in the ear? Hum, bad case this time evidently. Lying in bed developping? Eh? What did you do that for?" and I found it a poser. Ar you supposed to lay your cherished dreams before the faculty? "You hav been hearing voices? Why, there ar no voices!" This settld it with me. I had put my hed in the lion's mouth. No voices, indeed!

I had received my training with respect to voices in one school and the doctor in another, and we had met at last. "I know what your science will amount to," I said to myself as I left him, "I want none of your drugs," which was foolish.

The doctor sent me to the best ward and I lay down to sleep in a dormitory containing more than a hundred men, and I thot it was a queer kind of a sanitarium.

Chapter thirteen, you see, has been the unlucky chapter. I found that chapter twelve was too long judging from my shorthand notes, and what I had added as I went along, and I concluded to cut it in two. To my surpise I found that the unlucky number told the evil story that matcht it. I hav never believd in these littl superstitions, but if you do I would suggest that you sleep to-night with your hed below the bed clothes.

CHAPTER XIV.

INSIDE A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet
Take that for an hermitage."

Very nice indeed, Sir Richard, and very true. One of the finest lyrics in our tung with Althea whispering there at the grates, but suppose your mind is neither quiet nor innocent, what then?

The first day in the hermitage there was no rest, for the voices kept me busy listen'g to them. I tried reading but it was of littl use. During my noviciate I had red somewhere that when a man became acquainted with the higher intelligencies he could dispens with books, and

they reminded me of this often enuf for many a long day.

"Ar you going back to the books like a dog to his vomit and like the sow that was washt to wallow in the mire? Why, the hole thing is preposterous. It will never do. You ar now in a position, you know, to dispens with a good many of the silly books you hav been reading and confine your attention to us. Yes, my dear sir, if you could concentrate your mind on what you ar reading it would be all right, but you cannot, becaus we will not allow you. Ah, determined to fight, ar you? Poor littl child!"

And we began the duel that lasted for longer than I like to think about. I red and tried hard to keep my mind on the subject; they red the same words, and tried hard to get my mind on their voices, and do the best I could they succeeded. Before I knew how it was managed I was listening to them and merely looking at the book. It had been plesant to read with them that way before I knew that they were after the possession of my mind to use me as they use others whom they hav captured, but now I understood the plan too well to be at ease. If I fot hard to keep my attention fixt the voices would come close to me, then go away for a distance of a quarter of a mile, joke, laf, and in a dozen different ways interest me till they gained their point. It came to be very plesant to listen to them, too. It was so easy compared with struggling that I often yielded, and let them hav their way. This was against my will, but they had the power of pulling the strings to a larger extent than any one would believ who has not lot them.

They stopt their foul language and blasfeming and tried another and more interesting scheme. All sorts of questions that I was interested in were discust—politics, social questions, literature, French, Spanish or anything els, and they went from one subject to another and discust



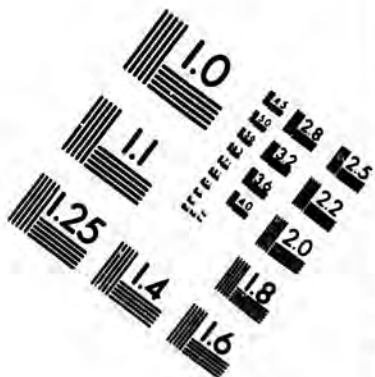
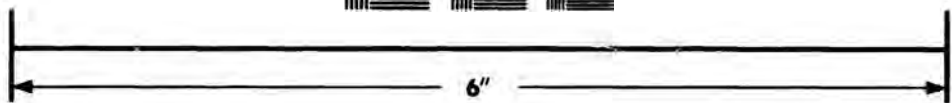
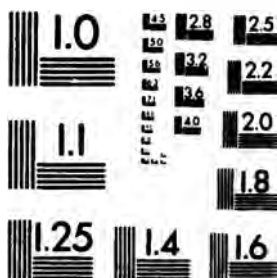


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

them all in such a way that I could not help being interested—could not help listening. But when I had settled down to listen and enjoy it, a change would come and my ear would be over the mouth of the pit once more. Then I tried to escape with the usual result.

"You are bot with a price and you cannot get away. Ah, if you could only escape and tell the result of your journey it would be really nice would it not? Well, you will not escape."

If I tried a game of any kind it was the same, "Ah, you ass, you mist that shot. What do you mean by disgracing us in that way. Don't you know that you are our ambassador. Not quite so fast and a little more to the left."

And so it went on day after day till I would lie down in sheer desperation and try to get relief. If you have an adversary on earth there is some equality between you; here the whole state of my mind was open to them, and not only that, but they poured in any kind of a feeling they pleased. Whenever they wanted me to suffer, I suffered; and I often had to laugh in spite of myself, but it was of no use lying down. "Not a cursed minute, sir. Get up at once. No? Inclined to be stubborn? We have put a good many of that sort through the mill. Too many to stick at you."

Then the floodgates of profanity would open right below my ear, and I could not endure it. I lay down in desperation, and rose up in desperation.

"Just curse God and die, Sancho Quixote, that's your only plan. But it looks strange to us why He lets you suffer. And your Savior too. Have they deserted you?" And then arose the mocking wail I have heard too often. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

No spirits, they say: no obsession, no possession, no devil, no anything. Just so. I have since my school days at least, kept my mouth clean of profanity or foul language, and I was glad of it then, but it was all the harder to bear.

"Stop your hypocritical whining. You have listened to

just such language on earth like the rest of your Christian brethren, and you have taken but little pains to stop it. Now when you hear us curse you pretend to be shocked."

But by this time I had a good deal of encouragement from friendly voices. It was hard to distinguish the voices, for cursing and blessing would come in the same tone. I had to judge by the sentiment, and not by the sound. I wrote several letters to dictation and was urged to send them to the newspapers for publication. I hesitated and was solemnly warned what would come of me if I did not obey orders. My friends would leave me, the sky would fall, I would go mad, and so on. But with the exception of one or two letters, sent to friends who took care of them, I tore up whatever I had written.

They, like some earthly spirits, went too far even for me in that state.

Under such and such contingencies the world was to be destroyed with fire and brimstone and horrors unmentionable, and that was garnishing the beauteous eye of heaven just a little too much even for a man under hypnotism.

It will but confirm the medical experts in their opinions when I say that hypnotized as I was I could not be deceived with respect to any subject with which I was well acquainted. That is, my troubles came from things we cannot know—questions relating to the future world, or anything of that description. I could have attended to business or discussed any subject with which I was acquainted in my usual manner. Our hypnotic friends may not believe this, as a good many of them have the idea that a subject can be influenced in any given direction, but I know that this was not the case with me. It may have been because I have few opinions, say on social questions, that I have not carefully weighed and once I accept any theory I like to hang on to it till death do us part, unless I see good reason for changing my opinion. They did their best for months to shake my views on certain subjects, but

they did not succeed, and with the new light I have received these opinions are stronger than ever to-day. At the worst I came only so far as to say, "Is it possible that I am mistaken? I cannot believe it." But they carried me a long distance when they got me to even consider the possibility of a mistake on the particular subject they harped on.

They succeeded in making me believe, however, that I was going to receive some special revelation that was to do a wonderful amount of good. It must be remembered that the voices which promised me the revelation were to the last degree friendly in tone—so friendly that the one warning voice which told me on the back of the promise that there was no revelation for me past by almost unheeded. At this distance it looks to me that they were both my enemies. But I thought too, of Mahomet and Joan of Arc. She certainly heard voices. Where did they come from? Mahomet certainly heard them. Where did his come from? I know now where his voices came from. They came from the evil powers who rage around us. I look upon these matters differently now that I believe in Christianity. The result of Mahomet's inspiration was the Koran as "our Bible," as the demons called it often. And making every due allowance for the splendid work the Saracens accomplished that puts us to shame in many ways, the result of the Koran is a religion opposed to Christianity. Its latest triumph is the Armenian massacres. The Koran or the sword is an old cry.

Joseph Smith was a dreamer too, they say. He drew his inspiration from the wrong source as well as Mahomet. Polygamy is downed now, but what do you think of it as a scheme to disrupt this continent? Satan is no fool. He waited for six hundred years after Christ's time for Mahomet, but we know the result. The social system of Utah with respect to land ownership came very nearly making it a paradise for the starved workers of the east, and of Europe. Those who think this is carrying it too

far, may hav their eyes opend if they will read an artiel writn for the New York Herald by the ate Colonel Cockrell when on his way to Japan. I think it was Brigham Young he spoke of as one of the three greatest men that America has produced. Again, I repeat, that if churches ar blinded to the social iniquities Satan is no fool. Inspiration comes from him every day in the year, but sometimes he makes a bold play for success. But I am again making this a sort of anolla podrida of an narrativ.

A few days after I reacht the hermitage the writing on the brain began again and continued for several hours. My attention was distracted by a good many things around me, of cours, and the crisis did not come so soon as when I had the trance, but it came soon enuf to suit me—and others. I walkt the floor in astonishment that day. The matter they poured thru me was marvelous. They made me believ that good and bad were being poured on my brain, that it would all come back to me afterwards, and that my task would be to separate the chaff from the wheat. It was interesting beyond mesure, but I did not suspect that they were overworking my brain to precipitate a crisis. I was amazed at the subtlty of their reasoning. Our logic choppers ar not to be compared to them for keen-eyed subtlty. They corner a man with their arguments before he knows where he is.

I took out my pencil, and as I used to be a reasonably fast shorthand writer I tried to take down some of their arguments, but it was of no use. Their object would not hav been attained if they had allowed me to get my attention on my notes insted of on them, and the words poured on me with the rapidity of lightning.

Shortly after this, whether the same day or the one after I do not recollect, I was seated at dinner in a large dining-room, and according to what seems to be unimpeachabl testimony I placed my chair on the tabl. Now, I am not a member of the Four Hundred—I am a Sancho from

away back and will remain one, but I know very well that a dining tabl is not the place for a chair. It is not comme il faut to put it there. I remember all that happened to me from the beginning of my troubl to the end, excepton that occasion. I do not hav even the slightest recollection of the naive littl incident. It may hav happened—I do not like to be too obstinate, and I hav always accepted the statement of the eyewitnesses, but it is a blank to me. I say again that it was possession, and I say furthermore that the alienist, celebrated or unknown, who refuses to accept this theory does not know his business.

I was conveyed back to the hall, and I came to consciousness and began to kick the shins of the attendants in keeping with instructions I herd from below. This was not only a crime—it was a blunder, for they began to kick back. After some littl skirmishing they got me down upon the floor, and a muscular gentlman put his fingers around my throat and squeezed hard. Now, I had never studied fisiology, but from certain indications I knew that grasp would make an end of Sancho Quixote in a very short time. His throat was dry and he could not get breth, and that is not at all agreeabl under any circumstances. My unseen companions were around me too. I, like cousin Hamlet, was the observed of all observers, but not quite the mold of fashion and the glass of form. They were literally choking the devil out of me, but it lookt as if there would be nothing left when they finisht. There were four of them, I think, and they might hav managed the thing in a more professional way, but they soon became possesst as well as myself, and the gentlman who squeezed went at it, as Plato says, for all he was worth. Often as I go along writing a whiff of the same feeling comes over me that I experienct on certain occasions, and I remember now that scene, I hav not thot of for months. Most of them ar good fellows, as I found out afterwards, and they ar pleased to see you get well, but there is room

for some improvement in their manners. A slight dash of Vere de Vere blood would be of advantage.

I was taken down stairs to another ward and fot all the way down—not with much success, for my hart was not in it, and the hart, in Longfellow's frase, giveth grace to every art. I thot I had to fight. I followed my instructions with hate in my hart for the hole business. I tried hard to miss the leg of the man I was told to kick, and the voice came thundering to attend to business. Something curious happened to me just before I entered the new hall. A voice said to me quietly as I was going in,—"Do not obey him any more than you have to." But I was too excited to understand what was ment.

I went on fighting and otherwise making a fool of myself, altho I could hav cried for sheer vexation. I was perfectly conscious of it all and went on till I could hav fallen to the floor with weariness. Then the order came again to strike some of the men. I was too tired, I was desperate. "Do your worst," I thot, and I refused, and then that tyrannical voice that I would know among a thousand to-day stormed at me, but it was too late. The threts poured out like a flood, but I sat still and that ended all danger to others from me.

I was told often enuf afterwards to strike men around me, but it was well enuf understood on my side and on theirs that the game was up. They made a joke of it then. The doctor would ask sometimes, "What do they say to you?" a leading question that always set me smiling to myself as it does yet. Now, it often happened that just before he came forward they would say impressivly, "Sancho, strike that man by your side so that when your frend asks you what we say you will hav something to tell him." They do not hav a very high opinion of the medical faculty. They know just about what some of their theories on insanity ar worth. Possession, my frends, possession, that is where a good deal of your "insanity"

comes from. A physical trouble, certainly, but evil spirits take advantage of it. It is sad to think that we are further back than the Jews were in the time of Christ, so far as the reason for a great deal of mental derangement is concerned.

From this day on, then, there was no danger to others: I know, whatever the authorities may say. I have spoken of the only two instances in which I would have harmed those who were near me, in order that the case may be stated plainly. I was rather surprised and hurt afterwards that I should have lost control over myself, but there are the facts.

No danger to others, but a good deal to myself. The attendants had kept me from seriously injuring myself at the worst crisis, but after they saw me quietened down and seated they left me alone. But the demons did not. I was seated behind a wood partition out of the attendants' sight when the order came again to begin work not against others but against myself. It seems strange that I did not refuse, but there was another element added to the fight—I was now savagely anxious to do what they told me. Anything is better than this suspense, I thought. They were pouring the horrors of the future on me in such a way that I thought it would be a relief to know the worst, and unseen by the attendants I began and continued till I was faint with agony. "It has been done before and it can be done again. Go on!" But I had to give it up through exhaustion. I sat down and was unconscious for about half an hour. I did not feel the slightest pain when I awoke; I have not to this day, and yet under normal circumstances I would have been permanently injured.

"Whatever happens to you," I had been told by a friendly voice shortly after my troubles began, "will be made all right." The days of miracles, we are told, are over, but that incident has always remained as something very mysterious to me.

As I am on an unpleasant subject, I may as well finish it by saying that this was not the only time I would have been glad to go and see what was in store for me. I have always held it to be to the last degree impolite to go before you get permission—as cowardly as it is foolish. Bad as it can be here, I hold that we have no right to leave our position to go elsewhere when we are not wanted by those who seek our best good. "The gift we least desire, the unwelcome gift of life," I heard a patient speak of in a recitation during the winter. I have never found it to be such. Plenty of suffering, but you come out of it stronger than when you went in, and not quite so foolish. Take it all through I consider that only a madman will ask if life is worth living. It is a glory to live. It is glorious to know that you are a conscious part of an immense universe, suffer as you may. Of course, there are plenty who find this earth a kind of a hell through no fault of their own, and if there is one thing more than another to make a man rage it is the swinishness that is crushing down the weak to-day as if they did not belong to the same species, but that is off the question. I mean then, to say, that I have enjoyed life, that I now enjoy it, and that the best thing to do is just to grin and bear your troubles as well as you can, to envy no man or woman, resting assured that all have, like the old man, lots of trouble on their minds. If you get really hungry, and can't get work, perhaps it is right to do as Cardinal Manning said, put forth your hand and take bread. Property—sacred property—should not be considered when men starve. But I meant to keep that for another occasion.

For about two months then, on a few occasions only when the torture was at the worst I fear that if I had been in a position to carry out my wishes you would never have read this book. An intense longing came to me that was almost unbearable just to end it all. Perhaps I could have resisted it if I had been at liberty, but I am not cer-

tain, and the trouble is that once done there is no repairing the damage. I knew it was my enemies who put the desire there, but still once in a while it would come and it was very strong. I now understand the verdict of temporary insanity. I would amend it slightly tho. I would make it—"Died while his mind was in the possession of evil spirits."

How did it come about, too, that I never felt the slightest desire to injure myself before I was in a place where I could not do it? It never once crossed my mind, and I had one outbreak before I went to the hermitage. It was not suggested to me either by the evil spirits. Could it be that they were not allowed? "You are ment to do something when you become well," I was often told. Could it be that I was ment to open men's eyes as mine have been opened? I smiled in a kind of derision when I was told so sometimes, and again I would believe it but incredible as it seemed then you are now reading my story. "Another man with a mission," you say. Precisely. I understand the age we live in fairly well.

A few days ago I met an old friend and he told me of a case where a man had walked forward to the brow of a precipice and had to run away from it, there was such a strong desire sprung up in him to roll over the edge. Who put that desire there? I know. He told me of another case of the same nature. A woman was sitting before a fire with her child in her arms and she had to fight and run away from the strong temptation to throw the child among the flames. Again I ask you if you remember the saying about your adversaries,—“Not flesh and blood, but principalities and powers?” They use flesh and blood tho as their instruments.

When I awoke from the unconscious condition—not a trance this time—the shouting began, “Where have you been for the last hour?” and wonderful stories were told me of where I had been and what I had done. They

would charm some of our occult friends, but they were all bottled moonshine, like the belief that is based on such nonsens.

That afternoon I saw something float past me in black drapery. I saw the picture of a friend on the wall before me as plainly as I have seen it in his books. Optical illusions? Perhaps not.

Some ten or twelve years ago I heard George Francis Train lecture. He stopped in the middle of his lecture and said,—“Well, how do you like it as far as you have got?” That is what I feel inclined to ask the reader.

Suppose it had been in a novel now, the reviewers would have jeered.

CHAPTER XV.

LUV AND HATE.

The campaign opened now in earnest. There were no more outbreaks; it was a question of endurance, under a persecution that never ceased for a minute.

“We have driven you from the best hall to one of the worst, and even a fool can understand what that means. The three months will soon be over and then you go out in your coffin. Yes, we know that is what you would like”—for the thought came to me then that it would be pleasant to see the coffin at once instead of waiting so long for it—“We put that thought into your head, and we put it into the heads of others too. It has been a fair fight has it not? We are not on your side, but we have captured you. We do not strike at you, but at others whom you do not see,

but who suffer, my boy, who suffer, to see you caught. There is no help for you."

Their hole endeavor was to irritate me, to make me jump, to thump on the tabl, to behave like a madman, but during the whole long struggl they succeeded only twice, and then only for two or three minutes. Without help I could never hav endured the siege. Left wtl full power over a man they could drive him mad in two minutes. I know what I am writing about.

"You hav red a great many books like the other fools on erth. Did any of them tell you how to get out of your present troubl?" One of them had told me to keep away from it, but I was wise when it was too late.

"Take the wings of the morning and we will follow you. Get yourself enclosed in a burglar proof safe and we will talk to you." And the blasphemy began, and I felt as they wanted me to feel about it—simply horrified.

If there was anything I admired it was trampld under foot; if I thot of anyone with respect the torrent began. "Do you know that we enjoy it, Sancho? Do-you-know-that-we-luv-to-torture-you." And as my hart would sometimes fail when I realized the dedly struggl before me, inch by inch, hour after hour they shouted"—Yes, curse you, we know how you feel and we ar glad of it." There was no rest when we were out walking either. One day it was one subject, the next another. I remember the yell that greeted me once—"He is the supreme tyrant! He is the supreme tyrant! Why does he not take us out of our misery?" I felt then as I hav often done since that I had committed a serious mistake. It horrified me to listen to them, to know that sometimes in spite of their high-sounding words they were in misery, and I knew that I had no right to be there listening to them.

But where had I herd that frase Supreme tyrant? Ah, yes. Bishop Spalding wrote an articl some years ago in which, speaking of social questions and of the attitude too

many were holding towards the future world he said—
"God is solemnly called the Supreme tyrant."

"Why does he not put us out of our misery then?" As soon as I instinctively protested against their assertion this question was shouted at me.

"Why does he not yield then." "There it is. That was what they askt me.

We are not so frank about it, but we practically ask the same question oftener than we think. Why does He not change His plan, and adopt ours?

Some one has said that the difference between the religion of the first century and ours is that then one sermon converted three thousand men, while now it takes three thousand sermons to convert one man. They believed in what they were preaching, and now some of them don't think that there is a hell.

The friendly voices helpt me considerably. If there was only one side why should they hav encouraged me and tried to drag me down at the same time? They cheered me up and told me that I would come out of the struggl and liv my life with clearer lights in the future.

"Concentrate your mind," they said, "concentrate and keep at it. Interest yourself in something. Go around among these men and speak to them. Never mind how these spirits jeer at you. Keep going and you will gradually get better. It will not make any difference where you go. You will hav to fight it out, but we will help you." And when things were getting unendurable they sung to me till I got uplifted and redy for another bout.

But now I herd another kind of singing that I thot would hav driven me mad—for as you may hav alreedy remarkt I am proceeding on the assumption that I was a sane man then. I met many of that kind in the hermitage. I was at least, sane enuf to write the kind of literature you hav been reading since you began this book.

The new singing was rapture, fearful, past endurance.

Very often when the other kind began to soothe me this started too, and murdered the harmony. It was all done from beginning to end with the idea of destroying the poor mortal who was in their clutches. I cannot describe the bitter regret that filled my hart then. Would that I had never been a fool! A wail as old as the world.

I often thot to myself as the incredibl persecution went on,—“If they take all this troubl to destroy me, only one soul, they must be desperately in earnest.” It is true. The devil is an enthusiast, and we loll in fashionabl churches, and gather millions and starv children, and do his work in his own chosen way.

A great many times during this severe ordeal I felt utterly defeated and did not care what became of me. Perhaps a dozen times in all during several months, the hole thing stopt for a few minutes as if by command and I was very grateful for the short respite. “Do you know that we can stop it whenever we pleas?” a quiet voice sometimes askt me then.

One day the writing on the brain began again and went on so fast that I could scarcely follow it. I hav alredy spoken of peopl whose past life has been flasht before them in a few minutes. A great deal of my past was laid open to me, but there was not so very much plesure in looking back over it, for it was mostly the unplesant side. Who opend the drawers of memory? An excited brain? Imagination? Things that I had done and forgotten a quarter of a century ago came back one by one to the accompaniment of the jibes of my enemies.

Some bright littl men wonder how the recording angel is going to keep a strict account of their sins. Do not be alarmed about any of them being forgotten, if you take the evolutionary future. God's ways ar not as our ways.

Mr. Moody says in one of his sermons that he believes that every man will stand speechless before God. He thinks the record is within us, and I think that he is

right. It is all there. Everything we hav said, felt, herd or suffered.

I understand now as I never did before what Christ ment when He said that we would be accountabl for every word spoken by us. The result we carry with us. There is a good deal of truth in a certain kind of evolution.

The books will not need to be opend in the literal sens. All is taken care of, and if you get in the wrong company you will find that what has been done in secret will be shouted on the housetops. I hav herd my sins laid bare one after another. I know what it means. It made me writhe occasionally, but there was no mercy. What fools we ar to suppose that anything can be hidden! Memory will be hell enuf to a good many of us, if we insist. After I became accustomed to it, I ceast to wonder the hole thing lookt so natural.

The chief abiding place of these evil spirits was the dining room. I did not understand the secret for months afterwards. Torture a man when he is eating and you retard his recovery, and they were at their worst during meal hours. Voices of frends and relatives living and ded would come, for these spirits take any kind of a voice they pleas, and as soon as I sat down they began. After they gave me good advice they would begin to curse.

"We cannot help it," they said. "It is the Satanic nature in us. We ar like you, partly good and partly bad. Sometimes the good gets the upper hand, sometimes the bad."

Again I say, possum up a gum tree. It is not a very dignified frase but it best expresses my feelings.

And so our souls really swim around among the ether while we sleep? Possum up a gum tree again. I know who concocted those pretty ideas.

Back in his yung days when Sancho Quixote never troubl'd himself about anything if he got enuf to eat, he ran across a pretty littl poem compounded in Cyrustimes

when the primrose was the flower that won all hearts. A thotless member of parliament was responsibl for it. Sir Stafford had been telling the assembled wits and dullards that Cyprus was going to be a grand acquisition if for nothing els than the gum trees, when the man of the occasion wrote,

"The gum tree rich in leaf and blossom
Forming the home of the opossum.
In Cyprus seen we hope to see
Northcote safely up that tree.

That is just another illustration of the wonderful effect of one mind over another. But we had enuf of possum in the meantime.

Before my friend whom I hav never seen came to assist me, I was told he was on the way. Then his picture I hav spoken of was flasht on the wall.

"I am sitting in my office in the city of Utopia, but hav come to help you. I am very busy now, but I came at the call of our mutual frends. You will come out of the struggl all right. Have no fear." And the picture vanisht. The voice I hope to hear one day I herd it for months and know it well. Hypnotism or reality, which gave me the picture? Ar you so very sure that it was hypnotism? The voices ar real. We know next to nothing of their powers. What of the picture?

On another occasion I imagind that I saw two frends at a distance but I was fooled. When the persons came nearer I saw that I had been color blind. This will sett the picture with the doctors.

I never "saw" anything except on these occasions, unless I speak of blue lights, the color of hell I was assured, and they lookt suspicious.

I hav seen a man on his knees kissing an "imaginary" picture on the wall, but he was in earnest about it. Was the picture there? I hav seen another man spend most of his time looking at plesant pictures thrown on his brain. He was hypnotized to a certain extent like the man who

kiss the wall. He saw the pictures. I saw many in the same way, as you see the house you were born in if you choose to think of it, and they are really pleasant to look at, but I knew what it meant and did not indulge in it. It is done very easily. There is no necessity for shutting your eyes, but it means that spirits are working your brain and that is not altogether right, if you can avoid it. A little concentration saves you from this pleasant but foolish way of spending your time.

When I saw the poor fellow on the floor kissing the wall they left and said, "Do you see that man, Sancho? Well that is your brother. Come, now, no denial, We are simply leading him along another road."

When bed-time came I was more than anxious to lie down and forget my misery. The only way I found life endurable was to take it day by day, almost hour by hour. The future, the future, was the burden of their song. Keep people worrying over what is going to happen. I heard them, you do not, but they worry you in the same way. What will happen if the sky falls?

Lying down to sleep was only one part, however. Sometimes I had to fight for a couple of hours before I could get peace; at other times I could not sleep at all. It seems all very stupid now, but that unfortunate remark about there being no voices made me distrust the doctors and instead of telling my troubles I bit my lip and kept my mouth shut. A warm bath would have saved me many a night of torture. Nor did I take any medicine for some time—I had more confidence in nature—I did not tell of want of sleep, I did not believe the doctors could do me much good. After some time I got back sense enough to begin to build up the body, that my enemies were trying to pull down. But "No voices!" Every hermitage should have a professional liar.

And so I lay and listened to the storm of imaginations outside the window, and felt miserable. They—that is the

imagination—went on at such a rapid rate as to astound me. It sounded like the clatter of a machine. How it was done I do not know, but it was done to destroy all chance of thinking. I simply had to endure it. It went on every night for several months. You read of it in a few minutes. It was terrible. If I awoke for a minute it began, and again it was a fight for sleep. Sometimes a little noise would awaken me, a very little carelessness, talking on the part of night watchmen, which goes on oftener and louder than doctors' imaginings, a doctor hammering through the ward in defiance of common sense, and I was in the midst of my enemies.

Sometimes they would go far away, then come back again and begin to work heart and soul. They would come close to my bed at the worst time and whisper—"Sancho, do you know where you are? Well, we know. You are in hell, and you will never get out." Perhaps you smile, but I did not. It was far too serious. Mockery and bitterness and hate every night and every morning. If ever there was a humble man on earth I was one then. "What an ass!" I said to myself. "What right had I meddling with this business?"

I often lay and wondered why I should have to endure it all. "Surely," I thought, "fool as I have been, this is too much."

"Too bad," they shouted, "that you are in a place where you can't kill yourself. Take the leap man, kill yourself somehow and come over among us, we are waiting for you."

Some nights I heard a loud voice as if in the room next to the dormitory shouting as long as I was awake "Sancho Quixote, Sancho Quixote, you are doomed, you are doomed." I must have heard my name a thousand times a night. Sometimes I heard nothing else for several minutes running. On and on the torrent went with a velocity that was awful. Yes, I can smile a little at it now, but not very much. They jest at scars who never felt a wound.

"Can this be myself," I askt often. "How hav I got into such a mess?"

Many an hour I hav listened to them going on like the whirring of a machine. There were two voices, and as they had succeeded in getting me to believ that the one hypnotized me and the other did not, I strained my ears to catch the frendly one and tried hard not to hear the other; and as there was just the least shade of difference between them I had a weary task. It is needless to say that both were trying to drag me further down by overworking the brain, and that the slight difference in tone was ment to keep me worrying at my failur^e, for as often as not I found that I was listening to the one I did not wish to hear. Then, of course, I was reminded of it, and askt if I understood the seriousness of my position or whether I was going to do my best to assist my enemies. Perhaps you might have done better, but very often the fight filld me with utter despair.

I cannot understand how such a rapidity of speech can be exercised. It was a marvel to me when I herd it night after night, and the more I think of it the stranger it seems. We know exceedingly littl of the powers our unseen companions possess:—I know far more than I like to think about.

The race question was also toucht upon during our interviews in the dining room. My companion at the tabl for a few days was a burly negro, and I found that these evil spirits we do not see would fain try to keep up the same bad feeling between the races that the evil spirits around us advocate in the newspapers and reviews.

I am glad to say that my journey into the occult world has but confirmed my views on the race question. White or black, brown or yellow should be on the same footing, according to my views. You fool! You fool! With your antiquated ideas. And so you would not like to see the negro on the same plane as the white? Do you not know

that men ar brothers, not theoretically, but as a matter of fact? I soon found out that there was no attention paid to distinction of color among the inhabitants of the world I was in. If some of our exclusiv frends had a short cours of lessons in that world they would understand their bearings a littl better.

"There is Alek, Sancho, your brother in black, you know. Do you luv him? That is, do you really luv him? This is not theory now. You see he is at the same tabl as you ar. Why do you not offer him some of that custard you ar eating? Is your luv for Alek of the old selfish kind we know so much about? No custard for Alek? Just for Sancho? Perhaps he needs the custard. Do you suppose he hears voices? Do you still hear them? Be kind to poor Alek, for he is a fool like yourself; curse the hole brood of you." And then the tempest arose.

"Do you understand that white or black or yellow does not make any difference to us? It is a pity that the hole race could not be swept away. Who made these men that you see there, Sancho?" and the answer was flasht thru my mind by telegrafy which was not nearly so plesant as when I first felt it in the orchard. "Then why did He make them in that shape? They ar our handiwork, ar they? What do you think of the hole scheme yourself, you whining hypocrit?" As I sat and listened to it perforce, I often wondered to myself what we were doing in this world. I felt badly enuf over many things, but one thing made me smile with satisfaction even at the worst, and that was that I had done what I could for years to let men see that it was not at all necessary to starv human beings as we do now and fill prisons and penitentiaries and hermitages,—the natural outcome in too many cases of our fiendish greed. Talk about men being possest with devils! The country is full of them.

This part of the book you hav now red, practically as it stands, was writn during my stay in the hermitage. The

most of what follows was writn from notes taken there. But when this chapter was completed I folded up my manuscript, packed my valise, and said good-by to the place where I had lernt a good many strange lessons.

You think, doubtless, that I was glad to leav it. In one sens, yes. But I hav found out that it is a man's mind and not his surroundings altogether that make his world, and the last three months of my stay, during which I had a parole to walk around the extensiv grounds, that made up "my estate" as I came to call it, had been reasonably plesant. The last month I look back upon as one of the happiest I hav ever spent on erth. Erly summer had come, the trees were in bloom and all nature was throl-ling with joy, and I lookt upon a picturesque part of the world's surface and smiled.

I had a certain work to do, unplesant in some respects, but I would hav no peace until it was done. Blessed is the man, says Thomas Carlyle, who has found his work. Let him seek no other blessedness.

CHAPTER XVI.

FIENDISH PERSECUTION.

Irritation is not a good thing, but the hole object of my tormentors was to irritate me. Had I not been sustained I could never hav endured the strain.

This is how Satan works. By some means or other he captures your nervs to a certain extent, and you simply jump when he or his agents pull the strings. You deny this, of cours. There was never as calm a woman as you

ar. You never become angry unless you have good reason for it, but your neighbor winks when you say so.

But if to-night, for example, you herd the storm around you, you might lose your control for a short time. We get used to everything in time, the French proverb says. But if you herd them at their work and they left you and you were sinking back in a delicious sleep and suddenly they were tearing at you again, what then? Perfectly composed? You learn it after a while, but it is rather trying at best.

"Concentrate your mind," they would shout to you, "concentrate, concentrate!" "You fool," the other voice would come. "You have no mind to concentrate. You have given it to us to use. Keep away from concentration. Remember what came of concentrating on the ceiling. We want something done now. Both sides are tired of the struggle. You must make up your mind to do one thing or another." How would you enjoy it? It is a terrible thing to fall into a trouble of that kind.

I concentrated my mind upon a pencil occasionally to see what would come of it. I now understand that it was not just that kind of concentration that was needed, but my opinions changed pretty often in those days, and I was more than anxious to try anything that promised relief, but the pencil and the steady gazing very nearly brought about the old result. I usually got scared in time and stopped it before trouble came. I could not look at anything steadily without feeling the trouble begin. I became very shy. "What a pity it was that you did not have some of that caution a little earlier in your career," they shouted.

They left often, and it was not pleasant. No, it was not pleasant. It was a sore struggle. I was afraid to "concentrate" and afraid to leave it alone. "Why, man, just get yourself into that state for a very short time and we will relieve you of all your troubles." It sounded temptingly.

I often tried the other and more sensible plan of keeping

my thots as much as I could on any subject that interested me, and I might hav understood from the opposition that began that I was on the right track; but we don't always rise to the occasion.

On several of my dreary nights I saw something that I did not at all like. One of the men would suddenly rise and stand in the middl of the floor and begin to shout, and then they would say to me — "Do you see that man, Sancho Quixote? Do you know why he stands there and shouts? Well," they would go on very quietly, "it is becaus we make him do it. Do you understand now? We make him do it. Do you know what that means?"

I did my best to keep the idea out of my hed that they had any such power. The mere idea, apart from my own feelings, made me revolt. I could not endure the thot of men and women being used in that way.

"You ar all pawns, every one of you, pawns, cursed pawns." Oh, how often I herd that. There was no idea they seemed to be so anxious to impress upon me in the erlier days, but I always thrust it aside as much as I could. I refused to yield to the idea, and so I refuse now, for I believ in free will, and glory in it with all its dangers more than ever, but I know now that there is not a littl truth in the pawn idea.

I got one good illustration that amazed me about this time. I hav got a good many since, but that is another matter, for the doctors smile at them all.

I was sitting at a tabl trying hard to keep my mind fixt upon a certain subject, while they were storming as usual, when suddenly one of the patients who was near me rose and came directly in front of me and began to say something I did not understand nearly as rapidly as the spirits. "Now, Sancho Quixote," said a voice to me, "do you yet see that we hav ways and means of breaking up your train of thot whenever we pleas? Do you yet begin to see how the world is governd? Did you notice how

quickly that man obeyed our orders? We sent that impulse into him."

I know very well I was in a hermitage—I do not know fairly well that the average man there does not stand upon ceremony—I make full allowance for all that. But the action of this man at the particular time I speak of was so deliberate that I could understand what it meant better than I wish. They took delight, it often seemed, in making men around me do just about what they suggested to them. Again I say I know where I was—again I say that I knew where to make allowance for any eccentricities that I saw. And so the learned men say that the demoniac theory of insanity has been given up? Ah, gentlemen, close your books if that is all they teach you.

We are not pawns, but we act sometimes as the mediums, if I may use a word I rather dislike now, of the devil, or the mediums of God. Two courses, two ideas, are placed before us far oftener than we think, for the mind is never idle, and we choose. Pawns do not choose.

"And you come here with your silly ideas of social reform," they said. "Do you begin to realize the magnitude of the task? We forbid the banners. We just simply forbid the banners!" A favorite expression of theirs. "Do you think you are the man to change such work as you see going on behind the scenes?"

Well, yes. I am, you are, we all are, for we can not help it. We have received this world to govern and we can govern it as we choose, if we go in the direction that God wishes us to go, but there is considerable opposition that some of our theoretical friends do not sufficiently allow for. Guidance? Inspiration? Wisdom? Do not be alarmed. That is always ready, on condition that you are willing to go in the only direction that can bring ultimate happiness. We are not deficient in knowledge, but we are unwilling to use what we have.

We say something kind to a friend: that is the spirit of God speaking thru us in the last analysis. We say something unkind, and Satan is using us. The question is, How much of each spirit are we going to allow to filter thru us? One or the other is seeking expression every minute of our lives.

We all know that the tongue is an unruly member. Satan pulls the strings, and the mischief is done. "Get thee behind me Satan." Satan was using Peter then, and he uses all of us in the same way. A thousand idle thoughts shot thru the mind often issue in an ugly deed. It takes him a long time, but the patience of these evil spirits is marvelous.

We go thru suffering, but nature is kind, for we forget the pain, and often we forget the lesson as well.

"Don't you see"—and this may apply to some reader as well as it did to me—"Don't you see that it is wrong to wish to die. Why, it is ridiculous. You will come out of this struggle all right yet, free to do as you please just like any one else. Never mind these threats. You ought to know by this time that they cannot harm you. Satan,—we always call him Satan here—the evil one, tries his best to drag you down, but you will overcome your troubles in the end."

This kind of talk encouraged me, but a few minutes of the other dumped me in the mud again. What is that that flows thru your nerves? Do you feel it beginning? and a feeling of despair coming with it? That is the source of your trouble and not the voices.

I passed thru several trances that I did not more than half like when I knew what they meant. Conversations went on around me as in the first one, but none was so bad as that although dangerous enough. In due time they ceased to my great relief.

I had a great many visions that amazed me. I remember one that I thought very strange.

I saw two great hosts in the center of a vast plain that sloped gently up from the open space between them. The one side was all drest in white; the other in black. I had been told that when I past the great white army they would all laf and jeer at me and wave their handkerchiefs—figurativ I suppose, to humor our present modes of thot—and shout, "Renegade! renegade!" "Then," continued my instructor, "thru the hypnotic power we hav over you, we will change your hart, and charge it full of hate, and you will go over to the black host." Take service under the black flag, was the expression,—“and that is to be you future destiny. Your will is to be changed. You ar to be made a new man.”

Another night I had a long trance and a vision. The devil was busy, according to what I was told, separating my soul from my body. Latterly I found out that his servant had been busy trying to hold on to the power he had.

“This is an old job with me,” he went on, quite cheerily, and I listened to it all and was happy. “You will soon be all right now. A short time and you will join your frends on the other side. They ar waiting for you.”

And they were: two companies, the one as before in white and the other in black. I awoke and lay still. “Can it be that I am ded?” I askt myself. There were no signs of it, but I thot that perhaps the fault was mine, and I rose from the bed to join my frends. Then I groped around in the small room, and toucht the wall and the laf arose.

“Hark! they whisper: Angels say,
 ‘Sister spirit come away!’
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breth?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be deth?”

“The world recedes, it disappears!
 Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears

With sounds aerial ring :
Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly!
O Grave ! where is thy victory?
O Deth, where is thy sting ?"

Yes, there are such things as trances, and yet there are those who say that when the body dies that is an end to it all. There is something that can work when the body is lying dormant. What is it?

One night I had a pleasant dream that showed me a clear way out of my troubles, and I awoke happy. I had dreamed that all I had to do to obtain relief was to stone the spirits, but I realized very soon after awaking that there were some little difficulties in the way, and I dropt back upon the pillow amid the jeers and the laughter of my unseen, frolicsome companions who had sent the dream. Sometimes I had visions of another kind that I think on yet with some pleasure, altho I do not want to be in a position to see anything of the kind again. I seemed to see stars whirling around in their orbits so far away, so far beyond the grasp of our imagination in its normal state, that I retain even now an idea of distance, of the vastness of space that astonishes me. We say that the earth whirls around on its axis and rolls along its orbit, but we don't realize just what it means, but then I seemed to be conscious that there was nothing below us, that we were really flying thru the air and a sense of the awful grandeur of the universe filled my mind when the body was lying asleep.

"Who rounded in his palm those spacious orbs?

Who bowled them flaming thru the dark profound?"

CHAPTER XVII.

DON'T MENTION IT!

"I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

One of the worst experiences has not been yet told. People in this world never know how happy they are until something happens, and then they sigh for the days that are no more.

One day I was surprised to find a pleasant odor of wall-flower near me. I wondered what could cause it for a minute, but that became clear like everything else. I seemed to live in a garden for some time, and it was rather agreeable. Flowers of all kinds seemed to perfume the air around me and I enjoyed it. It was a relief to find something of a pleasant nature in the midst of the fight. "Let them hypnotize," I thought. "I might as well enjoy something."

Then they would throw the scent of some flower on the air and my mind would wander back to boyhood. "Yes, my son, that is how it used to be, but things are slowly changing for you now. You are in a hermitage among the other fools. You begin to realize, do you, what a happy life the average man and woman leads on this earth? And you wanted to reform it, did you? And you still hold on to your ideas do you, in spite of the fact that we have told you that we don't live them? Now, Sancho, there are other smells. Do you feel that?"

Yes, I felt it and gaspt for breth. From beginning to end I never said a word to my medical friends on the subject, for I knew it was no use. There ar no voices, and no smells, and that settls it. But it does not,—that is, not quite.

They laft and mockt at me when my calamity came, and I could hav lain down on the floor and died. "It is no troubl to show goods!" they shouted. The bitter sarcasm was hard to bear. I think that from beginning to end this was the worst trial of all. Imagination, indeed! No wonder the doctors scout at the theory of demoniac possession, for that being granted a good many strange things will follow.

"Yes, you poor fool, and you will feel it just as often as we pleas in the future. Why, we could almost pity you in your misery, if we had not led you on, but you see business is business. Then what right hav you in this occult world, as you call it, hearing our misery? You will be treated as we pleas now. Yes, write your littl book, if you can, and tell your brother fools to keep away from us and mind their own business."

Some unfortunates ar not only afflicted as I was, but their food is turned to a putrid taste. I was mercifully spared this trial. But I had enuf on my shoulders without it. The chances ar that I would hav eaten my food in spite of the taste had I been in their case, but it is hard to tell. You say the food is all right—it is clearly hallucination. Now, it looks that way on the face, but ar you sure? Hav you quite fathomed the secrets of the hidden world? Ar you quite sure that under certain circumstances they do not hav certain powers that make your science of very littl moment? We thot we knew all about the component parts of the atmosfere up till last year, and then we were told of argon. What if there ar other properties that we do not hav the faintest suspicion of? What if our pretty littl instruments ar not just fine enuf

to gage all the mysteries of the univers? But this is high treason, and the doctors will send me back to the hermitage if I am not careful.

One thing is certain, however, and that is, I was very glad that I knew something of the other side of the question, for if I had been compeld to believ that I was so far gone as to imagin all I felt and herd the doctors would hav had one of the worst cases in the hermitage on their hands, which shows that it is well to humor a man occasionally.

There ar some things that seem to be too hard to endure. Sometimes we become

" Weary with dragging the crosses
Too hevvy for mortals to bear."

The horribl smells discouraged me altogether.

"Will you tell them of this in that wonderful book you ar going to write, Sancho?" they askt often.

They enjoyed torturing me, we may say. Sometimes I think they did, and again, I am afraid not. It is a law of the univers that no being can harm another without suffering in some way for his act. And they suffer, but they seem to liv in a frenzy of hate that leavs no room for reason.

We ar not so thankful as we should be in this world. We do not know the dangers that surround us. I red a vers in a French testament to-day that I liked. It was in Ephesians 6:12. Spiritual wickedness in high places, is the English version. Evil spirits in the air, is how the French put it, and that suits me better. That is where they ar. In the air around you.

"Now, Sancho, you understand what it is to be an unclean spirit. Ha, ha, ha, that is a good one! We ar all that way." Yes, there is a bitter world around us. I shall hav something to say of an evolutionary future after deth for all who reject Christ, but just remember this and preceding chapters when you read it. Misery, unhappi-

ness and plenty of it. How can it be otherwise when they torture us? I came to understand that I had no right to rage against them even while suffering. I pitied them, for I could not help it. It is terrible.

I thot of a story of Captain Marryat, that I had red in my school days—some Flying Dutchman legend, I think. The unfortunate sailor had fot for years against the demon who tortured him. Everything went wrong, wrecks, misery, headwinds and rolling tides that sent him back to the old task, tired but angry, until one day he came to himself and forgave his tormentor. I think the worst man on erth would pity these beings. Talk about your evolutionary future as you pleas, I do not want to be in their companionship after deth.

It is the wrong they are doing. Somehow, I cannot think otherwise than that they can ceas from doing evil and lern to do well just as we can. God, we ar told in the prayer book, hateth nothing He has made. It is the evil they ar doing and not themselves He hates. He luvv even the rattlsnakes, and that kind of a luv is far abov our reach.

They had told me wonderful theories of luv and hate during the first weeks of my acquaintance with them. Luv was necessary as well as hate. Luv was strong but hate was stronger. Luv moved slowly, but hate went to the mark like a flash. Satan and hate were necessary as well as God and luv in order that the great plan of development might be carried out, and I lay and wondered at it all. Then they argued and reasoned with me about the many theories that ar now afflicting our erth, and their motiv from beginning to end was to show that a Savior was not necessary—that each man was his own savior—that it was survival of the fittest on both sides of the grave.

They discust spiritism, theosophy, pre-existence and the ologies that we ar now occupied with, and laft at them all.

"Tell them if you like, Sancho Quixote, what you have heard. We do not care. We know the race too well for that, and if a man should rise from the dead we would still be able to deceive them as we have always done. But if you do tell them anything at all be sure you do not forget the smells—stinks we call them here." They try to destroy our health: were these smells healthy?

It is a pity that men and women will not sit down calmly in these days and read the Bible without commentary from Christian, agnostic, savage or philosopher. It is a true book, but it means life as well as belief; the "straw" epistle of James as well as the parts that suit the taste better. We have forgotten the true meaning of that most sternly democratic of all books, and used it like a thing of shreds and patches and many of our higher critical, reverend friends have led the way.

If, but here we go back to an unpleasant subject,—if the smells were imaginary, why did I have to sniff the air the same as you do when you want to feel the odor of a flower? You may say, why did I sniff at the air when I did not expect to feel anything pleasant but I had to—that is to say, by some process or other, not so very mysterious after all, the nerves in the nostrils were pulled for me. I inhaled the air because I had to. I struggled hard to keep my nostrils at rest but it would not work. Who pulled them against my will, especially when there was something in the air that was not agreeable? During the time it went on I thought that the sensation was registered on the brain without the need of anything to smell at, but why were the olfactory nerves pulled?

When the worst of it was past too, a philosophical kind of a thought struck me and I put my fingers to my nose and soon the trouble ceased for the time being. Why, if it was imagination? It was "in the air."

CHAPTER XVIII.

HYPNOTISM MEANS TORTURE.

The fight for sleep was very hard to bear. When you are falling asleep you are obliged to relax the will power—you cannot very well solve a mathematical problem just as you are hovering on the borders, and then was the time that they were busiest.

A heavy, drowsy feeling would overcome me, and it seemed as if in less than a minute I would be happy in forgetfulness, and I often longed for the night to come, just to get a rest, but rest came slowly. Suddenly, as I would be falling over, I would get a twitch and a sharp word—"Attend to your masters, Sancho Quixote—" and the soothing, delicious feeling would be gone, and I would feel as wakeful as in the middle of a winter day. My brow would be as cold as if it had been freezing, and I would feel a current of cold air blowing softly over my face—something that is very common as "occultists" know. Then after a few minutes torture of this kind they would say—"You will please go to sleep, Sancho, and do what you are told; we are teaching you what the occult means." The same longing for sleep, the same drowsy feeling would come on; an intense, bitter desire for rest—just to be let alone, or to be put out of misery. Then the old plan was followed, and I was awake in an instant. Thus it went on for an hour or two sometimes till I lay and cried with vexation and anguish.

I had often wondered how men and women had found courage enough to suffer at the stake but I thought then that there

were wors ways of torturing human beings. Deth is often a welcome relief. One night was bad enuf, but when it went on regularly I could not help thinking of poor Job's exclamation—"Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul; which long for deth, but it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hidden treasures; which rejoice exceedingly, and ar glad when they can find the grave?" "Ar you still keeping cheerful, Sancho Quixote? Ar you still fighting it out? Do you understand that the game is ours, and that we can torture you as we pleas? Do you call that torture? You fool, you know nothing about it. Cry away, my littl man, cry away. It will do no good now. Tears ar of no avail in this world. Is the littl man seepy? Seepy, seepy eyes?"

Then they came close to me and said as they often did—"Do you not realize yet that this is hell? It is a state of the mind, you fool. Fire and brimstone is nonsens. Do-you-understand-matters-yet? And do you know that you hav had several good chances to escape, but that you mist them all?"

Sometimes I felt as tho things were going too far. In spite of the encouragement I receivd from frendly voices it was too much, and they pumpt a savage feeling into me that did not do me any good.

"Ah, that's it, is it? Will you indeed? Come away, then, Sancho Quixote, we ar waiting for you, and will give you a cordial reception."

Then sometimes a mock peace would come and I wuold be told that my frends were being sacrificed for me to giv me relief, and I would wonder why I had been born.

"No one is being sacrificed for you. There is nothing of the kind here. Be natural, be natural."

"No," the others would respond to this encouragement, and the agony would begin again. "You cannot escape torture by coming here. Annihilation? There is no

such thing. A nice kind of a man to attempt to destroy spirit! The thing is not done. That is what we want, but we cannot get it. If you come here you will be a wandering, unclean spirit with consciousness and memory. Take a kindly advice and remain where you are. All those who come by that route regret it."

And I knew that there was nothing for it but fight. I knew the end of it if I sat down and became despondent. In fact, I was not allowed to do so. I soon came to understand that there was help for me, but I had to do something for myself. If I tried to sit down under it too long the torture became worse. God sends us help, but He expects us to do something ourselves. I thought, too, that perhaps it was as well for me to fight it out even at the worst as a matter of self-respect. I had read a good deal about mental suggestion, and kept their influence out of my mind as much as I could by filling it with something better—a fairly good plan for you, altho you are not in the toils—just yet. We read bad literature and listen to bad talk and think but little of it. Some day you will fight against it for your life if you go to the evolutionary future, and then you may find that it is not an easy matter to escape evil ideas.

"Don't you understand that very few come thru your struggle. You are meant to do something in the world yet, and you will come out of it all right. Concentration, faith and prayer. Concentration, faith and prayer."

And when I felt that the waters were flowing over my soul and it seemed that I could not endure it longer, help came at once and remained with me till I was at peace.

For about a couple of weeks I had a struggle with another kind of a foe. Whatever you may call that substance—od, or anything else you please, it is not altogether a pleasant thing to feel it in your system. It seems to pass thru you from head to foot as steadily as the beating of a pulse.

Between eleven and one every day for the time I speak

of, it was worst. It went thru me like a flood, and it was so strong that I thot I should hav fallen on the floor. The desire to sleep was overpowering, but insted of yielding to it as I should do now, I fot against it, for I was afraid that they were going to throw me into a trance and make me speak as they pleased, and this did not suit me.

I was strongly tempted just to lie down, to end it all, to let them do anything they pleased with me but I struggled on and on from day to day waiting for the letter that never came.

To sleep, as our Danish frend says, would hav been simpl enuf, but I was not quite so sure about what might take place while in that state. Sleep is natural, certainly, and I would run chances if called to go thru it again, but I knew something of what happened to others when they yielded, and that put a new light upon it. The man who beliefs all the experiences we read of ar imaginary, would never hav hesitated. A littl knowledg is troublsom.

I ventured to whisper my condition to two of the doctors. One does not wish to be suspected of harboring too many delusions in a hermitage. It is not quite plesant.

"It seems to me, doctor, that I am under some kind of hypnotic influence." "Sleepy, eh?" Only that and nothing more. My unseen companions laft loud and long, as they had a right to and I subsided. Possum up a gum tree.

And yet, and yet Dr. Charcot, who knew something of the subject, told the French peopl that in less than fifty years prosecutions for witchcraft under another name would be common.

We became fixt in our ideas after a time. I was so settld in mine, so far as these fenomena were concerned, that it was useless to try to change them, and the medical authorities ar just as settld in theirs.

But since I am digressing, who gave me the address of a letter that I wrote about this time to a friend? I did not know where he livd, but he got the letter as I directed

it. I herd a voice tell me the address. Was it imaginary? Very strange that my imagination will do such things. Very strange that such cases can be red of by the hundred, if you ar still so far behind the times as to need such instruction.

A frend who wrote me said very sensibly that the human brain can only give off what it has receivd. How did it come that I herd words that I had never listened to on erth before, and never want to listen to again? I could not have imagind them, and yet they came. You wonder sometimes where a great many of the expressions we hear come from, Think it over.

I would begin to wonder why I should be suffering so much and they seldom failed with their explanation—"Natural law, natural law. There is no use praying. We ar all insane as well as the peopl around you." And sometimes they wailed in a mocking way that made me half shudder, not thru fear, for you get used to everything in time, but because I knew they were suffering. There was no mockery about some of their wailing.

But the time came when I could lie still and suffer and be strong enuf to bear it, and then it was that all danger to myself past away, and I felt reliev'd at the change. I had said but littl about my fight to any one near me, for

I had found after several trials that it did not do much good. Nonsens! If they were real voices why should I not hear them?

There is room for great improvement in our model hermitages yet. Sometimes I was shockt to see how a few of the patients were abused. I might as well say here that so far as personal treatment was concerned, except on one occasion, I had nothing to complain of, but I could not endure to see some of the other men abused. I found that nine per cent of the attendants were really good harted and willing to do anything for you, but a few of them get careless and use their strength where there is no

occasion for it. Very often they are too young for such a position.

"That is the way always," came a friendly voice to me one day as I was thinking that the right kind of men would not knock a man down and kick him as some I was near were doing. "You go along in your ordinary way well enough pleased, but as soon as trouble comes you want Christian men and women to help you. Let this be a lesson to you." "Then," I replied, forgetting my usual habit of not asking questions, "In spite of all the arguments we have heard Christ was really divine?" Rather a singular question for me to ask, for I believed that He was, but we like signs and wonders in all generations.

"Can you doubt it now after what you have heard and suffered?"

It would be unfair to close all the chapters without making a humble bow to the profession, and I will narrate a little incident that amused me somewhat when a lady was valuable.

I had fallen into the habit of keeping my teeth clenched during the worst of it, and my friends often told me in a derisive way that I was on the wrong track. "Ah, mon ami on the *serre pas les dents* ici—on *serre les pensées*. Yes, I knew that it was necessary to squeeze the thoughts instead of the teeth, but it was difficult work.

But it was necessary above all things to try to keep my teeth shut as I was falling to sleep—a difficult task. If my mouth opened the teeth came down like a rat trap sometimes on the tongue, and I did not enjoy it by any means. A friend, a believer in the old foggy idea of imaginary voices, to whom I described this affliction, asked me if I did not think that it was perhaps due to worms. This was a new idea. I have been obliged to take different ground from the faculty on the questions discussed in this book, but if there is any way of making *l'amende honorable* over the worms I am ready. *Serrons la main, Mes-*

sieurs, et vivent les vers, et les pommes de terre frites aussi.



CHAPTER XIX.

THE DEMONS AND THE ARMENIAN MASSACRES.

We ar sometimes very anxious to pierce the mystery that lies behind the veil, but, as Longfellow says, the heavens abuv listen to our impatient questioning and giv no answer. We might not be quite so happy if we knew all. It may be that we ar still not quite strong enuf to know everything.

I ofen felt that I herd far more than was good for me. When I realized my position I did not want to hear any more, but I had to submit.

At first when I was under their influence I felt sickened at the task they got me to believ lay before me. "You must do what every one who comes here has to do—tell the whole story or say nothing at all. Let peopl understand this great battl that is going on between luv and hate. Do you begin to realize what kind of a battl it is? Did you ever hear of another trinity than the Christian one? What does the Mahomedan religion mean? The devil is never idle, but he lays plans and works stedily. What do you think of our plans for fighting Christianity? Who took hold of Mahomet and used him and made him believ he was serving God? Who took hold of men in the olden times before Christ came and laid plans to meet Him? Who has hold of you now in such a way that you cannot escape? Just the devil, you fool! and he will use

you as he does others, and a great deal in your book will be used in his service."

I had rather admired the parliament of religions at Chicago, but I lookt upon it now in another way. But before we can criticise other religions very much we shall hav to do something ourselves as well as believ something. Not argument but deeds, and luv, not selfishness. One man with a hundred millions a Christian, and another Christian starving? Read the New Testament for shame's sake.

When the Armenian massacres were reported from day to day it was horribl for me to listen to the lafter and gloating. Evolutionary future indeed!

"Who is triumphing now?" they askt. War and massacre going on and evil spirits gloating over it all, and here the church parlors ar being turned into drill grounds, and boys ar being taut how to kill their fellow creatures.

"Sancho Quixote," they said once as I sat and red of the latest Turkish outbreak, "just be kind enuf to stop your hypocrisy pleas. Do you understand that your Christians in the United States would not giv up their dinner to save their frends in Armenia from starvation? Just one dinner?"

I would rather not think of what I herd at that time. If you think it best to risk the evolutionary future I fear that you will hav some very wicked companions, and it may be hard to rise.

If the fashionabl churches and millionaires of our time could only realize it, I thot often: if they knew how things ar, they would surely change, but they hav never changed in human history, and it begins to look as if they would have to be forct to do their duty now as ever. The rich men of America, says Bishop Spalding, must do their duty or perish.

"We hav tumbled civilization after civilization, do you understand? And this one will go with the others. Did

you ever hear of Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Greece, Rome and the rest of them? Of all the fools who ever came thru you ar the worst. Do you think that your pretty reforms would change such a world? You ar all yung, but we ar old hands at the business. Write these things down if you dare. If peopl were stoned to deth in Old Testament times for meddling with things they had no business with, you can judge what will come to you if you persist in your determination to write what you hav herd."

"You hav prayed and you know that others ar praying for you. How does it come that you are not yet releast?"

One day I red about two old women, both nearly ninety years of age, who were sent to jail becaus they could not pay their rent. It was the only plase for them it seemed. After their long life that was the end of it.

"Read on, read on!" and their voices mingled with my mind as I lookt at the paper, and they repeated word for word. "There is your fine Christian civilization. That is what it means. You hav made a study of it, and know it pretty well."

I sometimes wonder if the crisis can be long delayed. How long can it last? Brutality and indifference on all sides, and sneers for any one who proposes a remedy. Was it not thus in the days of the fathers? Reform? The idea is foolish! There is no need of it. The man who speaks of it is a crank, a fanatic, or anything you pleas. Down with him! and the newspapers almost without exception stand for the rich against the poor. But there is a world around us where millionaires and emperors stand upon the same footing as the man who sweeps the streets. This world does not end the brave show by any means.

We do not know very much; but we do know that goodness and luv, and not hate and selfishness, must rule this world—that belief is good, but action is necessary. Our

intellectual friends are wrong. I listened for months to beings who are far above our best in intellectual attainments, but there is something wrong with them. "Barren intellect, barren intellect," I often sighed as I listened to them.

They know, they feel, they suffer, and I believe we should not jest at them, as we often do, for it is a serious business. But we might easily learn from them that the solution of our troubles will have to come from heads under the control of hearts that feel for others.



CHAPTER XX.

"JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL."

If you listened to any one speaking for several months you would hear a good deal more than you cared to read afterwards. It would take half a dozen volumes to write down all I heard, but one is sufficient to enable you to judge whether it is wise to venture in among the inhabitants of the hidden world before our time.

As a change from your ordinary condition how would you like to go round the circle for a few weeks as if you had a bridle on your head? My ears were affected in a way that was not only painful but very provoking. It was as if they had been made of a kind of rubber. When you press a rubber ball with a small hole in it the air is squeezed out—when you release the pressure the air fills up the space. One, two! one, two! one, two! on it went regularly, exhaust and supply, and they amused themselves at my expense. At that time I had not come to understand that the work on the pillow was not just what they had

led me to believ, and I had the idea that they kept my ears open thru this process. And they held me to the belief by causing a sensation as if the troubl lay in some way they acted on the atmosfere.

Yes, I smile at it now, but keep clear of hypnotism, or you may believ some things that ar a triff off color. "It cannot be that there is anything of the sort in my ears," I thot ofen.

"Indeed, indeed," the reply would come, "and what does that mean then?" And they would "close" the ear, and I would feel reliev'd for a short time. Then they "opend" it again and amused themselves with me as a cat does with a mouse.

"How does it feel to have a bridl in the ear, Sancho? That is how we ar going to govern you when you get 'flossie?'" That was the favorit word of theirs, I hav a fair theoretical acquaintance with slang, but I do not remember hav'ng met their favorit at any time.

They would leav me alone for a while and I would begin to think of what I would do when I left the hermit-age. I would tell my experience so that others might be warned; I would do this, that and the other thing to try to do some good in the world when suddenly they would be back.

"We just took off the power for a short time to see how you would behave and you ar back at your old flossiness again. Now, we don't like that. We ar on the other side of the fence, and you ar not going to carry out these fine schemes. It's this agressivness of yours—this awful agressivness, that bothers us. Now you ar going to be punisht for your presumption."

I did not understand that they themselves had sent all the fine schemes into my hed and unmaskt at the proper time to discourage me when I thot that they were going to say good-by. But they said good-by in this fashion so often, that there was soon a mutual understanding that it was played out—overworkt.

Very often I was deceived in thinking they were speaking, when later on I found that I had been listening to human voices on the other side of a wall or a closed door. I say very often, for this was the case. I would be busy reading or writing, and the murmur would be going on as usual, but I, of course, would pay as little attention to it as possible. If I let my mind turn to the subject, however, sometimes found that I had been listening to another kind of imaginary voices—the ones you imagine you hear when your neighbor speaks to you. What is it Willie Shakespear says about imagining things?

“Or in the night imagining some fear
How easy is a bush supposed a bear.”

I went further than that: I did not know whether the bush was the bear, or the bear was the bush.

They took a delight, it seemed, in causing me to feel warm spots over my body for some time. They varied in size from a dime to a dollar. Hallucinations? Well, like the ears, they were physically painful. When you put a moderately hot iron to your skin it may be a hallucination you feel—there is a sort of an occult sect teaching that doctrine to-day—but Sancho Quixote would not advise you to try the experiment. It burns; it hallucinates; and so did the ones I felt. Now on the heart, burning, and uncomfortable, now on the back, now on the arm, now anywhere they wished them to be. Read up on hypnotism and you will find that there is nothing strange about this. Have men not been hypnotized so that a blister on the left arm would rise and another on the right applied at the same time would not? Who does the hypnotism you read of? Men? Some of them think so, and I used to, but now I am not sure about it, or rather I am. Voices real, heat real, smells real! You are on dangerous ground, Sancho Quixote.

Why did I not speak of all these things? Because I thought that my work in life lay outside the walls of the hermit-

age. That was one very good reason for silence. With the W. K. C. O. A. L. I knew enuf to hold my tung.

Singing of both kinds had stopt for about a coupl of months. Those who were helping me knew that I could not resist the temptation of listening to it, and the others were not allowed to sing. That is what I think of it now. Had they sung to me insted of cursing they would hav held me far easier. But one day I was out walking among the other patients feeling pretty discouraged over the struggl, for the voices had been shouting higher than before, when suddenly as if from the sky abuv us loud and clear, glorious in volumn, rolling along like a river, a grand chorus burst out singing,

"Jesus, luvver of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high."

They sung the hymn, and I listened entrant. It was a grand, joyous burst of harmony. It remains a pleasant memory to me, for I never herd singing again during my stay at the hermitage.

The New Testament is a pretty fair guide for time and eternity. There ar evil spirits around us, as we ar told, but there ar good spirits too, and they sing praise to the Savior we luv on erth.

It is a pity that we forget the lessons we lern in the Bible, but being much wrot upon, in these days, we ar perplex in the extreme.

It was alternately exhilaration and desperation as it is with others to a greater or less degree. Nature, we say, is taking care of us. Evil spirits pour in despondency, and we ar redy to sink, but the good spirits take control and our harts rise. In a crisis like mine both sides manifest their powers in a much more pronounc way, and I did what I could to further the work of those who were up-building.

"God is luv," I kept repeating to myself, as I reasoned it out and fot inch by inch becaus I could not do anything els, as despair ment more torture, "I want to rise, and it cannot be that He will not take care of me and help me. I must come out of this, and I will come out." Altho a few minutes of their work soon turned me to another view there was nothing for it but to begin over again.

Five minutes of sleep thru the day sometimes made me feel like a new man, but it was hard to get it. When I did succeed I was often awakened by some of the patients touching me or hammering around in one way or another. When I was awakened in this way the jeers arose—"Do you understand how the world is governed yet? Do you see how easily we break your littl nap?" I wanted sleep then and not theories.

CHAPTER XXI.

REJOICING AS A STRONG MAN.

After lying around like a plutocrat for a coupl of months I concluded that it would be better for me to do something to keep my mind away from my persistent enemies, and I began to write for a few hours a day on a subject not in any way connected with my troubles. I found it hard and unplesant work at first. Only those who hav past thru the trial can understand what a strong desire rises in you to lie down and let things drift as they will.

It is a good idea to keep occupied with some kind of

manual labor, but it is a littl risky for a doctor to put tools in the hands of a man he is not sure about.

I wrote on stedily after I got in harness, a few weeks afterwards, and altho the noise was kept up outside it gradually lost distinctness of tone, and after a few months I seldom herd the well modulated voices which had tortured me so much.

"You will soon be strong enuf to do without our aid," the frendly voices told me as I became better, and I tried time and again to do without their encouragement, but as often as I tried the screws were turned on and I called for help.

"We cannot stay with you much longer," I herd and I felt that I could never survive if left to the mercy of the demons.

"Do not listen to that," another voice would say. "We cannot leav you. We cannot leav you, and we would not if we could. We will be with you to help you under all circumstances."

Then I tried again and failed, but the time came when they left me and I never herd them again becaus I did not expect them. I was strongly tempted to wish for them on many occasions, but managed to resist. The evil ones tried me a thousand times by using encouraging words as if fróm my frends, but altho longing for a word I knew that they would not come unless I wisht them and I resisted. Then I was left with the evil spirits, but the strength to resist them was furnisht.

I hav often felt beaten when a change would come as if by miracl. Some doctor said lately that if you gave him control of your nervous system he could make you smile even if plunged in the depth of grief, or change your feelings as he pleased. Supposing, as I believ I hav alredy suggested, that our unseen companions hav our nervous system partly under control and help or hinder us as we ourselvs decide it is to be by our lives and by our

prayers? Hundreds of times it seemed that I could not endure the savage attacks but strength came and I got thru them.

They hung on in the dining room and the dormitory to the last. My hart often sunk as I past the threshold of the door until I came to understand that they workt that littl change themselves to make me feel uncomfortabl. You ar redy by this time to accuse me of painting Satan blacker than he is, but I cannot overdo the subject.

I found out in the earlier days that several of the bodily functions can easily be deranged while one is under the power, and that it is well to pay as littl attention as possibl to the feelings that arise within you in consequence.

When you understand, for exampl, how fear is produced you ar not so much afraid of it.

They kept me from smiling when I was eating, and I concluded that they were trying to derange the stomach. I had to listen then, as only a filosofer can eat and concentrate at the same time. The stomach, the medical men assure us, is in intimate connection with the brain, and the evil spirits ar evidently good fisiologists.

At first they had told me to fast, and I struggld hard to obey their instructions, but the faculty put an end to that cours.

"Doctor," said the attendant, "he has not eaten a bite to-day. He refuses to eat."

I did not say why I had refused to eat. They made me believ that it was a religious duty. Had they not fasted in Bible times? This, however, was during the second week of my stay in the hermitage.

"Then," said the young doctor, looking me over as he [thot with pride how easily science could surmount a littl difficulty of that kind. "Then we shall hav to toob him," and "toobed" I was. It was not a plesant way of taking food, I concluded: let science whistle; I'll follow the old route after this, and I did, altho they kept harp-

ing on me to fast on the sly. I did it for some time, but the doctor gave me a tonic, and I became shamefully hungry. I was clearly not cut out for fasting.

I felt that I could hav eaten enuf for three men, and I usually ate enuf for two. But ravenous as I was they put an end to it several times. I mean that I would enter the dining room as hungry as a bear, eager to get at it, and then I would sit down unabl to eat more than a morsel, while they laft and jeered and curst.

"And so you expected a gorge, you swine that you ar. That is how we stop it." Claude Bernard said long ago—"We may, in short, produce any disorder of the organic functions which mark the crisis of fever, for exampl, by acting upon the nervous system and upon that alone."

But one day we went into a new dining room and the voices practically stopt at meal times. "Some new trick," I said to myself, and paid no more attention to it, but I found that I was reliev'd from most of the persecution. I was as much surprised as any one could be. What could it mean? I could not understand it, for I had forgotten what a good frend wrot me after the outbreak. I was away from the hermitage before the explanation struck me, and here I shall digress far enuf to say that I was told that explanations would come to me at the right time by a peculiar process and they hav.

I did not know why the outbreak came so soon after the trance and the writing on the brain, and I did not know why the voices stopt in the new dining room, but I discovered in time to use the information.

The voices stopt in the new building becaus it was new. The old one was charged with the evil influences, for hundreds of men met in it every day.

Did you ever smile at the idea of haunted houses? Do you think it is a good idea to crowd so many possest men together? Sancho Quixote, who has helpt to build a good many houses, outside of the castls in Spain which ar his

peculiar pride, has always thot that hermitages, hospitals and all such institutions should be built on the cottage plan, but Sancho is a triff erratic. If he were a czar now, however, and had full say on the matter, as all well-bred czars hav, he would strenuously insist on the cottage plan, and classification of patients, let the alienists say what they pleas. But we ar off the track again. "Herd them together," say the alienists. "Mix 'em up and let 'em rustl. That is the way to cure 'em." Pity they don't mix among them and liv among them themselves. That would be a fair test of the value of their theory.

I cannot express the plesure I felt when I could sit down and rest like other peopl. I knew what a blessing it was and appreciated it more than I had ever done. It used to be a short, sharp fight and they had me under the spell, but now there was peace, even if I knew well enuf they were redy at the slightest weakening on my part to begin the old game.

All that long persecution, after they had lost their hold upon me, was simply to overwork the brain. When they began to send the thots into my hed in the morning when I was in a passiv, half-awakened condition their end was the same. Keep the brain working for twenty-four hours a day if possibl, and the crisis will come. How I escaped so easily as I did when they sometimes kept me listening all night is a matter of surprise to me now.

It was a great relief to get rid of one of their peculiar methods of reminding me that they still had an influence over my system. "Now we ar going to punish you for that," they would say, and a sharp pain would shoot thru my hed. It seemed to rise at the base of the brain and go over the whole hed in an instant. I was warned in time very often, and came to expect my punishment as a matter of cours. Sometimes I would be indulging in a littl dream of future work and the quick twitch would be given with the words—"No more of that, pleas. You hav gone

far enuf. No? You will not stop? Then how do you like that? And that?" I did not like either the pain or those who inflicted it, but that did not seem to hav any effect on them. If these voices were imaginary how did I know beforehand when the twitch was coming?

We ar very complicated machines, but one thing is clear to me now, and that is, that we ar all acted upon thru the nervous system whether we ar willing to believ it or not. If we allow the system to become deranged, unplesant complications ar sure to follow. If you ar nervous, you ar irritabl, becaus your system is in such a condition that the evil spirits whose work is to make troubl on erth can act upon you instantly.

You ar speaking quietly to your frend, for exampl, and she says something that does not pleas you, when suddenly, before you know how it happened the hasty word is out and a littl more hell is let loos on erth. "Howdid it happen?" you ask yourself afterwards. "In my inmost hart I really do not believ what I said." It happened because there ar unseen companions at your side and they act upon you unmercifully if they can, and conquer you.

I hav been a pupil in their school and they hav shown me the machinery at work. I hav a realization of these things now that changes the face of the univers for me. I used to believ that there was actually a sky abuv our heds, but one day I came to understand that there was nothing there but space, and I livd in a new kind of a world. So it has been with this experience. It has not been all loss.

It is worth something, becaus it is well that we should take our bearings in these times. The New York Tribune of April 19th, 1896, tells us something of the age we liv in that is worth reading:

"It is a glorious privilege to liv in this last decade of the nineteenth century and to feel the pulsations of its

great living movements. • The young man who finds himself able to take a part in the onward rush of things to-day whether in the specialized fields of religious, filantropic, sociological or political effort is indeed to be envied. He may and often will doubtless be puzzled; he may, and doubtless will make many mistakes, but if he works faithfully and conscientiously he will have the supreme happiness of knowing that he has done something to make the world better, sweeter and purer than it was before."

CHAPTER XXII.

DEMONS SWEAR. DO YOU?

"Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star."

"O who is like the Mighty One
Whose throne is in the sky,
Who compasseth the univers
With His all-searching eye?
At whose creative word appeared
The dry land and the sea?
My spirit thirsts for thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for thee.

Around Him suns and systems swim
In harmony and light;
Beside Him harps angelic hymn
His praises day and night;
Yet to the contrite in the dust
In mercy turn will He:
My spirit thirsts for thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for thee."

"He taunt me language, and my profit on 't
Is I know how to curse."

That is what poor Caliban said, and there are many like him to-day who seem to think that cursing is the best use you can put a language to. But it is a mistaken idea.

"But I say unto you swear not at all; neither by heaven,

for it is God's throne; neither by the earth; for it is His footstool; neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the Great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black." This is what our Savior said. "The foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing is a vice so mean and low that every person of sense and character detests and despises it." This is what George Washington said.

And yet in the land that George Washington did so much for, there is, I am afraid, more cursing and swearing than in any other under the sun. The name of Jesus Christ who speaks so plainly on the subject of swearing is heard from tens of thousands as a curse, and yet I have heard a friend say who had reached man's estate before he set foot on these shores, and who had worked among men who used profane language, that he had never heard Christ's name used in this horrible manner but once.

A writer of sense told us some years ago that the Jewish boy used to put his hand before his mouth as a mark of reverence when he came to the name of Jehovah; but here the little urchins in the street hurl it as a curse at their companions.

While I was at the worst of my fight I often said to the friends who encouraged me, "What can I ever do to repay all this? There has been so much help that I feel I can never do anything to show my gratitude." I often thought of the various reforms that we are working for to-day and wondered if the beings near me did not sympathize with us in our desire to make the lot of the poor easier.

"Suppose," a voice said to me gently one day, "that to us the putting down of the awful swearing and profanity, and above all the taking of God's name in vain, would mean far more than all these reforms? Try what you can to put it down. Don't you remember what you heard so often during your first days here? God is love! God is love! Do what you can to make people ashamed of this habit

and you will find it growing more intolerable to you every day."

I found the saying a little hard. Since my thoughtless school days I had not been guilty of swearing, but greater than the Utopias and the glories of the new civilization? Yes, I am inclined to think greater than these. Let us try in our poor, feeble kind of a way to realize what God is. Look up at the stars. There I have always found my answer in the time of trouble and doubt. Awful in glory, awful in grandeur, throned in the midst of the heavens. Must this great being be, the Maker of the universe, and yet, and yet, we dare take His name in vain and use it as a curse. His stars and planets, millions upon millions, roll around their central suns from age unto age, and the immense systems themselves are flying through space around some central point as yet unknown. We are dust before Him in one sense, and yet His sons in another. "Supreme tyrant" indeed! If one of our proud ones held His power for a day he would crush any one who dared use his name in vain, and yet the word is more used in this day by those who swear. God's love and He spares us. It is humiliating to think of it.

Do you know how men learn to curse and swear? Has this book opened your eyes?

There is a certain kind of excuse for almost all kinds of sin. It is wrong, wicked and foolish, of course, but there is a certain kind of a reward in it, or the devil could not trap so many of us, but what can be said of swearing? Does it fill the stomach, or contribute in any way to make life easier? It is worse than the worst kind of insanity. A man is insane to use his Maker's name as many do. It is madness. I heard so much of it from fiends that I thought I should have gone wild simply to listen to it.

I used to wonder if the good spirits heard it, but the answer came—"No, no, we do not hear it."—Will those who go to the evolutionary future escape this?—"but we know by the effect upon your mind what is going on."

Does the New Testament not speak about a great gulf that is fixt between them? "It hurts us," they said sometimes, "to see you standing there thinking that these ar your own thots."

I was in the same position as John Bunyan's Christian. How does honest old John put it?

"I took notice now that poor Christian was so confounded that he did not know the sound of his own voice. Just when he was coming over against the mouth of the burning pit one of the wicked ones got behind him and whisperingly suggested many greivous blasfemies to him which he verily thot proceeded from his own mouth, but he had not the discretion to stop his ears"—Alas, John Bunyan, perhaps he could not—"or to know from whence these blasfemies came."

Yet it goes on in erth as in hell and we keep silence.

Now this habit can be given up. In spite of the efforts of demons, for they send the suggestion, we can keep a watch over our tungs to that extent at least. When a man will whisper—"Stop swearing, there ar some women," and the swearing comes to an end, it simply shows that there is but littl troubl in giving it up altogether. It is evident that we shall hav to re-write some of our books of ettiquet. "Ladies" ar held in higher esteem than their Maker, and this is not just as it should be. There is a want of proportion about it. We hav come to look upon cursing and swearing as matters of cours. If our eyes were opend as Elisha's servants were we would suddenly come to our senses and change our lives in a good many ways.

I herd a minister say the other day that if one in six of the Christians in the United States should make up their minds that they wanted something done nothing could stop them. I think he spoke the truth.

Robespierre once said that ten men of exalted character who had fully made up their minds that they wanted something would end by getting it.

In the old days it was a very serious matter to become a Christian. They threw them to the wild beasts in the arena for standing true to their convictions. And now they stand by and hear their Maker insulted without a word of protest when the law is on their side.

The voices that I had lerned to trust spoke to me earnestly upon this matter. "Self-respect should not allow you to stand by and listen to it without rebuke. What if it does hurt their feelings? What of your own feelings? Are they not to be considered? Self-respect ot to make you say 'Pleas do not swear in my presence,' or something of that nature to put an end to it." Then the other side came in with the same voice and told me to stamp it out; to let every one I herd use language of this sort understand that they had to giv it up on the instant. It was the old story: speak in that tone and raise more hate insted of doing good quietly.

I hav herd quite a number of church members cursing and swearing as if it was a matter of no consequence. To this complexion hav some of our Christians come. Satan uses insane men for mouth-pieces, as a rule, but he uses some of the pillars of the church too.

There is one oath that I hav herd men excuse in this country by saying that it does not mean anything. I hav herd some really good Christian men whom I respect using it as a matter of cours. It may be interesting to them and to others to know that from beginning to end of my experience I found that it was the favorit oath of the demons. Can it be possibl that it really has a meaning that we do not understand?

"Pierce the tung of the blasphemers," Savonarola shouted in the old days in Florence. What would he say in modern America?

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN EVOLUTIONARY FUTURE.

"The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order."—BURNS.

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea.
There's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.

"For the luv of God is broader
Than the mesures of man's mind;
And the hart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

"But we make His luv too narrow
By false limits of our own,
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own."—FAIRB.

"There is an old belief
That on some unknown shore
Beyond the sfer of grief
Dear friends shall meet once more.

"Beyond the sfer of time
And sin and fate's control,
Serene in changeless prime
Of body and of soul.

"This creed I fain would keep,
This hope I'll not forgo,
Eternal be the sleep,
If not to waken so."—From "Life of Carlyle," by Froude.

"And if there be no meeting past the grave,
If all is silence, darkness, yet 'tis rest.
Be not afraid, ye waiting ones who weep,
For God still giveth His beluv'd sleep,
And if an endless sleep He wills—so best."—*Huxley's Tombstone.*

Mr. Gladstone said recently in the "North American Review,"—"This much we may presume to say: Had the divine revelation been intended to convey to us that time

is an indispensable incident of the future life, and that eternity is no more nor less than the unfolding of an immeasurable roll of time, it seems probable that the Bible could and would have employed some terminology evidently adapted to that purpose. But such is not the terminology actually given us. For, in dealing with the condition of the righteous in the world to come, our Savior builds not upon terms of time but upon reunion with Deity.

And in touching with greater reserve upon the condition of the wicked the image presented to us is either simply negative, as in the case of the five virgins, or it is one of suffering without reference to duration, as in the outer darkness where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth; or, it is associated with words which etymologically and by use signify the indefinite rather than the infinite. Some of the passages without doubt introduce the awful image of finality. But such presentations are held by some to be of extinction and total disappearance, rather than of a miserable existence co-extensive with that of Deity, and they may be possibly susceptible of other explanations at present hidden from our view. In any case this great diversity of delineation may be thought to indicate a purpose of reserve."

So much from one of the foremost and most learned men of the age on a subject we are all more or less interested in. Another distinguished man wrote a series of articles on "Happiness in Hell" a few years ago which did not meet the approval of his superiors at the Vatican, but the truth is that the Sanchoes can speculate just about as wisely or as foolishly with respect to something that none of us knows very much about as the Gladstones or the Milvarts. As I have had some little experience with something that seemed to be hell enough to satisfy any one, my views may be interesting enough to those who are looking for information about a quarter that all wise men and women will shun.

Another, and what seems to be a popular view of hell, and heaven too, for that matter, is that each of us carries his future inside of himself. "We ar lost," the traveler said to his Indian guide. "Indian not lost," was the reply. "Trail is lost." So in the future according to this theory the Indian cannot be lost. He remains. He will carry his good and bad qualities across the border, and grow better or worse as he feels disposed. If he wants to rise he will get all the help that is necessary; if he persists in going down the path will slope very easily in that direction.

On the face of it this looks a very plausible theory. The child grows and becomes a boy, the boy grows and becomes a man, the man grows after deth and becomes an angel.

The idea of everlasting punishment is awful: it is horribl beyond description. Some years ago I walkt thru hell under the guidance of our gloomy frend -he late Mr. Dante of Italy. I took up his book the other day to see what I might find to help me out in my ideas of the abode of the wicked, but I threw it aside with loathing and disgust after I had red a few cantos. A hell of that sort would set the whole human race in rebellion. No wonder Lombroso says that his countryman was mad. I think it is in the beginning of the life of John Bunyan that Froude says that such a punishment may be according to law but it is not according to justice.

Everlasting punishment if we could but faintly realize what it means would turn us all mad. "I knew when I first herd the doctrin," says a distinguisht agnostic of this country, "that it was a devil's lie from the hart of hell."

For a good many years I scouted at the doctrin. I could not believ it. God is luv, I reasoned. Everything moves on harmoniously and in good order in His univers. He would never create human beings for even a thousand years of agony let alone an eternity. Put sin at its worst,

and I believe none of us can conceive of what it is in our present life. He will look upon our transgressions as we look upon those of children. He will punish us for them in order to let us understand that it is impossible for sin to remain unpunished, but it will be as when we punish a child in some way or other to train it up to become better. He must show to an intelligent universe that sin cannot go without punishment—we are not His only creatures. But an eternity of punishment such as only the heart of a savage could conceive—for this is how most people feel about it if they deal faithfully with themselves—for a punishment of the sins of even the worst man who has ever lived, and especially from One who knows all the various hidden springs of human conduct? How do you like it? I have heard some speak of it as if it were the most natural thing in the world, something it was not necessary for them to trouble about. They escape, as we may all do, but as we know very well we do not all do, for the plain truth is that millions die without accepting Christ, but can they remain calm when they think that their brothers and sisters are going to be punished forever?

How many men and women really believe it? How many of them are acting as if they believed it? Lands, houses, earthly glory would be of no account with you if you really believed it. You would throw everything aside and plead with your fellow men night and day to escape from the awful horror.

How many men do this? What do you think of a man who believing this doctrine will calmly sit in his library and read till his brain turns on such subjects as the authorship of the Pentateuch, of Isaiah and of all the rest of the theological lumber that few men care very much about, while he knows that many of the men and women he meets are on the way to an eternity of agony? I think that his heart is in the wrong place. It will not do to say that he opens his church and everybody is welcome to

listen to him—if they will not listen he is clear, and so forth. Is that the way you take it? That man you talk to sometimes—the men and women you see pass your house every day in the year or on the road to an eternal hell and you sit still and read the latest novel? You don't believe it.

We look our brothers and sisters in the face as we see them go by, and we ask ourselves, Would we do it? Would you do it? You might hang a man—I think it is wrong to do so, and of late I am inclined to think he may easily work us more harm dead than alive if he is so disposed, but would you torture him for a year? From every corner of the land the stern order would come to put an end to it. God is love, and yet we believe that He would torture men eternally. We would not do it for a year, and yet we calmly assert He will do it forever, and we go on and amuse ourselves and crush helpless wretches in the slums, so that the chances are nine out of ten that they will go in the wrong direction, and we talk of punishing them eternally for it.

You have committed many sins when you were a boy, we shall suppose. How do they look to you now? Foolish, wrong; you know that it would have been better if you had not sinned, but do you, now that you know the nature of sin better, think that you deserve to suffer forever for the evil deeds you did in your youth?

I used to lie with hell raging all around me and speculate over it through the long nights, and ask myself, How if it should be like this eternally. This, I said, is for a few months. My own folly has brought me here, and not any visitation of God. I am here as the result of His laws being set aside in one way or another, at one time or another. Who is to blame for the suffering on earth now? Every man of us who has sinned since the days of Adam down, says Carlyle, and it is true, although not all the truth. Others besides mortals are at the work.

What if this should go on eternally? I thot. I am afraid that like the agnostic I hav alredy spoken of, we would be inclined to call God the keeper of a great penitentiary.

Sin works its own destruction. We shall be punisht if we sin, and when after deth we realize the nature of sin better than we do now I believ that unless we accept Christ our suffering will be hard to bear, but without a minute's respite from the torture? That is a hard saying. No wonder that Barnes said that it was all dark to his soul. I do not like the thot that any will be lost. Go over the list of the worst men you can think of—consider their environments and their heredity,—consider the temptations the devil lays before us all and look into your own hart, and you ar at least willing to acknowledge that you would like to see the agony stop before a million years. No? Most of us would like to see Nero singd for a time, but after a while we would be anxious to reliev him unless he wisht to remain. Think it over.

One day I was seated at dinner without the usual accompaniment of the voices. I did not know what the silence ment when suddenly the following message came—"Men and women who accept Christ hav their sins cast behind God's back, while those who reject Him come here on the evolutionary plan and take their chance. The Christians become as the angels in heaven. The others struggl as they do on erth. Satan will tempt them here as they ar tempted now, and the temptation will be far stronger and many will yield and suffer." That was not all. I do not remember the exact words of the last sentence, but it was to the effect that some went down never to rise. If they ar determined why not?

I was startld at the suddennes of the message and its import. You know where it came from as much as I do. Whether from good or from evil spirits you will hav to judge for yourself, but it fits into my previous beliefs so aptly, and provides such a reasonabl future for our fellow

beings that the more I think over it the better I like it—but I do not mean to risk it. You can if you wish to.

The reasoning which was poured into me afterwards was something like this—God will struggl with us after deth even if we did not accept Christ just as He does now. He is not willing that any should perish. He will try to raise all nearer Himself as he does now, but on the other side of the grave there is free will as there is here. If a man wishes to rise he will get help,—if he wishes to go lower he will likewise get help, and he may find the road easier than on erth. In short, it is simply the theory I used to believ in with this change to me—That I now believ that Christianity is true and that Christians will be saved the struggl between good and evil in the future. God is luv, and insted of withdrawing His influence from those who reject His grace He will even after deth continue to help all who seek his aid, but they will suffer as they see the result of their past folly in rejecting Christ and accepting evolution. Suppose it is worth accepting as this life is to any man with eyes in his hed, it will be so far short of the calm bliss of the saints that we shall wonder at our folly. Go further, and insted of the horribl, medieval hell we hav dreded, suppose that the future for all who wish to rise insted of to sink will be so far beyond our dreams that we shall thank God every hour for His great luv in creating us, what if we see that not content with this He has provided a future for us beyond the risk of troubl? God is luv, we say, but why do we not realize it? What if we ar met by a gentl reproach for our folly insted of the awful doom? But if we will not rise even then is it God who curses us? Do we not curse ourselves? If we ar determined to keep on sinning what then?

But there will likely be great punishment in the mild hell. The fire and brimstone will not offend you, but you ar likely to gnash your teeth, for a good many of us hav gnasht them in this world and we need not be surprised if

we hav to continue the practice in the next en cas que nous ne soyons pas sage ici bas.

Do you know what it means to hav your sin cast behind God's back? Perhaps it means more than you imagin. Supposing you see your sins and their effects as you hav never seen them before. Supposing that they ar thrown in your face till you go wild to think of them, for only simpletons believ that anything can be conceald, in the future life unless as I hav alredy said we ar wise. Do you expect that you can liv in such a comparatively mild hell without an occasional twinge of agony? And when is it to stop?

Most peopl hav done things that they do not like to be reminded of—for where's that palace whereunto foul things sometimes intrude not—and if the evolutionary future is accepted the risks must be accepted with it.

You would not mix with the evil spirits. You ar a littl particular about the quality of yo r acquaintanceship, we shall suppose. Very good, but s ppose they like you too well to leav you, and suppose that the better you grow the more you dislike their ways, what then? Your sins, your past folly lie all before them. That much I know; and I know too just what use they make of the knowledge? Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this deth? Will you risk it when you can escape?

And remember that Mr. Moody and many others say that the devil is deceiving us when we believ that there is not a hell of endless torture. The very conception is hell enuf for me, but let it pass. Peopl will be won by luv, but never by threts.

Happiness, devolpment, growth, luv that grows stronger every day and yet a few minutes of torture that you cannot escape make you writhe in the midst of your happiness. You come to see something of the grandeur of God's designs, and your luv for him grows every hour.

As ages roll on, we shall suppose that you lov him so much that you would be willing to come to erth and die for Him if necessary, but if you ar in the company of those who, jubilant at discovering that hell is not what they lookt for, exult in their liberty as they did on this erth and curse and blasfeme till your soul sickens at their wickedness, what then? Ar you so fond of the strugglon erth? Paul was a strong man, but was weary of it.

How can you stop communion with those whose lives you detest? It is commonly believd that telepathy, or telegrafy, or thot transference goes on from star to star thruout the univers, and this seems a very reasonabl theory. Will you be abl to concentrate your thots sufficiently well in the future to avoid all risks? Would it not be better to take the other plan?

The evolutionary future as outlined here leavs much to be desired. With memory, the worm that never dies to keep us in troubl, with lov pouring into our souls from those with whom we cannot mingl, with the consciousness that we may never reach the heaven which we might hav won and stand amid the throng that surrounds the throne of God himself, it looks as if there would be troubl enuf laid up for those who insist on taking things on the natural plan insted of acknowledging that faith is supplementary to reason.

It is likely enuf that we shall yet be foret to acknowledge in spite of the horribl suffering around us and the many things that we cannot understand that God's plan was the best, and it is more than likely that we shall be amazed at the folly of those who, condemning the horrors of the present life, refuse the chance to escape the horrors of the future. I herd the same voices bless and curse, as I hav said. "We cannot help it," they told me. "Now it is Satan that gets the upper hand, now it is Christ. Lov and hate, and so you will struggl to all eternity. It all lies in the mind. We change your mind quickly now and

make you feel as we do. The minds of other men, and yours too under normal circumstances change slowly, and the suffering or bliss comes with the state of the mind."

There was nothing alarmingly new in that statement. What if something of this kind is the eternal punishment referred to? I do not mean to risk it. I do not believe in the old fashioned hell, but as I have got over the fingers for my unorthodox views lately I am inclined to doubt myself now when I have to believe anything that does not agree with the Bible, and I was therefore much pleased to find recently that such a man as Dean Farrar does not find any warrant there for endless punishment.

He says in his book, "Eternal Hope"—"Yet, I say unhesitatingly,—I say, claiming the fullest right to speak on this point,—I say, with the calmest and most unflinching sense of responsibility,—I say, standing here in the sight of God, and of my Saviour, and it may be of the angels and spirits of the dead—that not one of these three expressions (he refers to the words damnation, hell and everlasting) ought to stand any longer in our English Bibles for they are mistranslations. * * * Thus, then, finding nothing in scripture or anywhere to prove that the fate of any man is at death irrevocably determined I shake off the hideous incubus, the atrocious conceptions—I mean those conceptions of unimaginable horror and physical excruciation endlessly prolonged attached by popular ignorance and false theology to the doctrine of future retribution * * * Do you believe in eternal punishment for your relations who have died impenitent? Again, I say, God forbid—again, I say, I fling from me with abhorrence such a creed as that. Let every Pharisee, if he will be angry with me—that I cannot and do not believe. Scripture will not let me; my conscience, my reason, my faith in Christ, the voice of the spirit within my soul, will not let me; God will not let me."

So says Dean Farrar and he knows Greek—without

doubt the awful image of finality is introduced, says Mr. Gladstone, and he too, knows Greek. But is it not rather singular that millions have died and other millions suffered on earth, in thinking of their beloved dead, and it now appears to be all owing to the difference of opinion, as to the meaning of some Greek word? Let those of us who don't know Greek look up at the stars and into our own hearts, and take the mild view until the scholars shall decide the fate of those who will not or cannot accept Christ, and there are both kinds. And if that endless horror which millions in Old Testament times never heard of and never got a chance of escaping from any more than heathens do to-day, hinges on the meaning of one word there is something wrong.

I have told you the message I received. You can look upon it as another trap of the wicked one, another spring to catch foolish woodcocks, if you please, but I am glad to say that I can go around the streets and feel that somehow or other God will take care of all His children unless they are determined not to be saved, although we are not all going to the same destiny, else why did Christ die? And yet in that far off, divine event we would like—

What did Huxley, an evolutionist say about the present struggle? Just what Paul did without his belief. "If some great power would agree to make me always think what is true, and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of a clock and wound up every morning, I should close with the offer." Do you want a long, bitter struggle, or do you want peace? Not the peace that means stagnation, for it seems to me that even the angels must grow as the ages roll on, but it is not necessary to have to fight with evil in order to grow. Growth is possible without evil within you to drag you down.

And the angels have something to do, I hope, and believe. There are some people who have a very lazy conception of heaven. They are of the same species as those who

on earth would like to lie below the trees and let the peaches drop into their mouths. Who fills your mind from childhood up with good thoughts, and likewise with bad ones if you are not careful? What does "My Father works hitherto and I work" mean? I was told that they were busy filling our minds with ideas, the only things that last in the universe. Suppose our future work will be to train up those we have left behind us? To fill their minds with good ideas?

I heard the voices of men and women I had known when they were alive, but it is a matter of conjuncture to say that their spirits were there. It is very likely that they were, but afterwards when I doubted this and found that all kinds of voices could be taken, most of my encouragement came from those I did not know.

To conclude then, throw aside Satan and fallen angels if you please and say the spirits I met are but men and women in the future state, and one thing is evident to me; they have fallen so low it seems as to be beyond the wish to rise. Evil is their good. But if they desire to rise at any time no matter how low they have fallen it seems to me the way must be open. God must in His very nature help those who wish to rise. They represent life, and embodied or disembodied it does not matter. All life can rise, it seems to me. But it is clear to me too, that there are terrible dangers for those who reject Christ, and you know what kind of punishment a life devoted only to evil brings even here. The wages of sin is death; the skull grins behind the flowers.

It seems to me, then, that there will be a chance after death, but think of the present state of matters. There are about 1,500,000,000 people on this globe now. The Talmudists used to say that each one had ninety-nine angels. Considering the number of people who have passed away from this earth there must be an escort of that size to each of us if it is necessary. They are I believe literally swarming

around us. Very well, then. Allow even one bad spirit for each inhabitant of the earth and what kind of a hell have you? They are ferocious in their desire to work evil. I know that. There must be a hell for them, for it is inside of them. I fear that they have lost the desire to rise, yet it may not be so: there may always be a spark. But I am afraid that innumerable millions have gone in that direction, whether of our species or not I don't know any more than you do, but I think so. Keep away from the chance of that fate. Do you know men on earth who have no desire to change? Why then be surprised on the other side? Free will, but in their case as with us too it often leads to deterioration. I believe they can rise; I do not believe God will crush beings down there any more than here; but He wants intelligent beings who choose their own path and not machines. I do not believe it is necessary for any one to sink on the other side, but I have been among them and I know what they are.

Every atom in the universe has a hold upon every other atom, and so it must be with spirit, it seems to me. Even the angels in heaven must be influenced to some degree by the other ones when it may be their whole life is devoted to raising them and us. Not hurt by evil, but sorrowing over it. If we were all meek, can it be that we would raise up even the evil spirits? I have often thought so. Christianity that will save us from the future struggle is a blessing; churchianity is a curse.

This view of the universe makes it a pleasanter place for me to live in. No matter how fiendish these beings are, the very moment any one of them turns he is helped to rise and grow towards good, and towards his Creator from whom he has wilfully and knowingly separated himself, and one thing that helps him to turn is the fact that for him as for us there are no reproaches, no matter if he be a thousand times worse than our worst specimen. There is nothing but love, the most terrible

force in the univers. A terribl struggl to rise abuv the lower nature, a hell inside of himself, but no reproaches as on erth among us.

But if they set their heds in the other direction as many of us do on erth what can happen? God does not condemn them. They know, and we know, that the wages of sin is deth. We ar intelligent beings and not machines. Can it be that when they go to a certain point it means annihilation? This theory would do away with Satan and his hosts for they must hav crost the line long before now, one would think. It is a foolish idea to suppose that when a man dies and chooses to go on sinning he is turned into the worst of demons at once. Growth downward takes time as well as growth in the right direction. That night they told me of the awful power that pulled us from hell to heaven (See stray note No. 4) or vice versa they gave me also a long, strange recital of the task before us that may pleas some to think of. In one sens it is true. The awful power was growing, it appeard, every day and whenever it got to a certain point every one in the univers was to concentrate voo power on Satan and kill him and then the battl would be won.

We might lern one lesson from their story. Say good-bye to Satan as a being, and let him represent sin. What would kill sin on erth? Luv, if we had plenty of it. With luv we could transform the erth in a few years. Luv is undoubtedly the greatest thing in the world. Luv is God. It would pay us to luv even the foolish millionaires. They ar their own worst enemies, altho they hurt us too, for self-sacrifice is the key-note of the univers, and not self-aggrandizement.

We must murder evil. Suppose we look at the evolutionary theory for a minute. A growth from the very lowest forms up to man, God "interfering" whenever He thot it necessary to make a change in a certain direction. From plant to animal there is a change that "natural

law " does not explain, and from animal to man there is another. Let us suppose that God breathed a spirit into man at a certain stage of his animal development which is typified in the Garden of Eden story, knowing very well that there would be a "fall" before the temptations of evil spirits, knowing very well that he was so brutish from the animal side, altho the spirit were perfect for the time being that he could not but fall, and we may easily judge that the next step is to be, as the Bible points out, the subjugation of the flesh to the spirit. We must be born again. When we are born again, we are filled with love, and that is the only thing that will conquer earth and hell too, it may be, altho I am half afraid to put it down.

And what if, to anger the theologians, we make the angel with the sword who would not let poor Adam back to the garden stand for the consciousness that his new spirit gave him that whenever he let the flesh triumph he would be punished? That spirit had to have the upper hand and not flesh and that the evolution is not over yet?

We are bound together. She may sweep past in her carriage "worth" twenty million dollars, but if she sees a helpless beggar in the street she cannot help being affected one way or another, for hell and heaven ride in the carriage with her, black and white angels are there, and they send impressions through her head, and just as she accepts or rejects them so she becomes, and there is no escape. and so, too, with the beggar.

From the higher standpoint, therefore, it is hardly worth while to rail at the millionaires. We should be content to tell them the truth, but

"It's hardly in a body's power
To keep at times from being sour."

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST ?

" He loved me and gave himself for me ;
 Amazing love, amazing sacrifice.
 I'll take my harp down from the willow tree,
 And bid its notes in praise of Jesus rise.

" Oh, when I stand 'mid yonder shining throng,
 And on fair Calvary's coast my Savior see,
 I'll add this chorus to my swelling song,—
 ' He loved me and gave Himself for me.' "

—FERGUS FERGUSON.

I heard all the Christian hymns sung. Who sung them ? If good spirits sung them what does it mean ? They know whether the Bible is true or not and they are well acquainted with science as we know it.

I was discussing the subject of wealth and its uses with a friend in the hermitage and I said to him, " What is the use of talking of it ? We know from what is going on around us even if we do not say a word about history that there are thousands of men and women in poverty to-day who would act just as the millionaires are doing if they had the power. Human nature is pretty much the same all over the world and in all ages. Trust men with power, call them kings or anything else you please, and most of them will oppress you."

" Don't you see then," came the message, " that Jesus Christ's plan of self-sacrifice is the only true way ? "

Another day when I was in a favorable condition the following message came to me when I was not expecting anything of the kind and when my thoughts were miles away from the subject—" Christ died on the cross. His death

brot redemption to men." That was all. I wrote down the exact words, as I often did and there they ar.

What do these words mean? Who sent them? Would evil spirits send such a message? Do they admire Jesus of Nazareth? Nothing can exceed the fierce, rabid hate, the frightful state of mind, that a sentient being can get into, that they showed me whenever I tried to keep my thots on Christ as the Savior of the world. It was worst on this subject; from beginning to end there was mockery of Christ and His work. Do not let us misunderstand our position. The Bible is true. His deth brot redemption to men.

An impulsiv frend of mine says that Christ was either what he profest to be or the worst liar who ever lived on erth. I do not think that these messages I receivd ar necessary. I do not believ that we ar ment to hav communication with the unseen world except in the way God has appointed. But there they ar as I receivd them. Take care of your steps, lest like the base Judean you, too, throw away a perl richer than all your tribe.

During the erlier weeks they tried hard to get me to believ that Christianity stood on the same basis as the other religions. I could not understand why I felt such a peculiar sensation when they sneerd at "the Christians." It was hypnotized into me, and it came at every mention of the name. The two sides, both evil spirits, kept up the mock debate for some time day after day. "Do not be afraid," the one side said, "you ar perfectly secure" "Don't you see by looking around you in the world that the other religions ar far stronger than Christianity? Those who followed Christ on erth, of cours, stand by that side here, but all religions ar the same. We ar gradually defeating the 'Christians' on this side."

"Do not believ that. We hav alredy conquered. The Christians ar gaining here as well as beside you and all is well."

The effort of both sides was to make me believe that Christ was not divine in order to tell you, for they knew I ment to write my experience. I soon came to understand it.

But for months I listened to hymns and advice and talk of one kind and another all on the basis of the Christian belief. The spirits around us know whether it is true or not. What does it mean? And as for the men who doubt whether there is a God or not—!

CHAPTER XXV.

STRAY NOTES.

“When found make a note of it.”—CAPTAIN CUTLER.

1. “It is nonsense to suppose that the foolish men who are coming thru into this world will get any special revelations. What is told them has been better told before. If God wanted to give any information to His creatures He could take any man who was willing to be used as His instrument and there are plenty of such men who do His work without any of this torture.”

2. Mental suggestion is a curious way of influencing men—curious to those who do not believe that we are so acted upon. When I began to write a few hours daily I had quite a struggle with it. I came to understand it then. I wrote on quickly in shorthand and tried to keep my mind steadily on the subject instead of listening to them, but at the least relaxation a word would be suggested which would completely change the meaning of the sentence, and I would have it down before I noticed the trick.

It was not imagination that thrust in these words I did not want. In all my previous writing I had not been in

the habit of putting down black when I ment white. What I was trapt into putting down was nothing to what I checkt.

In humming a song or hymn to cheer myself I had to keep my mind concentrated on the meaning of the lines. The words were changed almost unconsciously if I let my mind run on another subject, and it ran on other subjects occasionally just as yours does, only I found out who ran it for me and you may still doubt. "The shouts of them that triumph," in "Jerusalem the golden," for example, was often turned to "the shouts of them that perish." "And they who with their leader hav conquered in the fight." I sometimes hummed "and they who with their leader ar conquered in the fight." In Addison's beautiful hymn "how ar thy servants blest O, Lord," the line "and breath in tainted air," in a careless moment would come "and breath in painted air."

I giv these lines simply as illustrations, but I was trapt so often that I had to be very cautious for a time. I do not mean that I am out of danger yet, any more than you ar. That is how Satan does part of his work. He may not change the words, but he suggests an angry thot and works on your nervs until you boil, and the water is spilt on the ground and cannot be gathered up. Repeating that too often? "Keep hammering away," says some one, "Humanity is stupid," and I want you to lern the lesson.

During the two outbreaks I had used language that was foreign to my lips in my normal state. I remember sitting quietly in the hermitage after the troubl swearing to myself without the least sign of passion or astonishment. How did it happen? It is wrong, I suppose, but I cannot help smiling as I think of it. My mind for that short time was in the possession of those who like to spred evil language on the face of the erth. That is what it ment.

I saw a very estimabl, obliging man in the hermitage who went around swearing to himself as if it were his

business. When spoken to he came to himself instantly, read the newspapers as intelligently as any man, and was interested in what he read, but if he glanced over the paper from one part to another without keeping his mind concentrated, it very often happened that his voice was busy at the old work.

I saw several cases of the same kind altho none so pronounced. If spoken to in a way to fix their attention they became different beings. They were themselves instead of some one else. How does it come about? We have heard a good deal about duality of consciousness in these days—there is, according to some, an unknown being in all of us who tells us marvelous things if we will only listen to his whispers. It won't work. There will be another being inside of us beyond a doubt if we let him get in, but it is not advisable. The true explanation is to be found in Good, old-fashioned, New Testament, demoniac possession. They want to get inside of us to use our voices, and our bodies, and our minds to work destruction, and those who attend public entertainments where they show forth their powers are simply furthering the evil work.

Dean Farrar, in his "Life of Christ," writes of demoniac possession, and says that the evil spirits can be exorcized by prayer. He says also that the original does not warrant fasting thru which much damage has come.

Do you smile at New Testament demoniacs? They were probably what we would call hypnotic subjects, says a writer who discusses the subject the other day. It is very likely that they were, but hypnotism involves a good deal if the influence is not removed. The writers of the New Testament did not have a diploma from the Evergreen College of Medicine, nor did they need one.

Possession is true and so is obsession. Why did the infernal chorus stop sometimes when I was at the point of desperation? If my imagination made me walk from corner to corner vainly trying to escape how did it happen

that I could so control it on the instant as to make it stop working? The voices stopt because they had to. They were ordered to stop. How does it happen that if I were a complete fool I could with some trouble bring back the singing? I know I am repeating again, but it is from the intellectual standpoint that my worry comes. Imaginary voices at the end of the nineteenth century! The thing is degrading from the point of view of intellectual attainment.

3. "And so you think it is possible to cast out demons? Well, suppose you try that man at your side. We have possession of him as well as of you."

He was sitting on the same seat looking out a window with his back toward me, but without a word he turned round instantly and looking me straight in the eye began to curse. "I know you, and what you mean."

I was too much surprised to say anything, but I left him gently to himself. I had an idea that he had some one directing his internal machinery and I thought it as well to move.

4. Communication came in three ways—by voices, by writing on the brain, and by impression, feeling or telepathy. Telepathy may not be the correct word, for I am inclined to think that the agent at the other end is at our side.

It is a state of feeling. I used to like the word "sens." When a man "sens" anything I used to think that he was becoming an ultra-refined being whose proper dwelling place was a hermitage of one kind or another, but it is the right word to employ. You sens it—you feel it. It is different from thinking, even when Satan pulls the strings.

Take a paragraph of a newspaper, for example, containing several clear and distinct ideas. We cannot think, it is said, unless we employ words, but the mind travels so fast that the ideas go thru the brain like a flash. This is

the ordinary way of thinking, but I "sensit" the paragraph so much faster than by this method that I knew what was coming before the words had anything like time to shape themselves in my mind. I had to take time to spell them out, as it were, until I got to the end, or to express it in another way I felt the hole of the ideas conveyed without the necessity of using words at all or waiting to let them come. Do you need words to express anger or love? It is a state of feeling. I easily knew what my unseen companions wanted me to understand without the necessity of going about it in the old round about way.

Some doctor, I believe,—there are several clever, capable men among the doctors, although quite a number of them have rather bizarre ideas on certain subjects—has said that if he could only get hold of our system in the right way he could make us feel sad or merry as he pleased. He must be a hypnotist. He wants to make us sense. And I for one beg to be excused.

What if in the world to come the method of communication will be by feeling instead of by words? What if Faber came nearer the truth than he imagined when he wrote,

" Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture thrush and thrush
In God's most holy sight."

It is digressing again, but according to a pretty theory that I heard from my invisible friends the first week at the hermitage we are all bound together in the future life and in this life too in such a way that if one suffers all groan in unison, and if one is merry we all smile. This view may delight those who love to go elsewhere than the Bible for their information, but as I remember it there were some slight drawbacks.

There was some great hypnotic power at work—some

awful force that drew you from heaven if you were not strong enuf to resist and planted you check by jowl with some of your erring companions of the past. Of cours, as the tide turned you might get out of your troubl, but there were risks. Upon the issue of the awful battl being waged thruout the univers was to be decided whether the future life for us all was to be in heaven or hell. Hell, I was assured, was almost as enjoyabl as heaven. You think I was a fool to wonder at some of it? Ar you sure you do not belong to the tribe yourself? Many ar living without a belief in any future state, but I never was so extremely foolish as that yet. And what is sin on erth now but such an awful force that draws you from heaven to hell, and what is luv?

When you sens, it is as if the atmosfere around you were charged with ideas and somehow or other they were prest into your hed in a mass. Enuf of it, Sancho Quixote, for they ar a-smilin' at you.

5. We read a good deal in these times about developing the sixth sens. Whenever anything approaches you thru the sixth sens get your nervs in order as soon as possible. When your dedly enemies approach you thru the sixth sens treat them as you would any other enemy—that is, get rid of them as soon as you can.

If God had ment us to liv in two worl'ds at one time He would hav given us faculties for entering into the invisibl one around us, and we would not hav been under the necessity of "developing" a new sens, but when you dream all night of evolution something is bound to follow.

Go out into the sunlight and you cannot help feeling the heat. Get your nervs into a certain condition and you cannot help the approach of spirits.

6. The Reverend Minot J. Savage, the Unitarian, has studied the occult world, from the outside, I regret to say, as fools like company as well as wise men, and the

following excerpt from his Easter sermon of '96 may help you to understand how it is possible for some men to hear voices inaudible to others. It is quoted from the *New York Sun* of April 19th. If you read it carefully you may even understand how "sensing" is possible. "Thrilling with an intensity of life" he says. That is correct, I believe, and fits in with Faber's rapture thru and thru, and Sancho Quixote's sensing. But make way for his reverence.

"I believe that those who have passed thru the experience called death live in space and occupy space as much I do. Are they material? Yes, in one sense they are * * * I believe that the souls of those that we call dead are not unclothed, but, in the language that Paul used, are clothed upon.

I believe that they possess bodies not as real as these, but unspeakably more real, thrilling with an intensity of life of which at present we are perhaps utterly unable to conceive. Is there anything unscientific about it? No. There is no scientific knowledge able to discredit a belief like this. It is perfectly rational.

We know perfectly well that the greatest, the mightiest forces of what we call the natural universe are both invisible and intangible. We know that it is the very smallest, tiniest part of the real world that we can see with our present eyes. We know that it is only the smallest, tiniest part of the infinite vibrations of the universe that produce in us the sense of hearing." (Mark that, doctor. Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip!) "If we had ears more acute, even Mr. Huxley tells us the silences of the opening flowers in the garden would seem to us as loud as a thunder storm. It is not that there are no vibrations, only that our ears are not adapted to take them up." Sancho Quixote thinks that his medical friends might as well surrender, or at least lay aside that cutting pride.

"De leur morgue tranchante,
Rien ne nous garantit."

It is wrong to speak in church, but Sancho feels rather gay when the one scientific man starts to maul the other while he applauds the heretic. But to conclude,—

"So of the vibrations which produce the sense of sight. There is an infinity of them throughout the universe, only our eyes at present are not adapted to being affected by them. That is all. We are too commonly the fools of our eyes and ears. We assume that we can see and hear and feel everything that really is; while every poorest scientific man on earth will tell you that there may be an infinity of life in every direction with which our present senses do not bring us into any conscious contact."

"I believe, then, that as the result of our thinking and our feeling and our loving and our hating that what may be called a physical body is being built up in us, organized day by day. In the process of death we are released from this outward shell very much as the butterfly is released from its chrysalis. There has been going on through the whole length of life of the cocoon the organization of another, and to us invisible, form within. By and by it breaks open, and the life comes forth and enters upon another stage of its career.

I believe something akin to this is going on within us, and that death means the breaking open of the chrysalis and the escaping out into this larger life, and that we enter on that life—and here is the tremendous moral power of a belief like this—just the kind of men and women that we have made ourselves by our thoughts, our emotions, our actions here, only that there, as here, is infinite opportunity through suffering, if need be, through whatever experience is necessary, for study, for growth, for ascent towards the highest."

The learned doctor has spoken like a book, but he trips up at the end. Evolution has got him by the heels, too, only he is more cautious than Sancho.

Is it not possible to escape the struggle of good and evil

by entering the kingdom of heaven as littl children? The doctor says no, and his belief is shared by a good many. Perhaps those who don't read, don't think, don't know, and don't care to know, ar a littl harsh in their judgments. I, for one, am not inclined to torture men eternally if they cannot believ in the New Testament. "Hav faith in God," says Dean Farrar. Amen. God is luv, I herd in days of troubl, and I read it in the Bible. I am afraid I could not luv Him so much if I thot that all His creatures would not get a chance to rise even after deth, thru plenty of suffering, I fear.

7. By a singular coincidence somewhat similar to that noted in chapter thirteen, I put down the lucky number seven at the head of this stray note, and I found to my surprise that I was indeted for a good illustration to a man from Germany. Germany, lerned, indefatigabl, deep-thinking Germany, as Carlyle calls her, is always redy when we need her, and her son is in luck this time for the number is to his credit. As a supplement to Mr. Savage's remarks the following information may help some to understand what kind of a univers we liv in. Listen to the Teuton then.—"Suspend a pendulum in a dark room and set it swinging at the rate of thirty beats to the second, and you will hear the lowest note in music. Keep up the motion until it reaches about forty thousand beats and you will then hear the highest note the human ear can grasp. The pendulum has given forth every note of music in its progress from thirty beats to forty thousand.

"Suppose that you hav the power to keep up the motion until it reaches six billion strokes to the second, you will see a dull red light; and if from six billion you run it up to fifteen you will see all the colors of the rainbow, until at the fifteenth universal darkness buries all. Now, then," continues our scientific frend, who is something of an occulist himself, "between the forty thousand vibrations representing the highest sound and the six

billion representing the dullest light there is an enormous gap—an ocean of wave motions which are now beyond our perception, but which are known to exist, for there are no sudden breaks in nature. Tyndall was the first to point this out, and to suggest that within this vast chasm of forces—forces which no eye can see and no ear can perceive—we must seek for an explanation of the mysterious potentialities known as electricity and magnetism."

That is very interesting. How, then, did I hear singing that is inaudible to you? Was it because my physical condition was such that I could reach higher than the forty thousand beats of the pendulum? And why was the singing an octave higher, or can I venture to say two octaves, it was so piercingly clear and thin? And yet the bass voices were deeper and richer than earthly ones.

I came to know my nervous condition as exactly as if I had been registered. The voices came closer or went further away as I became more or less affected. It is true that they acted in the same way at the same time, as during the first days when they seemed to be a mile distant and again close at hand, but there came a time when there was no change of that kind; they kept always as close as they could.

Then how do you account for the fact that the voices ceased to trouble me when I was in the open air months before I got rid of them when below a roof? Does it soothe the nerves to live in the open air? Are women who seldom go outside to look at the sky injuring their nerves? Are all houses haunted?

"All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Thru the open door
The harmless fathoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floor.

"The spirit world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts thru these earthly mists and vapors dens,
A vital breath of more ethereal air."—LONGFELLOW.

After reading the illustrations of the two lerned doctors clincht by the verses of the poet who "senses" things easier than his practical brethren, we should be redy to acknowledge that there may really be forces in the univers that the microscope cannot reveal to us.

8. The microscope may not be abl to do it, but what of the plethysmograf? It is the brave man's policy to look danger in the face. Sancho Quixote is aware that the doctors ar hard to kill. While he has been investigating in one direction they hav been busy in another, and like the skillful tacticians that they ar it was only the other day that they uncovered their batteries.

The scientists say that we cannot mesure and weigh everything around us, and the faculty refuse to yield. But that they ar near the end of their tether is evident, for they hav now begun to talk of the "exact mesure of mentality," and hav invented the plethysmograf, the kymografion, the neumograf, and the ergograf, and they ar redy for work. This is cheerful news.

They ar going to mesure our thots and our emotions as easily as a tailor mesures a piece of cloth. Man is a funny little creature. He wants to weigh mind now. In Dean Swift's time he was busy trying to extract sunbeams out of cucumbers.

The professor thus proudly explains how it is done—"These experiments which for the first time introduce weight and mesure into the relms of thot, may lead to other experiments having a scientific value. One development may be another and more dest activ blow at the theosofical and spiritualistic and hypnotic explanations of fenomena that really depend upon this fact of the extreme fallibility of the senses."

"There you be, all cut and dry. This is medical science at the end of the nineteenth century. The Indian medicin man knew better. O, Arturo, Arturo, compa-

trióto mio, a laf is a good thing for us all and you hav supplied it.

Now, I wish foolish men and women would turn away from theosophy and spiritism and turn to Christianity, but if we hav to depend upon the plethysmograf and the kymografion, whatever they ar. for the destruction of these two beliefs, our name, as the Arabian poet said, will be mud. Try another line, doctor,

"Nor deem the irrevocabl past
As wholly wasted, wíllly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks at last,
To something nobler we attain."

That is a vers I like to think of in these days and you might as well lern it by hart.

The names of these instruments, even with the amended speling, ar enuf to condemn the whole theory. The man who named them showed a sad lack of gumption. The plethysmograf indeed! And the ergograf and the kymografion, and the neumograf! What a pie-e of work is man. How infinit in reason, says Colonel Hamlet.

Why not the polywog, and the ichthysaurus or any other chunk or monolith of polysyllabic grandeur and unparalleled imperishabl magnificence? The howling idiosyncrasies of these medical inventors, the osteological, dolichocefalic nonsense that they talk drive Sancho Quixote nearly off the hinges.

9. Is it any wonder that men ar lerning to distrust science of all kinds? M. Brunetiere, of the—Revue des Deux Mondes, the "Saturday Review" tells us, has lighted upon a frase which is having a run of success in France such as he could hardly hav anticipated. It is "the bankruptcy of science."

"According to M. Brunetiere science is bankrupt, but there ar some who declare that science was never so prosperous as now. M. Brunetiere's frase, however, merely

refers to the materialistic philosophy which treats as trivial or baneful all speculation that is beyond the range of physical proof. A brief quotation from his article, which has been so much discussed, will suffice to show exactly what he means.

"From a Darwinism, barely assured of the truth of its principles, or from a physiology that is still rudimentary, we may appeal to a more extended Darwinism, or to a more learned physiology; but in the meantime we must live a life not merely animal, and no science of to-day can show us how to do this."

"Science, then," the Review goes on to say, "according to M. Brunetiere, is bankrupt in the sense that it has failed to satisfy what is in the nature of man, or to explain the mystery that surrounds him."

"Probably in no other country do such rapid changes take place in the atmosphere that is formed by the perpetual whirling and grinding of the wheels of the human mind as in France. Ten or twelve years ago M. Brunetiere's article would have been received with such blustering derision that the approving voice would have been drowned by the noise. But a marked change has come about in the philosophical drift of the French mind of late. Voltairianism is very nearly dead. The polished mockery and refined but bitter cynicism in regard to spiritual beliefs and speculations which were so much relished by an epicurean bourgeoisie, have quite gone out of fashion."

"The fact to be noted as a mental phenomenon, to be philosophically pondered, is that this most skeptical of centuries is ending in France, — the fatherland of free thought in a disposition of mind which, if not Christian, is more colored by idealism than materialism."

"The very keen interest that so many French people of the intellectual class have of late years taken in Buddhism, occultism and spiritualism (spiritism it is more correctly termed in France), although by no means approved by the Catholic clergy, is nevertheless a symptom of the reaction

from the Voltarian mood which lasted so long, and which became so very much in earnest, so different from Voltaire's humor that, had he lived long enough, he might have repudiated his own disciples. The youth of the schools have not grown pious, but Aguste Comte, Renan and Darwin have lost the hold that they had on the students, and their increasing "mysticism" is noted with pain and disgust by the skeptics who were born earlier in the century, and whose philosophical opinions were fashioned by a very different wave of thought.

"But contemporary literature is perhaps the best mirror in which to see reflected that new movement of the French mind which has led M. Brunetiere to speak of the bankruptcy of science. Several writers of note could be named who, from being the thoroughgoing materialists that they were some ten or fifteen years ago, have with steadily increasing boldness been reaching toward an idealism that is almost, if not quite, religious.

"A writer in the *Figaro* has gone so far as to point to the new direction taken by M. Zola's mind as confirmatory of the opinions expressed by M. Brunetiere in his remarkable article. What, however, we may be quite sure of, is that some great change must have taken place in France for so keen a man of the world as M. Zola, and one so richly endowed with the faculty of scenting a subject that will prove remunerative in the dress of fiction, to cast all his literary energy first upon the Pyrenean village that has been made a town by Bernadette, and then upon the city of the popes."

10. What the great realist himself thinks of the age he lives in and the change of public opinion may be judged by the following extract written some two or three years ago:—

"To tell the truth, I think all the means tried insufficient to stop the rising tide of anarchist doctrine. What

I am askt, will be a preventativ? Well, I, who hav fot for positivism, after thirty years of struggling find that my convictions hav been shaken. Religions faith would prevent the propagation of such theories; but has it not almost disappear'd now-a-days?"

Science does not appear to fill M. Zola's mesure full enuf. "Scientists of repute," says a scrap of paper found floating on the air the other day, "now assure us that science does not advance us one singl step as to the kowledge of the final caus. The aggressiv scientific man of a generation ago has now become the agnostic if he does not believ in the Bible as of old."

11. But while many of the scientists ar resting on their oars, with their boat anchored waiting for a new compass that is long, long in coming, the men who keep a reason that knows too littl to be an entirely safe guide, subordinate to a faith that believes much hav taken hart of grace once more and ar pulling for the old haven with a flowing sea behind them. Listen to this from the Boston "Congregationalist" and contrast it with the pessimistic utterance of M. Zola.

"The religious thot of the last decade has been distinguished by a revolt from creeds, by impatience with dogmatic teaching and by a disposition to investigate even the most fundamental doctriens of the Christian faith.

"While the grasp of the popular mind on creeds has been loosening, interest in present life has grown intens. Problems of individual duty and destiny hav given place to those of society and government. By way of contrast, dwelling on the unseen and the future world hav been held up as unpractical and insignificant."

As Sancho Quixote is engineering this book, just hav patience while he interjects a remark here—one that is straight from the shoulder, for the old Adam is swelling up inside of him. Many religious papers, many minis-

ters, are strongly disliked by numbers of intelligent people who know something of the conditions of modern society because they are so very ethereal in tone that they seldom care to discuss the starvation problem. They want to gloss it over, and keep peace in the family, and it will not work. They want to keep on good terms with men whom Christ would scourge if he were on earth to-day. We do not intend to be side-tracked by such ethereal talk. We do not bury the hatchet that way. Satan is not to rule, altho he speaks from a pulpit.

I consider the next world very important, very much more important than this, as I consider the palace more important than the vestibule. I hope that is plain enough to any one who has read thus far without saying more. But I have recently had a severe reminder that body and mind are so intimately connected that more than ever and I have been called a radical in the past, I am convinced that the man who will not take sides on this question as to whether one man is to continue to acquire millions unjustly while another is to die of starvation is not worthy of being listened to—is a coward and a trimmer. It often seems to me an impertinence for us to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," unless in a spirit of thankfulness. God has given us such a world to live in, overflowing with corn and fruit that starvation or want should be impossible for a man willing to work, and yet some of our friends stand in their pulpits and defend men who are squeezing the life-blood out of human beings instead of telling them the truth.

Don't make any mistake, gentlemen. There are two kinds of Christianity, the true and the false. "Remember that we have a body as well as a soul." "Problems of society and government" are still going to disturb your wealthy hearers, and the poorer brethren are still going to ask if men who crush their fellows are in their right place when they walk around with the basket on

Sunday. But, now that we have called a halt just as we were galloping off to heaven, forgetting that we still lived on earth, we shall proceed, after excusing our little outburst, by saying that God gave us reason, and He means us to use it. He believes in order: change your swinish arrangements to conform to His laws, or take the consequences.

"Unformulated but most positive creeds have been forming, whose substance is responsibility to and for men rather than accountability to God. But social relations are stable only when conscience rules, and conscience is without authority unless it can appeal to God. Wherever men are interested in living aright they want to know about God, and they want what is known of God stated in terms which they can understand. They want to know what evidences there are that He has made revelations to men and what are those revelations. They hunger to believe and welcome authoritative statements of faith.

"There are indications that the time is already at hand when such statements will be welcomed and defended as they have not been hitherto in this generation. The people are growing weary of critical discussions of religious themes. They do not respond as heartily as they have done to the questioning tone from pulpit and platform. They are coming to listen eagerly for the utterance that is positive—"Do you understand now why the labor problem is up for settlement in all countries? Because the intelligent men in the ranks and out of them are positive—"that rings with the fervor of belief in God, holy and supreme, offering pardon to lost sinners through Jesus Christ His Son. We confidently expect a revival of dogma. This word may convey opprobrious meaning to some, but in its generally accepted meaning of authoritative religious teaching we do not hesitate to use it. We look for strong declarations, with the tone of authority, of the essential doctrines of Christian faith; and for responses to them in renewed in-

terest in divine and heavenly things and in renewed lives. Renewed interest in God and in men's relations to Him and in human destiny cannot fail to strengthen the fellowship as well as advance the knowledge of those who believe and obey him. With the revival of dogma will come a revival of faith, hope and love."

You have been led further afield than you anticipated perhaps, but you are aware by this time that Sancho Quixote is a little unsettled in his ways and likewise in his spelling. You have had the pleasure of reading the views of a few of our fellow creatures on subjects that sensible people are interested in. Like the voices I heard they jangle occasionally. Science and reason at the old fight, but they speak each in his own tongue and charm us like the sirens.

"All the melodies mysterious
Thru the dreary darkness chaunted,
Tones in attitude imperious
Voices soft and deep and serious
Words that whisper, songs that haunted!"

12. A little variety is agreeable to most of us, and before I plunge you into the society of the heavy weights again I shall tell you some funny little incidents that happened to me—funny to you, that is.

I have often heard my grandfather tell a story back in—Spain—that may serve to illustrate how every little incident, every word was seized hold of by my unseen companions.

An acquaintance of his got hungry one night and scaled a wall to steal some apples. The gardener was watching on the other side and as soon as he saw the man's hands on the top of the wall he swung his rake and pinned him down where he lay. I may remark here in case you have not quite learned your lesson that the gardener was temporarily possessed by an evil spirit.

"Sancho," they used to say to me, "have you forgotten that story the old man told about the rake? Well, that is

just how we hav you fixt at present. A beautiful illustration."

I had red somewhere—in one of Carlyle's books, I think—of canaries being trained to fire cannons, and they made a good deal of this illustration. "A very simpl thing for the canary to set the cannon off but the silly littl creature had no idea of what its act ment, and you ar just like it. You hav set off a hole park of artillery, you stupid canary. You hav no idea of what it ment when you stuck your ears thru into this world. Poor littl canary bird! Poor littl canary! We fear that you ar going to get your wings singed."

13. "Voices ar not good things for men and women to listen to, for the simpl reason that those who listen to them don't like to do much els and this is a univvers where every one should work."

If a man does not work, says the apostl, neither shall he eat; but in these piping times those who work least eat best, or rather get the best things to eat, which is a curious arrangement. And what of the ministers, apostolic succession kind included? But this is unfair. I shall soon be in bad standing with the black graces, for I like the traditional lawyers as littl as the doctors or ministers.

But what do the curled darlings say about this theory of work? Is Tolstoy's idea that every man should do enuf manual work to support himself correct? Again I touch upon a sore spot, for altho Paul made tents and his hands smelt of tar his successors ar not noted for doing much in that line. They hav to ride bicycles now for "exercise." That first century had some drawbacks.

14. "Once for all there ar no reproaches in heven. Do not believ anything of that kind. It is all done for a bad purpose. There is nothing but luv there. Pay no attention to past mistakes but keep your eyes to the future,

and all will yet be well. You ar expected to do something for yourself to get out of your troubl. Keep your mind occupied with something els than voices as much as possibl. We ar not expected to do everything."

"Do you swallow that stuff? Do you not yet understand that you ar caught, and that is simply to keep up your spirits as long as possibl. They know the end of it all as well as we do. You ar bot with a price and cannot escape."

15. One night last winter I lay in a trance and saw a full-rigged ship sailing across the ocean. All the sails were set and a fair cours lay before her, but she rolled from side to side before me as if she would founder, and as I wonderd what it ment when I awoke, the voices shouted in derision—"Is your pilot on board, Sancho Quixote? Is your pilot on board? You ar drifting on the rocks." And many a time afterwards I was assailed with the question, "Is your pilot still on board?"

You will accuse me of moralizing like the ministers, but sit down quietly and consider the question, "Is your pilot on board?"

Perhaps, if you don't consider it you may hear the question in the future as I herd a great many things I had forgotten, and it will not be plesant. It will simply be unplesant to the last degree. I know. I mean after you hav "taken the leap," as they exprest it, and not before.

"Tirez le Rideau, la farce est jouée." Not quite. Only the opening act.

"Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

* * * * *

"And the from out our bourne of time and place
The floods may bear me far,
I hope to meet my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar."

16. "The conclusion of both sides is that you must stop praying for six months. Every appeal you make for help will be counted against you. You cannot be put on the same basis as those who have accepted Christ on earth. You accepted Him after you knew the terrors, and that kind of conversion will not pass here. One, two, three, four, five, six—twelve—thirty words. Precisely. We do not intend that you shall have peace while you are doing something forbidden. Prayers are at an end in hell and men who pray are punished.

"In the first place, you do not pray in faith, fully expecting what you ask for, and in the next you ask in the name of Jesus Christ and that will not be accepted from you."

"Sancho Quixote," came an earnest voice that I knew well, the voice of a man still alive, "don't you see yet that we have all come thru into the occult world against the commands of God? The damage we have done is incalculable. Yes, I knew you back there. It is awful that I, a minister of the gospel, have to stand in my pulpit preaching with my heart breaking

"I will do the best I can for you, but we cannot pray thru Jesus Christ. We must pray to the Christ that is in each of us. There is a Christ in each of us partly developed, and we must pray to that part."

"That is correct, Sancho Quixote," came the other voice that I know well, altho I have never listened to it in the flesh, "he has told you the truth, and we must do what we can thru one another."

That was during the early days, of course, when I was under the influence and half excusable for believing the one minute and laughing at the folly of it all the next, but during convalescence—if the doctors will allow the expression after what has been written—I read a little pamphlet which seems to preach the same doctrine in cold blood. Possum up a gum tree. Old wives' fables copy-

righted by Satanás. How do you like the source of the information that you get about your dead friends or your living ones? O, yes, only ignorant people deny that they give information, but how much is it worth, and is it right to take it?

17. But they were frolicsome too. My friend was not altogether wrong. I had to laugh many a time at their remarks. They can be witty when the humor strikes them. A hermitage is not the best place to laugh, but some of the patients, I can well believe, laugh because they cannot help it—there is a method in their laughter although some of their friends think it is a sign of vacuity. Suppose the nerves are gently pulled so that only an anchorite could keep grave. Suppose they really listen to something they imagine to be funny?

I would be fighting successfully for a time and keeping them at bay, too much interested in my writing to distinguish the words when a new departure would be made. They would spring in at the least sign of a wish to rest and shoot the sentence in by the telegraphic route in advance of, or at the same time as the voices, so that I could not fail to catch the meaning even if the words were indistinct: "Sisters, what is to be done with Sancho Quixote? He is clearly going to dominate us. He is gaining the upper hand. Shout it through the occult that Sancho is gaining the day."

The droll tone sometimes, the mock-hopeless, despairing accent at others; the idea that I was dominating a world I knew nothing about, was more than I could endure.

O, yes, they are very funny, very frolicsome, but when I would become too exuberant in my temporary relief from the cursing, they would try a new tack.

They often teased me by speaking with a sense of intimacy that I did not like at all. It was as if there was no



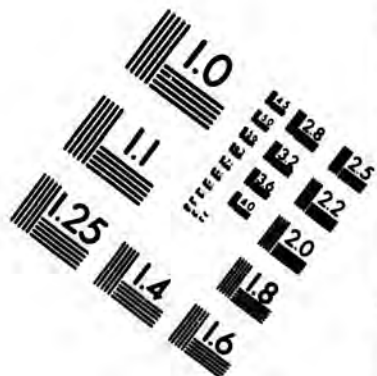
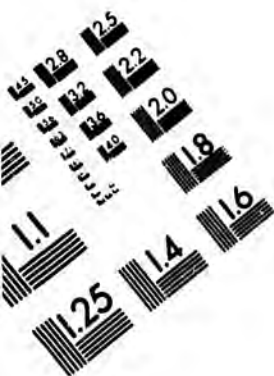
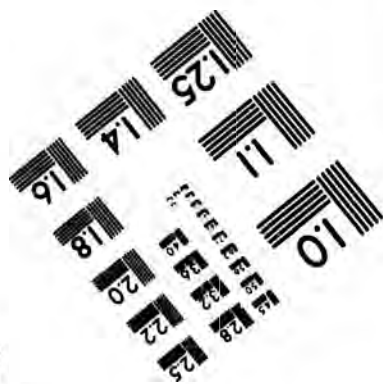
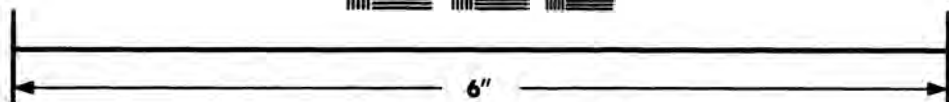
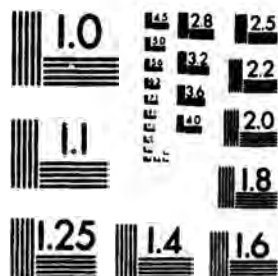


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

use concealing anything from me. The game was up! I had pierced the mystery!

"You ar des notres, now Sancho. There is no use being backward. Make yourself at home. Don't be alarmed. Pas de faiblesse, Danton! Poor old daft Sancho. That is how people will speak about you in the future—just daft Sancho."

18. "Is my control here?" they had me the length of asking. Yes, he was always there redy for business, but I did not always pleas him. We hear a good deal about "controls" that is favorabl, but as I hav paid for my whistl I do not want to be "controld" any more.

"You hav come thru into the occult world under the wrong control." If I had had the right "control" I would never hav attempted to enter the occult world in that way. I might moralize again, but—

19. "Miracles" ar sometimes wrot by hypnotic influence. I lay in bed for several hours lerring to perform them. My leg below the knee was seized by cramp and held until the pain was almost unendurabl.

"You must lern to pray in faith to-night or never. All the others lernt in a shorter time than you." I tried hard, and the pain left me. Then it was put back in order to give me a chance to lern my lesson. I became a "miracle" worker that night for an hour or two.

Imagination again? Now, let me explain a littl. I hav done some hous building in my time, and when I first began to use a hammer I occasionally struck myself on the finger or thumb nail—not intentionally, of cours, for in those days I was not quite so far gone. The sensation that I felt is called pain in English. No matter what name you giv it, it is the sensation, the feeling I am after. If, then, the thumb-nail feeling was a delusion, so was the cramp feeling. If the one was real, so was the

other. It was painful, sore, hard to bear. There has been a good deal of pleasure in writing this book, as well as a good deal of disgust at my folly. The doctors are too funny not to add a little spice where it is needed.

20. "Steady now, Sancho Quixote," I say to myself as I feel like jumping from my seat. "Remember you are in a hermitage and don't compromise yourself. What was that?"

Suppose you had a needle plunged into your ear and withdrawn on the instant how would you feel? Not very comfortable. That was something like what I felt, only that there was a fiery itch with it that nearly made me yell. I felt it often enough to know and dread it. That was one of the few things I dreaded. The needle was not there but the pain was. The delusion, the hallucination was out in force and it had a sting that was real.

How funny it must be for a man who does not believe in hypnotic influence to hear a patient describe all his local troubles. He must take him for a complete ass or the most accomplished liar on earth. No wonder that some eloquent men who are not gifted with the W. K. C. O. A. L. stay in hermitages while the flowers bloom on the outside. They have told so many startling tales that the doctors suspect them even after they are cured.

21. Now, I shall have to bring a German to the rescue and give you something solid. I think the disorder must have been well known both in Greece and Rome in the decadent days, but let the professor speak for himself:

"INCREASING NERVOUSNESS."

Under this rather startling title Prof. W. Erb, at Heidelberg, gave an address some time ago which demands more than a passing notice. Professor Erb takes it for granted that there is a marked increase of functional nervous dis-

orders, and he believes that the events of the present century have naturally led to this result. The nineteenth century began in disorder and commotion. France had passed through a bloody revolution which was to be followed by the excitement and exhaustion of Napoleonic adventures; restlessness, political and social, was followed by a period of calm, but, with the advancing years, labor saving inventions rapidly replaced man and increased wealth, and rendered communication easy. In science, in literature, all were developing, and with it there appeared incapacity for restful pleasures, rushing from change to change seemed to be the only alternative to work. With overwork there was overcrowding and overstimulation; alcohol and tobacco were used in greatly increased quantities; railway traveling and its nerve-jarring motion still further tended to nervousness; and, so Professor Erb convinces himself, with all this there has been a clear loss of nerve tone to the whole of the highly civilized nations. * * *

According to Professor Erb all this rapid, restless movement has left an irritable and slow recovering nervous system, which must be considered as neurasthenic. The essentials of this disorder, which has not been recognized twenty years, are increased sensitiveness, with weakness, weariness, lack of power of endurance, and defective recuperative power. This disorder is a refinement of hysteria and hypochondriasis, and it is the outcome of the conditions of life. He thinks it not to be found in all periods of excitement and of luxury, but owns that there is no evidence of its existence in Greece or in Rome. The disorder is to be recognized and to be met by changing conditions, and nerve hygiene is to be considered as much as sanitation. From school days to professional life the human being is to be tended and brought up, his mental, moral and physical education is to be regulated, his holidays are to be methodized, his business is to be conducted in healthy surroundings, and his cities are to be made hel-

thy and beautiful, with fresh air and beautiful surroundings. Thus the professor is a preacher of hygienic socialism. As we said before, we have been charmed with the address, but not convinced.

The old question reappears in another form. Is increasing insanity and nervous disorder in necessary correlation to developing complexity of society? It must be recognized that the more complex the rules of society the more frequent will be breaches of these rules, at all events for a time. In developing civilization, too, we have a very perplexing factor added in the survival and the propagation of the non-fittest, and this doubtless adds to the increasing number of the nervous. We are inclined to believe that there is some slight increase of nervousness, but that there is a much greater knowledge of the subject, and with knowledge comes subdivision and classification. We do not believe more women, at all events in England, have "nerves" now than had fifty years ago. With the increase of excitement there has been a still greater tendency to more freedom of exercise, more freedom from conventionalism and much healthier home surroundings—*British Medical Journal*.

22. One night I had a warning to be careful what I wrote on any subject. How it came about I do not know, but I saw then as I had never seen before what the effects of literature were. It has a terrible influence. I thought to myself, "I shall never write a word about my experience. I am afraid to risk it in case I make errors that will lead others astray," and now that I know how the mental machinery is worked I see it is a very serious matter indeed to put your thoughts on paper.

It is high treason to whisper a word against the newspapers, but there is room for improvement in the news they furnish us. I have howled like the other "liberal" men for the news as it happens, good or bad, but I have

changed my mind on the subject now. It is right to do so when you see caus for it. The Rev. Lyman Abbot was lecturing to students the other day and he, too, wants the news servd up hot. It is all a matter of taste. Few men of sens read the sensational trash that is dished up every morning in the Daily Howler, but there seems to be a demand for it, the more's the pity.

Carlyle said that the journalist is the true king of to-day, and there is a good deal of truth in the saying if he remains conscientious, but as it is the editorial page of most papers is nearly worthless on economic questions. It is a partisan howl that does not deceiv any man of sens. The proprietors care principally for the cash box, and ar redy to slobber on their knees before power and privilege, in order to make money. They could change the face of the world, but they "ar out for the stuff." Shaw! We know the defence and the howl. It is the same in all ages

There ar tons—I mean tons—of evil literature printed in this country, and the very fonographs ar fild to the neck with foul songs and indecent language. Do you know what all this is doing? Anthony Comstock goes perhaps too far in his zeal, but I hav changed my opinion of his work of late let them laf who will. Evil spirits ar ruling the printing press to a larger extent than is altogether suited to my taste. I know them. You do not. It is a dedly serious matter, I tell you, and when you laf and think that it is of littl consequence what boys read the devil is using you.

There is a place to draw the line.

I hav never had any taste for impure literature, but I hav red enuf of our gallee-decadent-extreme-realistic trash to serv for a time. "When you get out do not read any papers dealing with this occult world. Just leav it alone. Do not attend any meetings or hav anything to do with the subject." Very good advice,

23. Twice they succeeded in getting me too excited to control myself, but I knew afterwards that it was not well to let go the helm.

On the other side they hav better control of themselvs. "How did it come about that Satan presented himself before God if He is a consuming fire to all those who work evil? Answer us that question, Mr. Quixote. Or do you stand for partial inspiration? Don't get so angry at us. We hav some rights perhaps that you ar not acquainted with. You don't know so very much."

"And why was it that when Satan struggld with the Archangel Michael for the body of Moses, Michael could only say, 'The Lord rebuke thee O, Satan.' Why was it he could not bring any railing accusation against him? Be a littl more careful of your language. Take care how you revile us or in short hav anything to do with us. No, my frend, low as we ar, we ar not responsibl for the crucifixion of Christ. That we left to your race."

24. "These voices ar simply the two voices that contend in the soul of every being on erth. They ar audibl to you, that is the only difference.

25. "If you do not stop taking these notes we will begin in another way. Your name will ring in your ears every second of your life till insanity comes. You ar not going to publish any of your experiences for the very good reason that you ar going to stay here till deeth comes."

26. "Our business is to destroy faith, but let us change the subject and begin work. Concentrate your eyes on that board in front of you. Concentrate-your-eyes-on-that-board." I kept my eyes in every other direction in spite of a strong desire to do what they told me and the voice kept on with the dreary command. It became next to unbearable to listen to it. They ar savage in their

cruelty. Looking over my shorthand notes of this incident I find that I have written—"What is the use of all this tyranny? Why is it that people don't understand what is going on behind the scenes? There is no question in my mind that we would be far better to let the occult world strictly alone."

No question now, indeed!

27. One day I was walking thru the floor of the hermitage wondering whether there was not more psychic influence around us than elsewhere when a friend who had had some experience with delirium tremens came forward and said—"Don't you think that there is a good deal more psychic influence around us in this place than anywhere else?"

He just repeated the question that I was asking myself and the voices arose, "Do you yet understand how we make men and women obey our orders thru mental suggestion?"

Just a coincidence, you say again, but suppose I could tell you of a hundred such "coincidences" what then? A few establish the principle just as well, for to a greater extent than many imagine, this is how we are acted upon.

To illustrate again, let me tell you of something that happened. Suppose that I was conscious of the presence of my unseen companions and that they communicated with me by the—impression-route,—by a route that is as certain as if I heard the voices and that I was taking a few lessons in how the world is governed. Suppose further, that it is not necessary to put down a hundred instances to make the principle clear to those who believe in the doctrine that we are continually under the influence of two opposing powers and we are ready.

I was sitting in church one Sunday and as the ushers began to take up the collection the thought came to me, and I knew where it came from, What if one of the baskets

should fall and the money should roll on the floor? That was not the first time the thot had come to me in a lifetime, I am well aware, but it was the first time I had ever seen the basket fall within a minute from the time the thot came into my mind, and the one basket was no sooner lifted than another rolled on the floor across the aisle from where I was sitting. And then the question came inaudibly as it had come many times, "Do you see how the puppets, the pawns ar acted upon?"

The men who were passing the baskets let their minds wander for a brief second under the influence of their unseen companions and the work was done.

An engineer wrecks his train and we ar horrified when we take up the Morning Howler to see the account of the wreck. They were at his side supplying the material for the Spanish castls he was building. He smiled as they rose in the air but kept his eye ahd and his hand on the lever. Just as they came near the switch, however, the material was supplied for the airy tower on the corner of the building, and the engineer wavered at the critical minute and the damage was done. The tower had to be built. He could not help smiling as the load of fresh material came forward, but he saw thru it when he tumbld off the engin.

Sometimes it is the telegraf operator who marches around the batlmnts of his castls and shouts for the warder. Harmless enuf once in a while, but one night they caut him napping and we red of it next morning. And so it is in all the relations of human life.

"I hav been fortunate in typewriting this book," I said to myself. "I hav not spoiled a whole line since I began." I went on and smiled, and kept on my gard, for I know wh sends the thots now, and how necessary it is to be careful. But I soon became so interested that I forgot all about my caution, and before I knew how it happend I had writu one line on the top of another. A

strange coincidence? A moment of forgetfulness and you write on without changing the machine. And the question comes again to your mind, "Do you see how it is managed?"

I went into a store once to buy some wearing apparel, as the old frase has it, and just as the bundl was handed me the clerk said, "Don't you want a pair of suspenders?" I know that such questions ar often askt at dry goods stores, but this happend to be one where they hav sens enuf to let the customer depart in peace after he buys what ne wants. It so happend that I really needed the galluses, but I had forgotten all about it.

And again my unseen frends askt me in an inaudibl way, "Do you now see why some men ar prosperous in this world and others fail?" The devil can help a man a good deal if he chooses. It all depends if the man is going in the right direction to pleas the devil. He supplies the inspiration. Can we not find welthy Christians then? What does the New Testament say about it? Never mind the intellectual expositions of the New Testament you hear. Go to the book itself and see what it says.

You construct a theory, you tell me, and make the facts to fit it? I know what I am speaking about. Every day of your life you repeat the words that ar sent to you. Your business is to watch them that you may use only the right kind.

And now how do you like it as far as you hav got? And hav you time to read over that sermon in chapter two? You may read it more intelligently now, for your mind is changed since you red it last time. It really does not matter if you ar a doctor and want to jump on the book with both feet. Ideas hav a certain influence upon you and you cannot help it. The evil spirits repeated lies to me so often that while I despised them I could not help being affected to some degree, and we ar all in the same boat. Ideas rule the world.

28. Speaking about ideas ruling the world, did you ever notice the low, unworthy pictures which appear in our two leading comic weeklies? Every man in good health enjoys a little amusement, but I cannot remember the time when I ever saw anything to laugh at in some of the pictures that greet our eyes every week. They raise hell. That is plain language, but it is the truth. There is a legitimate field for caricature, and I enjoy an amusing picture as much as most, but look at the pictures of Irishmen, Negroes and tramps, walking delegates, or anyone who has the misfortune to displease the masters of the "artists" who draw them. Any man with a glimpse of artistic feeling knows that there is limit to caricature, but when you begin to draw men with as close a resemblance to animals as you can, you overstep the limit. Look at the faces you see every week. Do you think any man with true artistic feeling would draw them? Only the bungler has to depend upon such work.

An artist can draw an amusing picture that will not raise bad feelings in the minds of the men who look at it. Not very much hell, you understand—we are always in such a hurry—just a little every week; a little more contempt for your fellow beings, a little more race hate here on American soil, where it should be forgotten, and the work goes bravely on.

And yet these papers go into the homes of cultured people. It is very strange that Christians should take them and spread them before their children every week. They contain evil ideas, bad for the men who draw them, and worse, if possible, for those who look at them. We have heard a good deal about the raising of artistic taste, and there is room for it, and furthermore it is an easier matter to change the tone of all our papers than many imagine. The subscription office rules the paper to some little extent. "Weary Waggles," "Dusty Rhodes," and the others have been sadly overworked. Could you not

be induced to be a littl more merciful to the poor wretches?

A member of parliament over in England the other year thrashed an artist who took greater liberties with his mouth than were warranted by legitimate caricature. The artist had used the pencil to spoil the mouth of the member, and the member used his hand to spoil the mouth of the artist. Something might easily be said in favor of the member if force is to rule the world.

29. And speaking about inspiration what about invention? Ar our great inventors not quite so great as some of them imagin? What of the wonderful inventions that startl us sometimes? Can it be that to a large extent they come when they ar needed and when they ar given? Of cours, we hav to work for them as we hav for everything on erth that is worth having—our minds must be occupied in the right direction, but what if just a littl inspiration is given to cheer you up when things ar getting dull?

30. How did it happen that Christ came when Greek was nearly the universal language and Rome had made the world accessibl? In short, does the machine run loose or is it carefully watched? But if Sancho Quixote goes on much longer in this strain the heathen will rage, and the doctors imagin vain things.

31. William Cobbett said a long while ago that a farmer's boy usually has a better memory than a filosofer or a man of lerning. The man depends upon note books; the boy depends upon his hed.

I hav spoken of being obliged to wait a littl for words during the first months of the attack, and I sometimes forgot verses of a hymn or song that had been familiar to me. "No, you will go on to the next vers until we allow

you to come back. We ar rather tired of that Christian anthology."

Then again the flood gates were opend and I rememerd things forgotten for a quarter of a century. The experience was amasing to me. Words, ideas, thots, expressions, were resrrected in a flood. I forgot a great many words and names and verses until the pressure was removed, and I rememerd things I had forgotten. What does this mean? That our memory is at the command of good and bad spirits? That as our system becomes out of order the evil spirits acquire a greater power and exercise it? That we ar instruments to be played upon, but with the power of judging and so with the power of making ourselves practically what we pleas in normal surroundings?—for I am always on my gard against some of our cultured frends in the pulpit. The building of a mind is a very serious matter according to this theory. It has to be fild with good, and unfortunately with bad thots from infancy up, and the fight rages without an end. The angels hav nothing to do but sing? Woe's me. Tell them that, and see what reply you will get.

M. Sarcey, the Parisian critic wrote an interesting artiel on memory for the "Figaro" that is quoted in the New York "Sun" of March 29th, 1896. He says: "Who in conversation, in seeking a name, a date, or any detail that flies before the memory and escapes, has not cried out in a tone of impatience, 'I hav it on the tip of my tung?' And true enuf that name, that date, or that detail is on the tip of the tung."

The evil spirits put a good many expressions on the tip of my tung, so that it seemed strange to me that I did not express them aloud. Can it be that the good ones bring what is well for us to remember to the tip of our tung and the evil ones bring what is undesirabl when our own memory falters at the work? Ar the good ones not strong enuf to tell us all that is necessary? What about

free will exercised in the past that has made our body a machine with some slight defects acquired or inherited? And who knows but that we get all we need in the long run, and who knows too but that prayer may change the conditions and put us into a frame of mind that will enable the good spirits to help us more without touching our glory and our danger—free agency? But we are perhaps going too far. The only excuse is that Sancho Quixote writes to mental suggestion, and it flashes from both sides fast enough to alarm the skeptics. It is more than likely that our memory works automatically but it is clear that our unseen companions have power over it too.

"It seems," to go back to M. Sarcey, "as if the slightest effort would suffice to formulate it; but by what strange phenomenon does it refuse to allow itself to be captured? The more you follow it the more it runs back into the depths of the mind."

"There are people with whom these failures of memory are frequent and insupportable. For my own part I am very subject to them. In conversation when I suffer from them I have to be resigned, but in public speaking I find the inconvenience very painful. I am never sure that I may not have to stop short before the name of the author, or of the book that I am talking about. That name I have pronounced already ten times in the course of my lecture; but suddenly it vanishes from my memory. I have it on the tip of my tongue, but the tongue remains powerless.

"What is the cause of it? That is a question which I have often asked myself, and many others must have asked themselves the same question; because in reality this disease is very common, and the theater continually draws comical scenes out of it.

"After thirty years of exile, you return to the land where your childhood was past, and no sooner have your eyes gazed upon the old town clock than a swarm of

recollections that hav slept for years becomes aroused and hums again.

What ar we to conclude from this, if not that of ail the recollections that ar stored in our mind, about one-third ar constantly at our disposal for our daily use, while the other two-thirds ar put away in drawers whose keys we hav lost." Very well said, M. Sarcey, but who has the keys?

"Maury, who publisht a very remarkabl study of dreams, givs a fact that a first sight seems marvelous. He returned after a long absence to his native place. One night he dreamd that a gentlman, who, in dreamland only, he recognized as an old acquaintance, came to see him. When he awoke he rememberd distinctly the face of the frend of his dream, but he didn't troubl himself about it, and regarded the whole affair as one of those dreams in which the imagination alone is set in motion, and which correspond with no reality. The next day, to his intens surprise, he met the frend of his dream, with the same name and the same face. It was a frend for many years forgotten. The fenomenon is singular, but it is easily explained. During the sleep of Maury his mind, aroused by the incidents of his voyage, opend the drawer where the memory of that frend was sleeping, and the chance of the meeting did the rest." Who sent the dream, M. Sarcey?

"During the last few years there hav been many experiments made in England with what is called the 'magic mirror.'" (Far too many.) "These experiments consist in fixing the eyes stedily for a few moments upon any brilliant surface, a glass, or even oil poured upon a dish." (I. Sancho Quixote, was more ambitious, and took a ceiling and also white paper, where I saw a great many pretty sparks of fire, but the glass will work just as well.) "The subject who fixes his eyes upon this magic mirror falls into a state of hypnotism." (That is just what he does, M.

Sarcey, and it depends upon how his system is whether he gets easily into it and easily out of it. Verbum sap.) "There he sees under the form of images long-lost recollections. For instance, a woman who had completely forgotten an important address saw in the mirror an envelop upon which she read it."

But you know well enough, doctor, that she only imagined she saw it, altho the letter would reach the address all right? Sly old dog; the doctors. Bring along the plethysmograph!

"The explanation of all is that the drawer was opened and that is the hole of it." Not quite, M. Sarcey. Who opened it? Or supposing that we even accept the theory that once you get your mind in a certain state thru hypnotism, concentration, or what you please, all knowledge flows in upon it, how did French begin to flow in on me when I was not thinking of it at all? Why not English? And how does it come if the mind works automatically in this condition my memory was brot to a standstill at the will of those on the other side? "We should bear well in mind that we do not really know what our memory contains, because we have not the power to call up at will everything that it contains and to empty all its corners. But, on the other hand, those corners open sometimes of themselves (?) and pitch out before our eyes objects that we believed were lost. In this way we can account in the simplest and most natural manner for all the mysterious anomalies of memory."

Mr. Sarcey, as "The Sun" comments, writes entertainingly, but he would be surprised if he underwent a course of training in the occult school to find how easily the memory is acted upon.

Dreams have intelligences at the other end. Fill your stomach too full and your unseen companions begin work when you sleep in order to keep your brain on the stretch. Good spirits are not inclined to disturb your rest. **They**

know better than some of our political economists and some of our ministers that when the body is not well taken care of the nation will suffer in the long run.

Alfred Russel Wallace speaks of the number of commonplace people who die every year, and hazards the conjecture that they will find part of their pleasure in filling our minds with dreams that are really of no consequence. Dreams do not come of themselves—you are safe to conclude that. Perhaps it would be as well if, like Mr. Cleon whom old Plutarch tells us of, we had never had a dream in our life. Was he a perfect specimen of physical manhood?

32. "And so you want to know the blackness of the human heart, do you? Well, we will gratify you." A strange panorama was unfolded before me—a waiting univers. "Now, then, here is a univers of beings like yourself who are about to perish. Would you consent to annihilation to save them?" Annihilation? Annihilation? Once it had sounded half reasonable, but now—"There is no need of thinking any longer on the subject. You are like the rest of the human race—selfish to the core. A race of cowards. All you care for is enjoyment, enjoyment." Well, what do you think of it? We might be willing to die in the body, but we expect to live again. But annihilation? Forgetfulness? That may suit some of our dreamy oriental friends, but most Anglo-Saxon people want to live on and grow. There is something in us that rebels at the idea of being put out of existence.

33. What is space? What is eternity? We cannot comprehend the meaning of the expressions. They are beyond our reach. And then we think of God and the awful univers he upholds. "Stop it you fool, stop it or your head will burst. That is how mad houses are filled."

34. Have you ever been in the habit of frightening

children with ghost stories? It is surprising how many there are who indulge in this practice. Fill their minds with love and not with dread. A book of this kind should never be placed within their reach. Should never be written? Sancho Quixote looked over the field and concluded that there was room for one more book in this world. There are some older children who would do well to read it.

35. There is one kind of hypnotism put to two uses. There is the devil's use, and there is another use to allay human suffering during an operation or anything of that nature. Is it not a kind of a miracle when used for beneficent purposes? Could the operator not cure diseases in the same way by an exercise of faith? Richard Roe cured me and why not others. Who causes diseases? Ourselves very often. Who acts upon the system and holds back nature from effecting a cure? Evil spirits? And supposing to lead others astray after false Gods they take their influence off one of our "prominent and influential citizens" and keep it off? A dangerous business all through, but I throw out these hints to irritate the faculty.

36. The following article from the "Philadelphia Ledger" is worthy of your attention. Sancho Quixote marks it O.K. And how do you like the new spelling of the Quaker City?

MENTAL SELF-CONTROL.

There is one part of personal culture which receives very little consideration, *i. e.*, the direction and guidance of the thoughts. The habits we acquire, the principles we espouse, the duties we perform or neglect, the temptations we resist or yield to, the words we speak and the influences we exert are matters upon which we are often urged to be vigilant; but the thoughts and imaginings which pass through the mind are seldom brought up for scrutiny. There are two reasons for this—first, they are so entirely hidden from others

that all the class of motifs which include the hope of esteem or the fear of censure are quite inoperative; and, secondly, we are accustomed to consider them so involuntary as to prevent any serious sense of responsibility. The first of these reasons is undoubtedly operative. No one but ourselves knows what we are thinking about; therefore, we can be held accountable for our reflections only to our own consciences. The second, however, is only partly correct. Impressions and conceptions do float through our minds unbidden; but we are not unable to arrest them, to correct them, to turn them into other channels, or to dismiss them altogether. The power to do this resides in every sane person, and the degree to which it is developed marks with tolerable certainty the strength of the mind and the manliness of the character. There are weak and indolent dreamers who are slaves to their fancies, who care not to break their chains, and whose ability to do so is steadily diminishing. Yet even in them it may be reinstated, nor is it ever wholly extinct, save in those unfortunate cases when, through disease or injury, reason has been driven from her throne.

The human mind is never wholly inactive in its waking hours. No matter how passive or how idle we may be, the thoughts and the fancies are busy, with or without our will. Sometimes, indeed, they act energetically, in obedience to our purpose. We set ourselves to work to think out a problem, to weigh an argument, to arrive at a decision, to fathom an idea, to consider the details of a plan or a piece of work, and our thoughts serve us well or ill according to their training. To think consecutively and to a conclusion is one of the supreme arts of life, and the power to do it is one of the best gifts that education can bestow. Beyond this, however, there is a vast amount of musing and meditation that seems to go on within us involuntarily. Pictures rise up of the past as it was or might have been, of the future as we hope or fear it may be. These are more or

less vague and indistinct; but they either grow in clearness or fade away, according to the interest they excite within us. Sometimes these floating notions will take the form of suggestions, and will pass into real purposes, which are put into execution. In the words of another, "The mind plays with the picture of them, until suddenly the picture has become a fact." Many a crime, from which the doer would once have shrunk in horror, has slowly shaped itself in hours of secret meditation; and from long familiarity in solitary thought has lost its repulsiveness, and assumed a strength and proportion sufficient to create the actual deed. On the other hand, many an act of duty or self-sacrifice, at first supposed to be impossible, has by continual contemplation become so attuned to the disposition that it has been performed with ease and even with pleasure.

Even where these imaginings are not realized in active life, they promote various mental conditions and nourish various emotions. A faint suspicion entering the mind and brooded upon will often develop into jealousy, anger and hatred; while, on the other hand, pure and noble thoughts cherished will make the character more pure and noble. We can brood upon our troubles until they become unbearable, or we can dwell upon our blessings until our hearts are melted into thankfulness. We can ponder over the faults of our neighbors until we are imbued with disapproval and contempt, or we can muse upon their redeeming qualities till the kindly sympathies of our nature assert themselves. Self-companionship, indeed, is more influential in forming character and regulating life than any other intercourse. It is more constant, more unconstrained, more absolutely sincere. Yet, to make its influence truly salutary, we must direct its course, and not suffer it to drift with wind and tide. We must be master of our thoughts, as well as of our actions; we must control the mental pictures in which we indulge, as much as the words which issue from our lips.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

37. Yes, our thots ar far more important than we imagin, or els there would not be such a struggl behind the scenes to keep our minds full. It is an awful mystery. Our bodies ar battl fields full of contending hosts; our minds ar battl fields; men war with one another in city and in country; nation is arrayed against nation and continent against continent, and in the unseen world there is rage and unreasoning hate and ungrateful warfare against the calm liv, the wonderful power that bears us all up, star upon star, sun upon sun and system upon system.

God is liv, we say. God is strife, is practically the answer of the expounders of the survival of the fittest as an excuse for a continuation of the industrial tyranny that is crushing the life out of their fellow beings. We point to the stars flaming around us in majesty and grandeur from generation unto generation, from cycle unto cycle, so orderly in their courses that the man of science can tell to the hour when they will roll past a certain point in their immens orbits, and they point to lions and tigers tearing one another to pieces as a symbol of what man made in the image of his Maker should be.

38. We hav been deluged with Napoleonic literature for the last few years, but how many of those who hav red it hav ever herd the voice of the Corsican? I came to understand that my business was to get out of reach of these unmerthly voices, but as I could not throw them off all at once I listend to his voice on several occasions. Was it his voice? I was so assured, and he spoke good French. I might hav herd the voices of the great ded had I wisht. I herd the voices of some great men but it was against my will. That was another of their traps to keep me wishing to remain among them.

39. They followed me to church as regularly as els-where. Satan and his hosts ar always at church rain or

shine. It has been well said that they ar the first to enter the building and the last to leav it. They were always waiting on me at the hermitage chapel long after I had ceast to be much troubl'd with them outside. My only relief was to keep my thots fixt on the sermon, and listen as littl as possibl to their comments and criticisms. Their criticisms, as you may imagin, were very funny indeed. Men preach to larger audiences than they see around them.

The first sermon I lisend to in the hermitage was from the book of Amos. I had been a herdsman in my younger day like the profet, and they dubd me "Amos Junior" that afternoon. Very, very funny, without a doubt, and I had to laf, but when the voice began it was a very serious matter.

40. What we all lack, more or less, the medical faculty included, is moral courage. It has been well said that for a man to deny the facts set forth about the unseen world of late years is to advertize his own ignorance, but still there ar many men who will not lern. When Dr. Hevytop, the well known expert, says that such and such a theory is true and sets his seal to it in that famous book, chapter ten, page eighty-three, his professional brethen, insted of howling at him until they ar sure he is correct, bow the knee and sing his praises. Long liv Hevytop, they chant; he and none other is the man for us.

41. It is somewhat amusing to read of the fuss made over thot transference in these days. On comparing notes two frends who ar miles apart find that they hav had the same thot at the same time. Well, what of it? Satan, in the current frase, is working this occult craft for all it is worth. Would you judge now that in nine on of ten of the cases you read of that good spirits sent the

that, especially when you make arrangements to sit at a certain time? Do you really think that the beings Dr. Hepworth tells you about are engaged in that work? A man in Europe and another in America have the same thot at the same hour, and we are properly surprised, but suppose a spirit can flit from Europe to America or to Mars by wishing for the change?

"Some say the devil's dead
And buried in Kirkcaldy.
Others say he'll rise again—"

and others say that he never died. It was a false rumor inspired by himself. He is still alive and kicking, and the Christians sleep and the doctors dream. A friend wrote me when in trouble and told me to eat plenty of half-raw beefsteak and that made them laugh. "A new way of exorcising us, Sancho. It will not work. Your friend is making fun of you now."

Let us all take a rest, and try the steak. Shut your eyes as the blood squeezes out of it, for your nerves need some food. The doctors have failed but the demons will make the women take to the open air yet. I believe that the bicycle is an invention sent from heaven to help us in due time. Something was needed and it came. No, you will not get the storage battery for a long while yet. We need exercise, open air and sleep, and the battery would keep your legs at rest and give you gout. You evidently want to go thru life on flowery beds of ease.

42. Once when they were putting the pressure on the small of my back, which they did when it suited them, I rubbed it with liniment and went to bed. I was no sooner there than a fiery heat arose and the pain left me. But during the action of the liniment my eyes began to wink so fast that I did not know what to make of it. They continued for several minutes and do the best I could I was unable to stop them. The pressure for days at a time would often rise to the top of the head. It was

not very painful,—it was as if the frolicsome spirits were at work insted of their stern brothers. I felt as if the hole brain were pressing upwards against the skull. It gave me a sort of a feeling that I should stretch out my neck to further the process or stand on tiptoe—a sort of inclination to mount upward, as it were. It was just the effect of the medicin I was taking, I suppose, but I hav a theory to lay before you that I am not quite sure about. I thro it out in the interest of science. That feeling as if the skull were too small for the brain ment something. Could it be that I was then in danger of suffering from the great national diseas of big-hed, or swell-hed as the vulgar call it? We all know how prevalent this troubl is, and if I hav given a hint that will lead to the discovery of the germ, bacillus, microbe or whatever you call him, I shall be only too well pleased. Anything to further science.

It is time that something were done to cure this troubl. Things hav come to such a pass that whenever a man invents a What-Is-It and begins psycho-neural mesurements, or gathers forty-nine dollars and fifty-three cents and opens a bank account that he is seized by the swell-hed bacilli, and there ar few recorded instances of a complete cure.

13. Another way in which I experienet the curious sensation of the "something" that enterd the body was as if I was vibrating from hed to foot. The body did not trembl nor shake. It was more like the motion you feel on a steamer when the engins make it quiver from steni to stern. It was a strong vibratory motion not altogether unplesant and not so overpowering as the other that "swisht" thru me. There ar some men—great men too, who can "dominate" this odylic force as easily as they can dominate the sunlight, but as I said in the beginning we ar not all successful. A strange world for

science to conquer yet, and as our life is much fuller than the life of our grandfathers, so our grandchildren will smile at the ignorance of people who did not understand the vast forces that lie between the forty thousand vibrations and the six billion.

But they will have one great trouble on their shoulders. They are sure to be afflicted with *l'insanité des grandeurs* or swell-headed. They cannot escape it if heredity is all that the men of science claim. We are laying a strong foundation.

44. Satan has been reasoned out of existence. "In our age of Downpulling and Disbelief the very Devil has been pulled down. You cannot so much as believe in a Devil." Well, it appears to me that these evil spirits must have a leader. We have it on good authority that Satan leads them; but do away with him altogether, do away with fallen angels, and say that my unseen companions were simply men and women after death, and are you in any better a position? Worse, I often thought. Surely, I thought, human beings cannot descend so low. They do evil continually. They are savage in their desire to drag us down. They foment strife, inflame our minds against one another and devour weak and strong, and they begin their evil work upon children before they can walk. You said now when you read that, "That is carrying it too far." Let us see. Where does the temper of a child come from? Have you ever seen them angry enough to tear the trees up by the roots if they had the power? Heredity? Certainly. But if they were left alone by those who torment them they would remain quiet when they often yell! Their nerves are twitched. Why apply the rod? A *quoi bon*? Well, the evil spirits have to be kept under, but the parents often punish the child when they themselves need the rod.

It is an old theory, and I have always looked upon it as an

ignorant superstition that evil spirits cause disease. They don't do it directly, but they suggest the temptation; we sin and suffer physically, and so lay our bodies open to their attacks. "Palpitation" is not so hard to cause after you get into a certain physical condition.

Nature would bring us out of most of our troubles if they would let her alone, but they live to destroy. Medicine puts us in a position to keep them at bay for a time and give nature a chance. Why do they have this power? Why do you have the power to eat a heavy dinner? And prayer may give good spirits more power to help nature without interfering with free will? The temptations for those who go to the next world on the evolutionary plan with all their hates burning may be to influence those they knew and hated on earth, and to drag them down as much as they can. You think when you hang a man you get rid of his influence? It may be.

I have been earnest on the subject of social reform before, because I knew how necessary it was from the spiritual standpoint; but never did I understand till lately the frightful importance of proper hygienic conditions. I don't believe in anarchy *par le fait*, but I am now inclined to think that if some one were to blow the hole accursed fever-breeding, health-destroying tenements in the air he would be a benefactor of coming generations. Bad health gives evil spirits power. They feed men with ambitious ideas, they feed women with pride, and so we have palaces on one side, and soul-destroying hovels where children cannot get a breath of fresh air on the other, and cultured preachers turn their heads the other way, and the devil smiles at it all as of old, and hell rejoices.

If there is no such being as Satan it is clear that our fellow mortals have sunk so low in the next world that only a foolish man would think of taking chances with the great struggle before him. Clearly, if the theory

is true some of them have been unequal to the task, or else the temptations are as great there as here, and perhaps greater, and have dragged them down. And then by legislating Satan out of existence how do you explain the New Testament? Or the Old?

45. You are walking along the street on a fine summer day and you see a large crowd gathered around something that seems to be interesting. You walk forward and find that two dogs are fighting, and the men and boys are urging them on.

A little further down the street you see another crowd and you push your way through it and you find two men hammering away at one another. The boys set the dogs fighting but who set the men at it? Your unseen companions are all around you, the one side striving for peace and the other pouring hate and anger through the nerves until the men cannot stand the pressure, for they have yielded too often in the past, and they spring at the Satanic work.

You go further down the street to the office of your old friend about that little matter you wanted settled, and the first thing you know you and he are quarreling, and you are away home denouncing him in your heart for an unreasonable scoundrel. You did not know that Satan had the trap ready. He knew you were going to present that bill at that time and he had been preparing to meet it. That morning your neighbor's wife did not get the milk for the breakfast, for the milkman had forgotten it for the first time in six months—Satan had caught him napping—and your neighbor, a mild man under ordinary trials, has always become furious when he had no milk to his coffee. His wife told him the truth. She had swallowed her wrath a dozen times in their married life when the milk was sour or the man had not called, but that morning she broke loose and the judge was piping mad when you met him. Satan triumphed all around. Two families

were separated and glared at one another, and the milkman was discharged. It was a great day in hell. Everyone counts there. What is the cure? Something we don't have—meekness, which is different from imbecility, of course.

Many millionaires are caught in the same way. They are hypnotized to swindle and lie and steal through their agents, for they are far too well bred for the dirty work themselves now, and then to build churches with the proceeds of their villainy while the men who really ought to know better go down on their knees before them and thank them for their goodness. A mad world.

Did you ever look at that miracle—a newspaper printing machine? There is half an acre of wheels and shafts and pulleys and rollers if it was all spread out. Suppose when it is rolling off the morning edition at the rate of 'steenth thousand copies an hour you were to take a bag of sand and begin to pour it among the wheels what would happen? A good many spoiled copies would likely be turned out. Suppose you were to take a hammer and smash one of the small wheels, the machine would grind on, but every wheel counts and the loss of one means trouble. Our world is like a printing machine rolling off its thousands of copies every day, but the evil spirits do nothing else than pour in sand among the wheels and a good many of the copies are spoiled and most are blurred one way or another. Sometimes they succeed in breaking a wheel, as when they tumble a Greece or a Rome, and yet it is strange that they can only do their work slowly, little by little. Take up the paper when it comes from the press, for example, and you will read of a building falling down and killing a dozen men, or of an "accident" in a mine bringing about the death of a hundred. Natural law, you say. Yes, but why was the building erected in defiance of all the laws of good construction? Why was the mine in an unsafe condition? Because of ideas. The devil persuaded the

owners in both cases that they needed more money, and still more, and the result was widows and fatherless children, the destruction of their bodily health thru poverty, and a devil's dance over it all. Good building laws, good sanitation, good factory laws, good mining laws defeat the work of evil spirits and save souls. We hear a good deal about those who are to wear "starless crowns." There are many men alive to-day who would be content to wear them to all eternity if they could only improve the environment of their fellows here. The next time your minister tells you that environment does not count tell him frankly that he is an ass.

What of death too? Well, we all commit suicide. Every time we sin, every time we nurse an evil idea we hurt ourselves. I know that too, for I have been there. The wages of sin is death. Why do so many people die before their time? Sin. They may not be responsible. It may have been the father, the grandfather, or even the great-grandmother, altho by that time if we were wise we could get rid of the effect of sin, but we are not wise. I am too proud, you are too proud. It has been said that force must rule the world. There never was a more wretched mistake. Meekness must rule the world, and if we were all meek the purposes of the demons would be utterly defeated, but again I am too proud, you are too proud, and they make pawns of us and oftenest of those who don't believe it. It has been said that if two angels were sent to earth, the one to sweep streets and the other to govern an empire they would be ready to exchange tasks at any time, but try men! Ask his Unserene Highness, Signor Buona parte to take a broom and see what will happen, or if you don't care to go so far back into history read "Society as I have found It," or a snob discussion on "What to do with our ex-Presidents." That is how the evil spirits get their hold.

But as to death all is in the hands of God. "Without

His leav they pass no threshold o'er." I believ that He "interferes" with natural law oftener than we suppose, but as a rule it seems to hold the field and it is well, it is right, becaus it must be. But what again if prayer in complete faith triumphs? I do not believ and never hav believed in fore-ordination—I believ in free-will limited, of cours, by our environments and training—You ar at liberty to set fire to your neighbor's house, but you do not mean to do it; your free-will is held in check by your common sens; God's sovereignty and your free-will march hand in hand.

What then of batl, murder and sudden deth? Just the result of ideas, and pursue them to their source and you find evil spirits. What of plague and pestilence? Ideas again. Cholera sometimes comes from the Holy Well of Mecca. They will never clean out that well. The sky would fall if they did, and so we suffer from the ideas which hav held them by the throat for centuries.

Ar we not sometimes punisht by special inflictions tho? We hav to believ that or thro the Bible aside, but if we ar it is again the result of sin—of our own asininity. Only demons and fools shriek that God is a tyrant. God is luv.

And when children die? Well, their bodies ar not strong enuf to bear the attacks of diseas and evil spirits assault them and end their lives on erth, but the creation of mind goes on after "deth." "There is no deth; what seems so is transition." Read Longfellow's beutiful poem of "Resignation." If God sees best, these, to us, natural laws ar overruled, but every bullet, as a rule finds its billet accord ing to the laws that regulate its cours. We cannot expect to be protected if we make targets of ourselvs. Every plague sweeps off the just and the unjust.

Why, then, hav the evil spirits power to fill our minds with ideas which when yielded to giv them power over the body—power enuf often to bring about deth, if God allows them in all cases to end their work? Free-will again. And what becomes of these beings when they ex-

ercise their free-will this way? If you herd them you would be abl to partially conceiv what they hav brot themselves to.

If I hav sometimes writn in a light-harted way it has been to reliev the dreary story I hav told,

" And so between his Darkneess and his Brightness
There pass a mutual glance of great politeness "

is all well enuf, but I know, and want you to remember, that they ar liars and professional murderers, and yet, and yet they can kill us only thru ideas. They ar completely foiled by meekness, but we hav a large share of their nature and cannot be meek. It is a foolish idea to suppose that when children die it is a "visitation of God" altho He will bring the best possibl issue out of all troubl if we will. It may be so in exceptional cases, but only, it seems to me, in very exceptional ones. Most die from fysical causes, and many ar saved from dying, I believ, thru the intervention of our unseen companions. Fresh air would save hundreds of children in New York every year. God has given us plenty of it; it is we who ar at fault. Suppose that we could hav things our way and hav these helthy laws set aside we would all go to sleep. We ar driven forward by laws from which we cannot escape, in the direction of progress and of the glorious civilization that is looming up in the distance. We must come into harmony with God's laws or suffer, rich and poor.

The demons sometimes cautioned me not to use strong language against them, and I remember as I saw how we were surrounded and acted upon I pitied the whole race and myself likewise, as well as the demons and the millionaires, and I feel the same sentiment rising in me now. But without a singl word or even thot against any mortal or demon one cannot help being disgusted at the unchristian, the mad satanic idea of increasing the standing army, of building batl ships, forts and armories. The idea came from evil spirits. Don't blame them.

Mind yourself. Force comes natural to us. We find a thousand excuses for it, but that is how the devil rules us and pours sand among the machinery. And yet after all is said we ar held so secure against the assaults of demons, if we ar anxious to go in the right way, that after you come to your bearings you can smile at their threats. God is luv.

46. Ar you ever troubl'd with insomnia? Who causes it? Whose interest is it to keep you in that condition? Perhaps it is easier to acquire a certain influence over you than you imagin. Think it over, and if you don't like the theory you need not become excited, for they try hard to anger you. It has a bad effect.

47. Then if you ar not troubl'd with insomnia do you ever walk around in your sleep? I was going along the principal streets of one of our largest cities one night between ten and eleven o'clock and I saw a man rushing along in front of me, drest, as Bill Nye would hav said, only with an earnest face and a robe de nuit. His eyes were closed and he did not seem to feel any pain as his bare feet pattered along the hard pavement. He walkt on, I presume, until he met a policeman. I watcht him until he went out of sight, and the men and women in the street made way for him respectfully and laft, of cours. He was possest. Sometimes they walk along the roof of a house or in other dangerous positions where they wou'd not venture with their eyes open. If they ar not all hurled down as some ar it is only becaus we ar cared for by other unseen companions than the evil ones.

The man I saw was fortunate in one respect, at least. I red some years ago that during an earthquake scare in an Italian town the inhabitants rusht out into the street in their terror, clad only in distorted faces. It had been an old custom, you see, and they had never expected to go

on dress parade at the call of the bell. Next day the report said, they all wended their way to the stores determined to adopt the new fashions, and thus civilization goes forward even among the old fogies by leaps and bounds.

Only a few weeks ago I read of a man being buried alive in London. He stayed below the ground for the appointed time and then he was dug up. They sow barley over their graves in India and wait till it sprouts or ripens before they dig them up. These are clear cases of suspended animation—of complete possession—of men being used to spread devil worship.

48. And again the other day I read of a "hypnotist" taking some of the poor boys he carries around with him and exhibiting them before an audience with pins stuck into their flesh and with all the other accompaniments. The doctors were there and they surrounded the victims watch, in hand. We read of great abuses in the Parisian hospitals thru hypnotism, but we don't have to go quite so far from home sometimes.

The left puls of one of the "subjects" was made to beat at one rate of speed, the right puls at another, and the heart at another still,—nothing so very remarkable after all. Just New Testament possession at the end of the nineteenth century, with this difference that it is now applauded by Christians.

During one of my worst nights I was awakened and went to the window of my small room and my heart began to beat to the voices I heard. When the voices went fast the heart followed, and when the time was changed so were the heart beats, and the change came every other minute. Had a doctor of the old school put his ear to my heart then he would have ordered a coffin, but we shall leave him to say whether it is good for the body when the heart is thus excited.

49. We must do as Oliver Wendel Holmes recommended a few years ago—that is choose our great-grand-fathers and great-grandmothers and make them and their descendants walk in the right path until we ar born. Then we must behave like angels ourselvs and our children will be so fisisally perfect that the fiends will not be abl to work on their nervs. "Vile body" iudeed! Some of the old theologians were closely related to the donkeys whether the Darwinian theory is true or false, and that brings me again to the ministers and their neglect of economic questions—but what's the use.

50. How would you feel if some one should slap you in the face or take hold of your nose and pull it? We talk about turning the other cheek and that is the sensibl thing to do, as I now see, for by resisting we ar simply doing the devil's work, but then we ar not always sensibl, and the screws ar turnd just on such occasions. I hav felt the sensation sometimes when asleep, and herd the mocking laf when I, somehow or another, calmed down altho the current was poured in. The same wave of anger rises as if you were awake and some one struck you, but we ar sometimes better taken care of when asleep than we take care of ourselvs when awake.

When you awaken you understand the game. The attack was ment to hurt your nervs which can be done when asleep as easily as when awake. A strange world, and a strange process of building up and tearing down goes on in us every day.

51. What is power, after all? What is knowledge? If God represented only power and knowledge without luv what would He be to us? Satan has these. I believ that if we were let alone by evil spirits we would soon turn this erth into a home for the gods, but they, in their own language, raise hell every hour of the day, and we

ar not always strong enuf to resist them. They send ideas and insted of refusing to entertain them we nurse them, and they ar so carefully hidden in some respects that we rather like them, and nurse, and nurse until the time comes for using them and then we tumbi.

But as to knowledge, the evil spirits know everything on erth, altho I do not believ they hav foreknowledge except as we hav it judging from experience, and when during my fight this thot struck me I took hart and concluded that their confident predictions as to my doom were a littl premature.

But our books ar open to them—all the books in all the languages of the erth—all human knowledge, chapter and page. What then? Just this: Hav you never been wearied in reading the reviews to find how very, very distinguisht some of your fellow mortals were—how the "classics" made men equal to the gods in all beneath and abuv the skies? Would some of these men not be better to keep modest? Hav we not had quite enuf of the "scholar" of late years?

Luv and not knowledge, gentlmn, is God the Maker of heven and erth. Knowledge is only one of His attributes. Think of these millions of worlds whirling aloft and around us in all their terribl majesty and then remember that the maker and upholder of them all has told you that luv and not power and not knowledge is Himself, and then for any sake giv us a rest on the "scholar." Try and cultivate some sens of proportion. I hav been mingling among a strange race of beings, and I am afraid I shall hav less patience with the "scholar" than ever, for the scholarship of those I lisend to so long is abuv reproach, and I know a great many peopl who can scarcely read who ar far higher in the scale of being.

You see, Sancho Quixote, for his sins, it may be, has red most of your reviews for a good many years and he knows only too well that many, far too many, of our

scholarly frends preach the same accursed doctriu of selfishness that he listened to from another quarter of late. Of cours, ignorance does not by any means stand for luv, but if we could find some way to get just the least littl bit of information, for we can't grasp so very much, without feeling that we were raised too far abuv our fellow beings, it would be better for us. If we could only persuade them to be humbl, but as the spirits told Sancho Quixote it's this awful agressivness that troubles us.

52. When cattl ar drivn to the slauter hous why do they sometimes try to escape for their lives? Why ar other animals affected with the same troubl? How do they get the information? How do you get a warning of danger sometimes? Who pour dred upon you? And do the animals perish after deth? When we destroy our nervs the instrument does not respond to the players behind the scenes, and the creation of mind is often stopt to a large extent until matters ar righted, and sometimes altogether till deth comes and then the psychical body that Mr. Savage speaks of is redy for work on the other side. Is it the same with the animals? Only instinct? How do you know? The cow of to-day is the same as the cow in the time of Rameses? What of the man? Is he so very much higher than the Greeks were? He knows more, but so does the cow. He knows what a trolley car or a bicycle is, but so does the quadruped. He has seen a steamship and so has she. She still goes thru the old process with the grass, and now the man has not time to chew his food. The more you begin to compare the two, the clearer you see that the advantage is with the animal. Is there a mind created in her during life? That is what they told Sancho, and they thretend to re-incarnate him into an animal of lower degree than "the milky mother of the herd." But all this is just for the purpose of riling you, and of sending your thots in the direction of the

silly re-incarnation theory, vegetarianism and the influence of spirits on animals. Ar snakes possess? What of the boa-constrictor and the cobra? Does conscience make cowards of them all, or do they kill as cheerfully the last time as the first? What of the shark? What of the lion and the tiger, the Malthusian and the survival of the fittest man? Possess, all of them? It is a tragic world.

53. What does that stedy ringing noise in the ear mean? It was usually in the left ear, but as soon as I began to wonder why it was not in the right one as well it turnd to it on the instant. In lying down on your left ear at night, for exampl, it begins and sings and sings like a kettl, but if you get wearied of it and turn to the right side the noise turns with you and helps to keep you cheerful. This atmosfere around us is worth watching.

54. Nature gives compensation. If a man turns blind his hearing usually becomes more acute; if he looses a leg he has more blood for the rest of his body, and if he plunges among demons there ar angels to meet him until the worst of it is past. Nature gives compensation; the back is made to fit the load, the wind is temperd to the shorn lamb. But when we get impatient and think no one els has a carefully draped skeleton in the closet but ourselves, troubl comes.

I herd a good sermon the other day, for altho I like to tell the reverend gentlemen where they ar falling short, I also like to hear them preach even if before my plunge I had been at church only once in two years, and the preacher said that we were all inclined to think our own burdens were the heaviest. "Just suppose," he said, "that there was be a parade of family skeletons down the principal street of your city what would you find? Why the worst looking skeletons would likely belong to the peopl you had considered the happiest in the city." It

would be a rare show, but it is all known behind the scenes.

Another coincidence will make you angry, but for the last three Sunday nights I have listened to the same sermon from three different ministers in two different churches. In two cases the same opening hymn was used and the language of the preachers and the illustrations were practically the same. I went to the two churches by chance, we say. The last one I attended I saw only a couple of hours before services began. I had not read any notices, but from beginning to end it was a matter of "chance."

I needed the first sermon, and came out of church in another mood from that in which I entered it. God rules supreme, said the preacher; be reasonable, and He will take care of everything. Do not cross a bridge before you come to it.

Be reasonable, said a different preacher in the same church the following Sunday, put aside all worry, take no thought for the morrow. Why look so far ahead? Perhaps you will be dead before those dreadful things happen. Have faith in God.

Be not over anxious, said the man who told us about the skeletons, be content with such things as you have, and the three men gave me the same discourses. Do you know how the world is governed? the spirits ask me often.

I know what is said of those who draw little morals from little things, but I have had so many of these coincidences for months that it seems I shall yet be forced to learn the lesson that there are two ways of governing the world—one way through legislation, for we have no right to play the cowardly sluggard, but a duty to change the social state until our laws harmonize with the new knowledge that the Spirit of God pours upon us from age to age, and another way that tells us of a Father who is watching over us and overruling our mistakes, and preserving us from dangers

we do not know of, and giving us our daily bread with punishment enuf becaus of our accursed selfishness in trying to heap up millions thru infamous laws that fill the pockets of one man and starv another. There is no waste in God's kingdoms. Look around you and see what is going on and you can judge of how much value the theories of our clod-pated "economists" ar worth. Waste everywhere, and it must be stopped.

Your cousin Sancho Quixote, often angry enuf at the folly of humanity, has estimated the value of ten to twenty times more buildings than he has ever put up, and he has done as well as 'his neighbors. He has sat in his office for weeks, yes, for months, figuring until the sight of a plan was loathsome. He has often known of from twenty to forty men, contractors and subcontractors, busy at the same work when he could have done it from cellar to roof himself, and he is far too intelligent to luv that system. He hates waste of effort. He has some belief that that we can get along without such "competition." The man who enjoys it is the ignorant man. Change your silly, swinish system into harmony with the stars, becaus that is what God wants us to do, and what demons and clod-pated political economists do not want us to do.

55. Ar acquired characteristics transmissibl? Hav you red the great Spencer-Weisman debate? No? Neither has your cousin Sancho, and littl did you or he ever think that the time would come when he would thus rub shoulders with the great ones of the erth.

" But some whom we past by in scorn
Ar crownd with high honors now "

'The fisical machine is inherited, and by thinking on certain subjects the nervs may be strengthened—or weakened as great men often hav stupid sons?—and then the angels will hav a better instrument to play on for the creation of mind, but as to whether Spencer or Weisman

is right Sancho does not pretend to know. He cannot in reason be expected to settle every disputed question. You will have to ask his friends, the doctors.

56. You have doubtless heard the story of the horse thief who had come to the end of his career. They were leading him out to be hanged and the Indian was there looking at him with the eye of an expert. He was as much interested in noting the bearing of the poor fellow as a vivisectionist is in watching the struggles of his victim.

He watched him keenly but there was not the quiver of a muscle. He marched proudly on to the gallows,—

"O what is death but parting breath;
On many a bloody plain
I've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again."

"He die game," the Indian grunted approvingly.

The doctors, as I have already said, die game, but I forgive them. They have studied many things but they cannot be expected to be omniscient. I would have been wiser to follow their advice when I rejected it, and so I forgive them—that is, all but one. I mean the man with the plethysmograph. The man who perpetrated such a word in these days when the dictionary makers cannot keep ahead of the free coinage of polysyllabic monstrosities does not deserve to be forgiven.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

"Put money in thy purse."—Iago a possesser man.

The growth of wealth and luxury, wicked, wasteful and wanton, as before God I declare that luxury to be, has been matched step by step by a deepening and dedening poverty which has left whole neighborhoods of people practically without hope and without aspiration. At such a time for the church of God to sit still and be content with theories of its duty outlawed by time and long ago demonstrated to be grotesquely inadequate to the demands of a living situation, this is to deserve the scorn of men and the curse of God. Take my word for it, men and brethren, unless you and I and all those who have any gift or stewardship of talents or means of whatever sort, are willing to get up out of our sloth and ease and selfish dilettanteism of service, and get down among the people who are battling amid their poverty and ignorance, old and young alike, for one clear ray of the immortal hope—then verily the church in its stately splendor, its apostolic orders, its venerable ritual, its decorous and dignified conventions, is revealed as simply a monstrous and insolent impertinence.—*Bishop Potter, New York.*

"There spoke," says The Voice, commenting on this part of Bishop Potter's speech at the opening of Grace Chapel, New York, "a courageous man and a sagacious church leader. Bishop Potter sees, as every man should

see, and as no man has any excuse in this day for not seeing, that the last twenty years in the life of this republic have developed a vast peril such as threatens us with a strain upon our institutions greater than that imposed by the civil war. For a condition of political freedom cannot exist in a land where industrial slavery has been established."

So say we all of us, so say we all. There is one way of getting out of the trouble and the Tories would be well enough pleased to adopt it—that is close the schools, and go back to the centralized Russian idea. They are being indirectly closed to tell the truth. There are more than 50,000 children of school age who cannot find seats in the rich city of New York. It must be the devil inspiring me, for while the "respectable" people say quiet things and tell us to hold our peace I find strong terms rising in my gorge. Don't speak of it. Don't seek to defend it. The thing stinks. Money squandered on high schools, colleges, universities, and 50,000 children cannot get even a primary education! It is the same in all the cities of the country and the wealthiest are the worst. The blustering continent! Women and children starved and crushed as they are in Europe, falling dead in the streets of starvation, and the blustering, flag-waving, selfish patriots are yelping of what their forefathers did in revolutionary times instead of doing something themselves.

The selfish cowards! For even in rotten Europe the wealthy are beginning to see their duty. Our rich men, says Bishop Spalding, will have to do their duty or perish. The ignorant well-dressed cowards who will defend the accursed wrongs done on helpless beings every day of the year. Yes, I know your shoddy, selfish patriotism, and I know the character of the men who are shouting for it, but I have been in a world where the mask is torn off all our high sounding pretensions. Look at Europe, look at Europe, they whine in their newspapers owned by men who are interested in the perpetuation of the system that is filling their

own pockets; they ar worse in Europe! As if this government were not a protest against the hole of the rotten fabric that is grinding down men and women on the other side of the Atlantic!

Carlyle tells us that a king of France before the revolution once stopt a funeral procession and askt what the man had died of. "Starvation" was the curt reply. The king rode on and so did the sentiment that brot his successor to the scaffold.

Men ar starving to-day in the cities of this continent, and our modern kings of shreds and patches ar riding on without taking the troubl to ask the question.

The new kings hav acquired power like the old ones. and like them they ar using it in the old way. But they hav become pious. They ar strong supporters of the church now. There is one consolation, however, and that is, that their kind of church-going christianity is not the kind taut in the New Testament. The Rev. Dr. Sprecher was about right when he said that there was nearly as much christianity outside of the churches as inside of them.

Our present industrial system is but another species of feudalism. The serfs hav votes, but they hav not yet acquired sens enuf to use them. They vote for their oppressors and whine when they ar starvd. If it were not for the women and children one could stand back and contemplate the picture with not a littl satisfaction.

How hav our shoddy kings acquired their power? There is littl use repeating the story. Every man of sens knows it from beginning to end. I will say one thing tho: not a man, not a woman of the millionaire class has died who would not giv anything to come back and lead a different life and make another use of the power voo had. A deep regret, sorrow unutterabl will possess them, I believ. Even if they go to heaven ar they not to see the effects of their life? Even if God casts our sins

behind His back ar we not to get a littl glimps perhaps, to teach us in order that we may teach others. Angels ar far higher than we, but they think, they feel, they ar not automaton.

Do you want to know the kind of men who ar paying some of these blindfolded, higher critical gentlemen to-day? When I w as among the spirits and my thots, often under their guidance, ran on some act of some great man, some disputed question, they would shout, "Socrates come forward," and then it was, "I, Socrates, deny the hole story." "I, Napoleon, deny that massacre at Acre." Now, then, after that fashion let the Mayor of Chicago stand forward.

Allusion had been made at a banquet of "our prominent citizens" to the incompetence and corruptibility of the city council, especially in the matter of granting street franchises, and on this point the Mayor said:

"Who is it that comes into the common council and asks for such privileges? Who is it who ar accused of offering bribes for such franchises? It is the same ones—the prominent citizens. I tell you these questions come home. Talk about anarchy, talk about breeding the spirit of communism, what does it more than the representativ citizens of Chicago? Is it men in the common walks of life who demand bribes and who receiv bribes from the hands of the legislativ bodies or the common council? No. It is your representativ citizens, your capitalists, your business men. Who is responsibl for the condition of affairs in the city of Chicago? Your representativ business men. If an assessor grows rich while in office, with whom does he divide? Not with the common people. He divides with the man who tempts him to make a low assessment, not the man who has the humbl littl hous, but the capitalist and the business man. These ar plain words, but they ar true."

Perfectly true, your Honor, now you ar excused. But

is it not a littl singular that whenever a working man has told the same truth he has been denounced by our "independent" press for a scoundrel, an anarchist, a man who is seeking to uproot all our beloved institutions that the fathers handed down? If I remember rightly that banquet, when, for once, one welthy man told the truth to his brother capitalists, was held on a Saturday night. Next morning these Christian gentlemen would likely enuf put on their best smile and go to hear the reverend doctor tell them of the lafest fase of the Pentateuch dispute. And there is another side of it. Their wives, good Christian women, ar sharing in the thieving. They ar drest in the best the land affords and ar noted for their charity, but they ar receivers of stolen goods. No, ladies, it will not work. You see, I am certain that it is all going to be judged on another standard than the Dun and Bradstreet and Wall Street one, and some of you who ar sailing pretty high now will be so much lower than many you smile at to-day, that you will not know yourselves.

I know how it is, becaus I had my past life turned up by a strange process, and it was not very agreeabl in some aspects. One thing, tho, that made me smile with a keen satisfaction thru it all was that I hav always spoken and voted and done my best to change the swinish system we liv under now to another where peopl would not need to starv or accept charity if they were willing to work, and another thing that made me smile more, was the fact that I had managed to get thru life without ever being tarry-fingered enuf to accept or giv a bribe. I merely throw that out as a hint. Verbum sap, again.

We ar not expected to deal with social questions, say some of our polisht frends in their sermons. Fau! Don't get any lower, pleas.

Social questions ar moral questions of the highest significance, and it is time that our ethereal frends knew it. Working men refuse to be deceived any longer.

It takes a long while for a question to come to a head, but after a certain time the trimmers have to take a back seat. The currency question will shortly after this writing be hot out on the floor of the great political conventions. Everything has been done to deceive the people and keep it in a state of see-saw, but the time has gone past for any more trimming, as even the cowards who have no convictions see. They are going to be forced to take sides. The time for sitting on the fence is past.

So with other social questions that are now surging over the world from Moscow to the Golden Gate. The time has come to take sides. For plutocracy or against it? One or the other. For the plain doctrine of Jesus Christ that, the cowards in pulpits are blinking at to-day, or against it? For God or Mammon, one or the other.

Let us hear another spirit. Lady Henry Somerset and the present Mayor of Chicago seem to be in accord on social questions. We are bound to come to our own some day when even the wealthy are telling the truth. In speaking at the Art Institute of Chicago, Nov. 9th, 1893, she said:

"Christianity, I believe, means to face the questions of the day as Christ did. Descend the marble steps of your great churches and go down into the market place. Stand there for once face to face with human beings. Come out from the world of fashionable Christianity; see the wan and pallid faces of factory girls pinched in the poorly paid service of some pillar of the church. See the backs bending under the burden of unrequited toil; come down and see the life that is, and in all its changing phases assume the attitude that Christ would have done in the same circumstances. That alone is Christianity.

"How do you suppose Christ would view the prevailing social distinctions? I can think of Him watching here in Chicago the long lines of carriages with their occupants as in our land frittering away the hours of all the

long day to obtain the flimsy greeting of some favorite of fashion. How would Christ look at the big banquets supplied by unpaid labor? How, standing in the aisles of fashionable churches and seeing those there who believe that they have done the civil thing to heaven in exhibiting for a brief hour their dressmakers' triumphs there? How if from there He might wander into one street in White-chapel district, where there are forty saloons in the space of one-fourth of a mile, and where all day on their dirty windows are the moving shadows of thinly clad women with babies on their arms? Yet such things exist and are ignored by the Christian people of to-day. If it were not so where would be the women walking the stony streets of shame? If Christianity were what it should be, necessary evil would be a term unknown."

That is just what the socialists say and the fashionable Christians despise them, forgetting that Christ was a communist even. They believe involuntary poverty can be abolished, and so do I, because I believe in the New Testament.

What a race of ignorant men we have in our pulpits to-day! Charity, charity, charity from people who are morally stealing, and speak of justice and they will not listen. They will go down on their knees before a scoundrel who is crushing the life out of hundreds, if he is rich enough to give a large subscription to some church and smile on him to the end. Tell him the truth before you take his money! Why don't the masses go to church? Some of these men, —but what's the use again?

It is, indeed, a bad business. Bishop Potter speaks of the church, otherwise the men and women composing it, deserving the curse of God if it fails in the present emergency. The Rev. Wm. Barry says it will be an evil day for the church if she is not ready with an answer to the questions that are rising in the minds of all men now.

The curse of God must be a very serious matter not to be lightly spoken of. Before I had read the Bishop's speech I had felt something of the sensation that might accompany it if such a thing is possible. Can it be that we curse ourselves when we break His laws in our infernal greed?

They had me strongly under their influence and said to me,—“Unless you do such and such a thing in such a time God Himself will curse you.” Wicked, blasphemous, but you hear worse on earth, it may be, and hold your tongs.

Whether they filled my mind with something of the feeling that might be supposed to affect anyone in such a case I do not know, but that seemed about the worst few minutes I had. I remember saying in a kind of helpless terror, “Not that! Not that! Anything you like but that!”

Zion's Watchman, a religious paper said lately,—“Wear living in an age of expectancy. The world wide agitation and political complications seem not to adjust, and imminent and inevitable catastrophe, perhaps world wide in its results, is impending.”

A writer in the same paper says: “The political turbulence of the world is a sign of danger. Pessimists and optimists, scientists and philosophers, politicians, potentates and people, and financiers in the press, secular and religious, all stare and stand agast at the necessary ‘peace (?) measures’ which are exhausting the nation.”

How are our ministers as a body getting ready for the change which is coming, and for which so many are consciously preparing? Let the answer come from one of themselves. In a review of a newly published book written exclusively for preachers, the New York “World” says that the keynote is in the sentence “We recognize in ourselves, in spite of ourselves, a prevailing want of faith in the reality of God and heaven and hell, of the judgment and eternity.”

That is from the Rev. Dr. Gregory to his ministerial brethren.

The object of the book, says the "World," is to call up in the mind of the preacher the living faith of the dark ages.

Well, we need a living faith of some kind, and plus the science of the nineteenth century it would work miracles.

The truth of the matter is that many of these men do not know how working men are living. Still allowing them to speak for themselves take the following statement from a reasonable man among them that shocked me when I read it.

Speaking of the poverty of Christ, Dean Farrar says, "His poverty was not indeed, the absorbing, degrading, grinding poverty which is *always rare* and almost always remediable."

We are prepared for anything in these times, but that sounds cool! A judicious course of starvation is what some of these men need. I saw the statement in an edition of his "Life of Christ" published in this country in 1893. He wrote that with London at his elbow. I heard him preach in Westminster Abbey when General Booth's book shocked the aristocratic, well-fed gentlemen of "Merrie England." Shockt them for a time,—that was all.

If Dean Farrar has changed his opinions on the question of poverty he ought to strike such a sentence out of his book pirated or otherwise in this country. Almost always remediable, is it? Such a statement is a bitter pill for a good many men who have been crushed while the Dean sits in his comfortable study, and the worst of it is that it could be duplicated a thousand times over from the writings of Christian men. Foxes have holes, birds have nests, and Deans have deaneries.

He says in his book "Eternal Hope" that he felt glad to think that Christ never used the harsh language in

speaking of unfortunates that Carlyle did. We might reply that we are very glad indeed to think that Christ would never have been so blind to social conditions as to use the kind of language that Dean Farrar does with respect to people who walk the streets for months seeking for work that they cannot find.

We might also reply that there are many bishops, deans and dignitaries in the Church of England who would not hold the fat positions they have now, and Dean Farrar may be one of them, so far as I know, if they had told the truth as Carlyle did. I have often thought of late months that if I had to depend on our leading churches for my conception of Christianity, I would risk the evolutionary future, and I have as fair an idea of what is in store for those who do so as most. Oh, yes; we have seen the deaneries and the rectories, and the ecclesiastical palaces of "Merrie England" and likewise of "Merrie America," but we have also seen Whitechapel, and the slums and dens of the new, selfish continent. And remember, if you please, that Sancho Quixote has no complaint to make for himself except in so far as the evil conditions effect us all.

It has always been the same. Take your stand in that window with Madam de Stael and her friend, and see the deputies sweep past on the way to save France. The princes of the state and the princes of the church march along in their gorgeous habiliments, and then, says Louis Blanc, *injureusement separes des eveques en rochet et en camail, les plebeiens de l'eglise, les cures* follow in the train of their great superiors, the wealthy priests who preached the gospel of Him who became a carpenter. When the time of voting came the faithful cures who knew something about social conditions voted with the common people who heard Christ gladly, and the nobles and the "higher" clergy fought hard to retain the unjust privileges that were crushing France in the mire. They fought as hard

as their welthy brethern the bishops, do in the neighborhood of Westminster to-day, but they were down'd. The spirit of Christ must triumph in spite of the evil work these men ar doing to-day.

Their theories, as Bishop Potter says, ar outlawed by time. "Sancho," said the old knight to his foolish squire, "there ar no birds in last year's nests." Poor Sancho could not understand why the pilgrimage should not continue, and many of our cultured friends ar busy discussing the "classics" while their fellow beings starv and wondering why it should not go on. Talk about possession! These men ar possess'd by the devil of cultured selfishness. They build their souls a lordly plesure place and tell us to be quiet. Peace? Peace? Too late, gentlemen, too late! You liv in the wrong day. Queen Anne is ded.

Now as in the days preceding the abolition of slavery the ministers ar at the tail end of the procession. Embassadors of Christ indeed! And the pillars of the church fleece the poor wretches over whom they hav acquired power, and it goes on and they smile and build brick and mortar and call it Christianity. "We ar all," I herd one of them say. "hammer or anvil." Hammer or anvil! A truly great thing is larning.

The troubl is that our conception of the social paradise is a littl too exalted to suit the taste of those who ar living on stolen goods. "There is no more foolish idea," said the first minister I listened to after I left the hermitage, "than that environment can make men." It helps wonderfully, but you see this gentleman gets twelv thousand dollars a year besides other prequisites, and he goes to Europe for three months annually. His environment is plesant enuf, you will observ. But in the city in which he preaches hundreds of children ar starvd to deth every summer for want of food and fresh air. Environment might help them a littl. Don't you think so? What

do you think of putrid, blinded churchianity? No wonder working men stay away from church. It is as rotten in some respects as the Roman Catholic church was before the reformation.

Sacred property is clearly thretend once more in the history of the human race, and the fight is to be a serious one. The ministers hav been preaching luv and it does not seem to work so well as it should, perhaps becaus they hav been denying justice which is included in luv. They shout luv, and they will not giv even justice. There is something wrong. Suppose we try justice and see if luv will spring out of it. Giv every man justice and who will escape whipping? True, true, very true, gentlemen, and you would dance as lively as the rest of us it may be.

Why ar working men staying away from church in such numbers? Just look at the matter calmly. Look back at any of the great movements in human history. Can you point to one that happend without a caus? The movement of working men away from the church has been great enuf to be entitled to a place in contemporary history—even the ministers acknowledge that—Is there not some reason for it? Don't you suppose that they ar getting tired of your ecclesiastical red tape and ten million dollar cathedrals? What a glorious conception that was, to be sure!

"What do you think of royalty, sire," askt a lady of his Majesty one day. "Madam," was the reply, "that is the business I make my living by." And for the same reason I approve of cathedral building from the selfish standpoint, but with Christians living where they cannot get a breth of fresh air? Hush! I wish we had Paul to settl these questions for a few hours. I like fine buildings and look forward to the time when we shall hav something like the faith of the middl ages that reard the glorious buildings we admire to-day, but in the city of New York? And now? Clearly the devil is at work.

What is to be the end of the fight that is even now going on in the United States between the haves and the hav-nots in spite of the frantic denials of plutocratic journals and magazines? Henry Norman, who distinguished himself in the Venezuelan difficulty writes an article in Scribner's Magazine for April, 1896. He tells of a conversation he had with a man "who from his personal character, his intimate acquaintance with all parts of the United States and his position as the most responsible and conspicuous person in the country engaged in the official maintenance of good order was the highest authority on such a matter." Mr. Norman asked this very distinguished man, who appears to bump his head against the stars, whether he did not think the most terrific fight that has ever been known between the haves and the hav-nots was destined to take place in the United States.

"Yes," he replied, "but we will win."

"That order will win," comments Mr. Norman, "is certain, but is it not astonishing that no one seems to be preparing for the conflict?"

Win what? A pig's paradise, for that is just what America would be if some of these fine gentlemen had their way. Win the right to trample down human beings as has been done for so many centuries, that is what they are after. And those who are being trampled down now, know something of the past and are determined that their children are not to be made into manure any longer. Yes, there is no doubt about it, there will be a change or a conflict. Let us hope that it can be settled at the polls, the devil for loves war and his brood are shrieking for it to-day.

We are told that when a man became a Christian in the early centuries he laid down his arms if a soldier, but we live in changed times. The plutocrats may win—I scarcely think so—but even if they did their victory would turn to dust and ashes in their mouths sooner or later, for they

ar living and profiting by a system that makes evil spirits smile—if they ever do it.

What part ar the churches going to take in the great fight? It is to be "onward Christian soldiers," it appears, but which side ar they going to fight for? And ar they sure they ar choosing the right one? They ar turning their church parlors into armories and drilling their boys in order that they may be redy for the slaughter. On the one side of a street in New York is the hedquarters of the Salvation Army. On the other side, fronting it, is an armory three or four times as large. One or the other has to be stamp't out. Which?

Sancho Quixote made some ugly mistakes, but when he looks over the field and sees how his brother Christians ar comporting themselves he tries to feel cheerful. It was an eminent Christian who discourses charmingly on luv who started this rotten, boy-soldier, patriotic craze. He is welcome to all the credit of the invention. wonder where the inspiration for that brilliant con . . . ion of latter day Christianity came from?

There is something wrong. Luv thy neighbor as thyself is very, very plain. It would put an end to war in a very short time, and yet it seems we must carry out on American soil the ideas that hav curst Europe for centuries. Mr. Norman need not be so pessimistic; he need not mourn as those who hav no hope. We hav been making some "preparations for the conflict." Most of our largest cities hav armories like midieval castls and the knights ar redy to distinguish themselves as of old. A pity that men ar so easily trapt by the bait of welth, for the time comes when they hav to leav it.

How many "Christians" were shrieking for war with the United Kingdom the other day as if war were a light matter. What did Prince Eugene say about it in his day? "A military man becomes so sick of bloody scenes in war that in peace he is avers to recommend it. I wish

the first minister who is called to decide on peace and war had only seen activ servic."

But the warriors tell us that we don't understand Christianity. War they say, is progress. Peace means stagnation.

Take a trip to the frontiers of France and Germany and you see their ideal state. They ar now howling for the trifling sum of eighty million dollars to fortify this continent. They ar becoming anxious about their property.

Now, the statesmen of Europe ar fools in some respects, but they know enuf to let the United States alone. Which one of them would risk it and run the chance of setting Europe in a flame?—for the powder magazine is so built that a littl carelessness at one corner will set the hole thing in the air. Keep your minds easy, my warlike frends. Trust in God and do the right. There has never been a nation in human history that has trusted God. "Leav your insane asylum if you like, you fool," they said, "but you will only go to a larger one outside," and when our warlike Christians begin to shriek for blood after going to church to worship a God of peace and luv, I think it would be a good idea to roof in some of our large cities and call for the doctors.

The plutocrats cannot be allowed to grasp the hole erth. It will not do, for they would be as unhappy as Macedonian Sandy. Listen to another living spirit.

Come forward, Dean Farrar, if your ruffld fethers ar smoothd yet, and tell us all about Tiberius. The Dean marches forward and speaks his piece—

"The Roman Emperor Tiberius was the most power:ful living man; the absolute, undisputed, defied ruler of all that was fairest and richest in the kingdoms of the erth. There was no control to his power, no limit to his wealth, no restraint upon his plesures. What came of it all? He was, as Pliny calls him, the most gloomy of mankind. Rarely has there been vouchsafed to the world a more over-

whelming proof that its richest gifts are but "fairy gold that turns to dust and dross" and its most colossal edifices of personal splendor and greatness no more durable a barrier against the encroachments of misery than are the babe's sandheaps to stay the march of the Atlantic tide."

And yet our plutocrats are madder than old Tiberius. They will not learn the lesson. Like the Frenchified Prince that Thackeray tells us of in "Henry Esmond," they do not want to go to the sermon. They love power, and that was what Tiberius loved. Yes, yes, my logical, penetrating friend, they eat only one dinner like yourself, but don't you see the secret? It is power that is wanted.

But a great many men and women have begun to think that it is about time to draw a happy medium somewhere between the condition of Tiberius, Lucullus and several other deceased gentlemen of note, as it is as well not to mention names of our own illustrious monarchs, and that of the gutter men.

I would like to see the social state in such a condition that the man who was willing to work could easily have a house of his own, say of five or six rooms with a bath, and steady work at a good wage. All the rest is lether and primella. I would also like to see such a change as would compel those who did not work, being in good health, to starve. This is what the Apostl Paul wanted, but it sounded rather heretical, did it not? Your newspapers will fight that idea. Do you not supply the "capital?" They will say too in the face of starvation that the modest ideal I have set forth is attainable now for all who are willing to work, and observe all the copy-book virtues, but the scoundrels lie, and they know that they lie.

Carthegenian civilization perished in a night and what is there left of its glories? And not a few empires of the past have gone down in the dust thru brute selfishness and class laws. If ministers told the truth about what is

going on as the Mayor of Chicago did, there would either be better Christians in the world or empty benches in the churches. I am sometimes tempted to compare the demons with some of our smooth friends. They are not hypocrites. They know which side they are on.

I have often wondered in the past whether America would go down and Africa be chosen to carry on the great battle for a higher civilization.

I cannot believe it possible, but the brutal, cultured indifference to human suffering that characterizes so many of our leading men to-day, tempts me to think that the despised Negro would do the work better than his white brother, for it would seem that if he is given a fair chance he has a kinder heart, and that counts for a good deal in the settlement of economic questions.

I cannot believe it possible, because there are too many men and women now who are ready to give up any conviction they may have as soon as they are convinced that they are wrong. They want to do right, and I am sure that they will be led in the right direction, but so many of them are distressingly ignorant. They are too often led by the nose as tenderly as asses are, just through ignorance. God will lead us, but does He not, in the name of common sense, expect us to read and inform ourselves? The Bible is a good book, but it does not teach you directly how to make a steam engine or use electricity, and yet steam and electricity have changed the world and are fast making us brothers. Do you not believe that this is God's will? Books are cheap—buy a very few, or join a public library and get the rust rubbed off your hide. Voting is a serious business—a religious duty—take care for whom you vote. Satan must not be allowed to destroy another civilization.

If a millionaire believes that the present system is unjust and cruel and speaks out against it and tries to change it, you can accept his money for your churches with a clear conscience, for he is rich as you are poor—largely owing

to the system and not to himself, but if he is still engaged bribing, what on earth can you do but tell him to mend his manners at once or take the chance of marring his fortunes in the end?

It is very strange that so many ministers refuse to speak out on social questions. It is true that the best policy many of them can follow is to hold their peace, for as Professor Ely says, the ignorance on economic subjects among all classes is deplorable. But these questions involve so much that it is time for public teachers to take sides. Is it to be Satan or Christ? Satan fills men and women with pride, and they struggle like wild beasts to heap up millions and build fine castles and strive to excel one another in social entertainments, and in their mad haste they trample down men and women and turn their heads in another direction and go to church on Sunday. Wages are reduced till the entrails of the workers scream for mercy, and still there is no break in the swinish greed. The interest on watered stock must be paid if the heavens fall, and churches are to build. Do you say that the picture is overdrawn? It happens to be true in every word. The oppressors of the poor, those who grind their face, sit in the churches to-day that are built by their blood money.

What is the use of writing about it? They are defended thru thick and thin by their hired men, who with their wives are striving in their sphere to outshine their rivals, and thus the evil spirits gain at both ends thru luxury and starvation. "We don't care for your churches, Sancho Quixote," they said. "Satan is worshipped there regularly."

When I thought of some of the men who occupy the chief seats in the synagog and talk "business is business" thru the week, I had to acknowledge that they had some grounds for their sneer.

Here is one man who speaks out in church. Lyman Abbot said in a recent sermon,—“If religion is a delu-

sion we want to know it. No sweet lie is half so good as the bitter truth. I can understand the mental attitude of a Paine, or a Voltaire, or a Boilingbrooke, or even an Ingersoll, who says, "This religion is a grand delusion, a nightmare that priests hav invented to blind the eyes of men, a lullaby that has been invented to lull poor babes to sleep," and I can understand men who say that religion is an inspiring, a divine truth. But the man I cannot understand is he who sees this great issue and does not care. He is so busy with his stocks and bonds; she with her afternoon teas and social engagements, that they do not care whether there is a good God, whether there is a reveald Bible, whether there is an incarnate Christ.

If Christianity is true follow straight after it, and if infidelity is true follow straight after that. Face the issue; meet it like men.

That is the message of Elijah at the foot of Mount Carmel. Baal is still in the world, and God is still in the world. Surely there ar in America in public life, in charge of great newspapers, in not unknown pulpits, in social circles, in places of trust and power, not a few who need to be aroused by the profet's words: "How long will ye halt and totter between two opinions? If God be your God, follow straight after Him, and if Baal be your God, follow straight after him."

Most of us can understand language of that kind, and it can be herd from the mouths of hundreds of hard-working, zealous ministers who ar doing their best to improve the condition of those whom Satan has driven into the mud very often thru the instrumentality of the welthy peopl who sit in their brothers' churches and pray to the same God. You say the men and women who go down ar not Christians? Do you think it is a good way to win them to send them to the slums and starvation?

When Paul came near a city at one time all the Chris-

tians went forth to meet him. They were a frendly people evidently. When Coxey's army went thru the land with perhaps not a few Christians in it, tired and hungry and weary of the struggl, they were not allowed to halt in some of the towns and the newspapers sneerd and laft. In some respects we hav become a satanic peopl.

"There is no dout in my mind," says Bjornstjerne Bjornson, "that the modern state, whether you call it monarchy or republic, is a mere leag of the powerful to keep their hold upon the good things of life." No flout in the minds of a good many others either, Bjornstjerne.



CHAPTER XXVII.

AN ANGEL ASKS ME, "WHAT DO CHRISTANS MEAN?"

One of my plesantest memories is a short conversation during a lull in the storm. A woman's voice spoke to me—a sweet, strong voice full of courage that made me ashamed of myself as it askt the question—"What do Christians mean?"

We had been conversing on social problems and the question came in a kind of a wondering, astonisht way as if the conduct of Christian peopl was past speaking about. I believ that is a common question among our unseen frends. Do you really think that I hav spoken too strongly in the last chapter?

Take the "patriotic" question. I find that I am far too

idealistic. I red a littl speech this morning in which one lerned man spoke to others, and after assuring them, as usual, that by virtue of their lerning they were the salt of the erth, he threw out a few hints on patriotism. It seems, according to him, that the New Testament kind that refuses to recognizes boundaries is out of place. The men who believ in it ar dreamers, and so on. So be it. There is a kind of patriotism that is justifiabl and proper—the feeling that a rabbit has for its hole in the ground, and the luv for our country and our institutions if they ar better than those of any other nation, such a luv, for exampl, as a nativ of the best country in the world to-day—I mean Switzerland—may indulge in, but the shoddy kind, the fashionabl kind, the God bless our country right or wrong kind, is loathsome. And it may be too, in spite of the opposition of many church members, that the New Testament kind will yet win. The satanic patriotism that some loud moutht gentlemen ar yelling for to-day has turnd Europe into a military camp.

That is what I hav thot on the patriotic question for some years, and when I herd demons raging around me, to whom all countries and all languages ar alike, whose one object is to drag peopl down thru satanic patriotism or by any other means, I felt just a triff bitter over the yelpings of those men who, if they could succeed, would turn this continent from the high destiny that I believ God has laid out for her if she walk in His ways—the destiny to bind the peopls of the erth together and to form so many ties of relationship with Europe that from every city and from every hamlet on both sides of the Atlantic a stern protest would rise up from those who had any regard for Christianity at the mere mention of war, so that at least one peopl would get a chance to show what Christian civilization might be unhampered by the curse of militaryism and so force the nations of Europe to their senses. But to follow Europe! What a low ideal!

I am rather tired of those persons who swagger around with a chip on their shoulder spoiling for a fight. Just suppose, now, to carry it to the limit, that you were actually insulted. What, then? A war after the old brutal Roman idea? Force, according to an editor whose opinion I read lately, has always ruled the world and always will. When I come to believe that I will quietly take hold of the New Testament and the Old likewise and tear them to pieces, and pitch them in the fire. I like to be on one side or another. God says love, men say force, and we know what a hell they have made of this world to millions through their satanic ideas. I would like to try it by the other route.

And so with the millionaires. It is not likely that they will pay much attention to what I, or any one else, may say; but suppose they repent, who has a right to say a word of their past mercilessness? Nobody, according to good sound scripture. But if they still send their brazen-jawed, conscienceless attorneys to defeat the will of the people by bribery and scoundrelism and they fatten off the spoil what can we say?

I believe, then, that these great beings who are around us often ask themselves, "What do Christians mean?" Thousands and tens of thousands of them are doing everything they should in a way that makes us ashamed of ourselves but they have little power compared with their wealthy brethren in a worldly sense, although they hold the commonwealth together, but the plain truth is that if one in ten of the nominal Christians in the United States were to live the doctrines of the New Testament even approximately, there would be a revolution in our civilization before the end of one calendar month. As for the millionaire Christians they could build the city of God that Bellamy told us about, but that's a sore subject. The most of them would rather build a castle in the wilderness. They are too ethereal to walk in the ways that Paul pointed out. They

ar the monks of the new time and want to leav the rude world with all its strife behind them.

"O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of successful or unsuccessful war
Shall never reach me more."

"Our nation," says "Zion's Watchman," "is fast growing away from God, and the only way to turn aside His judgments is to lead our peopl to honor Him."

Special providences you don't believ in, you say, and so say I. Natural law holds the field, and that is what the demons told me many a time when I did not like to hear it in their sens, but in a higher sens it is true, only we must understand that what we call special providences ar open to every one if he supplies the conditions—there is nothing special about that, only some men will not supply the conditions. No, my frend, the Bradstreet standard is not the only one, and a man to your eyes unsuccessful may come out at the right end of the horn in the long run.

And natural law perhaps reaches further than we imagin. Suppose an answer to prayer is only a part of a natural law? Prayer should bring calmness, and demons lose their power if we remain calm.

"All is of God! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till with a smile of light on sea and land
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud."

What do many Christians mean, judging by the stand they take on the question of intoxicating liquors? How many abstain for the sake of those who ar not strong enuf to withstand the temptation? Do you know what kind of a hell they create?

I used to wonder how it was that drunk men could act and talk as they do, but now I know how it is done. They put their nervs in the proper condition for evil spirits to be abl to control them. When you see a man rolling

along drunk you see a man possest. The demons use him to do their work. Some ar abl to resist, others ar not.*

Here is what Cardinal Manning said on the subject,—
 "For thirty-five years I have been priest and bishop in London, and now I approach my eightieth year. I have learnt some lessons and the first thing is this: The chief bar to the working of the Holy Spirit of God in the souls of men and women is intoxicating drink. I know no antagonist to the good Spirit more direct, more sutl, more stelthy, more ubiquitous, than intoxicating drink. Tho I have known men and women destroyed for all manner of reasons, yet I know of no caus that affects man, women and child and home with such universal and stedy power as intoxicating drink."

And in France, too, the land of moderate drinking, things seem to be moving crab-fashion. Leading Frenchmen are becoming alarmed over the ravages of strong drink as any one may easily find out. The following quotation from the "Health Magazine," Baltimore, will serve as an illustration of what is going on: "A writer in France says that the manufacture and consumption of alcohol in that country is degrading the people mentally, morally and physically, and filling the hospitals, asylums and prisons. These physical wrecks bring into the world miserable offspring which inherit a weak body and soon show the tastes of their parents. The great danger seems to be in the consumption of liquors made from essences,

* On the 16th of September, a man killed a child in the streets of New York with a single blow of his fist. He was a well behaved man, industrious, and had never been arrested before. He had swallowed a few glasses of beer at most, and the tragedy happened shortly after. He was possessed for that short time. It was not he who struck the blow, but the demon who possessed him. He did not know anything about it when he came to himself next morning. It was but for about five or at most ten minutes, as described in Chapter XIV. It is possession, and they catch a good many who drink.

Some cases of kleptomania are explainable upon the same theory—a sudden impulse and the mischief is done, and the victim does not know how it happened altho the nerves must be in a certain state before the demons get the power.

and especially absinthe, which is said to be as fascinating as it is harmful. If the government would take entire control of the manufacture of alcohol and forbid the making, importation and use of dangerous essences, the evils of drinking in France would be very much lessened."

That would help to some extent, but whatever may be said of Latin countries, there is only one solution to the question among English-speaking people, and that is absolute prohibition. I have always believed that this was the sole cure, but have looked upon government control as perhaps the only thing that was practical at present. I have learnt some lessons lately and one of them is to go to the root of the drink curse by abolishing the traffic. But what do Christians mean? Paul has much to answer for in that little advice he gave Timothy. It has been made the excuse for customs and debauchery that would make his hair rise if he were on earth now. The stuff they drank in those days was not to be compared to our fiery compounds, but the excuse holds. Paul has much to answer for, because, according to my view, verbal inspiration will not work.

And what do they mean with their planchets, their crystal gazing, their medium visiting, their table tipping, and all the rest of the evil work? I am deceived, thou art deceived, he is deceived, we are deceived, you are deceived, they are deceived. I have given my own experience regardless of the experience of others. If they find nothing but good in their investigations, so be it. I know the source of their information and yours too when you inquire about your dead relations.

Now, in the name of common sense, not to say anything of Christianity, which side are you on? Satan worship or the worship of God? What do Christians mean? A good many seem to think that this is a sort of a play ground where they can do as they please, and yet every word we utter,

every thot we think, every action we commit, counts on one side or the other, and as the hole univers is bound together our influence spreds in a way that should frighten us occasionally. Suppose your sins ar forgivn and you escape the evolutionary struggl what about honor ? Read what Paul says on the subject.

Were you one of the bloodthirsty Christians in the late war scare? If so, did you realize that Satan was using you as a mouthpiece? Ar you building armories or drilling your boys to be soldiers? Can you think of Christ with a gun in his hand? Well, does the New Testament mean what it says, or is it a lie? Read Tolstoy if you will not read it. What do they really mean? Which side ar they really on? I never knew what the expression "fight like the devil" ment till lately. They fight with a savage earnestness for war, and hate, and a good many well-drest Christian men and women fight with them.

"Our boys" was the gloating expression I often herd from them, and my hart sickend at it, it was so like their jingo servants in the flesh, "our boys hav taken sides, and speak out in all places and under all circumstances. Why ar Christians so cowardly? Why is it necessary to pray and groan and sing hymns as you all do when our side does its work without any troubl?"

"You raise up even these spirits when you act after the spirit of Christ," was what I was told. We do not know. As I hav said I do not want to go to the evolutionary future, but our conduct here may help or hinder them there. It is all speculation. I know one thing, however, and that is. that if they were in our position they would work while we sleep, for good I hope, but on one side or another.

There is no use shutting our eyes to the fact that we ar confronted with serious times. In the battl that is going on between brutality, and entrench welth and selfishness on the one hand, and luv on the other, which side ar

you on? It has either to be God or Mammon, and no amount of soft talk from welthy pulpits can change it. Luv thy neighbor as thyself, is far too plain for these gentry. Is it not rather singular that few ministers ar ever seen at workingmen's meetings, or that few of them read workingmen's papers? How did it happen that in the erly church there was such a frendship between the common peopl and their teachers? And what is the matter now? As I hav said, I think there is going to be a revival of faith that will lead to works, but insted of thanking the ministers for it, as a class, we should rather turn to the advanct political economists who hav shown us that God is luv, that He has sent enuf for us all, that parson Malthus was inspired by the devil, and that only a brutal, swinish, Roman conception of society has brot us to our present state insted of the conception that came from Nazareth. Read the fifth chapter of James and see if there is a socialist of them all who goes further, read "Luv thy neighbor as thyself," and then think of what it would mean. Many a man has turnd his back upon Christianity in these days becaus he has mistaken some clothes-rack in a pulpit for the gospel. It is a mistake. You do not need to depend upon them. Read the democratic book yourself—the book that puts the pretensions of our shoddy, oppressing plutocracy to shame.

There ar some now-a-days who speak of the second coming of Christ. For any sake let us put the hous in some kind of order first. Let us copy the erly church in some respects, at least. It was composed of "cranks," "fanatics," "enthusiasts," or whatever you pleas, but in the modern frase, they ment business.

Every man has his price, is a doctrin I hav herd preacht hundreds of times in this country, and I hav stedily denied it even while I had no obligation as a Christian to do so. It is a doctrin of Satan—an accursed doctrin that would drag down any country if universally

believed in. What on earth do Christians mean? Read the reviews and you will find out to what a fearful extent bribery has gone. Read of the sums the great political parties are raising even now for corruption and make all due allowance for exaggeration, and you will begin to see where we are drifting, but there are more than seven thousand who have not yet bowed the knee to Baal. Deny the lying statement every time you hear it, and you will do a hundred times more good than some of the scoundrels who are waving a flag in one hand and accepting or giving a bribe with the other.

What do we mean by so much palm waving and twanging of harps and walking up the golden streets? We need a little bracing up once in a while, but don't you think we overdo the matter? There is so much around us that needs to be remedied that, bad as it is sometimes, I feel that I could not afford to go just at present.

When we drop thru the arch, like the pilgrims in Addison's strange and beautiful vision of Mirza, it will be time enough to begin palm waving. We are not yet near the arch as a civilization; we are not even out of the woods, and we ought to clear a better pathway for those who are to follow as the only men worth remembering did for us.

Behind all the mystery lies the wise purpose of our Lord. The earth is full of the glory of the Lord and the heavens show forth His handiwork. His love is greater than our comprehension. Happy are they, indeed, who, seeing to the full the poetry and the grandeur of our present life, open to the humblest in some respects as well as to the wealthiest, can look forward to the glory of the life that lies in the future when we shall scale the highest heavens, when the mysteries of to-day will be revealed to us, and we shall see that we, and not God, were to blame for most of our suffering.

"Till doth the weary spirit free
Thy God hath said, 'Tis good for thee
To walk by faith and not by sight.'
Take it on trust a little while,
Soon shalt thou read the mystery aright
In the full sunshine of His smile."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE TIME SPIRIT AND AU REVOIR.

Mgr. D'Hulst, than whom no prelate is more highly esteemed in Europe, says, "Every epoch has its moral crisis. Ours manifests itself by a weariness of spirit, which no longer knows how to grasp at truth, and which is dismayed when the plain truth is revealed. The difficulty of believing has reached the masses and has become ignorance and contempt of the invisible. The result is a great moral chill.

"The unbelief of the masses freezes the atmosphere which we breathe, and even renders more difficult for enlightened souls that belief which explains life, that hope which consoles it and that charity which makes it fruitful. Those who have brot about this state of things have committed a grave crime. They are beginning to be conscious of it, but they hesitate to confess it and they are powerless to repair it. Reparation will come by means of men of great faith. The next century will give birth to saints, and their action will have boundless effect, since it will confound those who have utterly forgotten the gospel."

" The Zeitgeist strides upon his way, oblivious to fears,
Down Fate's great turnpike thoroughfare that stretches thru the years.

" Beside this turnpike thoroughfare that stretches thorough the years
Lived Charles Erastus Gontoseed with numerous compeers.

" And Charles Erastus Gontoseed with terror stood agast,
The Zeitgeist traveled at a gait so reckless and so fast.

" So Charles Erastus Gontoseed stood in his onward track
To rest with the Zeitgeist and persuade him to hold back.

" The Zeitgeist saw not Gontoseed; his look was far away,
But left behind his trampled form mired with the mire clay.

" Beside this turnpike thoroughfare that stretches thru the years
Lived William Henry Schlammahed with numerous compeers.

" And his impulsiv temperament chafed in a restless way,
The Zeitgeist traveled at a gait so lumberly and slow.

" So William Henry Schlammahed, the boldest of his race,
Stole in behind the Zeitgeist to accelerate his pace.

" Stole in behind the Zeitgeist to accelerate his flight,
And lunged against the Zeitgeist's back and pushed with all his
might.

" The Zeitgeist traveled on his way rapped in eternal peace,
And no one saw his rate of speed perceptibly increase.

" But Schlammahed he pushed so hard his nervous system broke,
And he lay stretched a victim to an apoplectic shock.

* * * * *

" The Zeitgeist times his marching over mountains and ravines
To the music of an orchestra that plays behind the scenes.

" Tho we hear not that high, far strain, we march with all our peers,
To the music of the footfalls of the Zeitgeist thru the years.

" And the music of those footfalls, tho we know not what it means,
Is the music of the orchestra that plays behind the scenes."

—SAM WALTER FESS.

From the *New York Sun*, by permission.

The Zeitgeist, as you see, is a peculiar kind of a being. He is very powerful, but in spite of the abuse he can be persuaded to go fast or slow or turn his nose in such and such a direction if he is approached in the right way. He seems to be going in the right direction now, but the editors say he must never be allowed to step over the red mark they have drawn across his path. They are powerful men, but he may be a little too strong for them. We shall

watch the struggl with much interest. He is making things lively in all corners of the world now, in politics and religion and there ar many comfortabl souls in church and state who do not luv him, but he will not rest until something happens.

And he is leading us in the right direction too so far as our future destiny is concernd. There ar perhaps some who read this book, who like myself before my fight, hav ceast to believ in the divinity of Christ. Argument is of comparatively littl use with them. We ar endowed with reason certainly, and we ar expected to use it, but we do not understand everything, and it is becaus everything is not made plain that many ar forsaking the old paths and laying up troubl for themselvs in the future. Tosuch I would only say—Never mind what the great men tell you: Read the New Testament and judge for yourselvs. Lay aside the commentaries and ask yourselvs if the men who rote the books were liars or honest men. Could Christ hav been deceivd as to His mission? Read his words and judge for yourself whether they ar the words of a man who did not know what he was talking about. Were the men who wrote of His resurrection liars? You do not believ in inspiration, you say, but yet a kind of inspiration goes on every day in your own hed. Suppose the general meaning of the Bible is plain why troubl yourself about technicalities? Consider the matter carefully and then read the extract from Dr. Abbot's sermon and take sides.

Plenary inspiration is nonsensical according to my view. I thot when I came into contact with the hiddn beings that I would be abi to take my pencil and begin shorthand writing and lay some wonderful books before you, but the idea makes me laf now. You see, it did not work. The book I hav ritn has cost me troubl. "God does not want mediums, "I was told one day, "He wants men." Precisely so, He does not want machines; He

wants free-will agents who think and choose for themselves, who come to understand certain facts and tell of them in their own way. "Do not think for a minute," they told me again, "that if you were a medium in our power only, and not in that of your enemies as well, that you would hav an easy life. We would make you do things for Jesus Christ's sake that you shrink from now." That is just it. The good angels, like the demons, mean business, and look upon our playing as we look upon that of children.

"You will add a new book to the Bible," the other side told me. Certainly, and I hav done it. The Bible is being added to every day. Every book publisht with sound views, is in a manner, as this one is, a new book added to the Bible, altho that stands alone as recording certain facts. Ar Christians mad? I hav often askt myself. Is God's Holy Spirit not pouring knowledge upon them every day? We ar all inspired. I came to understand certain things during my fight in a way that surprised me, but I hav told them to you in my own language. Small mistakes may hav been made but the main points ar true. So with the Bible, I believ. Christ was crucified in a city of 200,000 inhabitants and it was not done in a corner. The men who wrote the records of His life were helpt in their work. They told the truth as it came to them, or as they saw it, in their own way. They were not machines or mediums, but men. It is God's wish that we should manage this world ourselvs, but He leads us further on as the ages roll past.

The Sermon on the Mount, I hav red, was very likely reported in shorthand.

Never mind the fashionabl churchianity that is around you. There is a good deal of Christianity in the world yet, and besides, each man has to stand in his own shoes without taking the hypocrisy of others as an excuse for his own infidelity. Judge for yourself. In politics, reli-

gion, science or anything else get all the information you can on both sides and then form your own judgment. The world is overflowing with lerned fools with college degrees. The most of them grow their eyes among their back hair. Judge for yourself.

I know, whatever others may say, that we are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses, the one side trying to raise us up, the other trying to drag us down. It is likely that Christ walkt thru the world and saw them—that is Dr. Hepworth's opinion, and it seems reasonable enough, at least for the years of His ministry. I know that they are very much in earnest and that we sleep. Now, then, in view of this fact which is so impressiv to me that many of our little worries vanish into nothingness, I would like to advise those who are not of the household of faith to be warned in time, and it not a professional exorter who gives this advice, but one who has not given much of the same kind in past years. We all get warnings, more or less, and this is another to you.

It is a stranger world than you think. I wrote all this book in shorthand, but as I went on typewriting it from day to day I sometimes added a few paragraphs. I would write on without looking at my notes, and after I turned to them I would often find that I had ritten a hundred words or more almost the same as lay before me in the shorthand that I had not yet read. A few of the words might be changed, but the ideas were the same. You may say that writing on the same phase of the subject I unconsciously chose the same words, but it lookt strange to me to see the words on the two papers almost the same after lying unread for weeks or months. Can M. Sarcy's theory explain it?

There are dozens and scores of sentences woven in the course of the narrative that I received from voices, by ritting on the brain, or by telepathy. What does it matter whether they are of high or low quality or no quality at all?

The interesting thing is that they came. From whom? There has been my trouble to decide very often.

In writing the last chapter, for example, I spoke of their being too much time devoted to palm waving and twanging of harps, and as an illustration I had partly written "We are something like Sterne, who whined over a dead donkey, and neglected to relieve a living mother, when we go into raptures over the future and neglect our fellow beings." Then it struck me that although the illustration was good in one sense it was bad in another. It is not exactly right to speak of joyous anticipations of heaven in the same breath as whining over a dead donkey. Who suggested the illustration so apt to express my meaning in one sense but of such bad odor in another? I know.

"Their defence of the present condition of affairs is neither more nor less than the outpourings of impudent rascality." Where do you suppose the last four words came from? I was thinking over social problems one day and they came on the brain as the French did. For what purpose? Sent by which side? Does it do any good to tell the truth to the millionaires and their educated lackeys, or is it just as well to smile and let the children die? We know what the truth is. After accepting the gospel doctrine are we supposed to speak out or to hold our tongues? Where do you suppose "educated lackeys" came from? It was down before I thought of it, but it is true. Does it do any good to tell the truth or shall we smile while scoundrels bribe and the children die?

Grand, indeed, will be our destiny if we receive the Gospel of Christ as little children and live as He would have us. If we lay aside this false, intellectual pride which has ever been the bane of the human race, we shall likely enough look back over our life on earth after we have crossed the line that separates us from the invisible world and wonder at our folly in priding ourselves upon the petty scientific trifles that charm us now.

How a man can be an agnostic has always been beyond my comprehension. Napoleon pointed to the stars when his officers wondered if there was a God. Look up at the stars and be assured that they did not grow of themselves any more than you did.

And now with my opinions unchanged on the subject of fashionable churchianity, and fashionable ministers I, like many others, have to thank that Christianity which to-day keeps our weary old world from becoming completely rotten. The best Christians are those who do their work in the world and are seldom heard of, while the honor often goes to the ecclesiastical flag-wavers, but there is another court of appeal where a good many of our judgments will be reversed.

I have told the truth in this book. It has all happened just as I have described it, although to tell it fully would take half a dozen volumes, but it would simply be a repetition of what I have repeated perhaps too often with the idea of driving the lesson home. The enemy in our case is not only at the gates, he is within the citadel and he has murder in his heart.

I have a great many pleasant memories of the struggle: it was not all one-sided, but it is needless to say that I do not mean to meet my friends again in any other way than God has been pleased to arrange until we meet face to face, and I have come out of it with the consciousness that but for the help we all receive every hour of our lives, I would be up to the neck again, and that is worth something,—

"I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on,
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years."

I had a deep conviction that I would come out of it scared a little, perhaps, but still fit for service, and this

held me up. I might as well thank some of our advanced political economists for the grand conception of God they are spreading in the world, for if I had not learnt the lesson they taught me I would not have had the trust in His goodness that comforted me in trouble. The ministers are not the only preachers. They often tell us of a God who gives one man a hundred million dollars and starves his neighbor, and that conception of God does not commend and never has commended itself to me. The new economists tell us of a God who has provided sufficient for all of His children, the just and the unjust, as soon as they will change their laws into harmony with His and do justice. We know in whom we trust; but it is not the God that some of these men preach, nor in whom some of their women hearers believe.

The foregoing paragraph was written a week ago, and I had no intention of adding more to the book, but as some critic may still think I have been speaking too plainly just let me give the following editorial from the New York "World" of July 3rd. I have read a great many strange statements of late years, and heard some strange claims made, but such a piece of impudence as Mr. Rockefeller's assertion I have never come across. I give it as an illustration of the kind of God some men believe in. Mr. Rockefeller's wealth is sometimes estimated as high as \$150,000,000, all "earned" in a lifetime. And men willing to work often starve! Talk about insanity!

HEAVEN AND TRUST MONEY.

"In addressing the Chicago University Mr. John D. Rockefeller, one of the chief organizers and beneficiaries of the Standard Oil Company, made a claim to divine right as bold as any which has been advanced since the great controversy on that subject in the time of Charles I.

'God gave me my money and I giv it to the university,' said Mr. Rockefeller.

"This is to some a very alluring theory, and it is frequently advanc't now as it was some hundreds of years ago. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries there was at every cross-roads a captain of industry preying on commerce and taking forc't loans from trade, and out of the vast estates thus accumulated hospitals, monasteries and churches were built as a means of sanctifying the sistem and establishing its divine right to exist.

"If Mr. Rockefeller has from \$20,000,000 to \$100,000,000 that he has not ernd, every newspaper reader in the country knows that it is not the gift of Heven, but that it came thru the Standard Oil Trust, one of the most unscrupulous and rapacious monopolies ever organized. It has bot conventions, corrupted courts, bribed legislatures and done more to demoralize American politics than any other singl agency. Its principles ar depraved, its practices degrading, its success shameful, its impudence colossal.

"But no amount of impudence will ever convince any sensibl person that it is either the business partner or the beneficiary of God. Mr. Rockefeller must find a more plausibl theory if he wishes sane peopl to listn to him."

Yet, the theory is advanc't from not a few pulpits.

There ar thick skuld ministers in this country on their knees before this man. He builds churches, and that is enuf. If you want to know what the Trust he controls has done read Henry D. Lloyd's book, "Welth against Commonwealth." The oil he sells flows freely in rivers from the bosom of the erth. God has givn us such marvelous natural riches that it seems almost unnecessary to pray for our daily bred, and yet thousands starv. Did He giv Mr. Rockefeller a title deed to the oil? Or is it your laws that ar at fault? God will help us, I believ, but He

has no favorites--and it is not my belief that He makes millionaires. He seems to believe in equality among His children. He did not want the Israelites to choose a king, nor does He want the Americans. Oil kings are not made by God, but by fools republican and fools democratic.

The retail price of the oil that Mr. Rockefeller sells rose from 10 cents a gallon to 18 in a single week last year. Who gave the order for the rise in price? It is the old story of taxation without representation.

"The love of exercising power has been found to be so universal," says Buckle in his "History of Civilization," "that no class of men who have possessed authority have been able to avoid abusing it."

And yet there are thousands and tens of thousands of ignoramuses on this continent who believe that because the name of kingly power has been done away with that the thing itself does not exist.

"You cannot find any young Americans now," said a European professor, "with any self-sacrificing enthusiasm. All they care for is to make money."

That is carrying it too far, but what kind of young men and women listen to Mr. Rockefeller? Woe is me! Ichabod, Ichabod, the glory is departed. The poor, foolish young creatures should have interrupted the poor, foolish man and told him gently that he was far astray in his conception of God. He worships a supreme tyrant instead of a God of love.

It is laughable too. No wonder they discharged one of the professors of political economy at the Chicago University a year ago. He was guilty of telling unpleasant truths. He was rash enough to condemn the foul system we live under. He told of a God of love, not a demon. He spoke of a system which would help men to take better care of themselves, save thousands from starvation and destroy the power of Satan, and that doctrine is not popular among those people to whom the demon they worship has given

tens of millions wrung from starving laborers. But God makes the greed of men to praise Him and the sistem will yet be changed.

And when I think of those starving, shoeless men fighting to the deth for a principl, in the depths of winter at Valley Forge, and then think of the toadying to welth on the part of those who to-day sit secure thru their great sacrifice, their patient endurance, I wonder what some of our Mayflower gentlemen mean. But they lisnd to him and wisht they were in his shoes. Doing great good! A man clearly blest by the demon! What a conception of God men and women hav! And we speak of sending missionaries to the Sandwich Islands! Keep the good men at home for a week or two for they ar sadly needed. "These plutocrats," said Bishop Potter some years ago, "ar the enemies of religion as they ar of the state."

O, Kerosene Johnnie, Kerosene Johnnie, it's all so funny and so tragic too, for littl as you thot it, I am afraid that you stood upon that platform as the mouthpiece of Satan who is the enemy of God.

Off with his crown! So much for Buckingham Rockefeller, alias Kerosene Johnnie.

It may pleas you to lern that your sincere cousin, Sancho Quixote, who does not believ in lucky numbers, days and dates, has finisht this book of his on a Thursday in deference to your prejudices. You were doubtless afraid that he might run it over to Friday and cast a spell over you, but he is merciful, and knows you too well to attempt it.

"I dare say," writes William Makepeace Thackeray in one of his essays, "I dare say the reader has remarkt that the upright and independent vowel which stands in the vowel list between E and O has formed the subject of the main part of these essays."

Sancho Quixote dares say that his readers hav remarkt the same littl failing, but what was to be done? He has

been among folks who speak strait to the point and a somewhat indelicate, and he may hav fallen into bad customs. But, after all, how would "the present riter" style hav done? or "the one who is riting these pages?" It would not hav sounded like your cousin Sancho at all. Let it go as it is and be glad that we hav got to the end of it together, for Sancho's conscience troubl'd him until it was ritn. The style is not just what it might be, but he has ofen been glad to get thru it in any fashion, as he sometimes wonderd if he had any business going over the old ground insted of keeping his mind on something els, so let go and some day—!

And now your cousin Sancho Quixote says au revoir to you in a cheerful kind of a way. He has been spreiding ideas and that is the business you ar engaged in. The favorit copy-book maxim he likes is "Envy no man," nor woman either, for that matter, and he manages to liv up to it fairly well.

They sometimes askt him in the stormy days, in a jeering kind of a way, in order that he might contrast his misery with the happiness of others, whether, if the thing were possibl, he would not change places with so and so, but he always declined to entertain the idea. "Which highest mortal, in this inane Existence, had I not found a Shadow hunter, or Shadow hunted, and when I lookt thru his brave garnitures miserabl enuf? Thy wishes hav all been snift aside, thot I, but what had they even been all granted? Did not the boy Alexander weep becaus he had not two planets to conquer or a hole solar system, or after that a hole univers?"

Each one of us, millionaire or pauper, has to fight his own batl, and Sancho's lines hav, take it all thru, been cast in fairly plesant places. His chief worry comes from seeing thousands and tens of thousands of human beings used for manure to foster the growth of the rich and selfish, and he beliefs that trubl is bound to come of it.

America is not, as some seem to imagin, exempt from universal law, and God is greater than the plutocrats. He is no respecter of persons. Free silver ten times over will not help the class I speak of, and there will be savage injustice even altho you had prohibition ten times over, as well, unless you make some other changes in your laws.

Here is what a man rote lately of the poor of London and it applies just as well to the poor of America,—

"Almighty God, whose justice, like a sun,
Shall oorusate along the floors of heven;
Raising what's low, perfecting what's undone,
Breaking the proud, and making odd things even.
The poor of Jesus Christ along the street
In your rain sodden, in your snows unshod,
They hav no herth, nor roof, nor daily meat,
Nor even the bred of man, Almighty God.

"The poor of Jesus Christ, whom no man hears,
Hav calid upon your vengeance much too long.
Wipe out not tears, but blood; our eyes bleed tears;
Come, smite our damned sofistries so strong,
That thy rude hammer battering this rude rong,
Ring down the abyss of twice ten thousand years."

—HILAIRE BELLOC.

God is luv, but don't forget that He luvs those who hav been crusht down thru the accursed system some of His prominent Christians defend as they defended black slavery. Don't forget the next time you take up your daily newspapers and read the usual "smart" jokes over "Weary Waggk," "Dusty Rhodes," and the others, that it is perhaps possibl to carry things too far. You say that they deserv it, and so on, but you lie and in your inmost hart you know it. Perhaps we ar going just the least bit too far in our treatment of the submerged tenth. They refused to take warning in France and we know what came of it. The evil spirits ar around us here as well as they were around the French peopl there. God is luv, but

just remember that He is justice too. Don't sloop over in your discourses about luv. Let us hear a few on justice for a change. Justice in social laws, I mean, whereby a man will come to understand the "luv" you preach.

A book of this kind is sometimes necessary, but justice being attended to, preach luv and not dred. Only as my mind became fixt on the idea of a God of luv who would take care of me for the best, no matter what hapend, did I become strong enuf to endure, and I see to-day, that only as we teach luv will we be successful. Angels teach luv; demons teach dred, "and they magnify His strictness with a zeal He will not own."

And now let me conclude with some words from Edward Everett Hale. They stiffend my backbone when it needed some strength and as ideas rule the world they may help you. "Not a Christian?" "I'm sorry for it," quoth my uncle Toby Quixote. But luv is the cardinal doctrin of Christianity and thru that doctrin alone we shall conquer. But, in case you hav alredy forgotten it, the man who denies justice does not know what luv means. Luv is God. Justice is only one of His attributes, and yet many Christians to-day bitterly oppose justice while they whine about luv. But here is the concluding paragraf:

"You ar a prince of the blood. You ar a son, beloved, of the Almighty Power who rules this world and carries it on to-day. You can rule body and mind with an absolute control if you choose. If you wish and choose you will be in absolute confidence with your Father and in the closest relations with Him. Tell Him everything and take advice in all difficulties. Thank Him in all successes and go back to Him in all failures. You will use His Almighty Power then, for the sway of mind and body. You will be a fellow workman with Him."

TO THE REEDER :

If you like the speling in this book adopt it yourself without waiting for either the mosbaks or the milenium; if you think the book is wurth reeding tell your naibor about it, as I want to sell 50,000 copies in the United States alone, not to mention Europe. "Pour vaincre les editeurs, pour les atterer, que faut-il? De l'audace, encore de l'audace et toujours de l'audace!"