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# THE DARKER DRINK

# THE DARKER DRINK

BY

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*Author of "The Songs of a Mother," "Out of the Dust," "The Cross Triumphant"*




BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
THE GORHAM PRESS

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BF 1301
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Made in the United States of America

The Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A.

JUN 22 '22

# FOREWORD

The automatist of the material in this little book and author of the accompanying narrative is a talented Virginian, grand-daughter of the distinguished Episcopal clergyman, Dr. Minnigerode, who was Jefferson Davis' pastor during the Civil War.

Either by means of peculiar mechanisms she has been able to unlock the reserve forces of her own soul, or she has received consolatory and stimulating messages from the other side of the veil. At any rate, she has been distinctly helped to sustain her affliction and to carry on the practical business of living, and she thinks that others, especially the sorrowing and the despondent, may be helped by what has benefited her. This is her only motive in publishing.

Such material, which exists in abundance, is a refutation of a strangely frequent charge, for it distinctly is not "twaddle;" and if as others strangely assert, such deliverances come only from demons, then the demons must have become converted, for this writing, as in most other cases,

is distinctly ethical. The language is simple, but often beautiful in its simplicity.

I am not in a position to pronounce upon the evidential value of the material here offered. There are impressive incidents which the reader will discover for himself. It is the excess of caution which must characterize the scientific investigator not so placed as to enable him to test for himself every link in the chain, that forbids me to say more.

I heartily commend the printing of this material exactly as it was received without editing its language or even inserting punctuation marks. This is an assurance that Mrs. Andrews has dealt faithfully and intelligently with all aspects of the phenomena of which she has been the subject.

(Signed) Walter Franklin Prince

Principal Research Officer of the
American Society for Psychical Research

# CONTENTS

## PART I


| CHAPTER | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| I | Quench Not the Spirit . . . . . | 13 |
| II | The Darker Drink? . . . . . | 20 |
| III | My First Experience in Automatic Writing . . . . . | 28 |
| IV | The Letters of Elizabeth . . . . | 38 |
| V | A Visit to Mrs. Warneke . . . . . | 46 |


## PART II


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| VI | A Review of the Child's Earthly Life | 53 |
| VII | Her Messages. Messages of William Miles. Messages of Thomas Jefferson . . . . . | 71 |

# INTRODUCTION

Of all great themes that invite the human mind to speculation—maternity, war, traffic, labor, life, death—perhaps the last, because it is fraught with so much mystery, is the most alluring. Death—or life, for they are one and interchangeable—has been the subject of the deepest emotion and the highest poetry, confined to no age and no religion, but to the soul of man since he had a soul, unspeakably dear. The imagination is charmed, the curiosity is tantalized, the devotional sense is quickened, whenever we think of death. Increased experience of life brings a fuller comprehension of death. Death is the great adventure, the most misunderstood of all experiences. Rebellion, bitterness, physical pain, regret, weakness, disillusion, dissolution, belong to life—not to death. These are the final stages of life, prior to the change called death, and they are expressions of the resistance made by life to the impending transformation. Death is progress and promotion—death is advancement. Omar Khayyám, self-accused of materialism, understood this, voicing his faith many times, notwithstanding

the contradictory ideas in his great drinking song: Omar never forgot the soul side of things, only when it puzzled him, he repudiated it—ever returning to it, testifying repeatedly to his faith—for our comfort, suggesting that we too should know no fear—

> So when the angel of the Darker Drink
> At last shall find you by the river's brink,
> And offering his cup, invite your soul
> Forth to your lips, to quaff you shall not shrink.

Shelley, self-accused as an atheist, understood this, voicing his faith in lines as immortal as their theme:

> Peace! Peace! He is not dead, he doth not sleep—
> He hath awakened from the dream of life—
> 'T is we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
> With phantoms an imaginary strife,
> And in mad trance strike with the spirit's knife
> Invulnerable nothings—

And to go on, summing up that life beyond, comparing it to the life which the spirit has left behind it—

> He hath out-soared the darkness of our night,
> Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
> And that unrest which men mis-call delight
> Can touch him not and torture not again.
> From the contagion of the world's slow stain
> He is secure—

These testimonies are inspirations, and because they come to us from beautiful minds which, see-

ing through a glass darkly, could not distinguish, and avowed themselves unbelievers, they are of great value.

Death is the realization of our dreams. It is the fulfilment of our hopes. As an art student may through many years of study familiarize his mind with the masterpieces of the older world, learn to know the mannerisms of the masters, their distinguishing qualities, may project his imagination into that far-off land and time and see the quaint streets in which they trod their daily ways, the dark-eyed, deep-chested women they used as types for their Madonnas, visualizing each striking personality with its own background, setting together in his own mind all the details of that great life and age, informing himself as to the character of the very landscape surrounding the locality, and come at last to visit the country and actually see the things he has only dreamed of, so we all move toward that spirit world.

As that art student finds himself in familiar territory, so we find ourselves on leaving this home of our spiritual infancy, full of happy recognitions, familiar already with much in our surroundings, unabashed and fearless. It will come to us as a realization of much which we always knew and loved—in no strange country. So dear, so

easy, if we will not resist it—only a phase of our growth, a chapter in our long story of evolution.

It is well that we should sometimes turn from the confusing questions of our present day to wander in less troubled realms—to contemplate the country which is our early destination—whither each one of us inevitably travels. To know something of it need not unfit us for what remains to be done here—far from it—we shall but win a sense of proportion and see the burdens and ambitions of the present in their relation to that greater destiny of which this life is but the first step.

# PART I

# THE DARKER DRINK

## CHAPTER I

## QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT

*"Leave the flesh to the fate it is fit for—the Spirit be thine."*
*(Passage marked by Mary Lord in her copy of Browning.)*

Automatic writing as a means of communication between the incarnate and the discarnate minds of men, between the seen and the unseen worlds, is not a subject for argument. Those who cannot believe cannot be argued into believing, nor can the consolations and inspirations it affords be forced upon them.

Each experimenter knows whether he acts in good faith, and that any deceit or pretence on his part robs himself, not only of the service which he might render to others, but of honor in his own eyes.

In obedience to the divine suggestion "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find," there has been vouchsafed to many a clear revelation

which they are in duty bound to transmit to others to the very limit of their power and opportunities.

It cannot be denied that with this gift there comes to some a temptation to increase the effect upon the minds of the credulous, or to attract attention to themselves, by supplementing the genuine with the make-believe, but the tolerance which is necessary in all things is necessary here too, that one may look through the extravagant and dishonest methods of charlatans to the underlying and eternal truth.

It may happen to almost any one as it has happened in the case of the present witness, that the greatest sceptic becomes the most humble and grateful beneficiary, and that those who came to scoff remain to pray. A moment may arrive when a slight tingling sensation in the hand, resembling a faint electric shock or a twinge of neuritis, will signal, and then a pencil in the hand take on a strange, pulsating, sentient quality, as though not quite an inanimate thing. It may slip and jerk over the paper, leaving only illegible and apparently meaningless scribbling, but the all-important fact in the beginning is, not "What did it write," but "What moved it."

Each experimenter knows if he moved it voluntarily, and each one realizing that he did not

move it himself knows that a force outside of his own did so.

The illegible loops and scrawls may with practice become fluent, as the instrument lends himself more readily to the control; and messages will then be received of more or less significance according to the quality of the mind in control, and other circumstances of the case. Much is received that is trivial and common-place, much that is illuminating and profound.

Unless we lend ourselves to it with dignity we cannot reasonably hope for noble results. Those who have experienced something of this delightful and stimulating revelation accept it in profound humbleness, and are filled with happiness when it is given in a larger measure to others than to themselves; there can be no rivalry in it since it is in no sense a personal achievement, and ambition enters into it not at all. It resembles more the mood in which one, lately parched with thirst, drinks deep, and gladly offers the cup to another.

A careful reading of the Bible proves the frequency with which the whole course of sacred history was changed because of divine interventions; manifestations and revelations no less astonishing than automatic writing.

The book of Genesis contains in almost every chapter instances in which voices, apparitions,

visions, dreams, premonitions and prophecies, made known the will of God and directed the energies of men into other channels.

Moses wrote the Ten Commandments alone upon the mountain top, operating by an intelligence outside himself. Belshazzar saw the writing on the wall—dread words of warning, writ by an unseen hand.

Note in the first chapter of the Gospel of Matthew the instances of supernatural intervention —The Annunciation; the voice which warded off the suspicion and severity of Joseph, explaining the miracle of Mary's sacred mission; the dream which cautioned the wayfarers to turn another way, thus insuring the safety of the wondrous child.

When Jesus, in the flush of his own pure youth, stooped down and wrote with his finger in the dust, turning his eyes from the self-righteous mob and the sinful woman, what did he write? It appears to have been an automatic action, a respite from the clamor of tongues, a momentary escape from so vulgar a situation. None of the bystanders stopped to read that writing. Common in their sins, cheap in their righteousness, they saw no significance in that remarkable action.

When Christ lifted his face to confront them he had found the answer—the prompt reply, the searching rebuke, the abundant forgiveness.

Saint Paul's whole life was altered, the processes of his scholarly and disciplined intellect reversed, by a voice and a light, and the things that had been his animosities became in a moment the ruling passions of his heart. So to-day, many beliefs and conceptions are overturned by messages received from mysterious and unseen sources. The conventional idea of death and of heaven are supplanted by a thought far more alluring and rational—death seems advancement, promotion, and too great a grief for those expanding souls becomes an act of selfishness.

Peter, asleep and hungry on the house-tops, sees a vision and dreams a dream, and an orthodox snob in religion becomes a vigorous liberal democrat in matters of faith.

These miracles were no more revealings of God's will than many things occurring now among us.

An ecclesiastical organization is a close corporation, as careful as any stock company as to its protection, patent or copyright, and the holding of its monopoly. It is openly in competition with its rivals, and not in sympathy with any revelation foreign to its own accepted dogmas. There are political and commercial and professional influences in church as in state affairs, and the master-miracle of history is, that in spite of the inconsistencies of ourselves as professing

Christians, and in face of all discouragements, as we poor humans blunder on, trying to get more than we give, we do love and forgive each other, we do adore our Creator, we do draw daily inspiration from the life and beauty and holiness of Jesus Christ, His Son.

If churches frown upon the intercourse with souls invisible, they prove their own inconsistency, and this need be no discouragement, for in time each doubter will be won. All the arrogance of ecclesiasticism, handed down from the dark ages of priest-ridden Europe, cannot conceal nor misrepresent the unselfishness, the bravery, the tolerance of Christ. We are asked by our church to believe much. Let us believe more.

There was a time when messages were delivered by hard-riding couriers, speeding over mountains and deserts to drop breathless at the feet of kings. To-day the same communications vibrate under oceans and across continents, by wire or by wireless, as thoughts and tidings between human friends are exchanged. Shall we assert that the messages of the future may not be delivered in ways unthought to-day, flashing from mind to mind in spontaneous sympathy?

Not only in the burning bush, the blinding light or the descending dove, beautiful and poetic manifestations of God's power in days gone by, are performed His miracles. They are wrought in

toil and patience, in laboratories, hospitals, machine shops, greenhouses. Biologists and engineers accomplish unthought-of things. Men have had the faith to remove mountains—and it doth not yet appear what they shall do. There is no limit to Faith. There is no sting in Death. There is no victory in the Grave. There is no fear, no regret, no separation, if we quench not the Spirit.

CHAPTER II

## THE DARKER DRINK?

*"Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?"*
(*Passage marked by Mary Lord in her copy of Robert Browning.*)

In a village in Virginia there is a quaint old burying ground, neglected, one might think, in comparison with formal and artificial places, but very dear to some, as ancestral ground, secluded, sweet and sacred.

My grandmother was a religious lady living in a big old brick house on the top of a hill overlooking this spot, which was a part of her estate until she made it over to a local Association for use as a Cemetery, reserving however a portion which could be seen from her bed-room windows, since her husband and sons were already buried there, and she purposed to retain so much as private for her own connection and family.

She loved the little Episcopal Church in the village, and loved her young pastor, as all religious ladies do, and as all young pastors need to

be loved! When he met with difficulties, he knew to whom to turn, and she never failed him; she was with his wives when their babies were born, she was with them when they died. When his first great sorrow overtook him, in the death of his first wife, she was his comforter, and it was in her lot, beside her own dead, that he buried his love; and after four years again he laid a good woman, his second wife, beside the first, in her family lot, and neither Grandma nor any of her blood ever grudged them that quiet resting-place. Our Saviour himself scorned not the tomb of a reverent friend, and so sacred a hospitality should seem to no follower of Jesus a disgrace. These interments were made in 1858 and 1862.

Thirty years passed, and my father was buried there; ten more years and my mother was laid by his side; twenty years later, a little great-granddaughter of the original owner was buried beside my mother—this was my only daughter, on her twenty-second birthday, taken back to my people and to ancestral ground, to the spot I fancied the holiest and safest and most remote on earth from any sordid thing or thought.

Five months after her death I was attending church service in an Eastern city where I am a comparative stranger, and after the service I went to the vestry room to greet and thank the

rector, whom I had known in our youth, and who is a son of my grandmother's old friend and country pastor; unfortunately I mentioned that I felt especially drawn to his family, because of the ancient ties and the proximity of our dead. Then and there, at his vestry door, still in his cassock, he charged me with trespass and threatened to require me to remove the child, claiming the entire lot as his own property.

There had never been any papers, no deeds, no receipts, everything was traditional and as between friends, in those gentle old days before the Civil War—there seemed no evidence either way. My husband was dead, my only son, a boy of nineteen, was at the front in France—I was peculiarly alone, knew not where to turn or what to do, except to place the matter in the hands of my attorneys, who would discover the title or ask for a ruling of the courts.

I had witnessed many deaths—some very noble deaths, yet all my theories in the subject fell to pieces when I was confronted with this situation. The dignity, mystery and beauty of death were all for the time sacrificed, and of its real purport I had no conception. Then a friend sent me Conan Doyle's "New Revelation." And so, more in idleness than in hope, I tried the automatic writing. The result was more than I ever dreamed of or deserved.

(My daughter and I had often laughed together over the alleged communications from the spirit world, specific cases known to us filling us with unbounded merriment,—and still it is quite easy for one with a sense of humor to see how amusing the matter often is.)

But that wish to grasp the meaning of death persisted. I watched eagerly for some sign, because my mind was all centered on the dust, on the destruction of all that had been so dear, on the grave, that six feet of disputed ground, on the horror of the possible execution of so heartless a threat. I felt that I must soon be given a nobler conception of death, that some thing or somebody must rise up to spare me the impending humiliation, convincing me that my sweet one, my lovely high-bred girl was not there, but safe forever from human cruelty, and where no human insult could ever touch her.

During many months arbitrary letters on the subject reached me through my lawyers, and one day, as I thrashed the thing out again in my tired brain, reading a harsh letter from this clergyman, through angry and helpless tears, there came suddenly the signal for the pencil, the little thrill which was still not very familiar to me—and then the message came—the whole aspect of the matter changed—I was adjusted to what might become a painful necessity, were we unable to estab-

lish our position in court, and she herself brought me relief from gnawing worry:

M L You are not to trouble over that Choose a spot where there is room for us all these things do not matter to us we are saddened when people on earth pain and misunderstand each other

It was then I decided to remove her body rather than wrangle in the open court over six feet of ground. I went to the place and bought and prepared another lot, as near to my grandmother's reservation as I could get one. Later, hardly knowing why, I went again and bought and graded a second lot. I realize now that it was for them, for these old friends of my family, that after this annoying controversy should be ended, one way or the other, we all might have room enough. It seemed so simple. She had said "room for us all." There was no more anger in my mind; if I had trespassed inadvertently and no compromise was acceptable, I was prepared to make good in as far as it was possible. It was clear that that handful of dust meant less to my little love than it means to me, and I would have made the removal without a grudge had it been necessary. It was not necessary. To go into detail would not be helpful to good feeling and would be out of harmony with the tenor of these communications. Suffice to say, that after a year

of perplexity on my part, the claimant went to the place, saw the records, ascertained that his position was untenable and concluded to act upon the suggestion of my attorneys, abandoning the point he had raised.

A few weeks later, on Easter Eve, I wrote to him in what I meant to be a conciliatory spirit, explaining the intercourse with that dead child which had come about as a result of this argument, and offering him the opportunity to look over this manuscript, in which story he had played rather an important part. His reply was as follows:

> In regard to your question as to whether I care to see the material of certain "automatic writings received from your daughter" I beg to say that I do not.
>
> Very truly yours - - - - - -

To me had been given the comfort I needed and the light I had prayed for. I pass it on. The whole painful subject had been opened up, that good might come—that wonder might awaken, for this close companionship with those who have gone before.

The agitation which the question had occasioned has subsided, and the good derived from the experience is permanent.

The following letters have been committed to me by the goodness of God at a time when my

thoughts were burrowing in the ground and my soul filled with disgust. When every material idea of Death was driven cruelly home to my unprotected heart; when some reaction against these conceptions was necessary, merely for the preservation of decency. Then I was shown Death, great Death, as it is known to those who have passed through it, and are fitted to reveal to us its true significance. It was then that the sweetness of that "Darker Drink" was made my own.

How the body, once a thing both loved and needed, has been left behind as the triumphing soul pursues its course—how little it need concern us after its purpose has been served—how short-sighted we are in our policy toward each other here—how we contradict in our actions the faith we declare with our lips—how our golden rule and our Lord's Prayer are empty rhetoric, when the small questions of self-interest arise—how we shall eventually rid ourselves of our meannesses as we do of our other perishable attributes—all these things I learned.

These letters, automatically received by my own hand from that dear child, give me a new conception of Death, and show how the corruptible may put on incorruption. The feeling has grown upon me that as her little frocks and slippers are left behind and have ceased to serve her,

so her lovely eyes and sweet slim fingers and all her graceful human self were transient servants of her soul's purposes, and that there could be no injury or irreverence to her, even if I could ever have been forced to disturb her little grave.

I see that this anxiety was necessary for me that I might learn. I see how little a disembodied spirit can be disturbed by a gross and material thought, and how cheap and often ludicrous we are here in our petty animosities and jealousies. I see that we ourselves are the wicked, who will one day cease from troubling, that we are the weary—wearying one another out—who will one day be at rest.

I see that that which was destructive has become constructive.

CHAPTER III

# MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN AUTOMATIC WRITING

*"If I live yet, it is for good: More love through me to men."*
(*Passage marked by Mary Lord in her copy of Browning.*)

On March 19, 1919, at seven o'clock in the morning, I jumped up and reached for a pencil—slowly and painfully the name E. F. Andrews was written, terrifying me with the fear that something had happened to my son whom I was hoping with all my heart was on his homeward way from France. But under the name trailed a long line, looping in the middle—that was my husband's signature—then I remembered that it was the fourth anniversary of his death. The message said the boy would be home that day, Thursday, and I absolutely believed it. He did not come. Later I learned that he started home on that day.

This was my first legible message. Others followed, lamely and incoherently, in great confusion, and names unknown to me. Attempts to

verify any of these failed. At different times six came purporting to be from two aviators, and as follows:

Aviator with Davidson—Army.
William my father lives at 192 North Pine St., Chicago
we are here.
Aviator we went up three thousand feet and fell
William in Canada in 1917
Aviator where is C——
William why will you not send my message to my father

I sent the message, the letter returned marked "Directory Service, no such number."

Arthur Davite my mother tells me to make a full confession of guilt I was out in a machine with my employer and murdered him for money this was on the roads to Charlesto South Carolina Charleston South Carolina no one else was implicated it appeared to be an accident

This interested me, I asked mentally to see the name written more clearly, and a few other questions, but the pencil after re-writing the name stood stock still. Somehow, this brought conviction to me; I pictured the spirit of a good mother meeting a boy who had sinned, and urging him for the relief it would give him, to tell his story to the living world, if a way was found to get it through. I felt that once this was done he would

turn to the future and the further development of himself with better courage. As a mother, this seemed to me the natural thing, and the welcome his own mother gave him, and her advice and sympathy, to my mind not remote and ghostly but straight and practical.

Messages from my little girl did not come, but sometimes her initials were followed by a bolder touch on the pencil, and further, often foolish scribblings, until I sensed my little gentle daughter as at a public telephone, courteously waiting until those who were more aggressive permitted her the opportunity she sought; and I ceased to take any message from a name unknown to me.

In a few instances word has come from persons known to me, and these I have sent to friends in reach, but in most cases there seems a reluctance to accept them, and I am glad when my writing confines itself to those with whom I am in sympathy.

From the beginning I have found help in this automatic writing; I believe any one would—it is no tax upon my nerves whatever, on the contrary, very soothing. Yet to me it never comes in the fierce swift way I have seen in others and it produces no excitement or agitation whatever, only a deep peace and a consciousness of the nearness of those more noble than myself.

My own selfishness is curbed and my impul-

siveness controlled as never before. One day a servant had been too severely rebuked, a loan of $200.00 refused a friend, and a very harsh letter written to a man who had cheated me. Then came the signal for the pencil and clear and uncompromisingly, the message—not a rebuke—but an inspiration—

We give and forgive mother dear——

$100.00 was sent as a gift in place of $200.000 refused as a loan, the other letter destroyed and the servant consoled.

Again a word was asked, a word indicative of the child's own attitude of mind—it came—"willingnesstoobey"—willingness to obey; I would hardly have thought of that.

Then the boy came home from France.

With the splendid faith of these young soldiers in the spiritual revelations which the war had given them, her brother accepted my report of this writing in perfect simplicity and good faith, and found that he could do it himself—though he has never followed it up at all; the one writing which, so far as I know, was received by him, was almost illegible, but after a while a transcription of it was given me.

M L The message to Babe is mother you will turn to mother the one you must love as you used to love me many happy days

I take "love" to mean "pet" or "caress," as we used it in that sense always when my children, like two kittens, lay on the grass or in a hammock, playing together.

M L Mother wake up you are in the world and must be of it in the highest sense do not let communication with me wean you from human interests or I will have to wait be sweet and cheerful and stimulating as you always are the lassitude is often a consequence of spiritual intercourse but then it becomes harmful I am glad I did not believe in it when I was there for it drags the mind away from the obvious duty if carried too far let it be a help and an inspiration to you we all are one nor height nor depth nor any other creature can touch the spirit hid with Christ in God

M L We give all to William Slawher (or Hawker?) He is a genius here with us

From this side and with authority he is working a scheme to bridge the space between our world and yours (The trouble is?) lack of co-operation on earth and difficulty in getting communications through to those who could help him they usually work only from the standpoint of physical science and have neither faith nor knowledge of the life this side of death

Love is not broken by death we are yours and you are ours

we are made happy by our intercourse with you just as on earth and the intercourse with our world has a purifying effect upon your world and prepares you to be with us and thus saves time and energy

(Is much time lost?) Those who are very weary rest those who are very selfish wait all need preparation and must get it here or on earth

We all have been interested in the war we make no distinctions enemies do not exist here we have worked to adjust all to all and forgiveness of trespasses is a reality with us

His (Christ's) presence is felt here as it is on earth he is there as much as he is here his work is still among men (Why do we not see him?) God is spirit

we have spiritual vision which I cannot explain I was with you beside it yesterday it is the rose of my ninth birthday

(Here I was obliged to protest that she was mistaken, for her birth-day, June twenty-fifth, was too late for transplanting bushes)

You wrote the poem about it on my ninth birthday, it may have been planted earlier we all are sensitive to beauty and perceive what the artists on earth try to show to the world yes harmony is in all our souls and our music is our life (do you dance?) we play mother good-night kiss Babe

(The poem referred to appeared in a volume of verses published by the E. P. Dutton Company under the title "Songs of a Mother," in 1917. The lines which follow seem strangely prophetic.)

What though the sweet white rose I plant today
May never bloom for me?
What though I never sit beneath the shade
Of this young tree?

This rose's breath may sweeten some waste place
In days to come, maybe;
Some weary brother pause, and rest a space
Beneath my tree.

Let me but plant one rose along life's way,
Nourish one noble tree;
Faithfully cherish loveliness today
Still in its infancy——

Give to the race in my dear daughter's eyes
The light of purity;
Give, in my boy, a soul that wills and tries—
Force, and integrity.

Let me not hope and pray alone for mine,
Those of my name and blood,
But for the coming of that reign divine
When even the least is good—

Let me not ask that to my own, be given
The choicest daily bread,
But rather train my own to work for heaven,
Till all Christ's lambs are fed.

In one of my doubting moods I asked for some little evidence that these messages were reliable, some location of an article, that I might prove. I was told that among her letters one would be found from the Butler plantation, dated August 21st; I found after going through several packages, one from the plantation of August 8th, and one of the 11th, 1914.

On the night before I drove seventy miles into the country with two dear friends of hers, one just back from France, and her dear brother, to visit her grave, I received a strangely playful message—that would hardly seem so, except to us, who know how often the girls, joking about brides-maids and wedding paraphernalia, used the expression "When lovers wed":

We were there when lovers wed (June being the bridal month and the month in which on her twenty-second birthday, we buried her there—)

M L Yes mother your uncle Willy sees me he is like you there are many spirits like you here I do not know if they are your kindred they seem interested in me like relatives

A woman tall austere with regular features younger than when she was with you

There is a medium in Washington of the name of Julia Warneke, and several times she has been mentioned, the first attempt to get her name to me failed utterly—here is the writing:

M L Will you make an effort to meet my friend Mrs (here the writing became very distressing, the pencil running quite away, and straying as you see) W r k h e r - m e n (then, after a rest, and with the left hand written of course backwards, I received)—this is nonsense we are annoyed wait a little always well

This was July 15.

On July 20, I received the following: "M L Warneke", and though I begged and waited for more, not another stroke of the pencil. I telephoned trying to make an appointment with Mrs. Warneke, and she was engaged for weeks ahead.

Mother will you see Mrs. Warneke I think you will be pleased with—I just play, she helped us didn't she mother we talk of you often we will be glad to have you come over you are a good soldier like Babe he (her father) is always the same and so sweet Babe is like him time proves you to be right mother dear in many things and when you are not right you know it before any of us can catch you there is ample way to undo the wrong done by us in our earthly life there are flaws in the material and weaknesses in the mind and the soul is often at a disadvantage like a thing lost in a jungle or a flower choked in weeds when once adjusted to conditions here it is pleasant to be without a body it is something like being without a fur coat in August it is being rid of a thing for which the need has passed away and the weight of which would be a burden Blunders which are due to the dim light or the heavy load or the imperfect perception can all be redeemed that is redemption or salvation that is progress or evolution that is heaven or God there are many names for it it is the destiny of the soul the

On November 14, after a long lapse of which I shall tell later, I again had my attention called to Mrs. Warneke:

M L will you ask Mrs. Warneke to see you soon yes

On November 17, 1919, I made an appointment for January 2, 1920, at 10 a.m.

CHAPTER IV

# THE LETTERS OF ELIZABETH

*"Believing What We Cannot Prove."*
*(Marked by M. L. in In Memoriam.)*

During the summer, I had not dated all of my papers and can not arrange the material in precise chronological order. I had been to see a professional medium, and though freely and gladly admitting that there was striking and thought-provoking matter in the writings I had from him, none of the four communications appeared to me characteristic at all of the four persons from whom they were supposed to come; I was more puzzled than convinced, and again said to myself, these subjects are too deep for me—I will go on with my human business and leave the dead with God—I will not subject my own intellect to this demoralization, nor deceive myself and others. And I ceased to make any further attempt to write.

Eliphalet and I motored to Staten Island, where rather against my wish he proposed taking a turn in the ship-yards, though I knew his father

would have wanted him to go to college; however, I felt his life and future were his own, and I realized that the re-action after two bitter years at the front, must be allowed for—and with some misgivings, I agreed. I missed the exchange of almost daily messages with my other child, and was rather sad and anxious.

We arrived at our destination on Sunday, and on the following Tuesday morning I received a letter in a square lavender envelope, addressed in an unknown hand; it was from Elizabeth, a young cousin, and I here quote it in full:

Dear Cousin May,

Some one has told me that you've been doing "automatic writing"—a very poor name, isn't it? So what I have to say will not surprise you. Mary Lord has written to me three times, twice to ask A.D.—to talk to her and this morning to ask me to write to you. She said "Tell Mother not to worry." I said I didn't see why she couldn't tell you as I'd heard you wrote with her all the time, and I couldn't see why I should write you. She wrote "Why shouldn't you?" I asked what you were worrying about and she said "About my own ability to communicate. Tell her not to worry about Eliphalet. I am with him all the time I am not working. Will you write to her?" I persisted that you didn't need any convincing, and the pencil wrote "Yes, she does. We did communicate a good deal at one time and then she started out to a medium and couldn't get any satisfaction and stopped so she gave it up. Tell Mother just what I

have said. Wednesday is a holiday and I can be with her all day. Will you tell her? Mary Lord Andrews."

I couldn't make up my mind to write to you, and she said again "This means so much to me. Why wont you promise to write Mother?" So I said I would and she wrote "Thank you ever so many times." I said "Is that right?" meaning the message, but she misunderstood me and said "No, Thank you one million times."

I am sorry if I have not been able to get her message right. I've never seen her hand-writing, so I do not know if this is anything like it. It is a little different from the others who write. I still feel as though it were a waste of time to send you this and am sure you write much more easily than I do.

Very sincerely yours

Elizabeth ———

A striking feature to one who has suffered for years from the lax postal service in country districts, is this: the letter mailed in Virginia on Sunday, at a small rural post office, was received at another smaller country post office on Monday, and then forwarded to me, arriving at a third suburban post office on Staten Island, on Tuesday, and advising me that "Wednesday would be a holiday" and that we might communicate. The difficulties of the country mail service in the past few years makes this rapid transit a thing to arrest the attention.

I could only answer my cousin corroborating

every word which she had repeated as coming from my daughter to her—I was worried, both as to my boy, and as to my girl's ability to reach me; I had been to visit a medium, had been greatly disappointed and more than ever doubtful, and I had ceased to keep in touch. All of this my girl had laid before another girl, one whom she had never met but once in this world, and then in the most incidental way. Things in my thoughts, there on Staten Island, could not have reached Elizabeth by any common channel; our acquaintance was remote, we are of different generations, rarely have heard each other discussed, and up to this time were only casually interested in each other's affairs.

It was far from a waste of time, as my little cousin termed it, to have opened this correspondence with me! This exchange of letters with Elizabeth had been the best piece of "evidence" that I have had—but evidence as such has ceased to concern me; I have in the state of my own mind, in the quickened interest in others, in the reorganization of my standards of living and of my conception of dying, all the proof that I require. It has been a blessed awakening for me.

I am no follower of a fad—no apostle of a creed. God has shown me something through the child he gave me, and took from me; my Bible has at last become clear to me where most

involved, and fear has forever vanished out of the soul of me.

In her letter to Elizabeth, Mary Lord wrote of me:

I will make many things clear to her when I am able to communicate more freely tell mother that I want to make up for my lost time with her Work means so much and makes us so happy Tell her we all are working on no tell her most of us are making up our way of (disconnected)

My second letter from Elizabeth follows, and later, when I returned to Washington and opened my home here, I had the pleasure of frequent visits from her.

Thursday, August 21.

Dear Cousin May,

Your letter brought me peace and added conviction. - - - - -

I saw automatic writing for the first time last January in Washington. Miss B - - - a friend of Mrs. X - - - wrote, and when I put my hand on her wrist and asked who was writing, the pencil wrote "William Hansfelt, stoker," I can't remember his exact words now, but he said that he was Dutch, and that he had been drowned off a Russian ship in the Straits of Moen. None of us had ever heard of Moen, and it was almost a month before I discovered Moen Island, off Denmark. He also said that I had a "spot of power," and could help them.

I asked what and how, but he said he had had no education and did not know how to explain, and just repeated "You have a spot of power. I see it and feel it, but I can't explain." I tried to write, failed utterly, and put it in the back of my mind.

In May a girl visited me, and talked a great deal about "The Seven Purposes" and said she'd like to try writing. She made a few sentences but it was very incoherent, and she was nervous about it and we did not get very far. In June, however, I was telling a boy about it, and he tried and found he could write, and all the time various people told me I could do it. To make a long story shorter, one day after giving up in despair, I felt as if I had several electric batteries concentrated in my arm, and I picked up my pencil and started writing. There are two—no three—people who write constantly, all strangers to me; one I call X, because he wont tell his name. He says he died in 1734. One is Mary Powell who lived in Staunton, and was the daughter of a clergyman. The other is William Miles of whom I know practically nothing.

M—— has talked to N——N—— through William, and then direct—by talked I mean written—and the other day I had a long message from Mr. B—— to his wife, which I sent in fear and trembling. She wrote me the sweetest most grateful letter, and came here an hour later. We came to my room and she talked with him for nearly an hour. Through Mary Lord yesterday came an appeal from a boy who was killed in Italy, whom I had seen all my life in Baltimore, and been interested in, but never known because he was more or less of an out-sider

—socially. But I felt interested in him from the time he was a young boy, and when he started talking I asked if he had ever felt my sympathy. He said not on my plane, but he had felt it since his passage. Then he asked me if I would have made an effort to know him had he lived. I said truthfully No, and he wrote irritably, "What a mess that world was."

I limit my writing to two hours a day; though it does not tire me, it worries the family, I am enclosing a message received after reading your letter. Anne is away on a house party but I will certainly get her to talk with Mary Lord when she comes home. It is so strange, for the past few years I thought I was getting neuritis in my right arm, and now I know it was the signal to write. It starts tingling, or if it is very urgent at times it almost amounts to pain. Then sometimes I feel a jerk, and when I have asked what that is the answer came "That means one of us is near but not that we necessarily want to write."

I have just had a message from William Miles to you which I enclose. I could write on this subject all day long. It has entirely changed my out-look. I feel so much more alive, and also that I want to go on and find out what is on the next plane, though I think we have been told pretty well, don't you? I'm much happier than I was before I started writing. I didn't know Mary Lord at all. I had only met her here one morning, and have only a vague picture of her in my mind. I don't think we had five minutes conversation, because the three of you left almost immediately after I came in, but I am

looking forward to a long friendship with her now. How can people say they don't believe in all this?

They warned me against professional mediums, but I went to one, a Mrs. H—— She was very interesting and gave me a lot of good advice.

Are you coming to Washington any time in the near future? I would love to see you.

Affectionately yours

Elizabeth.

CHAPTER V

# A VISIT TO MRS. WARNEKE

*"Man is not God, but has God's end to serve."*
*(Passage marked by Mary Lord in her copy of Browning.)*

It was on the first Sunday in January, 1919, that I had made my unhappy visit to that church, of which visit the results have been so happy; on January 2, 1920, just a year later, I talked with Mrs. Warneke, the medium my child has so often asked me to see.

It was a sparkling winter day, sunny but bitter cold. The walk was bracing. I felt that I was walking toward something good. It is a simple little American home that received me—books, a well used piano, Christmas evergreens, and the sound of a baby's voice not far away.

The medium is a calm and friendly woman. She explained to me that she is sensitive to influences and conditions but can make no report upon material or local circumstances. That lives appear as drawings, and the lines of destiny as clear as those on a map. She asked if I wished to hear only what was pleasant. Some sitters did. No,

I preferred to be told whatever she perceived. At once she told me that I would live a long time, and at once I burst out crying. That is precisely what I most dreaded. She said I was splendidly well, had no organic trouble and would have no anxiety as to the necessities of life, that I had much work yet to do, and that a long stretch of years of activity and congenial companionship lay ahead. She reminded me that I should not rebel against a long life, seeing others had not rebelled against an early death; that life and death were inseparable, and that we are to accept gratefully the opportunities offered in either. She said I looked backward too much, thereby detracting from my efficiency. She paused, and then suddenly said:

"You are not to dig up graves."

"You must not dig up graves?" I repeated. "Please tell me how you happen to express yourself in this way?"

"I see graves," she said. "I see fingers pointed relentlessly at a grave"—here she pointed a dramatic finger to the corner of the little room—"I sees stones thrown at a grave——"

"What would you do," I asked, "If an attack were made upon a grave?"

"It has been made," she answered. "I see men—it seems a new circle—a strange ring of younger men—are there several generations of

people concerned? These seem coarse but have come up in the world—have they church standing? Do not fear, they will never be able to do the thing they threaten. They must give up the point."

"But they have spoiled a sacred spot," I said—"and how should I proceed?"

"Let the matter rest—let it drift," she replied. "They cannot spoil a sacred spot—Before very long you may have occasion to go there again with one you love. At that time, without making any concession, and without lack of dignity, you may wish to bring those of the later generation together, and then you may of your own free will remove the body under discussion, but under no fear or compulsion. Pass it out of your mind now, turn your thoughts to pleasant things and do the work you are retained to do. In two years you will come to me and verify much that I have told you."

She was impressive when she explained how earthly grief weakens those who have progressed, arresting the beneficial influences at work in behalf of their spiritual growth.

Other things she also told me, and seeing that I had made the appointment from New York and as "Mrs. May" she cannot have identified me. She saw a strong young hand stretched out over the map of my later life, a uniform, and a

charming personality, which is my boy. "He has will-power and sense, and the year 1920 will be a great year for him. Wait—wait—do not forget that he must do his share toward the rearing of the next generation. Continue near him but do not identify your life too much with his."

All that she said was sound at the time, convincing. Six weeks after this interview, the controversy was settled, as she said it would be; and papers covering the matter are filed with the authorities.

# PART II

CHAPTER VI

# A REVIEW OF THE CHILD'S EARTHLY LIFE

*"Capacity for suffering is better than a loveless life."*
(*A pencil note in her own hand, on the margin of her In Memoriam.*)

That the letters from Mary Lord which have come through automatic writing may not provoke suspicion as being beyond the mind of so young a girl, I here submit a few fragmentary papers, a synopsis of Robert Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra, with commentary; some little poems written for the class in classical dancing, etc., which took frequently some spiritual theme for interpretation, and a few marginal notes written in pencil upon the pages of her "In Memoriam" and in her Browning. These I have come on accidentally, months after her change, and they are to me the verification of the statement that one being dead, yet speaketh. The scribbled commentary on Rabbi Ben Ezra must have been written at school in her eighteenth year, possibly roughly, as the basis of an exercise or class essay

in English. She graduated at eighteen, and I am sure that after that, gave very little time to the study of long ethical poems.

She was full of girlish interests, loved horses and tennis, dancing, clothes and beaux—no shadow had fallen across her path, her father was still with us; we went abroad each year, and Norway, Switzerland, Scotland, Germany, France and Belgium offered her every inspiration she was capable of accepting; no one dreamed of a dreadful war; social life in Washington was brilliant, and intercourse with men and women whose personalities were potential factors in history, as well as the companionship of many happy people of her own age, gave her some insight into human nature; she learned to know men and women, manners, morals (and immorals) and to order her own sense of values, in matters of character. Our country home was always fascinating to young people who gathered there in flocks, and spent happy, innocent hours together. If under such circumstances and in a period of life all untouched by solemn suggestion, this little girl had been capable of grasping so intelligently the basic thoughts of these great poems, and entering so understandingly into their purpose, might she not, in five more years of development, have arrived at the insight revealed in these automatically received letters?

She had participated in and enjoyed social life, giving it for the study of rhythmic dancing, in which she found a remarkably sympathetic medium of self-expression. She had witnessed the death of that best and most indulgent of fathers. She had learned something of self-denial and of economy, for the estate was for a while tied up. She had gone through the harsher experience of a most rigorous illness. Surely she had won some illumination as to the things that are unseen. Her illness involved the most cruel and exacting discipline—the child was starved to death, in a bitter fight against diabetes. Day after day under the most heroic treatment, she went without food; no one who witnessed that spectacle of magnificent good-breeding can ever forget it. There was never a cloud on her face, no complaint ever passed her lips. There was the loss of beauty and activity. There was the denial of every innocent appetite. There was the gradual and quite unconscious neglect of young friends. For they ate, they danced, they laughed and motored, they made love, they married, they bore their blooming babies, while she faded out of this world.

One great and final compensation was accorded her—after leaving the Rockefeller Institute where every possible benefit of devoted care and scientific experiment had been given her, she came in touch with a friend who claimed to have been

healed after years of acute stomach trouble, by Christian Science. Personally I was unable to adjust my own mind to the teachings of the cult; but I saw this dying child turn to it as the hart to the water-brook, and I saw that it brought her peace. The appeal to her imagination and sympathy was so profound that I believe had the organic ruin been less fatally advanced, a cure of some sort might have been possible—sheer happiness and content might have prolonged her life. I gratefully acknowledge the comfort it brought her—even at the eleventh hour; she felt the love of God permeate all things, the eternal was her refuge, and underneath, were the everlasting arms. The spirit life became a brilliant realization to her. Her calmness, her joyousness, her charm, returned, and she was never happier than during those last weeks in North Carolina, with Hattie—never more confident of well-being. The two girls studied their Bibles and text-books on the porch; they sewed and talked; drove the Cadillac hour after hour together through the woods, along the long, white, level, sandy roads toward the sea, when the air was sweet with the odor of pine and jasmine—and all their talk was of the goodness of God. The forests of North Carolina are white with blossoming dog-wood trees in April—making a background, exquisite and virginal, so fitting to the pure in heart.

Even though the suggestion that my presence brought what they called "opposing thought" kept me away from her in these last hours, the sacrifice was willingly made—for my anxiety could not but have cast a shadow over her.

Far be it from me to complain, for I have no thought but of appreciation for the suggestions which as her hour of dissolution approached sustained her in the faith that there is no evil and that God is always good. I prize them, and thank all who gave them to her.

Holding high her little head, facing the future with unflagging courage, grooming herself with the most exquisite care, reading, sewing, writing delightful letters, announcing calmly that nothing was wrong with her, and that physical conditions should never wreck her personality, she bore herself so gallantly to the very door of death and kept on her little feet until unconsciousness overtook her. Truly with the ideal dignity of Thanatopsis, and with only forty hours of collapse, she slipped out of her little white body as she might have drawn her little hand from a glove. This was her schooling; and since then she has been in the company of just men made perfect. She has begun to see face to face. Mists have risen, and a perspective has unfolded, and the deeper things have been revealed.

Five years of development on earth and of

growth in heaven, lie between these scraps of paper found in her school-books, and the messages transmitted to her mother by automatic writing. And graven deep into the mother's heart is the thought that while she herself was absorbed in the material things of education and society, of dress and manners, as a preparation for a long and useful career here, concentrating all her ambitions and hopes for the child upon matters of an earthly character, the dear young mind was finding its own way, first groping, but ever gaining confidence, and without help, silently learning the things of the spirit, the meaning of life and love and death, and finding its own way to the throne of God.

Her Browning and her Tennyson bear witness to this.

Lines by Mary Lord, introducing a theme in the classical dancing, interpreted by a group of girls.

Light! Light, whose rays shine through Infinity,
We seek it, blinded by its purity,
Still in the shadows, for that light we grope,
Awed by its splendor, yet inspired by hope.
Pause in its halo, mystic, soft and pale,
Which round the nucleus hovers like a veil;
Nor let fear keep us from a goal so bright,
For Faith alone can lead us to Light.

National Cathedral School—
"The Pool of Answers"
Senior Play, May, 1914
By Mary Lord Andrews, '14.

Pale moonlight bathed the sloping grassy hill,
The fireflies twinkled, and the world was still,
And in the shadows underneath the trees
Swayed many-colored lanterns in the breeze.
Behind the stage a stalwart oak did stand—
Yet not a stage—'twas more like fairyland.
The grass, the flowers, the trees and bushes tall
Grew round about the pool that answers all.

. . . . . .

But hark! Your cares forget and leave behind,
And hear the music borne upon the wind!
For gypsies dance and sing around the pool,
And all the woods of song and joy are full.
There comes a band of townsfolk, young and old,
And, one by one, their fortunes all are told;
The gypsy mother hears their questions and
Gives answers which they fail to understand.
"Shall I have riches? Mother, tell me true!"
"Yes, when the thrushes sing if the heart sings too!"
Another maiden asks, "What gifts are mine?"
"Dawns, golden moons and purple nights are thine."
Wondering, they brood on what they hear her speak,
For 'tis not gifts of nature that they seek;
Their simple minds grasp not the things she said,
Their one conclusion that the queen is mad.
The gypsies all then ridicule their fright,
They laugh, and dance, and vanish from their sight.

The weird folk gone, the townsmen now are gay
And gladly round the Pool of Answers play.
No longer harrowed by the grewsome queen,
They talk with peaceful hearts and voice serene.
But lo! The gypsies, but so lately fled,
Return, by Romany Rye so gaily led,
Who bears good cheer and welcome to the woods,
And men and gypsies kindly trade their goods.
Now Romany Rye explains, in language clear,
The mother's words that caused the maids such fear!
The riches they through nature may possess
Sooner than gold, will bring them happiness.

. . . . . .

This is the message, friends, our little play
Has bravely tried to bring to you today.
If joy to gain by worldly wealth you try,
Think on the gypsy queen's philosophy.
You fail if to such power you aspire,
For "in the bird's call is the heart's desire."

Fragment of an essay on Rabbi Ben Ezra, found in Mary Lord's copy of Browning, written in her own hand when eighteen years of age.

"The first stanza of R.B.E. has for its theme the end of life as its best time. The second stanza enlarges on this by specific example of the weaknesses of youth. In the third B. puts youth's follies in their proper place by prizing the uncertainty of the young mind. Doubt, he says, distinguishes the human mind from that of

the lower orders, and the fourth stanza sets forth the final uselessness of brute pleasure. The fifth shows us God as a cause for rejoicing in the spiritual element of human life; with such power to hold to, says the sixth, we must be encouraged to bear the hardships of life. The seventh continues the theme, saying that the same power comforts us for our failures, though we do not rise to our aspirations, we have the comforting thought that we might have sunk to the level of the brute.

"This is explained in the eighth stanza, a brute meaning one whose soul is the tool of the body's desire, but we can make our bodies help our souls. The ninth shows how we can benefit by our past experience, and how thankful we should be for an opportunity to live and learn. The tenth continues the idea of thankfulness and trust in God's wisdom. The eleventh sets forth our tendency to worldliness, carried on in the twelfth, which exhorts us not to feel self-righteous in our attempt to overcome the flesh, but to cry thankfully that our opportunities help us to forward our souls. Therefore in the thirteenth stanza, Browning recurs to his first idea, that age is the best part of life, because we see the fruit of our struggles, and stand in the full development of manhood."

I

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made;
Our times are in his hand,
Who saith "A whole I planned;
"Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid."

II

Not, that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed "Which rose make ours,"
Which lily leave, and then as best recall?
Not that admiring stars
It yearned, "Nor Jove nor Mars;
"Mine be some figured flame that blends, transcends them all!"

III

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate; folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize, the doubt
Low kinds exist without;
Finished and finite clods untroubled by a spark.

IV

Poor vaunt of life, indeed,
Were man but made to feed
On joy, to solely seek, and find, and feast,
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men.

Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

V

Rejoice we are allied
To that which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive;
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of his tribes who take, I must believe.

VI

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive and hold cheap the strain!
Learn, nor account the pang! dare, never grudge the throe!

VII

For thence—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me.
A brute I might have been, but would not sink in the scale.

VIII

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh has soul to suit,

Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?
To man propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

IX

Yet gifts should prove their use:
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn;
Eyes, ears, took in their dole;
Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once, "How good to live and learn!"

X

Not once beat "Praise, be thine!
"I see the whole design,
"I, who saw power, see now love perfect too;
"Perfect, I call thy plan;
"Thanks that I was a man!
"Maker! Re-make, complete! I trust what Thou shalt do!"

XI

For pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest;
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did best!

XII

Let us not always say
"Spite of this flesh, today
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
As the bird wings and sings
Let us cry "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh now more than flesh helps soul!"

XIII

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term:
Thence shall I pass, approved,
A man; for aye removed
From the developed brute; a god, though in the germ.

Sitting here, denied her bodily presence, I find myself seeking to follow in her books the drift of the child's thought. The following lines I find underscored in her copy of Browning:

From Fra Lippo Lippi:

"Man's soul, and it's a fire, smoke—no, it's not. It's vapour, done up like a new born babe, (In that shape when you die, it leaves your mouth.) It's well, what matters talking? It's the soul! Give us more of body that shows soul!"

. . . . . .

"If you get simple beauty and naught else,
You get about the best thing God invents."

From Abt Vogler:

"On the earth, the broken arcs; in the heavens, a perfect round."

. . . . . .

"Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?"

From a Death in the Desert:

"And smile a little as a sleeper does
If any dear one call him, touch his face
And smiles and loves, but will not be disturbed."

"Grows into and again is grown into,
By the next soul, which, seated in the brain,
Useth the first with its collected use,
And feeleth, thinketh, willeth,—is what knows.
Which, duly tending upward in its turn,
Grows into, and again is grown into
By the last soul, that uses both the first,
Subsisting, whether they assist or no,
And, constituting man's self, is what Is
Three souls, one man."

. . . . . .

"If I live yet, it is for good, more love
Through me to men."

In her copy of Tennyson I find "In Memoriam" marked as follows:

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,

Through faith and faith alone, embrace,
Believing what we cannot prove——"

Cycle I. Canto I.

"I held it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

Key to Cycle III.

"I hold it true, what e'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

"The time draws near the birth of Christ,
The moon is hid: the night is still:
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist."

(Underscored)

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood."

Canto CXXI. (Line underscored: *With faith that comes of self-control.*)

"Wherefore the man, that with me trod
This planet, was a nobler type
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,

"That God, which ever lives and loves,
One god, one law, one element,
And one far-off, divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

Meager as these pencil annotations may seem to others, to me they are full of significance, as proving her interest, without my encouragement or guidance, in the things of the spirit.

In her copy of Tennyson I find "In Memoriam" annotated as follows, in her own handwriting:

Notes (Introduction)

"Faith triumphant over honest doubt—"

"A flower planted on a grave—"

"Great English classic on love of immortality and immortality of love."

"The poem has a profound cadence—prove it. Divided into nine cycles, the cycles have ebb and flow."

Note: Canto VII

II. Occasion—Home bringing and burial of Arthur Hallam's body. Theme, Immortal meaning of friendship pours radiance into the tomb.

Note: Canto XX

III. Theme, the necessity of the poet to find expression. Concludes "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Capacity for suffering is better than a loveless life.

Note: Canto XXVIII.

IV. Theme: Love is perfect in Christ. There is unchanged identity, personal recognition and

fellowship with those who have gone. Sadness of first Christmas without a friend.

Note: Canto L.

V. Cycle. Theme: Good is the final goal of ill.

Note: Canto LIX.

VI. Cycle. Theme: Lessons of sorrow—
Ends with consciousness of present companionship.

Note: Canto LXXII.

VII. Cycle. Theme: Perishableness of earthly fame and beauty.
Christmas brings joy and memory and thought of ripened friendship.

Note: Canto XCIX.

VIII. Cycle: Marks change in Tennyson's home. Theme: Grief being common, sympathy is world-wide.

Note: Canto CIV.

IX. Cycle: Shows change of home. Bells of Watham Abbey. Theme. (Ring out wild bells, to the wild sky—)
This is a stronger, loftier song than the poet ever could have reached before grief ennobled him.

Note: Canto CXIV.

Being harmony of knowledge and reverence

Note: Canto CXV.

Return of spring.

Note: CXXVI.

Supremacy of love.
Love is and was my Lord and King.

Note: Concluding hymn.

Edward Lushington and Cecelia were married in 1842 and this marriage hymn was written for that occasion:

CHAPTER VII

# HER MESSAGES

*"Love is perfect in Christ. There is unchanged identity, personal recognition and fellowship with those who have gone."*

(*A pencil note, written in Mary Lord's hand, in the margin of Canto XXVIII, In Memoriam, when she was eighteen years old.*)

Letter received after a long silence, on Wednesday, August 20, 1919 according to the engagement made through Elizabeth. Written laboriously, the writing at first cramped and like that of an old person or one unused to the pencil:

## M. L. Letter I

M L Mother you look for proof as though you had never known that faith is the evidence of things not seen We will make so little progress if you do not reach out to me a little do not mind a few people doubting this simple manifestation of power they deny themselves a happiness

That all life hangs together as the parts of a well-composed picture is no hard thing for you to comprehend I am here just as near you as Eliphalet is and just as much a part of you forever please do not count me out do not let people say to you Mary Lord was Mary Lord is I am The unsettled condition of your present life is due to your catholic mind and your universal sympathy which would make you eyes to the blind and feet to the lame and wealth to the poor and judgment to the foolish you want to be everywhere and all things to all men but you cannot pay everybody's bills and bear everybody's burden and carry all lame dogs over fences too high for you

We have a good time here so many old friends together I am often with Margaret D and the Davidson boys and your mother and her mother watch over me they are old citizens and many young people come Father is with his first family and they all are dear to me and there is no evil nor grudging here nor envy nor malice we rejoice in the achievements of others and the material things we left behind us cast no shadow here neither our mortal bodies which must disintegrate according to the laws of nature nor any other thing which in our transformation we have cast aside all needs are sup-

plied here and only when what remains of our mortal part becomes to those we love a source of anxiety do we feel conscious ourselves of anxiety as regards it You have been extravagant and so has A

It is hard to get messages you are not a good medium there is a persistent doubt in your mind which retards—your rigidity is as it was in Christian Science a handicap all things are possible

Not today I am off for the day today you have felt that nothing was permanent that nothing clung to you My love is permanent I cling to you in life in life which is unbroken I cling to you

## M. L. Letter II

M L Not homesick for I am at home here but oh so tender it is not to be explained how inseparable my spirit is from yours we were always thought alike in face and voice and manner but no one knew how much we are the same in mind

You gave me chances for growth which you never gave yourself perhaps that accounts for my being the first to arrive here

Something necessary is taking place in you there I cannot name it

Why do you not pray it is so helpful and brings you near to us It does for you what a

shower does for the earth refreshes and revives and takes away the dust that chokes and obscures

Do not pray for things there has been no thing which you desired for a long time except to pass it on

Do not pray for events for what is to be will be in Gods time

Pray that your soul may be purified and your thoughts purged of discontent.

Some gift comes always with prayer it is the attitude of mind by which our wills become adjusted to the will of God the benefit is all spiritual when we look for material benefit we are selfish and discourteous and take a gross view

## M. L. Letter III

M L William Miles is a great help to me why do you stop It is always as if you were afraid

Many are near friends here who were strangers on earth some who were enemies here we understand and here those qualities are counted of value which on earth were still undeveloped and obscure enmities do not exist but there are degrees of affection we are drawn just as we used to be toward those whose tastes and aspirations are similar to our own but in the all absorbing purpose of life to grow away from self and

ever toward God and perfectness we all are in accord and act and feel as one

Definite instructions are hard to offer you used to say that you always had it in mind in doing a service or working out an experiment that if it seemed a matter that would still be operating for good after twenty-five years you would undertake it well lo(o)king further to all eternity for ever and ever if an act will be so undying in its significance then and only then is it worth while this test put to the daily questions would bring the reign of peace and good will acts of aggression or retaliation of envy or of greed of lust or sloth would be impossible when the conviction was clear to the mind that they must go on and on and on mother dear can you not try this when they slight you or anger you do not tell it or resent it pass it by and let it die let the good live let the wrong perish and be forgotten you you you as I look back upon my earthly life you were of the most value to me you are the outstanding feature you my splendid faulty parent (this is a pet name) you muddie no goodnight mother

August 28, 1919.

It is odd that you call me again so soon I had not finished last night it is so important that we should cooperate and see the main issue as one

who would stain his own soul or the soul of another if he realized that this earthly life and all of its concerns is but one chapter in an endless story the evil done there makes the growth of all more painful and less rapid The lack of symmetry on earth and in earthly relations is sometimes very striking to us as we see now from above and through and around

There is nothing individually so dear to me as you love here has a universal quality love with you always had an impersonal quality that is why you have loved others in spite of their unkindness and disloyalty beyond all that you must have found beauty we must love each other on earth love others for what they are not expecting of them what they are not but here we love them for what they are not too because we know they shall attain

As you watch daily to see the growing of a garden we watch the recovery of a spirit they are so jaded when they come or so confused or surprised or ashamed we all are ashamed as we awake we did not know perhaps we did not care to know what time was given for we lost so many precious chances and one by one those chances are renewed and we may redeem every blunder and retrace every false step tell them that tell them and yourself that the unguarded words that cut like two-edged swords may all be

gathered up again and made way with and undone they did their naughty work there and it is over here there is a cessation of the moods that are malicious and the thought vocabulary drops paingiving words we do not speak much it is a wordless world

We know without being told when I was little I sometimes knew without being told"

(The following message came to me suddenly and was taken rapidly on the blank pages in a book that was in my hand—the selected Poems of Francis Thompson. The message is not, as usual with those from Mary Lord, initialed, but I feel that it is from her.)

## M. L. Letter IV

Sept 2, 1919.

With you even among the noblest there is much that is abortive and abnormal and still the wonder and the miracle is that the upward striving continues

At its very lowest still the human mind protests against itself and is obeisant to what is always above itself to that self as yet imperfect which evolves

Not how base are our fellows but how fine

Those touches of greatness those moments of purity those glimpses of beauty and faint har-

monies that reach us in spite of ourselves are but premonitions of what is to be are pledges of what our birthright is and promises of our inheritance

You all are conscious of the falling away of material things and of the greater value of unseen and inward properties Few in proportion will exchange integrity for money or honor for luxury

To them if they but knew it the revelation is already made There is no sacrifice except of comfort involved for they choose the better part You are already in your eternal life

(William Miles, unknown to us, but a correspondent referred to by my cousin Elizabeth, delivered to me the following, written from right to left, utterly illegible until read in a mirror):

### Miles Letter I

Aug. 25.

W M There is a great deal to say to you that you may say again to others we want the faith of those on earth our testimony confirms the scriptures and makes clear the words of Christ and Paul

Many of the most hateful and obvious faults of humanity will disappear in the light of our teaching because all things will be seen in their true values and a perspective view in which there

can be no confusion of ideas as to whats worth while and what is not worth while

Most sins are due to distortion and when the continuity of life is accepted in the same absolute faith as that in which men accept the fact of death and change many things will be seen as wastes of time and energy and life will surely become a more harmonious and symmetrical development nothing we have to say has not already been said by those great souls whose spiritual insight was beyond that of other mortals

it is suppression of what is sordid and selfish it is the subjection of the brute toward which we are moving we who have laid aside the flesh are rid of such impedimenta which to you is still a burden

## Miles Letter II

W Miles the right hand is better now you are not easily controlled when you feel the matter as though it were dictation please write please do not leave it for me to force the pencil that is so difficult and laborious when you feel that the thought has been transmitted to you do not wait for us to push the pencil no you need not be afraid that has been your difficulty you have practiced very little and never given yourself without reserve to the writing the swiftness

will come if you want it will you write with me for an hour every day Mary Lord wants you to do so for a few days she will be with us

### Miles Letter III

William Miles why do you retard and torment the writing write The windswept world how many tastes of heaven are ours on earth we are gently prepared for all that comes if we open our hearts to the messages of nature those who will hear nothing in the winds and trees and the voices of nature nor in the epic poetry of some mens lives would not be convinced though one rose from the dead they will know too in time but for them the probation is more exacting the discouragement greater they are spirits clogged and burdened with matter the clumsiness of mortality clings to them even here gradually they are rid of their load and when once free they are radiant with the accumulated brightness of those lost years all is intensified for them it is so with most of us habit moulds the soul and habits which must be unlearned set back the movement I am glad to do so

### M. L. Letter V

Sept. 7, 1.30 A. M.

(The following was taken upon awakening from a sound sleep suddenly. I feel that it should

be mentioned that the writer, Paul Willstach, had asked during the day discussing with Paul Kester and me the genuineness of these communications, if I ever received the writings in the dark. I have frequently done so, but always make a light as it is difficult to read when the lines are straight, written as they are without spacing or punctuation, and to take the writing in the dark adds to the confusion.)

M L Light light why this experiment is it not hard enough look and help me a little who is the man tell him to try men are so funny tell him to try and if he loves anyone on this side tell him to be fearless and faithful and some sort of bond will be felt he or any one can reach us who love

In the doing of many inconsequential things you let me wait you are not fit for this too much of your time is spent chained chained to a round of things not in themselves useless but less useful than what lies ahead of you in this direction no one can speculate upon the outcome of this mediumship when things hitherto inaccessible are suddenly within reach and things unbelievable are made as clear as day already much that was mysterious and unimaginable to older generations has become parts of the worlds daily equipment

We are working to lend all power to men as was promised and to set the whole machinery in

motion the jerky spasmodic advance of humanity is splendidly tragic men do not move with the perfect order of stars what is possible for the stars is possible with any other created order perfection in the individual life perfection in groups in nations in those that live and those that live again live in one sphere and under one condition or in another sphere Life is activity Power is unbroken but the currents pass not well through vehicles clogged or broken or torn or rusted out

The discussion of a large subject by idlers detracts from its dignity but does no real harm laughter is sometimes cheap and trivial but more often it is wholesome and it seasons all things well We hate to be tabu to be cried about and whispered about We are so animate and so keen in all our appetites that we begrudge you no appetite which without disgrace you may satisfy where you are Why should you love food and air and the exhilaration of wine and of love if those things were intrinsically base oh no there you are human and those human rights were allowed you and belong to your condition denial robs the soul of sweetness and of full experience Excess is ill-judged and brings unfortunate results there on your plane and sends the souls of the self-indulgent here at a disad-

vantage but also the ascetic comes at a disadvantage and the harlots and drunkards recover here just as quickly as do the deacons priests and bishops the self-righteous and those who damn with faint praise

The pendulum swings too far in both cases

Yet those who maintain even in their errors something of mirth and of generosity are far better off than the unsmiling souls who blush for the good humor and fun they witness here

Morality seems not to be a paramount issue here and it is hard in a way that those who walked the chalk so many years and held carefully aloof from all the reckless world should still be like the cat who walked by himself and lonesome and unaccustomed to fellowship among good fellows They learn and in that they disciplined themselves on earth they learn quickly when once the other way is open before them

We associate with queer people not what used to be our set some of our loveliest and greatest leaders are those who down there were despised and rejected of men this is not surprising is it history proved it over and over and history goes along here as there with its romantic unexpectedness its turning topsy-turvy preconceived ideas You are tired Muddie my muddie I will kiss you when you go to sleep who kisses you

## M. L. Letter VI

M L That literal statement of the parables and (those) forms of expression recognizable to the human mind was necessary one cannot be receptive to what is altogether beyond the range of ones own knowledge

The separation of the sheep from the goats referred to so frequently and dwelt upon so affectionately by persons who assume themselves to be among the sheep elect and safe and have no special regret in the consideration of numberless others cast forever out seems to resolve itself into this If there prove to be finally any souls so incorrigibly vile that the long processes through which they are trained and purified and taught are futile those may be goats and may be isolated as on earth it is necessary to isolate and restrain those who cannot refrain from acts of disorder but I have seen nothing to indicate that such a class exists in the spirit world

The humility with which all bend to instruction and the joy with which all note the advancement of others and the revelations of nobility and efficiency here where each finds his powers applied to the work he is best fitted to perform would lead one to believe that redemption of character is inevitable and universal and not one life shall be destroyed Tennyson or cast as nothing to

the void when God hath made the pile complete when time hath sundered shell from pearl

(The doctrinal question as to the separation of the good from the bad in the spirit world had been in my mind for hours,—I tell these things that any reader may make his own inference—sub-conscious operations of the mind, wish-fulfillment or whatever name metaphysicians choose to give it, leaves me quite unruffled—I do not know what it is, but I do know that I and many others are glad to be told, and are helped and enlightened.)

### M. L. Letter VII

(Received at a plantation in North Carolina, September 11, 1919, a place where the child had spent many happy weeks with the best of friends.)

"M L it is good to be with you here they are so fine in spite of friction dull materials do not grow hot when rubbed against each other as fine substances do ten years will show great development here in the land and all enterprises but especially in the characters of these strong people Mother no matter how excitable and unreasonable a person is this sort of exercise this giving up material interests for eternal truth and imperishable affections is a good and helpful thing it will work the frown from the face and

the querulous note out of the voice It will bring peace even to us an added peace because we can but feel for you all seeing we love you (here a wavering, indefinite line, and the writing resumed very tremulously) When you call me so seldom and write for so short a time my power to reach you wanes it is not easy at best I often wait till you have eaten wait till you have slept you have a strong physique

I tell you little that you do not already know only condense and give form to some of your own thoughts when I am able I will give you proof but can you not accept without proof the great comfort you have me here and Babe there transition will be like leaving one room one child and one group of friends to enter another room and the presence of others who love you I have never mis-led you or lied to you you would love to see how we are sent on many errands and how the twists are worked out of the minds of men and self interest evaporates under the sunshine of love which is poured out on your world we have no ambition but to fulfil there is something sadly ludicrous about your little schemes and policies and bickerings and distinctions without difference we have no organized churches and no political parties and all contentions which as differences of opinion or clashes of interest mar your life on earth are

here lost in the supreme desire to see all things arrive among so many it is marvellous to see the order which exists on this plane of existence no hurry no competition each realizes that he is placed where he belongs and those who have lost time are grateful to know they may recover lost ground in time love is the keynote of our attitude to each other but as we can not care for all alike we feel no resentment when greater souls give to us only friendly courtesy but do not take us at once into intimate relations all have enough each has all he can bear encouragement and opportunity and instruction and success all my appointed time will I wait till my change come

Each of us that can find a hearer on earth or a way of getting word through to an open mind is charged to report upon our present state of existence that those who are on the way here may arrive without weariness or confusion

Therefore in face of ridicule or doubt you must repeat what I pass on to you you are fearless in everything

Who has not felt dimly things intangible and seen the unseen who has not been conscious of invisible presences who has not had premonitions and warnings and sudden revulsions of purpose who has not repented at the eleventh hour who has not heard the still small voice

There is a mass of general testimony in regard to the reality of the spiritual presence and why believe so much that cannot be proven and still balk at this which will bridge the gulf between the worlds

There is much to be unlearned and revolutionized Trees are unfeelingly mutilated sacrifice is the law of life but not indignity and mutilation dumb creatures will be handled otherwise in ages to come they who open not their mouths and children and the ignorant who must labor all will share in the tenderer spirit which the mind of Christ sheds abroad by our instrumentality in the harvest fields and the slaughter houses and the sweatshops and the mines

It is well to have lived among you those who died before they had breathed or died at birth are very perfect souls untainted without flaw for they have grown here but to us who lived among you is given to deal directly with you and because we knew and shared your way of life we can adjust you to what is to come and help you to prepare for it

As you advance and feel your grasp loosening on the grosser possessions which in your youth you accumulated with some eagerness you must feel the fingers of your spirits reaching out for the things that lie beyond the range of earthly experience

Oh cruel world reaching your bloody hands to heaven Cain Cain oh selfish and short-sighted world selling your birthright for a mess of pottage as there came to the outcast the cry of a brothers blood as there came to the deceiver the sense of his own unworthiness so the whole world will stand convicted in its own eyes of crime and negligence of harshness and its heart will turn home will not its heart turn home its heart will turn home

## M. L. Letter VIII

(The following is not dated)

M L You need not be too personal everything I may say to you is not of especial use to others generalities belong to all when a communication may be helpful the sacrifice of privacy is justified but reserve is a good thing under most circumstances you have always had a great tendency to unlock all doors people less frank than you cannot understand that

## M. L. Letter IX

September 22, 1919.

M L William Miles would love you muddie you have so much in common you would work well together you must not prefer me you must prefer the one with whom you get the best results we have not gotten on so well I know you

mind and feel so keenly the difficulties that you have to face when the moments come and you turn to me and long so to be with me then I feel hardly able to stay away I signal and signal if I could return for a little while to be with you I would do so but already I would be sadly out of place we would make only confusion if we came back in our old shapes we come in better and more helpful ways mother mother hold me close

## Miles Letter IV

September 22, 1919.

W M Your thought is correct it is actual actual pain actual pain but was anything ever produced without pain conscious or unconscious pain Growth is pain reproduction is pain self-mastery is pain but under all that pain is a triumphant sense of achievement the weariness the weight the supreme moment of agony are all inconsequential in view of the result Something if not created from the beginning by your effort at least given by you its visible form and definite expression so men labor to invent and to analyze as women labor to bear more women and men and in kind and in degree differing but in compensation not unlike comes to each the joy to the mother and to the doctor for each has

fought and won a battle to the scientist and to the soldier each may die at his post

The interchangeableness of spirit you who never heard of me receive me now you might have been my mother (an abrupt ending, and after patient waiting, and in reply to an inquiring thought) M L goodnight

(As I type these letters from originals already several months old, I am struck with the sense of utter and absolute unfamiliarity; the words only in very rare instances seem to have been read by me before, although every message is read and re-read by me many times immediately upon its receipt; the fact that the writing is unbroken without punctuation or spacing, makes it often impossible for me to know if there is sense or sequence in it—after reading it many times, it fades again from my otherwise retentive memory.)

### Miles Letter V

September 17, 1919.

M L William Miles will tell you more William Miles is writing the girls enjoy an innocent intercourse your little one cannot be always wise she was fed upon ideals from her incipiency and has a rare appreciation of psychological things you know she loved it at school many of her fathers visions and her mothers

dreams went into her and the honest purposes of both she is full of understanding but needs play the rhythm she studied was helpful her little feet danced out of her soul the Xscience (Christian Science?) was helpful, separating mind and matter in advance of her physical dissolution she had passed almost out sometime before you saw her go it was never easier for anyone than for her

## M. L. Letter X

M L I was frightened for the minute It was not hard it cannot be hard when the exhausted machinery stops
Because they meant so well (can this mean doctors, nurses and friends?) I did not mind it was you who were cross and who suffered that was long ago in the crawling stage of existence
William was an aviator he is a high flyer (here the thought crossed my mind "how foolish") not exactly foolish why shouldnt he be a high flyer?

## Miles Letter VI

October 12, 1919.

William Miles she is she is with me I can speak for her You have let her wait you make suffering you do make many blunders you also set in motion much that is fine yes yes

## M. L. Letter XI

M L It is a long time Muddie I am often there The handwriting is not often as it was in life what difference does that make it is now as it was then but a means to an end it conveys the thought we find it very hard to get anything delivered think of the difficulties if if you tried to hold the hand of a living person and write by that means with a pencil in the hand of another could you write your identical hand? (the first question mark) We are troubled by the constant demand for proof because it indicates the unsettled condition of your minds and holds back the flood of comfort we pour out to you Of ridicule we have no fear who is afraid of that no big spirit minds except that it cripples work

Write mother write and think it out afterwards I love to see your head drop on your hand like that it looks so natural but not now not till I am relieved and then you can think it out afterwards not with your head on the mantelpiece and your tears raining down please be happy it is so short a time darling all our years are short oh the loveliness of coming over so soon mother before the stains and sorrows of a longer stay on earth We have not the experience or the discipline but we have the freshness and bouyancy we young souls Wisdom

endures and courage endures and all we fought to gain nothing is lost (incoherent straggling lines) yes

## M. L. Letter XII

M L Mother darling we the young have nothing to forgive we came before life wounded us it is you who have had to face ingratitude and treason and to know the blackness of the human heart you will be so glad to know how all old wounds are healed those sins were only errors due to a wrong point of view the treason itself is true isnt it to some other thing to self interest or or some mistaken ideal? and there is no blackness and no false love fearlessness is the keynote of this life what have we to fear?

## M. L. Letter XIII

October 25, 1919.

What Louis gave you was pure gold he has found out in advance of his change we do leave our least worthy belongings behind us the parts which fulfilled transient purposes and we do trail all our glory with us into the better life we appear before royalty fitly robed

How could he know the wind bloweth where it listeth

Theology is darkening the minds of men and

misrepresenting God it chains thought to dogma it cheats you of what you could have now today in comfort and insight and in knowledge of God all of which come later to the soul when it comes here but could be yours on earth could belong to anyone at any time

It is not necessary that you find sequence in my writing the sequence is there whether you follow it or not

Your vitality is increasing you are more than ever dynamic there is something immortal in the flesh of the least of us for that too for this is for

Yes mixed
Broken threads
pressure of nonessential things bondage to daily usage once untrammeled rid of all this trapping and harness fearless of all tongues and eyes

Again everything comes between but no thing has power to come between do you know it

Yes it is not necessary to worry about God we do not you do and confuse yourselves and make much bitterness and controversy you ought to let God alone to run his own affairs and not misrepresent his will he is all of us and we all are him light and dark father and mother the creative and the receptive the perfect produc-

tiveness all is one in him there is no thought of him or her (I take this time to mean no sense of sex) if you insist on saying him there is no thought of him or her God is all

We had no standard by which to measure him and no model with which to compare him but some great creature like ourselves how material our conceptions were oh mother he is it—he is perfection and we are growing into him into the perfect whole each atom counts each atom has the power to disorganize the whole
yes darling you are trying but it would do you good to see some real experiments some convincing demonstrations try when you have time never worry you are much more tranquil gaining ground here as you let go there that is fine you are on the way but fail to understand it if you cry I shall be drenched in tears like rain and big gray clouds will overshadow me and cheat me of my sunshine I will be dripping and shivering mother you must keep me dry

(Following this letter I received a very characteristic one, including quite a long message from V——K—— with a post-script from Mary Lord which ended with wild flourishes of the pencil, round and round, until I asked in my own mind what this foolishness meant—the reply was instantaneous—"I am trying to draw a pumpkin

for hallowe'en"—Heaven only knows how far from my thoughts were those happy hallowe'en days in the nursery—with the pumpkin cut into a lantern, each of us in turn adding some fantastic ornament to the design—Daddy and I and both children. This was received on, I think, the 27th of October.)

M L. Father is away on business for the school His faculty for teaching is of great service here Patience and promptness in finding the reality

M L. At peace tonight kiss Babe for me read my will and do good

M L. You will meet us all in our new home do not fear the crossing

M L. Mother you will be very happy when you see and understand the life we live in God you share it now but the best is coming

Mother you will be

M L. We must not talk too much it is as it is with you some things are better left unsaid you will find me waiting

(In this I had the distinct sense of the indiscretion suggested; it was as though the writer had been cautioned by a superior not to tell too much; there was the sudden stopping of the

pencil, and after a long time the initials and explanation of the interruption.)

## M. L. Letter XIV

M L Where is Marion Yes will he try to talk with me Women have more imagination and more faith what is beyond the range of their actual experience does not appear to them as impossible for that reason she is Mr. K is a dear old soul and in no way responsible for this behavior he and I have had some good laughs over it you dear people torment yourselves about such trifles give them the ground if they insist on it what difference can it make You people find so many ways to grieve each other that is such a funny world (Here the pencil inscribed the face of William Miles on the paper) We are very much occupied now the minds of men are so disturbed Those of us who can get near enough try to adjust conflicting interests it will all be right when men feel the hardships and cares of others as they feel their own we try to have capitalists see little pictures of workmens homes mothers at kitchen stoves children studying their lessons sick feverish babies and helpless old people to be warmed and fed cosy scenes they sometimes and sometimes most distressing when food and medicines are scarce and shoes and coal cost so much and we

try to show the laborers not the handsome homes which would arouse envy but the tired brains and the hearts often burdened with responsibility we want to help you all to understand

(Here the pencil jumped and the stroke became large and round, writing)

Here is Mary Norman
I am an art student
(How long have you been there?)
A long time no I never knew you my mother would like to know my mother has not come you will find her in the telephone book her name is Jane no no one knows just how or when he died will you try to give her my love will you then good night

(I immediately went through the Normans in the Washington telephone book, asking at each house for a Jane, but was unable to locate her.)

(Again the control changed, and the writing read)

We are all around you I am another this is our night My name is Christian

(This was followed by a conventional pattern drawn with great preciseness and some skill)

M L Some of them are so silly mother but some want so much to reach their friends at home

## M. L. Letter XV

November 24, 1919.

M L Yes mother that sense of rhythm that is still lacking in you all You see it in the lines of the high clouds driven by winds You see it in the lines of all the waves at sea You see it in the snow-drifts even in the strata of the soil you see those waving ribbons of gold and amber and rose and gray as the layers of soil and clay and gravel have piled upon each other You see it in the hair of little playful girls and in a thousand concrete forms Your lives run too much in lines that are harsh and angular and ugly we learned all these things long ago the outdoor dancing helped us do you know the autumn leaf motif how it swept and swirled before it fell and lay so still It must have passed through its body too and all things temporal just as we do For me the christian science helped a lot I knew its value but could not explain now I can explain It brought to me so calmly the sense of detachment it gave me every day a spiritual possession for (in place of?) some physical attribute which I was so soon to surrender Does not this seem very rational? It could not make what you call a cure in my case for my body had done its work for me and its chemical components were drop-

ping auseinander (apart) but it held all my soul together strong and close to God and see mother what a good time I am having now Are you sick?

These people must not quarrel because they all are right the episcopalians and catholics and all the scientists and spiritists and the atheists and pagans All are climbing the hill from different points but will meet at the top and smile into each others faces in recognition of what they could not see in the valley Atheists are fun they are not clear as to what they are talking about it is not God they deny but that funny old testament person Michael Angelo painted with a beard and the prophets described just as the pagan poets described Thor or Jupiter Whether the atheists know God is a small matter so long as God knows them and he does and just watch them when they get here everybody will enjoy the joke for God loves them We have lots of funny jokes but when they are on you all down there we are not making fun of you only amused as parents are when children are clumsy and make funny mistakes It is all straight mother I am here and talking I heard the lady yesterday that is a good point she told you her friend knew Sir Oliver and that he had told her it was a(s) useless to try to make people understand

as it would be to make an aboriginal savage understand what a book was The only way to understand is to believe what do you really know about the laws that make the grass grow or the winds blow or the stars keep their places

The people who found out a little bit were teased or laughed at or persecuted but time has proven that they had a vision

I tried to get you last night by the fire that is the place for you sitting by the fire those who need you will find the way to the door and you must receive them stranger or friend white or black Jew or Gentile you may see them only once or twice they may get what they came for and go but you will have given them the thing they needed and could not ask for out with it muddie teach them how to come across

## Miles Letter VII

William Miles

Rhythm results from balance a child dancing an untaught dance on the lawn expressing that which it cannot consciously perceive maintains its balance by the use of its arms in gestures which are rhythmic A ship at sea dips in rhythmic movements as its sails take the wind flying would be disastrous and is disastrous when not rhythmic crashes come

Rhythm is balance so a well balanced mind is

gracious as a well balanced body is graceful good proportion Mother Andrews good proportion discord noise and pain discord noise and pain M L Muddie ask D——*

Delozier Davison and Jack
Jack (here confusion and name crossed out) I am not good at this but Mary Lord wants me they have such an authoritative way of asserting things I admit that in a measure they are correct anything perfectly balanced is satisfactory and any part out of proportion weakens the whole construction I suppose they mean that a perfect plane under perfect control moves easily and a rotten plane badly handled comes down the one spectacle is good, every body likes to watch smooth motion and good work if that is rhythm nobody enjoys the sight of a machine going to destruction and a man breaking his neck that is unquestionably what Miles calls discord noise and pain there are some level heads among us

(Here the pencil stopped, and upon a mental inquiry as to who Jack might be, came)
Never mind

## M. L. Letter XVI

M L You cannot overcome it your knowledge is

* Delozier is a young aviator killed in France. A wonderful, straight-forward, practical boy, with great sense of responsibility.

so limited you do not know much you do the best you know your discords all die out as you near the border you will stay where you are until your preparation is more advanced Our mortal lives were lacking in rhythm too there are degrees in harmony those who are nearer to this life of ours unlearn the harsh notes and forget the crude contrasts of the old earthly ways that is natural too If you could be there all that you are to be here our work would be at an end These will advance in spirit and others will be born to learn again walking our earthly ways and always moving m o v i n g moving in this direction that is the trend

Received February 25, 1920, after the conclusion of the long and painful controversy with the Rev. Dr. —— relative to the six feet of earth in my grandmother's burying ground, in which the child's body is interred.

## M. L. Letter XVII

M L Mother darling silent and unseen we are with you to help do you think we could see you fighting alone and agonizing over inconsequential matters A wise and thoughtful man it was courageous of him to recognize me in the——case (this refers to my lawyer, to whom I had given the writings and who treated them with interest

and respect) when we are out of sight you seem to think us wiped out forever and our highest activities have only just begun Mr. G—— will know me again he may not identify me with any piece of work but when it is in my power to suggest a thought in line with a righteous purpose or in the cause of peace I will be there that is our work After a while an apology will come for the needless tears they caused you to shed muddie—they too are made only by Gods measurements some of us he lays out on a large and generous plan others not some are made of delicate materials others not it is not for us to compare or complain love and give love and give that is all

## Miles Letter VIII

(Received May 20. 1920)
W M When will you attend to us? There seems time for all else
(What do you want?)
We want an instrument a go between we want you to publish what you already have received we want attention and faith and obedience why limit yourself in this way?
(I thought I was to attend to my human business)
This is human business of the most important nature

## M. L. Letter XVIII

(Received on May 26, 1920)

M L Mother goodmorning Organized work is a reaching out for better things full of blunders it is true and mixed with human selfishness but still an effort in the right direction do not be critical or impatient Theoretic theology is a reaching out after God precise analysis of his nature and measurement of his greatness and explanation of his purposes are childish attempts to know him but every rival creed is in a measure right for he is everything and the partial knowledge of him accounts for the many aspects of faith When God is in you and you are full of him you will cease to fret because of clashing creeds you will see through them to what they strive for you will see in them the imperfect picture of him and the incomplete report of his intentions Theology in itself is dry and lifeless but many theologians are full of love and knowledge and it will be better to hold your tongue and control your tendency to ridicule and criticise and contradict they do not know everything and neither do you If a door were painted brown on one side the man on that side would declare that it was brown if it were painted white on the other side the man on that side would declare it was white A big man will describe a man of medium

size as small a tiny man or child would say he was large The point of view cannot be uniform until we all are able to see all around every subject and to know God in all his aspects And that is too much for even our free souls so darling help do not hinder let them alone to work out his will They will you may leave it to God to lead all men all eyes can see the lifted cross and all hearts accept its symbol

## M. L. Letter XIX

(Received June 5, 1920)

M L M L Mother it is going well keep well keep the harsh tongues and grudging minds away from your peaceful realm you are making it do its work you are justifying the expense and trouble of keeping the house open you must preserve harmony and it cannot be done if selfish or self-willed people break in on you and wrest the authority out of your hands Do not argue but sit tight Keep friction down Build love up Peace is yours you have won it and paid for it and it has come to stay

## M. L. Letter XX

(Received June 8, 1920)

We know him he has been here he is a representative of eternal truth love and justice on earth he is a torch bearer no one ignores him no

one misses the message he has to deliver Watch his way evil has little power over him Here or there he will do the same work turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just He is neither old nor young he knows neither friend nor foe he is always calm and undiscouraged and every experience comes to him as something known before He is the embodiment of a thought of God watch him Neither regret for things past nor ambition for things to come can rule his mind He stands alone and always unmoved We need him

(This was not initialed and I cannot be sure from whom it comes. It appears to describe a character which still answers, after daily observation and analysis, to the description given.)

## M. L. Letter XXI

(Received June 17, 1920)
M L When you work Mother when you work use some discretion you expend your energies in needless effort you are not responsible for weakness in the minds or bodies or wills of others and to reconstruct is beyond your power You can and do help along with love and patience but do not ask to see the whole result Far beyond the range of your vision or even the reach of your

imagination lie the things complete in Gods good time we are his helpers his messengers his tools his servants but we are not him not him in the fullness of his power though in each of us there is himself that is the thing we cannot kill in ourselves we cannot silence nor destroy it that spark that burns that voice that speaks that eye that sees all our insight is his insight working through us to its own purposes vague yes vague mists enwrap you all concrete and hard are the things that have meaning in your world gold and iron brick and mortar Oh darling the reality of the things unreal of the things that are without form things in the air in dreams in dim recollections of some time not within the bounds of your mortal experience the largeness that enwraps the soul as it leaves these ties that bind it far behind that bound it The great zusammenhang (unity) of all material and spiritual human and divine you and another melting into each other all become a part of all each a part of each where can cruelty be or malice when each is the other Where can self-interest enter if you love others more than you love yourself? We can help you in your daily duties we can lift the veil we can make it easy have I not made it easier for you mother dear?

## M. L. Letter XXII

(Received Oct. 7, 1920)

M L Mother—Babe when you love each other you love me it is I in both you are the same let nothing estrange you influences are or soon will be at work to estrange you let nothing do so no thing and no person no interest of any sort Mother what is it

(a change of control)

willy willy WMinnigerode you have sent a lovely soul to join us I was always fond of you Wm Minnigerode (written from right to left —mirror) for no very important reason people enjoy each others society without always having very momentous information to impart it is a social call and a great pleasure This continual insistence upon mystery is amusing to us we the dead are never mysterious we are always good natured because we comprehend because of the sincerity and absence of mystery You are twitching all over you are unusually impressionable tonight

## M. L. Letter XXIII

M L Many here want to be with you but you will not be with them people on your own plane absorb you we need you just as much we need you more for your winning way and your magnetism will tend to convince people of the truth of your

report even though your experience is less complete and less wonderful than that of many others who are better vehicles than you
(Control changed)
William
Theodore
Money money
M L money makes madness not to love money unduly or for its own sake money is a tool as physical strength and intelligence are tools for the working out of noble results acquisition in itself is consistent with high aims the wealth acquired may be for the benefit of all but it often is not the habit of accumulating takes possession of the mind the generous intentions are postponed and postponed and the means that might accomplish them is hoarded It is as wrong to lust after the money of another as it is to lust after the wife of another Depriving others rarely brings a blessing all for all and each for each and this is entirely possible in the cooperative systems of business by which profits are nicely balanced

## M. L. Letter XXIV

(Received at mid-night on All Saints Day, Nov. 1, 1920.)
M L Mother Mother Mother will you accept advice you are planning in excess of your strength and means you cannot count on any

material contributions to your running expenses dont go too fast there are many ways of seeing money go and not so many of seeing it come this discrepancy reacts to your spiritual disadvantage you will see if you are patient that all things work out right Those for whom you devise pleasant things will come into their own after a while in the long run the tranquillity of your spirit is as important as the health or education of some other person Tranquillity means health of mind and body for you and self-restraint means education for my still uneducated parent it takes some little girls a long time to learn even after their heads are gray they must go to school giving is a dissipation with you then worry follows and disintegration will be the next step if you give all you have that is enough you cannot go into debt for other people without injuring yourself and to injure yourself and to injure yourself is to disturb the world order quite as much as to injure another person there is a lack of faith in it too for God will not forget his own

## The "Thomas Jefferson" Letters

(On the evening of the thirtieth day of December, 1919, as I sat before my open fire in the studio, came the signal to write, and the following letter was given me—it opens with the answer to a thought which I have now forgotten):

M. L. Letter XXV

M L Yes dear always You will be surprised in her She can show us to you we are visible to her Mrs S——'s mind did reach you though she is not yet rid of the flesh she has been with me we are often with you it is not impossible at all for spirits of the living to exchange thoughts nothing is impossible

(The control changed to my husband—)

E F A that is old times The room is little different it is that you are in it alone No you do not shut the door on any one (here two ovals drawn, an example he frequently used in instructing beginners in the drawing of the head)

(Then a character was written so large and unfamiliar to me, that I was unable even to guess what it should represent, until the word Thomas was complete—the capital T more than an inch in height, the small letters an half-inch—followed by "Jefferson"—Obviously another control, for the writing was angular, and very clear.)

T. J. Letter I

THOMAS JEFFERSON Why not? The country must suffer if the sound principles of democracy are superseded by erratic ideas fine in theory but for years to come still inapplicable to

(Here my door bell rang persistently, and I was obliged to answer it—A young student, in a

considerable difficulty, spent the rest of the evening with me, pouring out the tale of his boyish human troubles, and not until the next morning could I resume the interrupted writing of which the first words came from my daughter.)

Dec 31 8 A M

M L Mother if you permit an interruption to such a great message you must pay the penalty let the door bell ring perhaps he will return (Then almost immediately)

### T. J. Letter II

THOMAS JEFFERSON your time is less precious than mine we have the balance of sanity to preserve in your topsy turvey world simplicity appears unknown in personal and in national life all is excitement affectation and artificiality the public good is foremost in very few minds Principles already laid down and basic to the well being of this nation are recorded and available to all New schemes unripe purposes dismay the observant All I tell you is of use to adjust the precepts of Christ to the affairs of daily life is the most delicate of experiments not to be accomplished by legislation or one great stroke of policy but to develop only by the patient persistent efforts day by day and generation after generation of individuals individual ideal and opinion underlies national sentiment and govern-

mental action teach men to be Christians Read Bibles love justice follow after mercy walk humbly with God one by one Epluribusunum

## T. J. Letter III

10.30 P.M. Dec. 31, 1919.

THOMAS JEFFERSON David went astray wisdom did not save Solomon from sin this is a world of imperfection most of which we shuffle off when we move on power is perfect adjustment of ways and means human achievements are partial and full of contradictions because the potentiality and the opportunity do not always fit each other

## M. L. Letter XXVI

Dec. 1920

M L Mother I am moving on gaining in strength and power fitting in filling in

W M William Miles yes I am still with her who and what I was on earth makes no difference now I am as the voice of one crying in the wilderness prepare ye the way of the Lord make his path straight prepare ye the way that is to lead to better things to better understanding to

## M. L. Letter XXVII

M L It snaps off like that like a thread Mother come oftener mother mother mother Mother

you never forget me day or night play with me mother pray with me mother work with us Much much you can do you can look out for the bewildered minds and those who take hold by the wrong end and set them straight again It is life on earth that might be regarded with dread so full of disappointments and pain of one sort or another made up of partings full of striving often ineffectual love wearing out success (here confusion in the lines and corrections) success denied you mind and body wearing out as years go on

Perfect love casteth out fear death is perfect love all that was vague and formless becomes real we know why we loved why we hated to step on the caterpillar or see a bird with a broken wing those were the little loves that foretold the thing that is ours here all life all death all love all activity one in God

## M. L. Letter XXVIII

Jan. 1921

M L Hello Muddie It has been long but to write is not necessary you bear me so in mind It is so nice about Babe do not ever worry they soon will know how much they need you you must not be sad for you know no one is indispensable to others You will always have a lot to do some will pass out of your life but others

will come in to take their place as the leaves follow each other season after season Nothing holds on forever that would be monotonous

## Miles Letter IX

Wm Miles We miss you what mobs surround you Mark them for straight thinking and honesty of expression habit is not life reiteration is not thought To say what our ancestors said is easy but to think as they thought is impossible

What was sincere in them is affectation in us

Fashions and manners change Morals change too what is right in one place is unethical in another country or to another people The only absolute standard is in the mind of the individual each one knows

## T. J. Letter IV

Jan. 16, 1920

Thomas Jefferson
Justice before
generosity sense
before sentiment
and perfect good
faith throughout

When the mind
gallops after a
will o the wisp
disaster and collapse

(The opposite was written on the reverse of an invitation to a dance, a card which happened to be the only scrap of paper at hand)

## T. J. Letter V

Jan. 16, 1920

THOMAS JEFFERSON we must seek to use such tools as we can find through you I shall have much to say do not hesitate permit me to pass through Thank you quiet is necessary

(At this time I was one of a committee arranging under the auspices of The Navy League, a Pageant of American History, to be given on Feb. 12, 1920, the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. As a Virginian, the pictures dealing with the history of the State of Virginia, were assigned especially to me; the above communications from Mr. Jefferson puzzled and amused me, and in a small way, irritated, for I am a friend and admirer of Woodrow Wilson, against whom I felt them directed; but I had really no deep belief in their reliability, and set them down to some freak of my own sub-conscious mind. Walking down F Street one morning, bent upon gleaning from the book-stores and shop windows suggestions for this pageant, I caught sight in Loudermilk's book window of a framed copy of the Declaration of Independence. "There" thought I, "I will get the list of the signers, and be able to run down any of their descendants available, to take the ancestor's part in that particular tableau——" With this in mind, I studied the signatures, until my eye fell

on Jefferson's—suddenly the scribblings of those few pages rushed upon me—I had never, to my knowledge, known Jefferson's signature—but here it was, not identical, but strongly similar, to that in my possession—not once, but six times. This gave me a truly queer sensation and perhaps I am pleading guilty to a real failure in duty, when I say that I had no desire to communicate with Mr. Jefferson in this way, and have felt rather suspicious of persons who claim to be in spirit correspondence with superlatively great minds, out of all proportion to the earthly nature which belongs to themselves. Thomas Jefferson would hardly select me—and I did not encourage myself to think so—not while Elihu Root and John Bassett Moore are at hand! Twice since then has that great name come to me. I give the matter in full.)

## M. L. Letter XXIX

M L Great peace have they who love thy law

God's law is growth and nothing shall offend them nothing can offend them in others or in themselves no insincerity no meanness nor cruelty in others can offend for they know that the souls of those erring ones are in a state of developing and will outlive every tendency that could lead to offense and in themselves even as they regret their own wrong doing there is the

hope no the definite knowledge that they too will outgrow the selfishness or the pride which yields to a sense of offense in others toward others the brief span of life on earth and the imperfect mental and spiritual functioning are all poisoned by these trials shakings of faith discovery of weakness so time and power is lost heads and hearts are filled with pain nerves rebel

(Here the control seems another, the writing is almost the same)

Bear ye one anothers burdens Give to the end forgive to the end T D
(I cannot identify the initials.)

## T. J. Letter VI

THOMAS JEFFERSON we wait daily upon the Lord of hosts You who linger there to fulfill his purposes are subject to such bewilderments because of a so imperfect understanding of his will your own wills warped by selfish desires and unworthy ambitions operate to the creation of confusions but notwithstanding that your progress is spasmodic and irregular and that you often retrogress and double on your tracks God is with and in you and the whole trend leads to him Look this runs to incoherence follow what is being written

(The last occasion on which I had a word from him was on August 16, 1920, as I waited in the automobile outside a lumber mill while my son left an order for material. The signal came to write, I had a pencil but no paper, and used three visiting cards, written closely on both sides.)

## T. J. Letter VII

THOMAS JEFFERSON There is significance in the fact that you are not unmindful the time will come for a fuller revealing The country is (has?) now as it were reached mans estate and the isolation of its nursery days is past it must enter the society of nations and assume the responsibilities of age and fitness and policies which were its protection in its infancy must not retard it now Participation in all events and sympathy for all situations will distinguish the future of the race from the past No man liveth to himself and surely no nation can No man dieth to himself but in that he dieth he dieth unto God

(Change of control)

Mary Lord is here Mother (I see in the original manuscript that I wrote here "I have lost the thread")
Continued in the Jefferson script.

## T. J. Letter VIII

This will cause you to feel less burdened We hammer at you while cheap and unimportant offices absorb you We do cooperate but the things clear to our intelligence are hidden from you it is as though we were working on a great tapestry design we on the side whereon the pattern is revealed you on the reverse yet your part in the working out of the whole is no less important than ours

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