

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

YEAR 1912.

BAXTER SPRINGS, KANSAS.

FREE GIFT.

LESS BUSINESS AND MORE GOSPEL.

R. P. SHULER.

What a din of contending noises! Frenzied finance, money panic, watered stock, etc., to distraction. Such a wail has gone up of late from the dancers about the golden calf, who, unable to get their ear-bobs and other jewels from the fire of over-greed and misapplied confidence, get satisfaction in blaming everybody but themselves, that one's heart grows sick. Is it possible that gold is the only thing worth having? Is money all that's dear to human hearts? If not, why shake the foundations of human content with this fury of the storm? Let the misers whine, but men have something far more important to look after. And yet all must confess that money has become a great power with this generation, perhaps also the love of it a great evil. With persistent effort it has insinuated itself into every phase of life, has successfully made demands upon every calling and today stands watchdog at the front gate of every industry beneath the sun. Plenty of money and everybody's happy! Dirty urchins of the slums with light hearts and joyful faces chase each other over dirty streets with dirty pennies cheap

ed in yet more dirty fingers. Well fed gentlemen with polished diamonds and large red faces, slick and smiling, nod agreeably to the slaves about them to whom plenty of money has only one meaning and that is plenty work; and yet they ask only that and are happy with the rest of men. But let financial stringency come and the very faces of the earth take on the blues, while numerous prophets arise, whether true or false, to proclaim the final doom of meat and bread prospects.

To a limited extent money zeal has struck the Church. Great stress is being placed on the "business man" qualities of our preachers. A mission pastor is a man sent out to develop a field that will some day pay. A circuit rider is an authorized collector of Church funds various and numerous. A station preacher is a promoter of big building enterprises and gives a part of his time to raising large funds for incidental expenses. A certain President of a certain Mission Board in a certain conference has in his possession a well calculated table showing an estimate in dollars and cents of the returns to the church within the next fifty years from the home mission work of that board—dollars and cents, mind you! And don't you know, I have heard it intimated with strict confidence that the presiding elder, that largely expected

individual of fifty years ago, whose coming meant fire from heaven and a great revival in men's hearts, was now chosen expressly for his executive ability and tact in bringing up one hundred per cent of all assessed against his district. So note it not! I have run across of late a few little booklets, very neat in design and excellently printed, issued I suppose by men of authority, classifying the preachers of certain conferences as A. B. C. D., etc., according to the per cent of their benevolences collected. I have seen no booklets with like classification according to the number of souls saved or pure gospel preached, and yet if such were made a very different individual might stand at the head of the list. Classification on purely business basis seems to me to be getting very close to mammon in our effort to worship God. Our Captain sent us out to do a work very unlike that of the "business man" and requiring very little business ability in its accomplishment. He said: "Go preach."

"But your contention will land any preacher out of a fat job," said a preacher to me the other day. Very good! Then a fellow will be on a level with his Master for his was only a small circuit, caring more for the birds and foxes than for its princely pastor; yet he preached the gospel. And if He, the Master of men, gave any special commands, taught any definite lesson, or delivered any soul-winning parables with intent to develop the business turn of that body of fishermen about Him, they failed

to record them, and yet he fitted them in all things for fishers of men. His heart's desire seemed that they be great preachers, not even insisting in his instructions on too many pastoral calls of fifteen minutes each. A gospel was what the world needed and Christ meant to send it to the uttermost borders. The one business man among his followers turned out bad, while the purse he carried had never failed to inspire contention, and had at last no doubt been the main-spring behind the temptation which ended in the most ignoble scene the Church of Jesus Christ ever witnessed. Oh, business sense is all right and money is all right, and the Church needs them both, but it needs a little gospel now a great deal worse than either.

"Well, how's the money to be gotten?" By preaching such a great gospel, leading folks to such a great Christ, getting into their hearts such a great religion that this great money question will become as little as a pin head in comparison. It's such a big thing now that after we preachers carry up our ponderous reports and air them publicly, it takes us and our people six months to get over it.

We have to have regular blowing spells, much like tired horses on a steep pull. Did you ever hear of a sure-enough spiritual congregation, clean in life and pure of heart, who voted the dry ticket and paid their honest debts, who Sabbath after Sabbath heard from their pastor a very soul a great message, savoring less of theological doubt and more of knee-

bred faith, who didn't come up with the collections? And they didn't talk much about it, did they? They were too busy getting souls saved. Money was a mighty small fellow with them, and whether their preacher would have been worth a million had he not been a preacher had never entered their minds. He and money didn't get into the same idea somehow or other. Then why not place the emphasis where it belongs? Not a great collection, but a great gospel—a gospel like that which run and was glorified before twenty dollar gold pieces ever saw the light of a United States mint, or this modern cross between executive ability and business acumen minus power and prayer, took his stand 'mid paid choirs and empty pews, to dose out to a well-dressed city drive-out a few well-varnished thoughts of the other man. We need the twenty-dollar gold piece and can use it to the glory of God, whether we can the other piece or not, but what we need most is a gospel, I say. A gospel of no uncertain sound, a gospel through which there breathes the power of the Holy Ghost, a gospel, not the product of self-wise critics or the fruit of modern mental gymnastics, but the water of life that flows from beneath the throne of God and of the Lamb. Then will come a freshet through the streams of religious life. The old shout will ring as in the days when Wesley and Whitfield collected converts thru England and America, and were fearful lest the Church might take the money fever. The hallelujah would ring even in our city churches and

somebody might even shout or cry in an evangelist's revival, and best of all, under proper circumstances some emotion might grace a quarterly meeting and make us think of the fathers again.

Give us preachers who preach and Zion will prosper if all the banks bust. Yea, the corruption of finance, the greed of individuals, the robbery of corporations, the sin of earth and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her.

--- Texas Christian Advocate



FORCED TO DANCE WHEN ST. GEORGE POSSESSES THEM.

Strange Hysteria to Which Greek
Girls Have Been Subject for
Three Years.

Troad, Greece, Oct. 26. — "Come and see the girls dancing in the bean field," said a ploughman, running up to me one hot afternoon in June. "They are dancing because they can't help themselves, poor things. Saint George has got them in his power and keeps them hopping."

I was too busy at the moment to go. But the same evening a shrill outcry arose from the women's quarters.

Cries of "The girls are dancing again" were heard on all sides. Making our way to the room whence

proceeded the loudest hubbub, my wife and I found it filled with a crowd of shrieking, weeping, gesticulating women, in the midst of whom were the four afflicted girls, their legs, arms and bodies in twitching motion like those of marionettes. Two of them were executing a sort of slow dance, closely resembling the dance which they who are bitten by the tarantula are under compulsion to perform. A third was taking a series of terrifying 'headers' on the cement floor that might have been expected to break her skull, though strange to say, when the fit was over she appeared without a scratch or a bruise. The fourth was working her arms backwards and forwards with a kind of a sawing, Swedish drill-like movement.

That all were suffering great distress was evident from their staring, anxious eyes and laboured breathing. Clearly the first form of relief was to remove them into quieter surroundings. So we moved them out into the garden, away from the tumult of their agitated friends; and there, having in mind the origin of the Tarantelle, we first tried a lively dance tune on the piano. This proving unsuccessful we next had recourse to soothing suggestions, followed up by doses of valerianate of zinc. In less than twenty minutes their nerves had quieted down, the spasmodic movements ceased, and they were breathing quietly. They were convinced, however, that what they had suffered was due to no disease, but to the spiritual prompting of St. George.

Two days later, at about the same hour, all four had another fit. But our remedies acted even more quickly than on the first occasion, and since then these girls have had no return of the evil.

The neuro-hystero-psychic manifestations (if I may so call them) which we had witnessed have been epidemic for the past three years in the townlet of Yenishehr. The manifestations begin, it appears, annually about a week before the feast of St. George (May 7). Persons of all ages and both sexes are affected. The epidemic reaches its height on that day, but continues with diminishing intensity until the end of June. As the people do not deem it a disease, they do not call in medical aid.

The spirit of St. George being the cause of this marvel, it is believed that many of the 'possessed' become 'seers' and mediums for the working of miracles. Thus we are told that, on the indication of one of them, a well was dug in the rock under the vestibule of St. George's church and abundant water found close to the spot where it had before been sought in vain. The water in this well, they say, becomes troubled at times, rises to the surface and then again subsides. The well has a great attraction for the 'possessed', some of whom the people assert, jump into it, but do not reach the water, being miraculously sustained in the air.

It is also declared that the 'possessed' are invulnerable while the fit is on them, some having fallen from the flat roofs of their houses without be-

ing hurt. Setting aside these supernatural details, the case seemed to us to merit closer investigation; for here in our close neighborhood, was something that looked very much like a revival of the "dancing mania" that raged in Germany, Italy, and the low countries toward the end of the Middle Ages, and become known in Italy as Tarantism. So, accompanied by my niece, I drove over to the fountain head of the outbreak, a distance of ten miles.

Schoolmaster's Account Of It.

On arriving at Yenishehr (the ancient Sigeum,) we first of all inquired for Aiciblates Imbriotes, the head school-master, as being probably the most enlightened person in the place. He received us very affably, and replied readily to all our questions. But he spoke in subdued tones, explaining that he would rather not be heard by the town children, a large escort of whom had accompanied us to his door and invaded his lower premises.

"For I must tell you," he said, "that I refuse to believe in the alleged miracles, and attribute the prevailing epidemic of hysteria to some natural cause, of the nature of which I am ignorant."

"This in the third year since the epidemic began. The first person to be attacked was a married woman from the neighboring island of Tenedos who came here for the celebration of St. George's day. She seems to have communicated the mania to several

young girls. The following year she returned on the same occasion, fell into the same convulsions, and was imitated by a larger number of persons, this time including boys and men. This year the epidemic has been far more severe than in 1910. Beginning about a week before the festival, it culminated on St. George's day. I attended the morning service in the church, but there was no service, for the voices of the officiating clergy were drowned by the clamor that arose from the congregation.

"The 'possessed ones' to the number of more than a hundred, were scattered all over the church and caused such a scene of wild disorder as to upset my nerves. I thought I should have gone mad myself. It was more like an assembly of furious lunatics than a religious congregation. Such shrieking, shouting and groaning, such contortions and convulsions I never witnessed before, and hope never to see again. Some of the 'possessed' were striking their heads against the walls and the floor; others were climbing to the galleries and up the altar-screen like so many spiders. In a word, it was a pandemonium. All these poor sufferers should have been under the care of a doctor, who might have saved them from the heart disease which many of them contract in consequence of their prolonged and unrestrained frenzy."

After the schoolmaster we called on the parish priest, Pappa Charalampos. He believed that many of those who became 'possessed' were really 'illuminated' from on high. "By dint

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New Year's Greetings

Chas. H. Parham, Publisher

Baxter Springs, Kansas.

A Happy New Year To All.

May this be a year of mighty purification from wild-fire, fanaticism, flesh, sin, disease and death, and a glorious upward heirship whirl towards Immortality—Redemption.

We are in the time of threshing; one wind of doctrine succeeds another, driving the chaff from the threshing floor, to eventually leave the wheat by itself on the Solid Rock.

One self-imposed leader after another has gone to the wall. Not only have, and are all Apostolic 'leaders' falling, but our old friend, Frank W. Sandford, (Elijah II) of Shiloh, Maine, has been sentenced for 10 years in prison for contributing to the starvation of six of his followers. He is no doubt insane.

We had thought by this time to have had a regular paper established. The greatest need today of the Apostolic Faith Movement is a reliable, truthful, up-to-date paper setting forth the true Apostolic Faith.

A few are greatly interested in this and we would like to see their number increase. If donations were promptly sent in, a paper of this size, or larger, will be printed monthly and increased to a weekly paper if we can procure the necessary machinery for printing the same.

We wish to call our reader's attention to the article entitled "FORCED TO DANCE WHEN ST. GEORGE POSSESSES THEM" published by the Joplin Daily Globe, and which we republish in this issue.

We have printed the article mentioned to show the similarity of this counterfeit Pentecost (a cross between the Negro and Holy Roller form of worship) that had its origination in Los Angeles and spread all over the country, to other forces and powers that are at work in the world today.

We do not doubt that some have received a genuine baptism in these fanatical meetings, but two thirds of the so called baptisms are only a worked up animal spiritism with chattering and jabbering and no language at all. The so called Heavenly Choir was only a modification of the Negro chanting of the Southland, and was not the result of the Pentecostal baptism.

One is driven to distraction in some Missions by the emitting of all kinds of animal sounds, from the cackling of hens to the shrill cry of the panther, in fact everything that proves a state of animalism and developing of spiritistic mediums, rather than the power of the Holy Spirit. When in Los Angeles five years ago, I begged the leaders not to send certain workers of this kind to foreign fields, knowing they would disgrace the cause, but heedless of advice they were sent, and the result—world-wide shame on the work of God.

We are glad to report that there is a grand uplift out of these conditions, and intelligent believers are seeing that a sane use of strength and voice is the patent result of Pentecost.

A new doctrine, and yet an old one, has sprung up in Los Angeles (city of cranks) and has influenced not a few in other places. Its origin was due to the fact that a new hobby was needed, as the fanatics had worn the hair, mane and tail off their counterfeit tongue hobby and needed a new steed to attract attention.

The facts of the case are these: a large number of hardly justified believers and unclean professors being ushered into Pentecost (so called) meetings were surrounded by this fleshly animalism, and by suggestive hypnotism were worked up by repetition of words and sounds into a jabber that was not a language at all, therefore was not the true Pentecost; now to justify their unclean and unholy lives they seek to deny the gracious work of sanctification or a life of true holiness.

We all know that most of the Holiness people are as dead in the profession of sanctification as the old-line churches are in regards to conversion, but that is no excuse for the denial of a well established tenet so great and glorious.

Sanctification is a crisis to be reached and passed in every truly converted life, ushering us into a life of holiness of which there is no end of "perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord." The brethren need not fear this new-old wind. It's teachers and all will soon go the way of all FLESH.

The most important tenet before the Christian world today is Conditional Immortality. On it hangs the

whole fabric of Christian doctrine—the Divinity of Christ and authenticity of the Scriptures. If the sinner has Eternal Life in any condition the whole Bible is a lie and Jesus Christ an impostor, for He claimed to be the giver of Eternal Life. "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life."

Our opponents say we are no-hell-ites and that we are trying to destroy the time-worn Pagan-Catholic doctrine of Eternal Torment. We believe in hell, but that it means destruction instead of torment, and death instead of life.

From the beginning to the end of the Bible every scripture in reference to the end of the wicked is of the lake of fire which is the second death. If eternal torment was the penalty for sin, then Christ would had to have suffered eternal torment to have paid the price for our redemption. All intelligent Bible students are coming to see this glorious vindication of Christ and the Word of God, while ignorant benighted people still cling to the lie concocted by Augustine and adopted by Protestants—hell (eternal torment) for all who will not join us and our church.

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PASTORAL NOTE.

God has given us a gracious year full of blessings and power. Our work for the year has extended over most of the United States, with many faithful ones helping in the battles. Souls were saved, sick bodies were healed, many were sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost. Shouts of praises are ringing out the Jubilee.

Our citizenship is in heaven, and as Royalists, we herald the coming Kingdom. The Mc Namara case, the wars and rumors of war only potend the struggle between Capital and Labor, the end of Nations and the Coming of the King. Hail Him!

The Times building explosion and the sentencing of the Mc Namaras are the Harper's Ferry and Ft. Sumpter of the inevitable struggle between Capital and Labor. The day will come when the people will hail these men as the first martyrs to the cause of Liberty in the "wage slave" war.

Let us read the 5th. chapter of Jas. with the understanding and "establish our hearts for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." Let us not take part in the heated political or labor campaigns, but maintain a neutral ground as only foreigners, strangers and pilgrims here. "He that taketh the sword shall perish with the sword."

I am at present in Perris, California. From here I will visit Los Angeles for a two weeks Prophet Conference and thence up the Coast, lecturing in the cities enroute. I appeal to all true disciples to pray that God may use

me to the blessing of the multitudes who shall hear the Word, and that the horrible veil of fanaticism prevalent on the Pacific Coast shall be lifted so that liberated men and women may worship God in a sane, enthusiastic way and thereby winning many souls to God and a stable life.

Your Servant,

CHAS. F. PARHAM.



THE NATIONAL CAMP MEETING.

The event of the Eleventh Annual National Camp Meeting will long remain in the memory and lives of the many hundreds who attended as being the most glorious coming together of God's people that Baxter Springs has ever witnessed.

The meeting was announced for one month, from July 15th to August 15th., but owing to the great interest manifested, wrought by the power of the Holy Spirit, the meeting was carried on until the middle of September.

For the interest of those who have never attended our meetings at this place but who may possibly come in the future, I will give you a brief description of our Camp Ground in this place. Our meetings are held in what is known as the Springs Park block of ground, which is covered with a dense shade by trees of different spe-

cies, and in which are situated the springs. This park is within two blocks of the business portion of town, within one block of the home of Bro. Chas. F. Parham, and situated on the beautiful little stream known as the Springs Branch. The park is an ideal spot for an encampment and for other accommodations necessary for such gatherings.

Many ministers and workers were present from distant and near-by States, and the Spirit of God was manifested from the first day to even the closing hours of the meeting. The Gospel was preached in its simplicity and accompanied by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Under the many able and convincing sermons delivered by our beloved brother, Chas. F. Parham, many fell under conviction and were afterwards led to Christ, while scores were recipients of sanctification as a second work of grace, and many received the baptism of the Holy Spirit accompanied by the evidence of speaking in other tongues. Many others who were labouring under the cold form of church-anity were led into the light of the full gospel. A large number also received water baptism.

It was the privilege of the writer to be present from the first to the last day of the meetings where we feasted on the good things contained in the storehouse of the Lord.

One great feature of the meetings were the afternoon Bible lessons given by Bro. Parham, which were both inspiring and instructive. Our evening services were devoted to preaching

and the morning to prayer and praise. Nor would we fail to mention the many marvelous healings wrought by the power of God, where the sick were made well, the blind to see and the lame to walk.

Many who attended the meetings were not in the faith, but who, after listening to the preaching of the Word in its simplicity and in the power and manifestation of the Spirit, went away fully convinced of the truth as taught, and returning later were gloriously saved.

We believe there never was a gathering together of Christians in Baxter Springs where the prayer Jesus was more fully answered. (John 17:21.)

We are again looking forward to the time when we will be permitted to meet together in the capacity of a National Camp Meeting.

Let us pray earnestly that on this event there will be the greatest outpouring of the Holy Spirit this part of the country has ever witnessed; that many may be loosed from the bonds of creed-isms and church-anity into the full Gospel which was taught by our Lord Jesus Christ; the Gospel that was once delivered to the saints; the same Gospel that was preached on the day of Pentecost when the Holy Ghost was given.

Let us prove faithful to this glorious Gospel that we have espoused, that we may thereby be found worthy of an entrance into the Kingdom.

(J. H. R.)



Two Sinners

There was a man, it was said one time,
Who went astray in his youthful time.
Can the brain keep calm and the heart
keep quiet

When the blood like a river is run-
ning riot?

And boys will be boys the old folks say.
And a man is better who's had his day.
The man reformed: and the preacher
told

Of the prodigal son who came back
to the fold;

And Christian people threw open the
door

With a warmer welcome than ever
before—

Wealth and honor were his to com-
mand,

And a spotless woman gave him her
hand—

The world strewed their pathway
with flowers abloom

Crying, "God bless lady and God bless
groom."

There was a maiden who went astray
In the early dawn of her youth's fair
day—

She had more passion and heart than
head

And she followed blindly where fond
love led—

And love is ever a dangerous guide
To walk unchecked by a fair girl's side.

The woman repented and turned from
sin,

But no doors opened to let her in.

The preacher prayed that she might
be forgiven,

But told her to look for mercy in
heaven.

For this is the way of earth, we know.
The woman is stoned while the man
may go.

A brave man wedded her after all,
But the world said frowning, "We
shall not call."

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



UNITY

LILIAN THISTLETHWAITE.

"And yet show I unto you a more
excellent way." "Though I speak with
the tongues of men and of angels and
have not love, I am nothing."

Oh, that the truth of these words
might be burned into the hearts and
lives of God's children everywhere!

"Love not in word, neither in tongue,
but in deed and in truth," for as Christ
loved us, so ought we to love one an-
other.

Too long religion has been a thing
of sentiment and emotion, a fad to be
taken up and laid down at will, and
the teaching of the Christ, "He that
seeketh to save his life shall lose it,
but he that loseth his life for my
sake and the gospel's, shall find it,"
has been a hard saying, and many
have turned from following any more
after him, but are "seeking to climb
up some other way."

Divine love is contrary to each im-
pulse of the natural heart, and as the
Christ is permitted to take control,

it means the tearing down of all idols
and fancied virtues. It is not a mat-
ter of education or development, but
a bestowal given thru repentance and
faith toward God.

As the Christ could not have con-
quered without the power of God con-
trolling his entire life, so, likewise,
the possibility of keeping His com-
mandments is found only in Christ
bringing into obedience every thought.

It was the power of love that
brought redemption to the human
race, but if this power is not person-
ally worked into lives, and wrought
out, how is the Christian to be known
from the world?

"By this shall all men know ye are
my disciples, if ye have love one
for another." If this is to be the
mark of discipleship, how many will
stand the test, for instead of "behold
how they love one another," there is
now heard, behold how they bite and
devour, falsify, slander and bear false
witness against one another.

But the darkest hour is just before
dawn, and as the time is near at hand
when God's children shall be one, the
Devil, who is the accuser of the breth-
ren, is working to hinder this unity
or perfection of God's people.

Man has sought for centuries to
bring unity, but has failed; with
boasted Church organizations, move-
ments and systems, he has only gath-
ered the withered branches, which
have ceased to bear fruit, and the
tares, both fit only for the burning;
God, alone "acts the church in order."

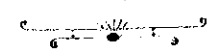
Down thru all the ages to the pres-
ent time, the vitalizing power of the

life of Christ has been manifested
thru chosen men of God in all the
great movements of the world, ener-
gizing for a time as the revealed
truth was wrought out in individual
lives, only to die thru lack of conse-
cration and personal abiding in the
Vine, the only source of Life.

Because the bonds of love and the
unity of the spirit are to be the only
bindings of God's people, the devil is
now making his attacks along these
lines; by false accusation, evil surmis-
ing, criticism and fault-finding, he is
seeking to bring confusion and seper-
ation. Even among those who have
received the baptism of the Holy
Spirit many demon forces and seduc-
tive spirits have entered causing
much confusion.

In the present conflict affecting all
phases of life, where the warring is
not against flesh and blood, but is
against principalities, powers, and
spiritual wickedness in high places,
the natural conception of the existing
conditions would be hopeless, but
in the "time of trouble" Michael
shall stand up, and all shall be de-
livered whose "names shall be found
written in the book." Daniel 12:1.

As the time of Redemption is near-
ing, He, who is the "author and finish-
er of our faith" is seeking perfect
control, that the triumphant faith
which overcomes the world, shall make
each member of the Glorious Church
perfect and victorious in Divine Love,
having crucified the self life and in
Him have found the Crown of Life,
which is Immortality.



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of prayer and fasting" he said, "their spiritual faculties are quickened.

Not a few are impelled to make public confession of their sins; and by this means the particulars of a mysterious crime that was committed fifteen years ago were brought to light."

Woman Victim's Feat.

In company with our entertainer we then visited the Church of St. George. There were about a score of people in the church, of whom some were plainly affected with the now familiar spasmodic symptoms. Underneath the Icon of St. George was stretched at full length, with face to the ground, and motionless as one dead, a paralytic in rags, awaiting recovery. In front of the image a young woman with dishevelled hair stood writhing and groaning. While we looked her agitation increased; she worked herself into a paroxysm, flung herself at the image, pressing her face and breast against it in an ecstasy, then tried to encircle it with her arms (which, of course, was impossible, as the picture is imbedded in the panel of the altar screen.) Giving up this attempt, she next carefully and deliberately set about climbing the altar screen—a feat that would have done credit to a professional acrobat; there was apparently nothing projecting from its smooth surface that could support hands or feet. We watched her nervously as she made her way up, and felt relieved when she reached the top. I do not know how

wide the foothold may be up there. It cannot be more than a few inches. But she now gave free vent to her paroxysm. Uttering a succession of piercing shrieks, she ran along the narrow ledge, twisted herself into fantastic attitudes, suspended herself by her hands and knees, with head down and hair wildly floating.

Presently our attention was diverted from her by a burst of yet louder shrieks from the opposite side of the nave. Turning around, we saw another dishevelled woman rush toward the screen, climb it with the same agility as the first, and go thru the same antics. And all the while the others of the 'possessed', three girls, a man and a boy, were displaying a variety of contortions in the nave. The two women who were astonishing us with their gymnastics, the priest informed us, had not quitted the church, night or day, for nearly two months, and all that time had kept a rigid fast, living on plain boiled beans and water.

There can be no doubt that we are here in the presence of the wierd epidemie that raged in Europe from 1374 until the sixteenth century. There seems to be this difference, however, that, whereas it only afflicted women in the former visitation, it now attacks men also.

The name of "Tarantism" given to it in Italy, was, we know, due to the similarity of the "dance" to that of the tarantula-bitten, but, as I find the Tarantella dance sometimes treated as a myth, I here give my testimony as to two cases which occurred on the farm within my own experience.

(SEE EDITORIAL NOTE.)