

there, everywhere'—he pointed to the walls to right and left of him—images of the things you have been thinking of. The half man, half brute fight between two tribes of cave men (Hastings started). The horrible tortures and mutilations of those semi-demons, the North American Red Indians. (I started in *my* turn.) Yes, we shall have much force. Perhaps too much! There may be danger.'

"'How danger?' I asked. He seemed in a curious mood, which somehow impressed us all.

"'Because thoughts—concentrated thoughts—are facts—the only real facts. Just as each soul is a concentrated thought of a Higher Power, and therefore can be called from the Abyss—materialized, controlled, used perhaps—we shall see! As for danger, well, my friends, you have read in mediaeval legends of how from time to time sages of the Alchemists or of the still more wisdom-gifted 'Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross,' the predecessors of the Occultists of to-day, were found in their cells torn limb from limb by the fiends they had invoked. These legends were not all lies (few universally believed legends of any period are). These wise but rash men merely encountered forces—not fiends—which they could not control. Voila tout! I think I know something of the nature of these forces, and that they *can* be controlled.'

"'But if not,' interrupted Dr. Cresswell, speaking for the first time.

"'If not,' answered the Russian, shrugging his shoulders, they may be a little—troublesome! Let us *begin*.'