

A CLOUD OF
WITNESSES

BY ANNA DE MOYEN

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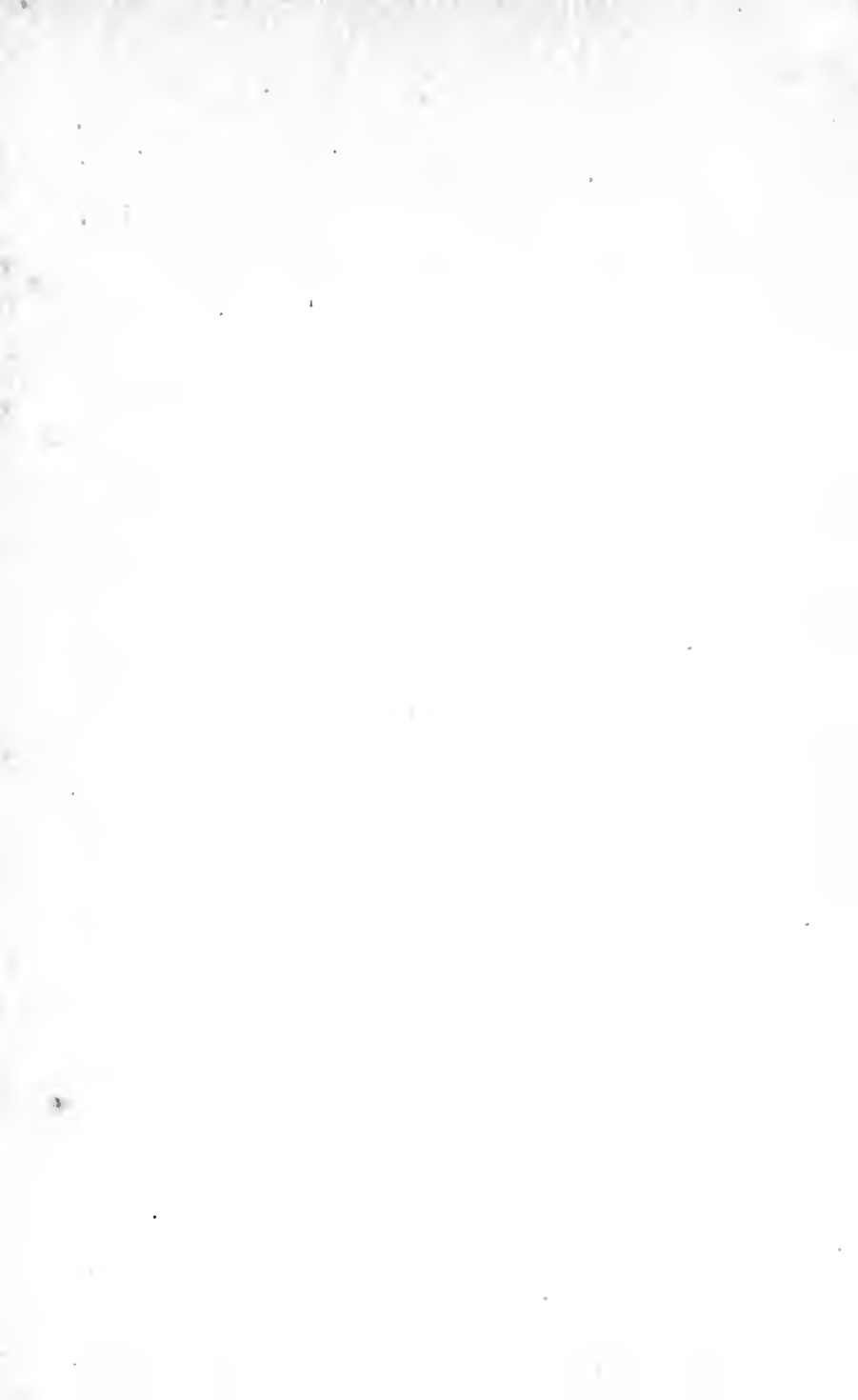
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BY
ANNA DE KOVEN
(MRS. REGINALD DE KOVEN)

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
JAMES H. HYSLOP, Ph.D., LL.D.
SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY
FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH



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IN ORDER THAT SHE
THO' DEAD, MAY YET SPEAK

THIS BOOK
HER MEMORIAL

IS COMPILED BY ONE OF THE
MANY WHO BEAR HER
IN
PERPETUAL REMEMBRANCE

It will be proved in the future, I do not know when or where, that also in this life the human soul stands in an indissoluble communion with all the immaterial beings of the spiritual world, that it produces effects therein and in exchange receives impressions from them, without however becoming conscious of them as long as all stands well. It would be a blessing if such a systematic constitution of the spiritual world as conceived by us had not merely to be inferred from the too hypothetical conceptions of the spiritual nature generally, but would be inferred or at least conjectured as probable from real and generally acknowledged observations.

Immanuel Kant.

PREFACE

IN giving the records of what I believe to be actual communications from relations and beloved friends who have passed from the earth, I am moved by a profound conviction that any facts which tend to prove that the soul is immortal should not be withheld. I think it my duty to present them and leave it to the judgment of my readers as to their significance and to their imagination to account for them. In promulgating the possible analogy between the formula of materialized organisms, as stated by Dr. Geley, with the "mentally manipulated" substance of the other world I wish to disavow any assumption that it is scientifically proved. Again, in quoting Sir William Crookes' hypothesis regarding the peculiar organization of the nerve ganglia of the sensitive, I state only that Mrs. Vernon's method of receiving the communications which I publish seems to confirm his hypothesis.

This hypothesis, which suggests the impact of thought waves upon peculiarly organized or developed nerve ganglia, is, however, in defi-

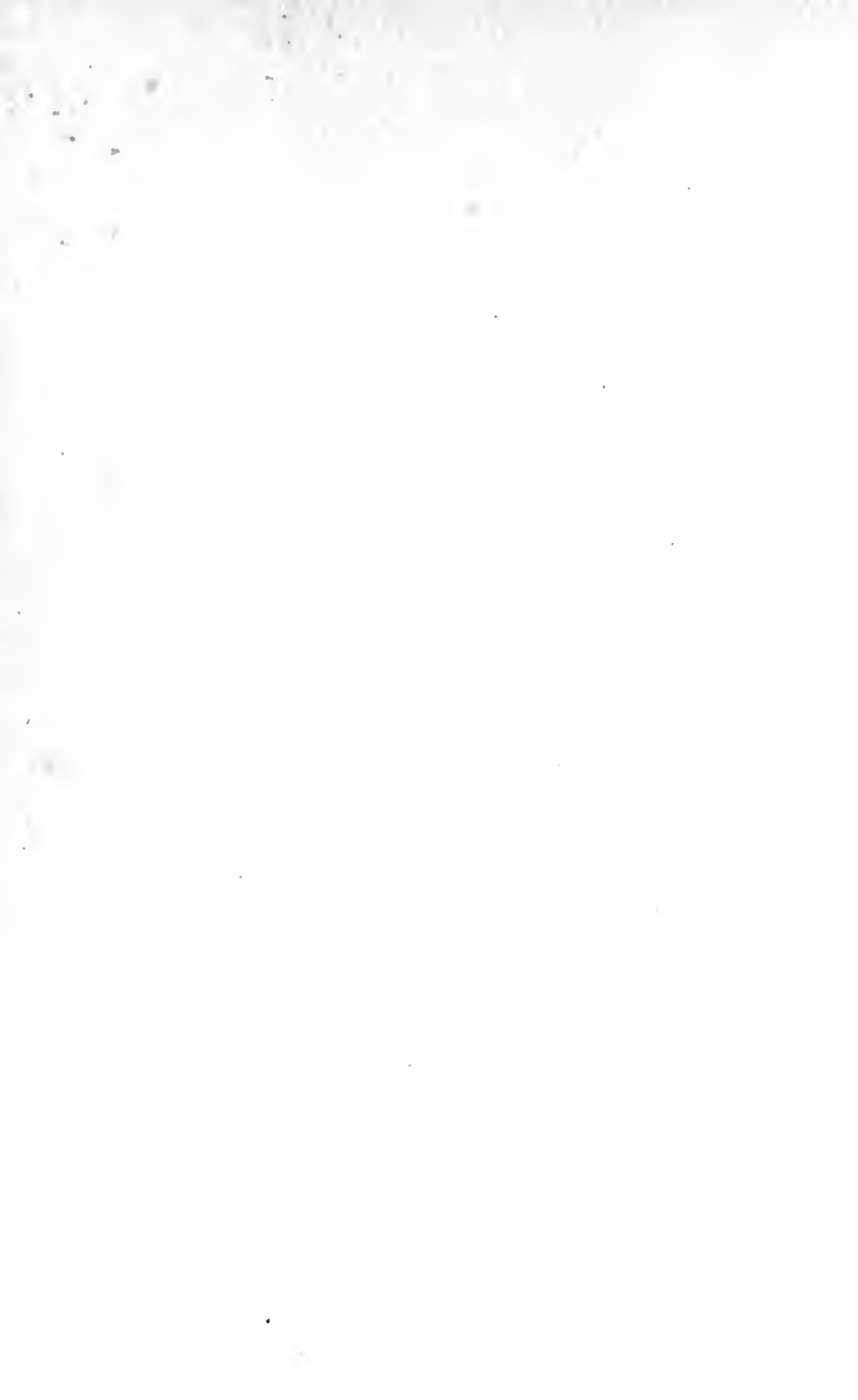
nite accord with the universal wave theory of the transmission of light and heat and sound, and hence can be received without undue incredulity. Possessed of no explanation which can lead to a refusal to believe that my friends have sent me these messages, and constrained by the expression of their desire that they should be published, I obey their behest.

That the inexpressible joy which this proof of their continued and happy existence has given to me may bring comfort and hope to others, is the object of this book and my profoundest desire.

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INTRODUCTION

BY JAMES HYSLOP

I PERSONALLY knew the chief parties involved in this record. Mrs. de Koven's father I knew as a member of the Board of Trustees of Lake Forest University, when I was a teacher there. Her mother I knew at the same time, and Mrs. de Koven herself as a student there. The personality involved in the record, I also knew at that time. These facts enable me to assure the reader that the author is no ordinary adventurer or curiosity monger, in the field of psychic research. She is the author of a "Life of Paul Jones" which has a place on the shelves of biography, and she is the wife of Mr. Reginald de Koven, the composer of well-known operas.

These statements suffice to give the proper setting to what follows in this book. Mrs. de Koven seems to have had no interest in psychic research until the death of her sister, to whom she was devotedly attached, and the shock of this loss, as in thousands of other cases, brought her up at once to the realization that she had no philosophic or religious view of the world

that would enable her to reconcile herself to the order of things. She set about trying to find if there was any reason to believe that the object of her affection survived death, and the results of her inquiries are recorded here. She has not shirked the notoriety that such a decision imposes, as outweighing her duty to the public and to those who seek consolation for a like loss. The book is the result of profound convictions and is not subject to any impeachment unless the rigid scientific sceptic chooses to dispute its findings. Its motives and sincerity cannot be questioned.

I personally know, also, Mrs. Vernon, the psychic or automatist involved in the record. She is a private person receiving no payment whatever for her services, but giving her time and effort as a labor of love. She is the wife of a business man in New York City and passed through a very trying ordeal in the development of her psychic powers, as is often the case. No taint of professionalism can touch her, and all the ordinary suspicions that have attached to this subject and its mercenary votaries are wanting in this instance. The only thing that readers have to consider is whether the data are explicable by chance coincidence, guessing, or normal knowledge casually acquired and thrown out subconsciously without any personal recog-

dition of its source. Mrs. Vernon's entire ignorance of Mrs. de Koven for some time after the experiments began, and the nature of the facts in most instances are quite ample security against the suspicion or reproach of even casual knowledge on her part. So the reader has at least something supernormal to explain. The author does not need to go farther than to state the facts and to leave them to the consideration of the sceptic, whose business it will be to offer evidence for any theory he may entertain.

The evidential incidents will commend themselves to readers as excellent, at least in many instances. Their meaning can be mistaken only by the most determined sceptic, bent on not accepting anything supernormal. This is not the place to illustrate incidents having evidential interest, but those not known by Mrs. de Koven and afterward verified by her will pass as giving trouble to believers in telepathy, even though that be conceded for what she knew. The personal identity of the communicator is clearly reflected in incidents which the record relates and explains, and I would assign appropriate value to them in any scientific judgment of their character.

I would not endorse the philosophical ideas expressed through Mrs. Vernon, and suggested, though not asserted, by Mrs. de Koven. Nor

would I oppose such views if adequate evidence were adduced for them. Mrs. de Koven states explicitly in the Preface her own attitude toward them. Any one has the right to think of them as he pleases. The important part of the material is the evidence of supernormal phenomena, and there the emphasis may be laid, while we wait for more light in the future. Mrs. de Koven does not assert any philosophic conclusions, but only wonders, like many others, whether they might not be a hint in the right direction.

The stress of readers, however, should be on the facts and their evident pertinence to the doctrine of survival. That is the crux of the problem and there is no reason why we should not regard the record as a valuable contribution to the evidence of survival.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES

CHAPTER I

LA CARAVANE PASSE, MALGRÉ LES ABQUIEMENTS
DES CHIENS.—Arab proverb.

THE bourne from which no traveler returns" is no longer impenetrable, no longer silent. Authentic voices have spoken from behind the veil; travelers have returned, visiting not only by the light of the moon, but facing by full daylight the recognizing gaze of those who knew their earthly forms and speech. Is there proof of this? Are the human hopes of immortality about to be confirmed? The answer, based on the testimony of numberless truthful witnesses, is affirmative.

Reaching in its slow development the age of reason, humanity has turned the eyes of science and of practical investigation upon this accumulated testimony, discovering not only new powers in the incarnate soul, but learning that those powers are significant of an endless exist-

ence, a destiny of ultimate perfection, of unimaginable bliss.

The resolution of what have, from uncounted ages, been considered as miraculous or supernormal manifestations of human faculties into normal perceptions and normal correspondences with natural laws, has been the effort of the last fifty years.

Yet evidence of what are called supernormal phenomena exists in the earliest of human records. Out of the deep night of time the dim traditions of our barbaric ancestors glimmer with fiery portents and tell of powerful spirits of good and evil. Religion, in some of its earliest phases, is based on the manifestation of so-called supernormal powers in man. Criticism of the unsatisfactory behavior of a trance medium is found on an Egyptian tomb. The Pythian clairvoyants threatened and instructed the Greeks from their subterranean Delphic caves. Our own American Indians, near to the heart of nature, often encountered the shades of their returning chieftains in the painted autumn forests or amid the deep snows of winter. Their belief in an endless life was intuitive, familiar, and expressed in many legends of poetic beauty.

The Oriental study of the supernormal phase of human perception, of the celestial autonomy

and of the progressive evolution of the soul has grown into an imposing mass of theory. Centuries in advance of the western world, the adepts of ancient India learned to manipulate the non-material part of the human organism until natural laws were defied and normal physiology nullified. That part of the human organism called astral has been voluntarily separated from the fleshly part, and projected into space. Living bodies, buried for weeks, have emerged to resume their former activities.

Plotinus, the Neo-Platonist, the seer and prophet, projecting his spirit through his power of ecstatic vision, into the supernal realms, returned to instruct the earth dwellers of his philosophic day, regarding the life of the liberated soul. Swedenborg, the omniscient, in a library of volumes, not only revealed his intuitive knowledge of many of the later discoveries of science, but in similar ecstatic voyages, followed Plotinus into the infinite, returning with information similar and illuminating as to the superior and universal laws of the supernal regions.

The legends of the Roman Catholic Church are full of recorded miracles which now fall into the categories of Psychic Phenomena. The Sacred Word itself laid the foundation of the modern belief in immortality upon the super-

normal phenomenon of the resurrection of Christ.

Why, then, with all this testimony, with all this proof of the deathless spirit in man, has the world groped so long in a darkness, relieved only by the flickering beacon of the intuitive belief in immortality? Why has it seemingly preferred that darkness? Why has it hugged close the agony of death, believing it to be utter separation? Why has it lingered by the closed portals of the tomb? Because of the slow growth of the reasoning faculty in man. Because also of a determined repugnance to accept evidence in apparent disagreement with religious doctrine, and with the material investigations and the ever changing conclusions of science.

But Science itself, with its development of the reasoning faculty and a like growth in exactitude of observation, had at last provided an equipment for the examination of supernormal phenomena. The rise of modern spiritualism in the United States, due largely to the "Hydesville Knockings" and the automatically inspired writings of the unlettered sage, Andrew Jackson Davis, was coincident with the statement of the evolutionary theory as promulgated by Darwin and Wallace. The representatives of this triumphant evolutionary mate-

rialism were summoned by the English public, infuriated by the pretensions of the abhorred spiritualists, to refute their statements and to put to naught their doctrines.

In the year 1872, Sir William Crookes, then young and in the full tide of his brilliant career of important scientific discoveries, essayed to put the pretensions of the celebrated English medium, D. D. Home, to the test of a rigid examination in his own laboratory. The results were startlingly different to what had been confidently expected by the incredulous public. Not only did Crookes assert that Home had actually performed his miracles of levitation, of the handling of live coals, and of other supernormal feats before his own eyes and those of many witnesses, but in experiments with a medium, Miss Cook, also in his own laboratory, he asserted that he had seen a materialized individual appear who walked and talked with him and his witnesses. Her pulse was taken by Sir William; he was photographed, standing between Miss Cook and the new individual, Miss King, and these photographs exist to this day, together with the later testimony of Sir William as to his unaltered conviction of the reality of what he had seen and recorded. A storm of invective broke over the head of the honest and courageous scientist,

and the inventor of the Crookes tubes, the forerunner of the X-rays, the discoverer of Thallium and other chemical elements, was forced to a cessation of his psychic investigations, believing, probably with reason, that his splendid powers would achieve better results in an unchallenged field of operation and experiment.

The storm of invective still raged, and was by no means abated by the publication of the accounts of the examination of psychic phenomena undertaken by the Dialectical Society. This company of scientific investigators also announced their conviction of the authenticity of these phenomena. Thus Science investigating was repudiated by Science protesting, with purely *a priori* arguments, and the public was left to its helpless incredulity and dismay.

Other results of the modern coincidence of developed reason with developed observation were at this time beginning to make themselves felt, forcing an examination of the historic foundations of the long accepted doctrines of the church. The mass of literature, embodying what is called Modern or Higher Criticism of the Bible, flooded the universities and sapped the foundations of the belief in the verbal inspiration of the Bible, altered the chronological sequence of its evangels, and disturbed the faith of centuries. In the University of Cambridge,

Mr. F. W. H. Myers, the poet, the elegant classic scholar, the devoted churchman, submitted to the acid test of this disintegrating exegesis with an agony of doubt. In his distress he was moved at last to consult with his friend, Prof. Sidgwick. Walking down the English lane one starry night, he revealed to his companion his despair of the scheme of things, his unwillingness to contemplate it, deprived as he was of his cherished belief in the validity of the doctrines of the Church of England. "Was there," he asked Prof. Sidgwick, "one hint of the survival of the soul in the unsavory phenomena of the clairvoyants, one ray of light in the mass of repugnant spiritualistic doctrine?" Admitting a repugnance as profound as that of his friend for the deeply discredited clairvoyants and the equally despised spiritualists, Prof. Sidgwick's conscientious accurate mind could not deny that, in his opinion, such a hopeful possibility might exist. A hint, he said, the barest hint there might be, of the proof his friend desired. To Mr. Myers it was a question of life or death; nothing less than the life eternal or the death eternal of the soul. To the search in the evil smelling haunts of all discoverable mediums, to the examination of the scientific institutions for the study of pathological phenomena such as hypnotism and som-

nambulism, he determined to devote himself. Eminent as was the collection of distinguished men who were his associates in the English Society for Psychical Research, which was founded in the year 1882, Mr. Myers was the inspiring element of that organization. His work entitled "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death," is the epoch-making text-book of the new science. In the opinion of the great Genevan psychologist, Prof. Flournoy, it is its first authoritative statement. "If the veil which Myers lifted does not fall," says Flournoy, "he will, by this book, take his place as the last of the triad of the discoverers of the law of the universe, beside Copernicus who discovered the cosmological law, by Darwin who revealed the biological law."

The structure of his philosophy rises in five closely connected stages. First, experimental telepathy is established. In his conclusions regarding what now seems to general intelligence as a frequent form of communication, Mr. Myers referred to the many rigidly conducted experiments leading to the establishment of this human faculty, conducted by his co-workers in the Society for Psychical Research. Many thousands of experiments with hundreds of individuals were conducted with mathematical calculations as to the possibility of coincidence

in the experiments. Mr. Podmore and Mr. Gurney, who, with Mr. Myers, published the first labors of the Society, in the book called "Phantasms of the Living," considered that the transference of an idea or image from one individual to another without visible means was established beyond any doubt. Telepathy, as represented in their first investigation, was called "experimental" because it was the conscious effort of individuals, both aware of the significance of the experiments, to communicate their thoughts to each other.

The second stage in the argument for survival which Mr. Myers presents in his book is called "transitional telepathy" or transference of a thought or image to another unconscious and unaware percipient, as when an individual projects his own thoughts or even his own exteriorized image into the presence of a distant friend. Rigidly tested incidents of the manifestation of this faculty in man, exercised voluntarily in certain cases at the request of the experimenters of the Society, were recorded in "Phantasms of the Living." The third step in Mr. Myers' argument is "spontaneous telepathy," as in the numberless recorded instances of the appearance of an individual, through a projected hallucination or otherwise, to those nearly related, at the moment of danger

or death. The fourth stage is called "partial invasion" of one mind by another, as in hypnotism. Lastly, "complete possession" of a human organism by a discarnate spirit as in the case of trance mediums, such as Mrs. Piper of Boston. When these spirits succeed in proving their identity, the last and crowning proof of survival and communication is attained. Information furnished by the possessing spirits when absolutely new to both medium and sitter, and afterwards verified, is called veridical. In the mass of information provided by Mrs. Piper alone during the twenty years in which she manifested her remarkable powers, this proof was furnished with an overwhelming quantity of detail. The perfection of her integrity was recognized by such witnesses as Prof. William James of Harvard, and the completeness of her unconsciousness during trance was unbroken even through the cruel application of acid to her tongue.

The labors of the English Society for Psychological Research were directed primarily in amassing proof of telepathic communication between incarnate minds, in the study of hypnotism, somnambulism, crystal gazing, psychometry, and other so-called supernormal human faculties, as well as in the examinations of ghostly appearances, hallucinations, and in

the apparitions of both discarnate and incarnate personalities. This method of procedure was both conservative and constructive, laying the foundation for the comprehension of the powers of the liberated spirit upon that of the verified supernormal activities and powers of the still incarnate human individual. The manifested powers of Mrs. Piper provided important evidence of the possibility of communication between the incarnate and the discarnate, and not only all the English investigators of psychic phenomena, but also those in Europe and in Russia were quickly aware of their crucial significance. Mrs. Piper had demonstrated her powers for the American Society for Psychological Research for many years, and was finally invited to England to permit an investigation by the members of the English Society for Psychological Research. This investigation was conducted with all possible tests, and before the most eminent witnesses, and the records are part of the subject matter of the Journals of the Society. They invariably attest her integrity and the reality of the phenomena which she presented.

A very interesting phase of proof growing out of the establishment of the several societies for psychic research in England, France and America is that furnished by their members

who have died and in their discarnate form have coöperated with their former associates in establishing the possibility of communication. The method adopted by the late Mr. Myers, by Professors Sidgwick, Verrall and Butcher, all of the Cambridge group, showed the utmost ingenuity and proved the persistence of their characteristic traits and the retention in their entirety of the stores of classic erudition which had been accumulated during life. Never before had such a united and intelligent intention been observable in communications from the unseen. A system called that of "cross correspondence" was initiated by these invisible collaborators. One bit of unintelligible information was given to one medium, which was later completed and made intelligible by further information given to another medium. A riddle based on the most erudite classic knowledge, communicated in cryptic fragments during several years and to as many as three different mediums, was the invention of the surviving intelligence of Prof. Butcher and Prof. Verrall. The record of this finally comprehended riddle was published by Mr. Gerald Balfour in a recent number of the *Journal of the English Society for Psychological Research*, under the title of the "Ear of Dionsyius," and represents one of the most satisfactory and

successful example of "cross correspondence."

The striking expression used by Sir Oliver Lodge, in regard to the coöperation of his collaborators on the other side, expressed the exulting conviction that the proof of survival was actually at hand. "Like excavators engaged in boring a tunnel, from opposite ends, amid the roar of water and other noises, we are beginning to hear now and again the stroke of the pickaxes of our comrades on the other side."

One of the most impressive of the communications which Sir Oliver relates in his book—"Raymond"—is the capping of this sentence by Mr. Myers to Lady Lodge, at her first anonymous visit to a medium after the death of her son. "Tell him," said Mr. Myers, speaking to the entranced medium, "that he can not only hear the sound of our picks on the other side of the tunnel, but we have made a big hole."

It is well known that Dr. Hodgson, the late deceased secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research, first visited Mrs. Piper with the intention of exposing the falsity of her claims to mediumistic powers and that he was transformed from skeptic to an ardent convert to the reality of psychic phenomena and the possibility of communication by his conversations with the discarnate spirit of his friend,

George Pelham. These communications in Mr. Pelham's own voice, speaking through Mrs. Piper's entranced organism, were of such startling naturalness and proffered such indubitable evidence of his identity, that they not only served to convert Dr. Hodgson, but remain as classic evidence of the power of the discarnate spirit to speak through borrowed vocal organs. They may be compared in their evidentiality with the records of Sir William Crookes in regard to the phenomena of materialization.

Although the intention to apply scientific methods of observation to the investigation of psychic phenomena had been avowed by the Psychical Research Society of England at the outset of its organization, this method has been for the most part applied to the examination of the so-called supernormal powers of the incarnate mind, such as telepathy, and the recording of what are termed the mental manifestation of these powers. The investigation of psychic phenomena called physical has been, since the year 1906, very actively pursued by distinguished experimenters in Italy, France, and Germany. The physical manifestations of the celebrated Italian medium, Eusapia Palladino, aroused the most intense interest, and investigations of her powers, pursued by such men as Sir William Crookes, Mr. Myers, Sir Oliver

Lodge, Lombroso, Prof. Flournoy and Dr. Maxwell, were followed by books of several of the investigators, in which the authenticity of these powers was admitted, and various theories propounded in explanation of them. The works of Flournoy, Maxwell and Lombroso record their admission that Palladino could and did move heavy objects without contact, but the principal object of their consideration was to explain the formation of the temporary materialized organisms which they had all seen at the Palladino séances. Prof. Flournoy declared his conviction that a force, proceeding from the medium which he called "psychodynamism" produced these temporary organisms. Dr. Maxwell shared in this opinion, but the enunciation of this hypothesis was the sum of their conclusions. They were, however, only the forerunners of later and more fortunate investigators who not only again promulgated the existence of such a force, but who have announced a definitive hypothesis of the creative process of these organisms. This hypothesis points precisely in the direction along which Dr. Maxwell and Prof. Flournoy were proceeding, to the coördination between so-called supernormal phenomena and those called normal.

To ultimate knowledge, nothing is miraculous. Every manifestation is actually in strict

conformity with universal law. From new experiments conducted recently in both France and England, facts and conclusions have been deduced which have this important significance. They also point to a new theory of matter. An astonishing fact leading to this ultimate conclusion was recorded in Dr. Maxwell's book called "Metapsychical Phenomena," published in Bordeaux in the year 1906, several years before the decisive experiments in England and France were conducted. This indication was minute, smaller indeed than the tiny flower whose mysterious origin Tennyson thus apostrophized.

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of your crannies;
I hold you root and all in my hand
Little flower, but if I could understand
What you are root and all and all in all
I should know what God and man is."

What was this indication pregnant with possibilities so incalculable? What was this portent which promised nothing less than the uniformity of all law and the unity of all matter? It was the sound of a thread scraping on a china statuette. Dr. Maxwell heard this sound and recorded the fact. He did not recognize its significance. Where did this thread come from? It issued from the body of his friend,

M. Meurice, a non-professional medium, who, from his chair, moved by this invisible but not inaudible thread, the statuette upon the mantel-piece. M. Meurice found that tables moved upwards towards his hands when he held them suspended over them. M. Meurice stated that a substance like threads seemed to emerge from his hands when the table rose towards them. Dr. Maxwell recorded the movements of the table and the statements of M. Meurice, as he recorded his own aural perception of the scraping thread upon the statuette. This was the sum of Dr. Maxwell's observations.

Another indication of the agency of these threads in the movements of tables and other objects, appears in the accounts of the experiments with Eusapia Palladino. She stated that she felt the presence of these threads upon her hands when she moved tables, heavy wardrobes and other objects in the view of her very eminent scientific investigators. Later experiments, which revealed the emission of a substance sometimes resembling these threads from the body of a medium, were conducted in Paris by Madame Alexandre Bisson, in connection with the Baron Schrenk-Nötzing. These experiments were of vastly greater importance, for the experimenters saw and photographed the substance as it emerged from the body of a

young woman called Eva C. The medium, undressed first, and then clad in a single garment, was rigidly examined by Prof. Schrenk-Nötzing and the experiments were witnessed by as many as one hundred other French scientists and physicians. She was placed behind curtains which were, however, left open, the medium's hands holding them apart and grasped firmly by the hands of the experimenters. The appearance of the substance usually announced itself by the presence of luminous spots varying in size, which were scattered over the left side of the black smock of the medium. Further emissions of larger extent appeared, coming from the crown of the medium's head, from the breasts, mouth and from the ends of her fingers. The substance had three colors—black, white and gray. Sometimes it issued in threads, sometimes in thick cords or flat ribbons. A remarkable membranous form with fringed edges and swellings closely resembled the caul. Sometimes the amount of this substance was small and sometimes it issued in a mass of disorganized material like protoplasm, and covered the medium like a cloud from head to foot. The substance could be felt. It was cold and damp and sometimes slimy. Sometimes when it took the form of cords it was hard and dry. The threads

were stiff but elastic. The substance was mobile. Sometimes it appeared and disappeared instantaneously. It was sensitive and when touched by the hand of an observer, caused pain to the medium. It was sensitive to light. A strong light caused the medium to cry out, but she could sometimes support full daylight and a magnesium flashlight which permitted photographs to be taken, could be borne, altho it caused her to start violently.

The most remarkable property of the substance, however, was its tendency to assume forms. It seldom remained in a disorganized mass, or in the shape of threads or cords. It tended rapidly to assume organic forms which appeared enmeshed in it, and then as if manipulated by the hand of an unseen sculptor, it took the shape of admirably molded hands and feet, of heads with thick hair upon solid skulls, of complete and sometimes beautiful faces. Complete figures also appeared and presented every appearance of the living human being. The materialized organs were not inert, but were apparently alive and grasped objects with intention. Sometimes the organisms were less than life size. Sometimes they were flat and assumed the natural dimensions under the eyes of the observers.

In the several volumes published by both

Madame Bisson and Prof. Schrenk-Nötzing, in the year 1909, a great variety of photographs were presented, showing not only the admirably molded hands and feet and faces, but also the imperfect forms. Dr. Geley, former surgeon of the Lyons hospital and Laureate of the medical faculty, in recent experiments with the same medium, has observed precisely the same phenomena which Madame Bisson and Prof. Schrenk-Nötzing have recorded. His account of these experiments was presented in a discourse to the members of the General Institute of Psychology in the Theater of the Medical College of France on January 28, 1918.

Although in his preface to Madame Bisson's published account of their mutually conducted experiments, Prof. Schrenk-Nötzing asserts their common ignorance as to the creative process of these materialized organisms, Madame Bisson had, in fact, arrived at one important hypothesis from the experiments, namely, the unity and identity of all matter. Dr. Geley's experiments led him to coincide with this hypothesis, but he went still further, for he promulgated a complete formula of this creative process. The title of his discourse at the College of France was: "The So-called Supernormal Phenomena of Thought Sculpture." The French term "L'ideoplastie" indicates, in

a word, his hypothesis of these remarkable phenomena.

“I would like, ladies and gentlemen,” he said, “to prove at the outset of this discussion that there is no supernormal any more than there is anything supernatural or unknowable. I would like to show you that the marvelous, mysterious, and contradictory appearances observable in psychic phenomena come solely from our ignorance or our misunderstanding of the primal and essential laws of life. I wish to prove that normal physiology and so-called supernormal physiology are equally mysterious. They do not present two problems which demand two different solutions. There is one problem, one alone and identical, the problem of life itself.”

Nothing is more familiar than the functioning of our organisms. Nothing seems more simple to the ordinary mind, and nevertheless nothing is more mysterious. Dr. Geley commented upon the hopeless and disconcerting failure of all scientific efforts to solve the problem of the origin of life. He then stated the conclusions which he had drawn from his experiments.

“Before our eyes,” he declared, “we have seen a single substance exuding from the body of the medium and we have seen that substance

transforming itself into hands, faces and complete bodies, possessing all the attributes of life, of flesh and bone. Then we have seen these forms dissolve and reënter in an instant the body of the medium.”

Dr. Geley announced that his conclusion was, that there existed in these materialized organisms no actual muscular or nervous substance, but only one substance which assumed these forms. This substance, he declared, was the primordial substratum of all these temporary organisms. In normal physiology, he also declared, there is also but one substance. That this fact is less apparent in normal physiology Dr. Geley admitted. He asserted, however, that in certain cases there is proof that this fact is observable. In the protecting encasement of a chrysalis, an insect form exists, shut out from light and air. At a certain period in its development, this insect dissolves into a creamy primordial mass, precisely similar to the protoplasm which exuded from the body of Madame Bisson’s medium. Then this substance reorganizes itself into an entirely different entity.

The analogy between the creative process of these materialized organisms and that of the insect in the chrysalis points, in Dr. Geley’s opinion, to the conclusion that all living forms are essentially constructed from one single sub-

stance. No valid difference can be maintained to exist between normal and so-called supernormal physiology. This was the first of the conclusions which Dr. Geley and Madame Bisson drew from these experiments.

In regard to the flat and incomplete organisms, Dr. Geley declared that he believed they were due to a defective organizing power. He compared them to incomplete forms occurring in antenatal organisms. "As in normal physiology, so in physiology called supernormal, there are perfect and also aborted forms, monstrosities, and so forth. The parallelism is complete."

Dr. Geley considers that the sensitiveness shown simultaneously by the exuded substance and by the medium, prove that the substance is the medium herself partially exteriorized. The incident of the dematerialization of the body of a medium as recorded by M. Atsakoff, confirms this hypothesis. In all cases, even when forms have originally appeared without apparent contact with the medium, the observers have seen them dissolve and reënter her body.

Two other conclusions of equal importance with the first were drawn by Dr. Geley. The second pertained to the directing force which formed these temporary organisms. What is this directing force? The term "psycho-

dynamism," invented by Prof. Flournoy, indicated solely that there exists some force, which he concluded to be an emanation from the body of the medium. The term itself was only vaguely explanatory. Dr. Geley states only the necessity of admitting the existence of this superior dynamism, but insists that "this necessity arises from the sum of knowledge possessed by man of all physiological processes."

This accumulated knowledge has one universally concordant significance, which is, that this force dwelling in a higher degree in the body of a medium, but actually existing in every living organism, is magnetic or electrical.

In this connection, the experiments of Dr. Crawford, professor of Applied Science in the University of Belfast, present definite and illuminating information. In his book, "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena," Dr. Crawford has stated that he perceived by touch an emission of a thready substance from the body of a medium. The substance formed itself into a flexible rod and took the form of a cantilever which attached itself to the under surface of a table. In its flexible form it did not suffice to lift the table, but under the action of some invisible force it became hard and stiff and then not only lifted the table, but could make sounds

as if from a sledge hammer. Dr. Crawford could not see this cantilever, which he called a psychic rod, but he was able to photograph it. The photographic plate showed also other rods, connecting the bodies of all the experimenters present with the body of the medium. Dr. Crawford concludes that these rods are stiffened by a molecular force allied to electricity, and that this electricity or magnetism is contributed by all the living organisms present, giving added power to the medium.

Dr. Crawford's opinion is that the substance is supplied by the medium alone, while magnetic or electrical power is also supplied by the other human beings present. This magnetism is therefore an agent in the stiffening of the psychic rods as well as an increment in the magnetic force employed by the medium. Electricity, then, seems to be the superior dynamism to which Dr. Geley refers, the implement by which the protoplasm is molded into forms.

In his latest book, "Experiments in Psychical Science," Dr. Crawford states that when, at his request, an increment of weight was placed upon the table by the unseen collaborators in his experiments, an important decrease of weight in the medium was recorded on the weighing machine on which she was placed. Dr. Crawford declares that he believes this loss

of weight in the medium was due to the extraction of substance from her body. He also states that he discovered a material substance, viscid to the touch, which resembled the substance exuded from Madame Bisson's medium, on the under surface of the table, where his psychic rods had been attached.

The experiments of Dr. Crawford are thus seen to agree in several important points with those of Madame Bisson and Dr. Geley, as well as to throw light on the origin in the bodies of the experimenters of at least a portion of the energy or superior dynamism employed in the formation of the materialized structures.

The third and most important of Dr. Geley's conclusions regarding the creation of these organisms is that the directing dynamism must itself obey something still higher. This higher controlling power is the idea, the *thought*, initiating and creating, which conceives the form of these organisms.

Here, then, is the last of the three elements in the formula of creation as observed in his experiments. First, the single primordial substance; second, the magnetic dynamism; third, the creative idea.

"Ladies and gentlemen," declared Dr. Geley, "we have here a total reversal of material physiology. The living being can no longer consider

himself a simple complex of cells; the living being is a product of psychic force molded by a creative idea. Thus, in spite of the many guesses at the origin of life which the idealistic philosophy of to-morrow will develop, the so-called materialistic theory of the universe is seen to be false.”

As to the idea which forms these materialized organisms, it is Madame Bisson's opinion that it does not originate in the active mind of the experimenters; rather, it is her belief, that it operates through their subconscious minds, obeying some exercise of superior intelligence.

The coördination of the three elements in the formula of the creative process of these materialized organisms is the great contribution which Dr. Geley has made to the new Psychic Science. Madame Bisson had reached the conclusion that there was one original substance in matter. M. de Rochas, in experiments conducted with the utmost scientific accuracy, had proved the existence of a fluidic magnetic force in human organisms. Prof. Flournoy and Dr. Maxwell had added their conclusions as to the agency of a magnetic force in the formation of these organisms. Dr. Crawford's experiments add confirmation to the conclusions of Dr. Maxwell and Flournoy. Altho Sir William Crookes, in his new classic record of his experiments in

materialization, attested his belief in the reality of such phenomena, he made no attempt to explain their creative process. The great Alfred Russel Wallace also, altho actually observing the formation of these organisms, and in one case seeing the substance emerge from the body of a medium, failed also to form any definite theory as to the process of their creation.

It remained for Dr. Geley to confirm the hypotheses of his predecessors and by adding to the two elements already discovered the most important element of all, "controlling mind," to arrive at a formula which, in his opinion, makes a basis for the coördination of all physiological processes, nothing less than a new theory of the universe. No more difficult problem has surely ever been presented for scientific investigation than that of materialization.

The fact recorded by Sir William Crookes, that a lock of chestnut hair, cut from the head of Katie King, remained in all its unaltered brightness in his possession, adds a singular proof of her actual, altho temporary, existence in her materialized form. That molds of materialized hands and feet, plunged voluntarily into bowls of melted paraffine, should be seen and preserved by many observers of the phenomena of materialization, provides added proof of their reality.

The present writer has now the privilege of adding a suggestion to the all-important conclusions of Dr. Geley. It is this: Ether, or a primordial substance, manipulated by means of a force allied to electricity, by controlling mind, is not only the creative process of these materialized organisms, but the creative formula of the other world.

A year's experience of communication with the so-called dead has revealed to me nothing so satisfactory as this.

“Ether manipulated mentally” is the phrase which, through telepathic thought vibrations, has been given from unseen communicators to the remarkable medium whose powers have been exercised during the past year in my behalf. All truth is allied. Every fact and conclusion deduced from the experiments of Madame Bisson, of Dr. Schrenck-Nötzing and of Dr. Geley finds its illustration and amplification in the information given to her regarding the creative processes of the other world. In the visible world, we know, manual manipulation aids the creative process of all the objects which we see and use. In the other world, thought operates upon primordial substance independently.

It is an astonishing fact that photographs of a similar process of thought manipulation have

been taken and that the process itself has been many times observed by the eyes of living experimenters.

Thus, we have not only a new hypothesis of material life, but a formula of life eternal. Landscapes, so it has been stated, are evoked by this process from the ether which is itself an "efflux from Divinity." Temples of learning and of music are constructed by the masters who have perfected their powers of plastic imagination through eons of experience. The arts and crafts are followed by those whose earthly tastes had adapted them to these pursuits. "The musician has his music; the painter has his colors; the athlete has his games," so I have been told.

Nothing exists on earth which has not its counterpart in the other world. So spake Plotinus, so affirms the shade of Sir Oliver Lodge's son Raymond, in testimony which, in the light of this new knowledge, no longer seems incredible or absurd. Proof may fail us until we see and know these things by the light of heaven itself, but at least through the analogy of the seen process of materialization, with the description of the ethereal process we may apprehend the construction of the other world.

One means of communication between both worlds we may also apprehend. The transfer-

ence of thought messages by electrical vibrations through the ether to the nerve ganglia of the brain of a sensitive is the invariable statement given to me as one method of communication from the unseen. "The nerve ganglia," so it has been further stated, "are larger in the brain of a psychic than in ordinary brains." The sheath of the nerves is also thinner, due to some nervous history or inheritance. Thus supplied with larger and unusually exposed nerve wires, the brain of the psychic is prepared to receive the vibrations more rapidly than those of light, which bring thoughts and images from the unseen. Sir William Crookes, in a discourse delivered before the English Society for Psychical Research, in the year 1897, propounded the theory that these waves are similar in character to those of the *x*-ray. Then, in striking agreement with the information regarding the peculiar organization of the brain of the psychic as given to me, he observed: "A sensitive would be a man with ganglia of reception and transmission so developed or so exercised as to render him peculiarly sensitive to the waves in question."

The ouija board, in all probability, magnetized by the human operators, is moved, sometimes by thought vibrations from their own subconscious minds and sometimes by in-

visible communicators. So the tipping table moves often at the command of the subconscious vibrations from the living and sometimes at the authentic bidding of discarnate beings.

The analogy of thought vibrations in the ether with the etheric waves of the wireless telegraph is so striking that it cannot fail to persuade the mind to an easy acceptance of the information as to this means of communication between incarnate and discarnate minds. The similarity of nerve energy to electricity has been asserted by Herschel, who spoke of the brain as the "required electrical power for muscular motion." Faraday, altho declaring that he was not sure that nerve energy was solely electrical, still asserted his belief that this energy was inorganic and might be allied to electricity.

Volta and Galvani long ago demonstrated the existence of electrical currents between regions of unequal physiological activity in living tissues. The characteristic electrical sensitivity in living tissues itself indicates that the chief means of controlling and correlating cell processes are electrical. Does this mean that living organisms are vitalized by this indwelling electricity, *plus* the element called mind or soul?

This query suggests another bearing crucially

upon the similarity of the creative process of the ethereal world, as given to me, with that of the materialized organisms observed by Dr. Geley. *Is the protoplasm exuded from the body of the living medium a modification or condensation of the primordial substance of the universe? And if so, is this the "mentally manipulated ether" of the unseen world?* The latest discoveries of science assert that electrons form the basic stuff, the raw material, so to speak, out of which all objects known to man are composed. It is further stated that electrons are "specks of modified ether." The term "electron" was originally suggested for the unit of electrical energy. It was later applied to the ultra-atomic particles carrying charges of negative electricity. The infinitely small particles into which atoms have been subdivided—the electrons—are thus seen to be not so truly "modified ether" as electrified ether, in other words, specks of matter, molded or reënforced by electricity. Here may we assume that we have precisely the two first elements of the creative formula of the materialized organisms, as observed by Dr. Geley? The existence of the third element, "controlling mind," in the creative process of the ethereal world, is not difficult to postulate.

In all probability, the difference between the

“thought sculpture” observed in these materialization phenomena and that employed by the inhabitants of the other world is that in the first the protoplasm is furnished by the living being, while that of the other world is a free and universally disseminated substance, in its absolute primordial form.

In the light of the lately published experiments of Einstein, which seem to nullify previous experiments, bearing upon the calculation of the velocity of light through the substance hitherto called “ether,” and to indicate the possible non-existence of the ether itself, we are compelled to revert to the certain presence of nebulous tracts in the heavens for our belief in the existence of forms of matter in the universe in stages of progressive condensation. Ether, the noun of the Greek verb to undulate, is seen to be but a term, employed by Science for the medium through which light is transmitted. The material, existing at least in the spheres of the planetary bodies, may be presumed to have a definite existence, and may be the malleable substance, employed by the discarnate entities, who without exception testify in transcendental communications that they do fashion the appurtenances of their world by the power of thought. As to the presence of magnetism or an electric dynamism in the human

frame, no possible doubt remains. The hypothesis of Sir William Crookes, as to the peculiar constitution of certain brains which adapts them to receive communications from the unseen, is illustrated in the case of the "sensitive" who has transmitted a volume of veridical messages to me. She experiences what she describes as "mild electric currents" when these messages reach her exquisitely receptive nerve ganglia. Thus by thought waves electrically borne we may have the strongest reason to believe that communication does actually take place between both worlds.

To the established facts of survival and communication we may now apprehend the means of that communication. We may also imagine with what increased powers the liberated soul fashions for itself, through its inherited divinity an environment expressive of its ultimate possibilities of imagination. With what flooding increase of knowledge and of delight must it not contemplate those fields of Asphodel? Voyaging with the rapidity of light rays from earth to heaven, speaking that universal thought language, the ultimate Esperanto of human communication, it reads all the thoughts transmitted and recorded eternally upon the circumambient ether.

And at last, we of earth may apprehend

through the slow increment of experimental knowledge that unity of force, unity of substance, unity of origin in the one Supreme Mind, exists in our phase, as in all phases of life eternal.

So we approach by scientific investigation the theories of metaphysics and of philosophy. So we confirm the revelations of ecstatic vision and the intuitions of those who have had glimpses of universal law. So thins the veil, so breaks the light eternal.

CHAPTER II

MRS. VERNON

“A sensitive would be a man with ganglia of reception and transmission peculiarly sensitive to thought waves.”
—Sir William Crookes.

IN contributing the statement of my own conviction that communication is possible, under certain conditions and by certain methods, to the similar statements already published, I assume that it is pertinent to state the basis of that conviction and to relate the manner in which I reached it.

Although refraining from a skeptical attitude regarding the many current anecdotes of ghostly appearances, of reported messages from the unseen through the physical media of the planchette, the ouija board and the moving table, I had never seriously investigated them. I had never visited a clairvoyant; I had never read a book or an article on the subject of Psychic Phenomena until the Spring of 1918, when my sister was suddenly taken from this earthly life. In the agony of my grief, I

was led by the entirely voluntary agency of a friend to visit Mrs. Vernon of New York. This lady, who never accepts professional remuneration for the use of her remarkable powers, is only willing to employ them for the assistance of those in sorrow or for the pursuit of psychic research.

A study of ten years, combined with personal investigation and experiment, had convinced my friend that communication was possible and knowing of Mrs. Vernon, through Dr. Elwood Worcester of Boston, he acted on the belief that I might be assisted in what was, at that time, a critical condition of health, by an interview with her.

When I first visited Mrs. Vernon, less than a week after my sister's death, I was not introduced to her by the friend who had arranged the meeting. She had never seen me or any likeness of me; she knew no fact of my life; she did not know that a relative of mine had recently died.

Unaware, as I was at that time, of any of the methods of communication, I was warned that I should avoid asking any question or making any remark which could furnish any information as to my identity or that of any one living or dead connected with me.

Although the messages received were defi-

nitely characteristic of my parents and my sister, although information then given to me was in some important particulars quite new to me and evidential in a very high degree, I did not have the opportunity of verifying it until some weeks had passed. The verification, when it was obtained, was so complete, the conditions of my anonymity were so perfect, and the ignorance of Mrs. Vernon regarding my sister's death so undeniable, that I was led to continue my meetings with her.

Since that week of April, 1918, I have seen Mrs. Vernon regularly and have written down with verbal accuracy the messages she has received for me. They are of such startling importance from the viewpoint of their evidence of survival and communication, as well as of information concerning the conditions of the other world, that I consider it my duty to give them to the public.

Mrs. Vernon's mediumistic gifts consist in what is called clairvoyance and clairaudience. Not clairvoyance in its commonly accepted meaning of fortune telling, but the power of seeing with a clearness denied to ordinary human beings, projected images, symbolic or descriptive, and sometimes what seem to be the actual forms and familiar gestures of surviving personalities. Clairaudience is the allied

power of hearing verbal messages. Without attempting a categorical statement that the method by which Mrs. Vernon is able to register these messages is indeed that of Sir William Crookes' hypothesis, it is possible to assert that there are many indications which point to the high probability that she has precisely the peculiarly constituted brain ganglia which give her this power. Owing to the illness of her mother, who only survived her birth by a few years, she was born with the peculiar nervous organization of the so-called psychic.

Although evidence of clairvoyant powers was not lacking in her early youth, her normal enjoyment of life, for which she is eminently fitted, prevented any desire to use her gifts until some ten years ago.

Conscious at last of the accuracy of the messages she received and of the invaluable service she was fitted to render, through their use, to those in hopeless sorrow, she invited a rigorous medical examination by a distinguished neurologist. The conclusion regarding her gift, as announced by the physician, was that it was "as natural to her as her speaking voice, and an endowment of undoubted importance, not to be questioned or decried." Emerging from the examination with this invaluable indorsement, Mrs. Vernon applied herself to the practice and

perfection of her gifts. Her success has justified the patience which she has expended, for now, like an accomplished musician, she knows her instrument. She can distinguish the messages from beyond from the thoughts of her active brain with almost faultless accuracy. The result of this exquisite accuracy is to preserve the form of the messages in all their minutest details. Literary style, sometimes of a high order, characterizes many of the messages, and the precious bloom of personality is also preserved with all its convincing charm.

It is possible, in my opinion, to assert that in this accuracy Mrs. Vernon is preëminent among all sensitives endowed with similar gifts. Although capable of automatic writing, she finds her powers of clairaudience and clairvoyance more reliable. She never is entranced, nor does she ever lose a perfect consciousness of herself, or her keen interest in the use and demonstration of her powers. She sits in her charming house and patiently listens to the messages, repeating them precisely as if she had received them from a telephone. Tact and candor, her native traits, are part of her equipment for that extraordinary service, never failing her or those who benefit by her kindness. So, simply, and with no paraphernalia of mystery, the phenomenon of communication takes

place before the enthralled spectator. Gratitude is too poor a word to express the appreciation of the benefits rendered by this truly disinterested servant of those who mourn.

CHAPTER III

“LOVELY AND BEAUTIFUL IN THEIR LIVES, IN DEATH THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED.”

AN inherited incredulity regarding the possibility of communication between the living and the dead lies deep within the minds of men. That incredulity is persistent, yielding neither to the reliably reported evidences of such communications nor to the hitherto published discoveries of Psychic Science.

The subconscious reservoir holds ancestral denials, emotional refusals, which rise in floods to submerge the slowly growing edifice of belief. Personal experience, many times repeated, alone leads to personal conviction.

But in this slow process of conviction that communication does actually take place between the invisible and the visible world, no element is so effective as the recognition of the characteristic thoughts and modes of expression in the messages which seem to come to us from

the departed. This evidence is cumulative in its convincing power and provides a potent solvent for the subconscious or emotional incredulity.

To communicate to the greatest possible extent, the impression of dramatic verity in the messages which it has been my privilege to receive from my sister and my parents, I will try briefly to describe their characters, their personalities and their lives.

“She smiled and the shadows departed;
She shone, and the snows were rain,
And he who was frozen hearted
Bloomed up into love again.”

—*John Addington Symonds.*

To describe my sister, of whom it has been said that she was the most regretted, in the places which knew her, of her generation, passes my powers, nor can I put on paper the radiant loveliness of her, whom just to meet in passing, made the spectator think that life after all must be good and happy. Such was the testimony of a stranger, such the influence of her presence, which, to all who had the joy of her affection, was a recompense for every ill.

My sister and her twin brother were the latest born of the children of her family. Her brother, by the fatal falling of a dead limb of a tree, died after a little more than two years

of their infantile existence, passed almost literally hand in hand.

My sister, after a happy childhood in her country home, flowered at sixteen into a very remarkable beauty. With a well-nigh flawless sweetness of disposition, which had its source in a deep fountain of humanity, and a keen and vivid intelligence, she was the comrade of one's dreams. Was there a word of appreciation to be uttered, she never failed to express it. In her sympathy, her method was rather to silence complaint and point the way to sunshine. Thus she built for happiness. She sat at the mart of joy, receiving and giving lavishly, from the early springtime of her life until, in unconsciousness, that life went out.

Although between her, the youngest and myself, the eldest, child there were separating years, a certain similarity of understanding, certain likenesses to our father made a spontaneous sympathy which drew us together in a deep intimacy.

Her clarity of thought was a natal gift, inherited from our father, also her kindness and simplicity, which was never altered by a tinge of affectation through all the years when compliment and even adoration were offered to her like an incense. If a voice expresses personality, then hers, in its clear ringing timbre,

expressed her courage and her unfailing optimism. If a laugh tells of sincerity or of affectation, then hers, gay and genuine as that of a child, told of unspoiled enjoyment and a fearless contentment with life.

She was very tall, with a rounded slenderness, and carried her head high and nobly, like our father. Eyes of clear hazel, under level brows, looked out with an always attentive, always comprehending gaze. The rare modeling of feature which makes for beauty of a high order was hers, but her perfect mouth, with its exquisite smile, expressed her best. Beauty and charm like hers are opportunities for learning human nature, but the human nature which she saw was always lovable, not only because she drew forth love in abundance, but because she saw by preference only the best in men and women. Thus she rarely, if ever, encountered disappointment or suffered from a lack of sympathy or appreciation.

Married the day after she had finished her school, she traveled widely and enjoyed the brilliant opportunities which were offered to her reigning beauty. To her children she was all of life. From their childhood it was their custom to wait patiently at her closed door for the earliest morning moment when, at the sound of the turning key, they would rush into

her presence, feeling that the day could then begin.

Her life among people drew her to outdoor sports and to a never-ending series of personal relations, offered to her in many places and at all times and seasons. Her beautiful, firm hands worked exquisitely in many kinds of needlework. She sympathized and participated in many charities and projects for civic betterment. She was an intelligent observer of politics and politicians. She loved poetry and romance in their literary expression, and she was her husband's ablest critic. But above all, she was a joy giver and her principal work was her own life of helpfulness, through joy. In her latter years, unconfessed personal charities have materially helped many whose testimony alone revealed what she had done for them. Thus, living until her forty-eighth year, in almost unaltered beauty, she never saw the twilight shadows of approaching age. To her latest hour, love and admiration were given to her, and in the West, where, after a week's illness, she passed from the sight of sun and flowers, flowers cover her grave by the unchanging sea; sunlight unchanging shines on sea and flowers.

To me, who was so quickly led to hope that she could and did send messages of her con-

tinued existence and her unchanging love, the chance that it might really be she who spoke was enough to lead to a full experiment of communication. Since that first desolate week after her departure, I now believe she has spoken with me in intimate mind to mind confessions, uncomprehended by Mrs. Vernon, of facts unknown to me. She has argued with me in her interpretation of traits of character in those known to us. She has given me test after test of her identity which conform to the strictest rules of evidence. Unhappily, many messages containing the most convincing proof of her identity are of too intimate a nature to be published, but much remains. Enough to show that she has also wished to speak with me. That suffices me, and would lead me on in my search for her, would sustain me even in the darkness of persistent doubt. "We shall never be separated," she tells me; "we are nearer in some ways than we ever should have been able to be on earth." I can confirm these words. I can say "I have not lost her," and so thinking, I can await the certainty of reunion.

Our father had his part in the history of his country. His life which began in the east had its full development in the west, where as an active agent in the business and political growth of an important city he merited the re-

spect of his fellow citizens and served as their elected representative in both houses of Congress. His equipment for this honorable and useful career was, first, marked clarity of thought; next great humanity towards all who were connected with him and a peculiar tenderness to the poor and lowly and to children. A truly intrinsic taste, flowering unaided in the busy western city, led him to the perception of the simplicity of beauty and the beauty of simplicity. This expressed itself in a brevity of phrase, a remarkable eclecticism of language. Although surrounded by friends and relatives who accepted so-called evangelical religion in its Methodist form, he very early revolted from the faith which was so satisfying to them and assumed an attitude of doubt, of determined investigation which he maintained until his death. His library, collected during the early years of his prosperity, contained all the translations of the books of the ancient religions which he was able to obtain. The irreducible minimum of ethical truth, it was his object to discover. This minimum, long pondered and finally reduced to an individualized collection of briefly stated rules of conduct, he followed with a truly religious sincerity and constancy. Such was our father, whose personal appearance with his marked dignity of bearing, his tall, well-bal-

anced frame, the statesman's head, the clear and steady eyes, well expressed his innate nobility.

Our mother, a descendant from ancestors who came with Winthrop to New England, was almost perfectly typical of its colonial society. Growing up in the shadow of Williams College, she assimilated the intensest form of aspiration, both for religious and educational development. In a village community dominated, as in the early Plymouth days, by the influence of the church, its social as well as civic center, religion was not only duty but delight. Although she rose at dawn to study her "Virgil," by the winter candle light, her chief pleasure was in her church, where her deeply religious and imaginative nature was exalted by the weekly services and particularly by the annual sessions of fasting and prayer, when services were daily held. In a letter to a sister she wrote, on one occasion, that "she had never enjoyed a more delightful season of refreshment." Her letters, preserved with her youthful journals, are written with an exquisite chirography, as delicate as her flower painting and her needlework.

Equipped for her chosen occupation by studies in the classics, pursued in company with President Mark Hopkins' daughters, she first

was a teacher in vine-covered Maplewood at Pittsfield, later in Kinderhook, and finally in the western city, where she soon met and married our father.

The deepest earnestness in the practice of her religious duties, in solitary meditation, in the daily circle of family prayer, controlled and guided her during all her life.

Fluent in speech and eloquent in prayer, she was known to be by those who joined with her in intimate circles of religious sympathy. Thus, religion, as she had conceived it in a Puritan village, dominated her inner and her outer life. But her love for her children, passionate and anxious, for five died in early youth, was an accompanying and equally controlling motive power.

Gentle of speech, ardent in her affections, and possessed of a distinguished appearance, she had also a widely ranging imaginative faculty, a keen interest in history and public affairs, and a delightful humor. This humor it was her principle to suppress in the never relaxing effort to lead her children in the path her feet had trod. But the never idle imagination, the tender sympathies, broadened as the years went on, so that at last when she felt that her work was done she gave full expression to her playfulness and her sense of comradeship. The

once earnest instructor became a witty, gracious sympathizer in pursuits and aims, widely different from those which had been her life-long preoccupations.

Only two years separated her from her husband and by only two years she survived him. Dying at eighty, both of them, on golden September days, her one desire was to rejoin her husband on the anniversary of his death. Two days only past the year she lingered, and then, with a smile of farewell, radiantly confident, she slipped into the unseen.

Clairvoyant vision was hers during her last months, and a singular emergence from the life-long opinions and forms of speech which had expressed her earthly incarnation and environment—an evidence that while still lingering in her fragile body, her soul was already clothed in immortality. A confidence in an endless life was the shining gift she left her children in the manner of her death.

CHAPTER IV

“ON EARTH THE BROKEN ARCS—”

IN transcribing the messages received for me by Mrs. Vernon, I wish first to comment upon the fact that with almost perfect uniformity they bear indications of an origin external both to her and to myself. Telepathy from myself is almost if not entirely absent. This may be due to my practice, followed after the first month, of asking definite questions which elicited definite replies regarding matters of which I was necessarily ignorant.

I should also refer again in this connection to my complete ignorance of the history of Psychic Science, of any of the recorded investigations of the Societies of Psychical Research, or of any of the literature of Psychic Phenomena at the time when I began my sittings with Mrs. Vernon. The experiments in materialization, for instance, were entirely unknown to me until the summer of 1919. The information regarding the construction of the ethereal world, which was received by Mrs. Vernon, was therefore quite new to me and no suggestion from

my own mind could have influenced Mrs. Vernon, alike ignorant of these experiments, or of their illuminating significance regarding this unsolved and deeply mysterious subject.

I assume no conviction on the part of my readers of the possibility of communication or of the facts of survival. But, to avoid the prolixity and repetitions of constantly recurring attempts to prove that these communications are messages from those who purport to be speaking to us, I will proceed on the assumption that they are actual messages from beyond.

The marked lucidity of my sister's mind, inherited from our father and evidenced throughout her life, is shown in all her messages. The intense desire on her part and on mine to communicate with each other has apparently provided a direct cable from her mind to mine.

The first sitting was at Mrs. Vernon's house in New York on April the 11th, 1918, from four until half-past five in the afternoon. There were present Mrs. Vernon, the friend who had arranged the meeting and myself.

Mrs. Vernon (looking at Mrs. de Koven): "Health, somebody's health is in question. As you came into the room I felt greatly depressed, as if somebody's health was in question."

(What was the matter?)

“A limited amount of endurance, very limited.”

(That is right, I think; we tried to send out thoughts of assistance. Were they received?)

“Certain barriers to be penetrated in order to get through. To protect something or somebody, some one tries hard to protect some one from something as if something threatened. The communicator is anxious about it. It is some one’s health which is suffering as the result of a certain action and the communicator wants to protect the person. *F*—a capital *F*—he seems to want to shake hands. He goes through the motions. It’s just that. I hear the word ‘hands.’ *F*. I hear again. Now I have that condition of discouragement again, just as it was when you first came in. Somebody holds a torch, as if to light the way to show which way to turn to some one who does not know.

“Perplexity and confusion. They seem to wish to disclose, to show me something; it looks a little like a map or a patchwork quilt—fancy work—like a cover. Anyway, it’s in pieces, they are telling me, not one big piece, but something patched together.”

(What does the communicator wish to have done with it?)

“Take it away from where it is now. You

take it; you to have it; I want you to take it. It's a woman now; she made it and wants you to have it."

(Is it she who is suffering the perplexity which you spoke of?)

Mrs. Vernon: "Now I must listen very carefully. She starts off with a sentence. 'In pursuit of spiritual advancement there is peace.' She told me to say that. She evidently gets her peace from that. The perplexity was earthly conditions—not there—she sees others in perplexity on earth."

(What person is she most anxious about?)

"Something surrounds a person she loved which does not satisfy her. She holds out a cornucopia—a horn of plenty, and separates some jewelry, little pieces to be distributed, interwoven pieces. She is trying to tell me something identifying. It is just that—a horn of plenty, that is symbolical, which holds something to be distributed. It was all together and she pours out the contents and distributes it, her personal possessions—different things for different ones, not of great value; one looks like a brooch in the shape of a knot; she is picking this out for you, I think. I see 'M'—the capital letter 'M.' Did anybody's name begin with 'M'?"

(No.)

“There is somebody connected with her over there. She says: ‘The sitter must remember M.’ It’s somebody else now, I hear Mother.

“She was insistent that I should keep at it with the name Mother, as if with parental authority. ‘Something was sudden.’ She tries to demonstrate, to tell about somebody else. ‘Soon over, premature, before it should have been.’ They seem to be together. M. is trying to help put their communications over to me. She says: ‘Somebody is awake at last.’ F—they show me F. again, together with M. and it seems to be natural that M. should be in charge. I hear the word ‘brooch.’ It seems as if that were it. It’s not exactly a trinket, ‘small, woven.’ She evidently was fond of you and reaches out both her hands. She would like you to have these things that were closely associated with her—a piece of jewelry—some one thing that she wore, beside the patchwork that she made with her own hands and wants you to have also. She refers to ‘separation and reunion.’ ”

(Oh! does she?)

“I don’t know whether she means previously, on earth, or now.”

(Will you ask if she felt assistance on Wednesday the 3rd and was better, and, if so, why the help was discontinued?)

“When you asked that before, she said—‘*barriers*’ and she says ‘*barriers*’ again, the ‘*difficulties of being sure.*’ ”

(I want to know if she felt that the help that came to her was from the thoughts of her dear ones. Was she conscious that we helped her?)

“It may take time to get an answer to that. She says: ‘Spasms of apparent response, rallies, frequently take place in the dying. They are simply the last flickers of a burnt-out taper which responds to the passing breath of a zephyr.’ She shows me a taper that is burnt down, but if you blow it gently responds a little. She felt the force of your united efforts to restore her, but ‘remember this,’ she says, ‘as undying as the fountain of youth is the force of sincere affection directed to her where she is now as on earth.’ There is a certain buoyance and happiness in spite of separation. Time does not mean much to them. The spirit counts for more over there. They feel the bereavement, but there is an uplift over there that we do not get over here. I will listen a minute about the trinket she wanted you to get. Something about it ‘corresponds to something that you have. It corresponds to something or resembles something that somebody else has. There are two and it corresponds to another piece of jewelry. It’s like a memento. Not so

much for the value it would bear, but you would like to have it because she owned it.' I hear the word 'cracked'—something is cracked. Again I get the impression that there is some one about whose health she is worried; it is the health of someone she has left behind. 'Disheartened.' "

At the end of this first sitting I was introduced to Mrs. Vernon, who has since told me that such a rush of emotion, such strong vibrations of love filled her mind as I entered that she dared not look at me.

The reference to "health" and the danger which threatened some one as a result of a certain action, I think, concerned my husband who was, at that time, contemplating, unknown to me, an electric treatment for his persistent gout, which was applied a week later, with almost fatal results. The "perplexity and confusion" was a quite accurate perception, on the part of my sister regarding the condition of health which apparently was not subject to any improvement by medicine or otherwise. I did not, at the time of the sitting, realize, however, that it was my husband's health that concerned her, as I was ignorant not only of his intention to try electricity, but of any possible harm which might ensue therefrom. The capital letter "F" conveyed no certain meaning to me

at first, but as it appeared later, in connection with our mother, I realized that it was our father who sent out a vision of greeting to me, and indicated that he and her mother were accompanying my sister. In subsequent sittings it is also by the signal of this capital "F" that he announces his presence. Her mother's reference to the sudden and premature death of her youngest child is entirely characteristic, expressing also the value which is put on a full earthly experience, the regret, even in heaven, when it is cut short. The messages descriptive of my sister's new condition, her new comprehension of that spiritual advancement in which she should find peace, the long and beautiful sentence about the flickering taper, are very characteristic of the accuracy of Mrs. Vernon's method of transmission and of the symbolic form of many of the messages from beyond.

In asking the question, if she had felt any assistance on Wednesday, two days before her death, I wished to know if indeed the improvement on that day was due to the agonized concentration of thought and prayer which I and others had sent out to aid her.

The most notable point in this first sitting is that of the description of the "cover" of "fancy work." Of this I had no knowledge

whatsoever. It was a large cover for my sister's own dining table in ————. It was made of strips of linen and of lace, still "in pieces," as she stated, as it was unfinished. She had never made an article of this kind, having shortly before learned the Italian stitch, which finished the linen borders, from another sister. The table cover was in the West and I was in New York. Mrs. Vernon had never heard of my sister, did not know me or my name, knew nothing of the table cover. The proof of my sister's identity is as perfect as any proof could be. If the strained hypothesis is urged that some knowledge of this object existed on the earth plane which, by some entirely unexplained and unexplainable process could be transmitted to Mrs. Vernon, no hypothesis can account for the idea of its altered destination, for those who knew of it at my sister's home, her sister and her daughter, definitely intended it for the latter, who meant to learn the stitch and finish it for herself. What more natural than that my sister should indicate the objects she wished me to have as souvenirs of her? The other object, very accurately described, was a brooch in the form of a bowknot, woven of small pearls. I knew of this bowknot naturally, as she often wore it, and recognized her meaning when she said that I had a brooch

that resembled it. I have a jeweled bowknot, but did not know that she wished me to have hers, which was, in fact, left with all her other ornaments to her daughter.

Aside from the comforting assurances of her happiness and of ultimate reunion, and of her companionship with our father and mother, there is, in this first communication, absolutely evidential information unknown either to me or to Mrs. Vernon, and there is a prophecy fulfilled of a danger awaiting my husband totally unsuspected by me.

The first confirmation of the information about this table cover came from her friend, Mrs. Stillman, when she came to see me in New York about a fortnight after my sister's death. I asked her if she knew if my sister had been making a table cover. "Why, yes, indeed I do," she said, "she spoke about it in the post-script of her last letter to me, written the day before she went to the hospital." In all probability it was therefore the subject of the last sentence penned by her hand.

In the second short sitting of the 18th of April, two important facts emerge; the first Mrs. Vernon's power of receiving messages through what in Psychic Science is called the "Pictographic Method" and the fact that my

sister, during those first days, was often near me.

Mrs. Vernon: “I hear a word which sounds like *Braid*, but now I see a water and a lawn with trees. It is a place and now I hear the word ‘Rented.’ The name now sounds like Brady, but I may not have the name correctly. She is looking at some rugs, Turkish rugs, and shakes her head; she says ‘they were offensive to her tenant.’

“Now I see her pointing to some paper with a black border and she says ‘No comparison.’ Do you know what she means by that?”

(I cannot think what she means.)

“She repeats it over and over ‘No comparison; no comparison.’ Now she says ‘I was there.’ ”

My sister’s place in the country was rented to a Mr. B—— who did in fact make some objections to the furnishing of the house which she was not able to understand. The evocation of the place with its lawn and trees and its view of the lake was very accurate. The mention of the rugs was an evident attempt to furnish an identifying point to me.

As to the black border on the writing paper, this was of course symbolical of mourning. The remark “No comparison,” which I did not at first remember or recognize in its proper

connection, was instantly recalled, when she said "I was there." The evening previous to this meeting with Mrs. Vernon, I had gone with a friend to hear Dr. Jowett, when for the last time he spoke to his people at the Wednesday evening prayer meeting. On the way home in the motor I said to my friend, "I lost my dear parents but they died in the fullness of their years and wished to go. That grief was no comparison to this."

If indeed the impression of that thought was recorded in my memory, the idea that my sister had been with me and had heard my words was no part of my then comprehension of the frequent presence with us of those whom we have thought and called "departed."

The 28th of April was Sunday, and in the morning I sat with Mrs. Vernon when soon my sister's thoughts were sent to me in a message which proved that she had received my own thoughts as they went out to her.

Mrs. Vernon: "Frankincense and myrrh wafted to me by zephyrs is the emanation of my sister's deep affection for me."

Then immediately in a happy mood she recalled to me a golf match we had played together in Aiken, describing the golf course, and referring to an unusual recollection on my part

of a particular ground rule, which had enabled us to win the match.

This unexpected turn in the contest she called a trick, a reference wholly incomprehensible to any one but myself.

Mrs. Vernon: "She asks if you remember when you and she 'scrambled together over rocks and sand, and where there was also occasional water.' She speaks of a 'trick.' "

Then followed a reference to a very pleasant function of each Spring and Autumn when she would show me the collection of hats she had made for the coming season. The sight of her lovely face in its various frames would have delighted a less affectionate spectator than myself, who never discovered any hint of reservation of a like appreciation of my house and furniture.

Mrs. Vernon: "I see her pointing to a pretty sailor hat and she is smiling. She says: 'You were always so sympathetic about my hats in which I was much interested, much more sympathetic than I was about your furniture. You have a different trend of mind from mine. I liked your house but I like to see things finished; I could never go to the foundation of things or study their ethics as you do. I might have been more sympathetic about your more serious pursuits.'

“I hear N.E.D. Is there a Ned?”

(Yes.)

“She says: ‘Ned was very complimentary and appreciative.’

This short statement has an evidential quality. Ned is a relative who lives so far away that I rarely see him, yet I had seen him a day or two after my sister’s last visit to me. At this time occurred an incident which aroused this complimentary and appreciative attitude and which was, in my conviction, due at this time only to this incident. When I saw him again, some six months later and asked him if he had spoken of it to my sister, he stated that he had and expressed great surprise that I should have been aware of their conversation.

Mrs. Vernon: “I see her holding out a check book showing three blank checks and she holds up three fingers and says ‘Transaction.’ This refers to the necessity at this time of three checks being sent to pay for the memorial window to her parents in the — Church.

“I hear the word ‘Papa.’ Is her father dead?”

(Yes.)

“She says, ‘Papa’s resentment,’ and then with her hands she makes a gesture of blowing something from her lips.”

With this characteristic gesture, my sister

told me that our father’s long unhappiness due to a disagreement with a business associate had vanished in the other world.

Like a “tall flower,” Mrs. Vernon said my beautiful sister appeared to her, at this delightful meeting, as she blew these charming thoughts from her lips and filled the room with her own atmosphere of lightness and of gayety.

“A long interim,” Mrs. Vernon heard in farewell, like a sigh of lament over what must apparently be our long separation.

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The fourth sitting on May the 2nd was in the boudoir of my own house in New York.

Mrs. Vernon: “I hear the word ‘ransack’ and she shows me a box—not like a jewel box—it is larger. Now she is opening it and taking something out of a flap, which looks like a paper. It can’t be a letter because it is typewritten; I can see the letters through the paper.

(I wrote to my sister with a typewriter.)

“Ah! then, it is a letter and she says, ‘I enjoyed that letter very much indeed; I appreciated it.’

This is a very evidential point for it told me that my sister had taken the last letter I had written her to the hospital in her letter case.

When long months after her death I asked

the old servant who had prepared her effects for that last journey if she had known what my sister had done with the last letter she had received from me, she said, "Oh, yes, she told me that she was taking it with her, and would answer it as soon as she had recovered from the operation."

"Now I hear the word *Tea* over and over; what can it mean? Is it teacher or teaching? She will not go to anything else. (After a long pause of at least twenty minutes) Now she wants me to look at those roses on the table, and now she says 'They must be in full bloom now.' "

The roses were tea roses in a vase, given to me by her, and standing on the table. What was the significance of this word "tea"; what that of the remark "they must be in full bloom now"? Only that she was in the room beside us, seeing the tea roses and thinking that in this month of May they were in full bloom in distant — —. No hint of the thought in her mind of the connection of the word "tea" with the roses dawned in Mrs. Vernon's mind for that long period of waiting; none was in mine. But finally her magnetic force, exerted after long delay, invincibly turned Mrs. Vernon's head to the table and the roses.

“Tell her that I am with her a great deal—I have not left her, I will develop as she will develop, don’t let me go; we shall never be separated.”

During all the days which had intervened since her death, and the fifth sitting which occurred on the 9th of May, I had constantly dictated to my grief the thought that it was well for her to leave life when she was still lovely and beloved. I had recalled her declaration made in the height of her youth and beauty that she did not wish to live after the best of life was over. These thoughts she had received and had prepared this elaborately constructed reply.

Mrs. Vernon: “I hear Turgéniéff. I hear something like the passage or the flight of time; she is making some sort of quotation from Turgéniéff, I think:

“ ‘The years from twenty to fifty are the flowery years. Those after fifty, as I have often told you, seemed to me very dull and not worth living. I do not think so now. Women like you two may find the years after fifty just as blooming, if you have the staff of some occupation or interest. In this way you will avoid the deep grooves of the mind and will not acquire mental rust. You will still have magnetism.’ ”

At this point I asked Mrs. Vernon to write these words.

Mrs. Vernon: "Now they are dictating. 'The years beyond fifty may retain the flowery aspect of the period before from twenty on to fifty. Women like you two should find as much bloom in maturity as in youth due to the mental and spiritual staff provided by this philosophy. Interests of this kind prevent grooves and the decline of vigor which indicates rust.' "

At this point I asked Mrs. Vernon if she thought that my sister could hear me if I spoke. On her affirmative answer I said:

(Dear, do you hear me? And do you know that the thought that you might develop more quickly on the other side has been my one consolation?)

"Tell Anna that as a direct answer to her thought I have tried to put through this communication."

My next question was about my husband's health and her replies, characteristically humorous and playful, show how closely she had been watching him; how anxious she was to help.

(How about Reggie?)

"Reggie's system has been renovated, house-cleaned; and there is no reason why, provided

he follows wise and prudent methods, he should not be permanently alleviated.”

(Are you busy; have you anything to do?)

“As yet my chief interest has been these periodical lapses into the human again, preventing the despair of absolute inscrutable separation. Later on my induction into spiritual life will begin, but the solace administered by the courteous and patient efforts of you two to translate my messages has assuaged my grief tenfold.” (Again reverting to my husband) “Importune Reggie, divert his attention from cracked ice. Try a substitute.”

“She is showing me bottles of mineral water and I see her squeezing the juice of a lime into a glass. She says to use ‘the sharpest kind of mineral water. He will say it is a poor drink but wholesome. His feet protruded but now they are on the floor. Reiterate the fact that calmness will help his complaint. The difficulty is not fatal or serious but might become so if not mitigated.’ ” Accompanying this was a medical diagnosis of one symptom of my husband’s condition, quite accurate, as was the perception of its cause. The reference to his feet being at last on the floor was also accurately perceived, as only the day previous to this sitting had he been able to walk.

The reference to the solace administered to

her by her communications with us, was the first of many expressive of the same gratitude.

On May 12th, in my boudoir there was evidence for the first time of the presence of the group of discarnate members of the English Society for Psychic Research, which is directed, in their control of communications from the unseen, by the famous Emperor of Mrs. Piper's demonstrations.

In this connection it is pertinent to refer to the fact that a personality also appearing under the name of Emperor communicated the very important messages by automatic handwriting and otherwise to the Rev. Stainton Moses, who under the pseudonym of M. A. Oxon, published them in a famous book called "Spirit Teachings." Much confusion in the minds of the students of Psychic Phenomena has arisen in regard to the identity of Emperor. His real name, as borne on earth, and given to Stainton Moses, was not confirmed in the latter's communications after death. A statement of my sister indicates that Emperor is a title such as Judge or Doctor, which is used by the ancient masters in the other world who control or guide the communications between that world and ours.

“Imperator dictates. Specified communicators provide the subjects.

“Mother appears, she shows a sort of cold frame, such as covers flowers, and appears to lift it as if to disclose the flowers beneath. She uses the word ‘Reticence’ which she says kept her children from completely understanding her. She says also that this Reticence has passed.”

(Our mother came of Puritan ancestors and felt that it was wrong to praise her children overmuch.)

“I was not so much of a Puritan but that I could attend to having good food and look after the wants of others.”

This avowal was surprising to me, in view of her entire lack of enjoyment in the pleasures of the table, and her omission to mention any particular intention of ministering to that enjoyment in others. No want was ever neglected in her household, but a confirmation of her statement, subsequently to this meeting with Mrs. Vernon, was found among some family letters, in many little blank books, containing cooking recipes and carefully preserved in her own delicate handwriting.

“Cousin John is with me.”

This Cousin John was a very distant relative, characteristically sought by our mother, who

was always most careful to preserve all family connections.

I then asked her why she had not told her family about the Nathan Dexter document.

“I had a certain parental hesitation to disclose the primitive or elemental conditions concerning his life and occupations. This was not exactly snobbish as we were nearer those conditions than you are now. People feel differently about those things. It was stupid and unnecessary.”

I then brought into the room a photograph of her house in South Williamstown and put it before Mrs. Vernon, asking the question.

(Did grandfather buy this house or did he build it?)

“He converted to our use the sturdy relic of a predecessor.”

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Mrs. Vernon (after a long pause): “She is making me look at the window at the back over the kitchen.”

(This means that the little addition was the kitchen, a fact that I did not know.)

“She says: ‘That was the window’—and she says it many times. Now she is showing me a letter or letters thrown against the window. I can’t imagine what she can mean.”

It was quite plain to me, finally, for I under-

stood that this must be the window of her old bedroom where, on the first day of her occupation of it, she had written with a ring upon the glass, “In this room M— E— S— passed many happy hours.” The premature declaration had always amused her sisters, and the little incident had been repeated by her to her family as many as forty years ago.

I append the Nathan Dexter document, an interesting patriotic declaration of a soldier in the Revolution, discovered long after her death, among the family papers. I have no means of knowing what this ancestor’s “elemental occupation” might have been. I find in it, however, an unconscious literary quality and a fluency of language, the source, in all probability, of a like fluency in her gracious speech.

At Lanesboro, Mass. September the 19th, 1843.

“This short narrative is wrote at the request of my great granddaughter M.— E— S— and I am the sixth generation from Gregory Dexter who came from England and settled in Providence in Rhode Island in 1643. I was born in Smithfield in Rhode Island on July the 22nd, 1759. And when at the age of sixteen I slung my pack and shouldered my loaded gun in the defense of my dear country which was infested

by a cruel and destructive inimy for seven years. When at the word of God and the Swoard of Washington they were made captive and drove back to their Infernal Den. I from my youth have stood firm in the shoes Democracy and may God bless my dear country with peace prosperity and happiness until time shall be no more.

“The above lines wrote by the aged infirm and trembling hand of Nathan Dexter in my eighty fifth year.”

At the seventh sitting on the 15th of May, a friend, Mrs. Horton who quite unexpectedly then exhibited a psychic power of a very distinct order, accompanied me. My sister came at once, with, to me, a heartbreaking reference to our golf playing on the links at ——— and an expression of regret, the only one in all her communications but deeply poignant, for the lost summers of our constant companionship.

Mrs. Vernon heard: “Flowers near a stream in the country—far away, Indian name.”

(This must be the golf links in our old home.)

“This pleasant summer weather makes me think of it.”

Suddenly at this point, a new presence made itself felt overwhelmingly, the husband of Mrs. Horton, who received messages and visions which completed and confirmed those received

by Mrs. Vernon. It was very curious to observe this double registering of thought waves. One saw a vision of a club lawn, the other the vision of some one playing a game; the evocation of an identifying vision of a ball game on fête days, in the old home of Mrs. Horton and her husband. The electric currents which Mrs. Vernon describes were experienced by my friend with great intensity, giving a very clear example and confirmation of the electrical wave method of thought communication.

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On the morning of the 20th of May, I had, in a telephone conversation with a friend, remarked that it would be most interesting if we could hear from a mutual friend of ours, who had died a few years ago. Between the hour of this conversation and eleven, when Mrs. Vernon came to my house for the eighth sitting, Mrs. Horton, who had been present at the seventh sitting, entered my room saying, “I have a feeling that you will hear from a new person this morning and that you will be very much pleased and interested.”

When Mrs. Vernon arrived she observed that it was sometimes difficult to demonstrate for men, that they were apt to dictate the conduct of the sittings and that there were certain “mas-

culine inhibitions" which were difficult to overcome.

The first word she heard when she applied herself to "listen" was the last name of the friend, of whom I had spoken that morning on the telephone and whom she had never known or ever seen.

Mrs. Vernon: "I hear the name S——. Don't tell me the first name. Now, I hear the capital letter—(mentioning the initial of the friend's Christian name.) Now, I have the impression of laughter and gayety, of a very brilliant sparkling personality and she says,

" 'I am laughing at the unsatisfactory conditions down there. I used to laugh in a sort of cynical way; I still laugh, but not in exactly the same way. I have expanded.' "

(We have missed you so much.)

"I really believe they did. I was usually the instigator of the fun and nonsense. It is just as much of a comfort to talk to Mrs. de Koven as it always was. I have wanted to come before, but have kept off because I felt that her sister needed her."

(Have you seen my sister?)

"Why, of course, she is here. She is as beautiful as ever. I always admired her but preferred Anna's dignified charm." (!)

(What is my sister doing?)

“She is aiding in the transportation of messages and exchanging ideas with those who perform this service over here.”

(Can you give us a test?)

“My vegetable garden has been enlarged, encroached.”

This refers, as I have since been informed, to certain improvements in her place in the country.

(Have you a message for ——? the friend with whom I have talked over the telephone.)

“Tell my old friend that I am so thankful to see that she is so much better. Well done! Fine! so pleased.”

(What about her brother?)

“He is surrounded with a jumble of papers.”

This was correct, as I was later informed, as this brother had lately begun to write for the newspapers.

“I was amused when I heard you speak of masculine inhibitions. Your sister has been very patient this morning; my only excuse is that you called me.”

(Tell my sister that there is not one moment when I am not thinking of her.)

“Perennial affection like my sister’s lights the way through eternity.”

Mrs. Vernon: “She is thanking me for my ‘patience and courtesy.’”

“Some day you yourselves will know what this has meant to me.—Mamma is much softer with me than she was and not quite so firm with me. I do not want yet to see much of Cousin John. They tell me I will in time. (She seems very humble and gentle.) I find him uncongenial. There are so many others here. It does not make any difference if he was related to me on earth. I have no resentment. I just don't want to see him yet. I am so glad that Reggie is doing better. I saw him laugh at the ‘cracked ice.’ Reggie with his charm is more congenial to me than Cousin John. (She laughs.) Why should I be with Cousin John? I would rather be around here and do whatever good I can, so they let me. I have not reached the holy stage where I can agree to seeing Cousin John. Mamma is still struggling with me spiritually, she will win out in time. I see Mrs. Vernon has to go (she waves good-bye) I shall always be on hand at the sittings even though I do not always communicate.”

The impression of dramatic verity in these communications from my friends, was exceedingly strong, and would be to all who have known them. The instant response to my thoughts of Mrs. — which brought her to me, as if by a telegram, was most surprising to me, with my then total ignorance of the rapidity

and certainty with which thought messages are carried.

It is also interesting to note, that Mrs. S—— heard Mrs. Vernon's remark about "masculine inhibitions" as my sister had heard my husband laugh when I repeated to him her tactful warning against "cracked ice," indicating that he should avoid the beverages forbidden by his physician.

On May the 24th, the statement in the sixth sitting that Emperor and his group were controlling Mrs. Vernon's communications was confirmed. In the group of those members of the English and American societies for Psychic Research who apparently immediately recognized the determination on the part of myself and my friend to communicate and had therefore assisted her, are Mr. Myers, Dr. Hodgson, Mr. Pelham, and Edwin Friend.

Mr. Friend was in the act of carrying records of Mrs. Vernon's communications to the English Society when he was lost with the *Lusitania*. He had therefore known Mrs. Vernon in life, and is often the spokesman of this group. Mrs. Vernon states that since his interest in these matters has been prosecuted from the other side, she recognizes his control of the communications which she receives and the com-

municators who approach her. He has made himself her guardian, perfectly protecting her from intrusion by the strange and mischievous personalities who often attempt to disturb and arrest the communications of other psychics.

Mrs. Vernon heard my sister: "The contribution of the family collectively to the war tax represents a fine memorial to Papa. Earthly achievements indicating conscientious and upright effort teach us over here even after our passing through the medium of telepathic communication. Papa's upright efforts there direct toward him a great many appreciative thoughts which reach and affect him here. Thought is a power, more so over here than with you. I am touching a little upon this philosophy because I know my sister's mind."

(Does she know my thoughts?)

"Absolutely whenever I choose. (Resuming her previous subject.) Those thoughts do not pander to egotism; not in this connection do we value them, but they contribute to and uphold the value of integrity. . . . It is difficult to describe how the viewpoint changes over here. We have a different idea of proportions. In the company of benign spirits, the object seems to be individual development—(I should say in this company)—the obliteration of selfish and egotistical desires, and above all an

almost divine toleration of human weaknesses. I am learning or trying to learn these things. When the curtain goes down on a play one does not disturb oneself about what goes on behind the scenes. As far as I am concerned the curtain is down, my little play is over. Anna thought that I played the star rôle, and I must say that I regret not being able to finish my career, but I am learning with your (!) help to give spirituality its proper weight. Our sister must of necessity in the near future read and think a great deal, and I would like to interest her more in this phase of existence as it is like a sturdy raft to a shipwrecked mariner. I can almost hear them, saying that she must be changed to be like that, but this is a reflection from those who are teaching me. This is what I am being taught, I still have a good many human traits, an abiding detestation of funereally religious people. Over here there is none of it. Not a bit of it—not in the particular group with which I have been associated. There is merriment and happiness and light-heartedness with the greatest possible degree of spirituality. All spirits are not like that; I am in contact with a group of very high development."

(Do you sleep and what do you do?)

"We divide time between consultations as

to the best methods of communication and rejoicing over satisfactory results. And what we call charitable incursions to other planes to uplift and console despairing and lonely souls. This group which has control of these veridical communications is a very ancient one, and therefore only privileged newcomers are allowed to enter it. There is no taint of dishonesty, of a desire to pose, of material gratification. Also no intellectual inhibitions in the group around me. This group of controls is a wonderful group. It is the Emperor group, and it has been supplemented by such a man as Frederick Myers and Edwin Friend whose youthful vigor of mind has inveighed against untoward influences."

Mrs. Vernon heard Frederick Myers: "Mrs. de Koven's sister seems to have grasped the meaning of affairs, with unusual lucidity. Has resigned herself to conditions and is conforming herself in every possible way to methods which will enhance her spiritual development. With amazing lucidity she has grasped the conditions. Most people who come over suddenly would say 'I will still try to exert my influence, I will not leave the earth.' That would be human. Not she—her intellectuality has grasped that it would be a waste of time to attempt it."

Mrs. Vernon remarks that it may be egotistic but that she thinks that this opportunity to communicate has helped her.

Frederick Myers: “It is not egotistic; there is no doubt but that you have helped her very much.”

The first message in this sitting regarding the “collective contribution of the family to the war tax” has a high evidential significance. Unknown to me the directors in the Chicago Company in which I am a stockholder had purchased, just before this sitting, a large number of Liberty Bonds. My first knowledge of this came from my sister.

At the tenth sitting, on the 28th of May, my sister conversed with me in a language of such deep intimacy, that it not only removed my last lingering subconscious doubt but convinced a number to whom I read this record and who had known her well, of the possibility of communication. In this interview, she discussed certain traits of character in those connected with us, and disagreed with me in her conclusions, finally convincing me by references to incidents which proved her argument. Mrs. Vernon knew nothing of the persons discussed nor did she understand the significance of my sister’s words. Unfortunately it is only possi-

ble to relate this incident, without giving the details. The fact in regard to which all testimony agrees that personality is at first completely unchanged, was very clearly shown.

Mrs. Vernon: "C—— excels in motherly duties and approves—I have not mentioned the others. I have concerned myself in proving my existence to you. Tell Nan that I have a little idea of Mame's disapprobation of me. I was not spiritual, I wielded a great power, and it was a temptation to use it. Mamma did not understand me, as she never held the power that I had; it would not have been human not to use it. She was not beautiful as I was. I am simply stating facts. It isn't egotistical now that I am gone. I am simply talking it over with you and Anna. This is also characteristic of me."

(Do you remember that during our long intimacy I have made two remarks that were calculated to hurt you? And do you know how much I regret them?)

"But yet it was a perfectly correct statement. I grew to think so many years ago. In both cases Nan was right. Her influence directed me in the decision which—I took. I never admitted it, but it was so."

(Does she know my love for her; how I think of her every moment?)

“Emanations from that affection have upheld and comforted me through what would otherwise have been a period of anguish.”

(Was not the intimacy between us always very deep and satisfying?)

“Two blossoms on the same stalk may vary; we did not; we were like twin roses on the same stem; we were so in accord; if the wind blew roughly over me she felt it.”

In my sister's statement that she had “many years ago” grown to agree with the first of the remarks I had made to her, was so expressed that it was perfectly certain that she knew what the remark was to which I had referred, and this admission was the first knowledge that I have ever had of that agreement. The remark was made over twenty-five years ago and never referred to but once between us. Her reference to the second time when I had wounded her did not concern the remark I had in mind when I asked the question. It did refer to an incident made perfectly clear in her expression, and her statement contained information quite new to me. Mrs. Vernon has never had any idea of the significance of the conversation.

The first message in this communication referred to a member of her family who was, soon after her death, taking care of the younger children. The approbation of a certain course of

proceeding of which she had known was correctly stated, as was the care of the children. In this case, as in many others, it is she who has first informed me of the thoughts and occupations of members of our family who are distant from me.

At the sitting of the 4th of June my sister's deep depression over the unhappiness of those she had left behind was very evident.

Mrs. Vernon: "I am very unhappy over the children. They are so unhappy—somebody crying on a little tear-stained pillow. The condition is so unhappy, I have to express it. So much unhappiness in my family, I cannot help but be weighed down by it. Hardly equal to a test."

(Tell me if your twin brother has grown up?)

"He presents a radiant aura, he defends me from impertinent spirits, he paraphrases my thoughts for me; it is all so different here and experience counts for a great deal. He is in loving attendance on me now. In a way we are really very happy, because it is so peaceful. No social amenities to speak of; no social enemies at all. One's development determines one's surroundings, and the only snobs (!) are those who dislike spiritual regulations. They thrust

their egotistical auras before them and are easily eluded.”

(Is it like the world at all; are there hills and streams?)

“Every physical and material manifestation is plainly discernible from here, inviting those whose choice leads them to hills and streams to indulge it. There are symbols of hills and streams. It is a world of symbols, very difficult to describe to the material mind. The psychic symbol is the nearest approach to it of anything the human imagination is capable of. Remember it is the life of the soul, and therefore intangible, but nevertheless exquisitely lucid, not indistinct, one might almost say lurid. Therefore it is advisable to be very careful what symbols you choose. Undeveloped souls are transported by symbols of wine glasses and material gratifications. They derive an almost material gratification from these. More developed inhabitants here prefer to dwell upon mental pictures of an uplifting character, the glory of spirituality pervading the universe, with beneficence in which they bask.”

(Is there a special locality to which they return?)

“We do inhabit the ether, we are ethereal beings, we can preside at the conjunction of sun, moon and stars if we choose. The earth at-

tracts most of those in my realm because we all have loved ones there, but more ancient souls prefer the Hebrides, Pleiades, Hesperides.”

(Are you happy?)

“We float in the ether.”

(Can that be a happy condition?)

“It is a superlatively happy condition to those who have found their souls, not surely for the materialists.”

(Is there a spiritual body?)

“We can assume at will the semblance of ourselves. Mrs. S—— told you that because she knew it would please you she remembered how proud you were of my looks. Seeing the importance of spiritual development over here, we marvel at the neglect of it over there. The intelligent ones recognize it and attempt at once to develop. The stupid ones hang on to the earthly symbols.”

(Do you know what Summerland is which Raymond speaks of?)

“Do you remember one day when we were on the lawn, and the children were playing, and when we had no idea of anything in the future but happiness? It is like that. It is like youth and childhood, and the faith in a happy future. I have seen a place like that—but as yet it seems empty. When whole families come over, when they are all united, there are all sorts of

pleasant conditions. The air is filled with a sort of happy expectancy. I am not ready for it yet.”

(Will you be happier when I come?)

“Oh my! yes, that would mean companionship, the uplift of affection, the tie of association, the assuaging of the grief of separation. Mamma is still severely pursuing spirituality; Anna and I would pursue it with a little bit of humor. She is good as gold, chastened and everything which is pure and highly developed. Papa beamed a welcome, and held out hands as if to support; has supported me much more than Mamma, a perfect rock.”

(Did Papa like the book I wrote after he died?)

Instantly Mrs. Vernon perceived my father's presence and heard:

F: “I always said that Anna—— The book made its impression there but other achievements have made their impression over here.”

(Do you like my house?)

“A beautiful structure, filled with many beautiful things, a tribute to her taste. Tell Anna that I consider that in the game of life she has scored well and that her great affection for her sister has been one of her greatest comforts over here.”

(Can you tell us about the war?)

“Around Toul lies the solution. Britannia may rule the ocean, America will rule the land. Not dominions, but America’s high principles in this war will make her a power greater than she was before. Otherwise criss cross (hands moving back and forth). The Americans should not get all the credit, the others have borne the brunt. It should be a hand shake all around. Persistency wins and Heaven knows we are all persistent enough.”

The date of this communication was the 4th of June, 1918, before any advance of the American forces. The reference to the concentration of Americans at Toul is notable as well as the statement of his intense interest in the progress of the war and the apparent coöperation with the efforts of his countrymen.

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A month elapsed between the eleventh sitting and the twelfth when I saw Mrs. Vernon at the Copley Plaza Hotel in Boston, first in the morning and again in the afternoon of the 6th of July.

Mrs. Vernon heard my sister: “The compensation was great for my lack, for whatever was lacking in my life I had a compensation in the affection which Anna gave me. She was like a rock. I could always know that she was there. (Shows an image of a swimmer.) But although

I sometimes floundered I always came back to her and rested my feet upon this rock. She knew that it was not so much that I swam away, but there were currents and eddies which enticed me and so I floundered about, but after a while I came back.

“Even after my passing her interest in this provides the rock for me to stand on. (Shows a picture of a lovely wide and sunlit beach.) There were other bathers who called me and I enjoyed myself for a while, but I tired of it finally and came back. The frivolity of it enticed me and I indulged myself in it, but she was always there, as firmly established as ever.”

(Does mother see her children who died long ago?)

“Difficult to describe conditions. Children who die like that are in a different realm. One can visit it; you can see them. (Points a long way off.) They have not been compelled to strip themselves of earthly guile. You must strip yourself of earthly attributes to spend much time with them. Mamma can, as she had fewer earthly attributes. I can sometimes, but as yet I have been occupied with communication. I have not spent as much time with Mamma as you would have thought. Mamma gravitates between the children’s realm and me,

She is a sort of derrick. I must say that she has been a wonderful help. But she is not as much interested in these transcendental communications as I am."

(Do you see Dr. Hodgson, George Pelham and the others of the Psychological Research group?)

"Yes, indeed, I see that group. They allow me to spend all the time with them."

(Do you know that I do nothing but read about the subject?)

"Yes, I have seen her. Anna's interest is wonderful and she has a great place to fill in spreading this knowledge. Her interest does not surprise me. To paraphrase the old expression 'Handsome is as handsome does.' Anna does as Anna is."

(Did you speak to me in the Library?)

"I did my very best; hers is a peculiar phase and I had to use an entirely different set of vibrations."

This refers to a message given me by an official of the Public Library in Boston, who had often occupied herself in searching references for me. This official has certain mediumistic powers and did apparently get a message from my sister, who told her that she was very near me. She heard my name repeated many times

and finally asked me if this was my Christian name.

In the afternoon I asked two questions which our sister had wished me to send through Mrs. Vernon to the mother of a friend. This mother has been dead for a number of years. The questions were unintelligible to my sister, to Mrs. Vernon and to me. The original propounder of these questions was also unknown to Mrs. Vernon and to me, and she was in California. I had no hope that any replies could be obtained, but Mrs. Vernon thought otherwise. The questions were:

1. How shall I communicate with my mother?
2. How shall I fulfill my promise to my mother?

Mrs. Vernon heard the answer to the first question:

“Through a developed psychic, through Mrs. F. if she goes through Chicago.”

Mrs. Vernon heard the answer to the second question:

“Something overturned, since this promise was made. (Vision of the crank of an automobile turning; something turning over; an automobile turnover.) Tell Mary to patch it up and go; she will understand if you say this.”

The two replies were transmitted by letter immediately to my sister, who in turn sent them to her still anonymous friend. The replies were both significant, particularly the second. The lady in question had in fact been overturned in her automobile, which had rolled over twice, exactly as Mrs. Vernon had seen it. She had been driving it herself and with her daughter was severely injured. The concluding sentence, "Tell Mary to patch it up and go," was the direction as to how she should fulfill her promise to her mother, as it concerned her hesitation to go to visit a family connection with whom her relations had not been harmonious. This explanation was sent me by another sister, who stated that her friend was entirely satisfied with the result of her attempt to reach her mother and to receive her advice.

It is superfluous to observe that "thought transference" is eliminated from this incident, in its popular interpretation. Thought transference it certainly was, from a mother to a daughter, through three intermediaries, totally ignorant of the significance of at least the second question or its answer.

My sister died from pneumonia, following an operation for appendicitis. She had a slight cold at the time the operation was performed, which seemed of imminent necessity. A recur-

ring infection of the antrum, which was, however, not acute at the time, was, according to the following message, an element in the development of the pneumonia.

(If the operation had been delayed until you had recovered from your cold, would the result have been the same?)

Mrs. Vernon: “Functional sections were infected, causing improper circulation which caused my death. But surgical pneumonia is one of the vicissitudes of surgery. Don’t grieve over the spilt milk, but rather rejoice at the discovery of a permanent reunion. It might have occurred without the antrum.”

(Are you really near me?)

“I am in the air with you. I am in the same ether. It is like being in a room above another; if one is listening for messages one may perhaps hear them. It is as difficult to communicate as to hear from one room to another sometimes. The fact of the awareness of the two helps. If you had not been waiting and listening, I could not have made myself heard. We like the word awareness.”

(You said that Dr. Hodgson would manifest in the library; will you tell me what that meant?)

“The same group of controls tries to catch

the attention of every medium and this name stuck in the psychic's mind."

(Who is Imperator?)

"Psychical researchers there, here they hang out the shingle—Imperator. Psychical researchers on earth compile volumes, look through volumes; that means research. The Imperator group deduct and dictate, but only by means and through the medium of thoughts, and as no material records are kept, they cannot be researchers."

(I think that my sister would like to see W. R.)

Again almost instantly the wireless message was received and the friend with whom I had discussed matters literary, during a brief visit to this country, over 25 years ago, came at our call, with his old phrases, his old similes, even his old trick of holding his head to one side while "considering."

Mrs. Vernon saw the vision of a crystal ball, in a walled garden, beautifully clear, yet reflecting all the colors of the spectrum.

"*F.*—We were great friends (vision of writing). She wrote to me. Suddenly it snapped. (His death from heart failure.) She always encouraged me; never said it was poor stuff." (His poetry.)

(Are you happy?)

“Yes, very happy, but would have been happier had I finished it out. The symbol described our friendship. F——wonderfully pure, yet vivid and full of color. We do have regrets if we do not finish our work. I could have done better work, a little bit of alloy in the otherwise pure gold.”

(Have you anything to do?)

“Oh! yes, I am occupied all the time. One can teach, do missionary work. If you go over as a poet, you train poets, and come back to try and inspire poetry. We do not do any concrete thing; we try to make people happy, and our condition depends upon our spiritual development.”

(Shall I send a message to your sister?)

Mrs. Vernon saw him holding his head to one side and “considering.”

“I have been very unhappy; earthly career unsatisfactory. Just missed it; adored mental companionship. I would like to express again; so others feel, whose earth careers were unsatisfactory.”

(Is there reincarnation?)

“There is an inextinguishable vital spark, which while partaking of the universal whole, separates itself at intervals for the purpose of gleanings and acquiring; this effort is called re-birth.”

(Do we remember in the final state all our successive existences?)

Mrs. Vernon heard the continuance of the subject of his last sentence.

“This accounts for the preëminence of some and the insignificance of other souls. After the receding of the whirlwind we gaze with dismay upon the débris; if one wishes to reinstate oneself, and correct errors one is given the opportunity. I have not paused long enough to put this in more beautiful language. After the whirlwind you go out to repair.

(Do those who are satisfied go back?)

“It is not given to all to choose, the repairers go back.”

In answer to the question as to the final memory of the past reincarnations “If the interest holds or the intellect——”

Mrs. Vernon heard my sister, who here joined in the conversation.

“Just imagine Anna De Koven reading ‘Old Mother Hubbard’ for an afternoon’s amusement. You will not find it interesting to go back. When you are a fully developed seventh-heaven individual, all things are possible. Very few people are interested or care enough to look back over the past when they were undeveloped souls.”

Mrs. Vernon said at this point that she was

conscious of the presence of a group of personalities. They were, in fact, together: my sister, my poet friend, and finally, entering with a laugh, in which Mrs. Vernon said she felt inclined to join herself, the same friend, Mrs. S——, who had come at my call in May.

“Tell Anna that I have undertaken to superintend children, *Ardente Studente*. I did not like children, but for the discipline of my soul, I have undertaken to teach these children. Anna would laugh. I always liked to do unusual things, but this time have descended to a platitude.”

The information as to this witty friend’s occupations was expressed in a highly characteristic fashion. Her dislike of children, who in fact bored her, will also be remembered by those who knew her.

Mrs. Vernon heard my sister: “Anna knows that I am with her most of the time. Try the automatic hand writing; get a large piece of paper and turn your head. Anna’s ponderous mind sometimes gets in the way—(laughs)—hand goes round and round. Don’t mind if the messages are unsatisfactory, the contact will help.”

(Has she a good-by message for me?)

“I tried already to tell her when I spoke about the rock. I am like a person just learn-

ing to swim over here, and so much helped if I can feel that I can just get the end of my toe on the rock. Tell her I have my lovely memories, that go back farther than husband or child, and with them I comfort myself.

On August the 1st, a totally unexpected appearance, that of the Late Dr. Polk of New York, announced itself, for the reason that my sister's eldest son had at that time been warned that an operation for appendicitis might be necessary. She had apparently consulted him.

Mrs. Vernon heard: "An older person than your sister who obtrudes himself for the purpose of adding a superscription to the list of names. I was a doctor. Her son—an operation, not the same operation; analogy in the cutting. You will hear of it. I came to report because it was in my line. Frank P—— (the name of his son).

Mrs. Vernon heard my sister: "Captain—How good looking he is!"

(Is this your son?)

"No, a contemporary. Anna did not take this seriously. Just a little test; they like to see that we are happy."

(Do you know what your second son is doing?)

"He prevailed, anxious to do it and has suc-

ceeded; got permission (shows him turning over something). I know that he has said that he wished that I could see him. (Shows something heavy across his arms; he pulls something, like a strap; it comes across his chest; a cup-working, looking up, hands active. Dressed in brown like khaki; like a uniform. Shows a vision of an American flag waving.) Patriotic—going to France. (Gesture of pushing as of departure)—my boy—the other—tries to please me. I am gratified at his wish to contribute to his country's cause. I am happy at his thought of me.'

I was not informed that my sister's eldest son had contemplated an operation until some eight months after this meeting with Mrs. Vernon. My sister's exclamation about the good looks of Captain—referred to an afternoon's visit paid to her by an officer from Camp Upton on the occasion of her last visit to me in New York in December, 1917. He was not a near acquaintance but distinctly deserved her encomium.

Her second son had gone to work in a munition factory. I had been informed of this fact, but not that he had been compelled to persuade his father to permit him to enter the factory nor was I aware of any of the details or characteristic motions in the execution of his work.

Her eldest son was on the eve of his departure for France with his company. The operation was only contemplated and was finally found to be unnecessary.

Two weeks later on the 15th of August, I saw Mrs. Vernon at the Copley Plaza in Boston. I began the conversation by speaking aloud to my sister, telling her of my appreciation of the lucidity of her messages.

Mrs. Vernon heard: "I grasp the significance without the necessity of words but expressing it focuses the ideas. (Shows an image of a glass, filled with clear and sparkling water.) This philosophy is like pure water. (Pouring a rosy liquid into the glass.) Its purity and brilliancy is warmed and colored by the friendship existing between you (Mrs. Vernon and myself).

(Could you get assistance from Dr. Hodgson and George Pelham in furnishing tests and other material for publication?)

"Almost anything which can be a test is of scientific value. Make little anecdotes, short as possible, with as many witnesses as are able to give names. Too much verbosity in the records supplied by the Psychical Research investigators."

(Are you still with me?)

“Oh! Yes, and I have seen your depression. Take an inventory of the tests; you have quite a number, and more will be given.”

CHAPTER V

“IN HEAVEN THE PERFECT ROUND.”

THERE was a long interim between the last meeting with Mrs. Vernon and that of October the 2nd, which occurred at her house in New York. I was on the eve of a visit to our old home and my sister asked certain things of me, indicating what I should say to certain members of her family.

(Do you feel the separation less; are you happier?)

My sister: “Calmer but not happy yet. Not gay. But it is quiet and peaceful. I am under instruction.”

(All gayety is over for me.)

“I do not know what Anna would have done without this. I am learning serious things, not gay; but I know that it is right that I should learn them.”

(Will you help us and send us messages all this coming Winter when I shall see Mrs. Vernon continuously?)

“The messages will be as brilliant and spark-

ling as a circle of gems. (Gesture of putting Mrs. Vernon’s hand in Anna’s and then putting her own hand over the clasped hands.) Indissoluble. A wonderful combination, because you and Mrs. Vernon have that quality, supposedly masculine, of frankness. Will accept nothing but truth; no pretense.”

On October the 26th after my return from my journey, my sister commented upon my occupation while there, of examining and sorting certain family papers.

“Anna is a procurator of pedigrees. Papers, letters.”

(Have you a message for Edith?)

“Why! who is Edith? I feel such a rush of affection; she is holding out both arms and she says: ‘Tell Edith that I would like to give her a big hug. Edith really loved me.’”

(Have you seen Henrietta?)

“I see much of Henrietta. She has been much interested in my spiritual development; has been a real rock of support. Salt of the earth.”

(I hope that I am not retarding your development by occupying you with these earthly communications?)

“Occupation is salutary for every one. Tell Anna she is not taking my time, but she is pro-

viding me with an occupation. Perseverance will disclose the fabric of our ethereal existence, overshadowed as it is by the orbit of materiality. (Shows a vision of a figure of a man walking down a sunlit road; his shadow behind him.) Sunlight plays over his figure, and a shadow follows it. The ethereal world is a shadow of the material. The two lives are as inseparable as shadow and figure."

(Is the material world in shadow and the ethereal world in the light?)

"No, both alike are illuminated by the sun."

(Are your ethereal symbols as definite to you as our material symbols are to us?)

"We construct our own symbols." (Shows bubbles rising in the air.)

(Is the world which surrounds you an emanation from the Divine mind?)

"The power of construction is of divine origin. We can construct but our creations do not clutter up. They vanish when we are finished with them. Our bodies being unlike material bodies have not the wants of material existence. But if we wish to produce an arm chair for instance, and look at it, we can do so. Our bodies are of light ether which float in the heavier ether near the earth."

(Are there buildings for assemblages?)

"If we wish to symbolize a hall of learning,

we can do so. People over here have to be in harmony.”

(Would several people have to combine to construct these halls of learning?)

“People over here must be in harmony with the conditions; newcomers could not construct. Tyros toil to no purpose, hence the advantage of instruction. The masters who have served through probation and initiation up to fulfillment can direct the construction single handed.”

(Is nature over there or what corresponds to nature here, the emanation from the mind of God?)

“The map is provided by a Divine efflux; the scheme is provided, but the partitions are made by the inhabitants here. The Universe remains the same.”

(Do you mean that the ethereal world is lasting; that it holds?)

“This world does hold, the universe holds; but the appurtenances vanish like the foam in the wake of a ship.”

(Do you see the S.P.R. group still?)

(Shows a picture of two letters closely intertwined as in a monogram, enclosed in a laurel wreath. One letter is brightly illumined, the other is darker.) “My twin brother is even more spiritually developed than mother. His teach-

ings are more sympathetic than mother's. I need no other teacher."

(That must be very lovely, that companionship.)

"It is more lovely than human conception."

(Are you not happy in this?)

"Very happy and fortunate. A good deal I give you is from him. He entwines his spiritual tendrils around my soul and has promoted my welfare through insisting upon my enlightenment. He reveals the intricacies of disentanglement from earthly ties. (Shows a symbol of a chestnut burr, falling open and revealing the beautiful clear nut beneath.) He says that if sound at the core, all exterior defilement will fall away."

(Must you disentangle yourself from all earthly ties?)

"As the magnet to the steel, so does our love ever bind us, and mutual development will result therefrom but never separation."

(I feel the separation just as bitterly as ever; so bitterly at our old home.)

"My emotional stress is just as great as her own. I must collect myself. (Shows herself with hands over her eyes as in weeping.) I am supported by the words of wisdom of the developed souls about me while you have only this philosophy."

(Are you near us in your own spiritual body or do you communicate from a distance?)

“We project ourselves from a distance. It is just as if there were a central telephone office, with an operator who calls up a number, and the personalities are allowed to speak along the wires; without this operator we would be impotent. You also have to have a psychic. After the communication is established it is my magnetism which you feel.”

(Are you near sometimes?)

“Sometimes I am in the same ether, but even if it were only from the next house, without the medium here and there, we cannot communicate. The spiritual proximity may be of the closest character, but even through the wall there cannot be clear communication without the telephone, no matter how close it is. This is the exact condition.”

(Who is the operator now?)

“Groups of beings who might almost be called overcharged electrically, overcharged dynamos, sensitive, magnetic. It is a peculiar nervous organism, like psychics on earth, who are not necessarily very spiritually developed. Over here the most successful are those who have this magnetic development in conjunction with the light of spirituality.”

Edith and Henrietta were both very intimate

with my sister. Edith is Mrs. Stillman of Chicago, who received the letter from my sister about the table cover. Henrietta, also of Chicago, was Mrs. Strobel. She died about ten years ago.

The intimate association of my sister with her twin brother who died in infancy is here most beautifully symbolized.

Her statements about the construction of objects and landscapes in the ethereal world, are up to this point all illustrative of the process of projection or evocation by thought alone. Later messages very clearly point to another process, which includes a manipulation of ether.

The method of communication described so clearly, as similar to that used in a central telephone office, with specially endowed operators at both ends of the wires, is very interesting particularly in the statement that the spirit operators have peculiar nervous organisms. Does then the "peresprit" or spiritual body possess nerves? and do these nerves, vitalized by electricity, represent a thought-conducting apparatus similar to that of the incarnate psychic?

On Wednesday, the 31st October, which was the nineteenth sitting, my sister for the first time gave information regarding thought vibra-

tions which operate upon matter. The nature of this matter is not explained at this time. This reference to “constructional vibrations” is the only one as yet recorded in transcendental communications.”

My first question was:

(Do you construct houses?)

My sister: “Starts sets of vibrations, which much be rhythmical, then we construct. (Turns the handle of a machine). These are constructional vibrations and they differ from thought vibrations as in telepathy or thought transference in communication. The thought transference and telepathy vibrations are entirely emanations from the brain. When we wish to build a house, these constructional vibrations which we use correspond to our physical manual efforts on earth. (Shows a symbol of a machine like a coffee grinder from which a substance like ground coffee comes.) Brain directs, but the matter must first be originated. Matter falls into shape without manipulation by hand.”

Here then is a very clear statement that in the construction of houses some form of matter is employed. It is interesting to note that the possession of a brain by these ethereal operators is also distinctly stated.

(Do you live in a house yourself?)

“Figure to yourself a beautiful landscape, intersected by a sparkling shaded stream, on the banks of which recline two figures, my twin and I. There amidst verdant fragrance I receive my instruction daily. Vincent unfolds to me the glories of spiritual upliftment and occupations, condemning gently but firmly the virulence of wasting one’s time in degrading pursuits. He wrestled with my combativeness at first, and overcame my arguments with regard to the nature of certain earthly amusements to which I clung. He said he had better food for me. I resented being deprived of these things. To this his plane and to this beautiful place, the fabric of his imagination, I am allowed to ascend for my spiritual instruction. It is a higher region, so we speak of going up to it. The higher one goes the more harmonious are the conditions. When we are less developed we have to force our way through uncongenial surroundings.”

The process of evocation of landscapes by thought alone, as here quite clearly indicated, is in definite contrast with the process of manipulation of matter as described in the foregoing message.

(Where do you go when you come back after this daily instruction?)

“I come back to a sort of hall, a far more

material place, a sort of community house. There is confusion there and much coming and going. We convert to our uses the discarded constructions of those who have gone before us. The only way to work up to harmonious conditions is through spiritual development. We use these discarded houses as people in a city live in houses built by others, but when we grow in spirituality, we can build for ourselves beautiful domains. I can go up to Vincent for my spiritual instruction, but I cannot stay there. I must develop out of the conditions in which I am now.”

(Is this house like a hotel?)

“A place for transients. They come in numbers and they go on. (An impression of hurry and confusion as before.) There are material abodes provided for the requirements of material souls to whose brains the earth images are still clinging.”

(Do you see anyone you know in this house of transients?)

“If we do see friends we are so anxious about where we are going next that we hardly speak. Here the more highly developed spirits come to lend a hand to those they love. They transport them to other realms adapted to their development. They eject trespassers and that, I may say in passing, is one of the great problems here

as well as in earth life. There are curiosity seekers, and scoffers and mischiefmakers, who have to be guarded against. The guides attend to that.”

To my next question as to whether she had gone to a place like that when she first went over, my sister replied in a narrative of her first moments after her death when she awoke in the other world. This narrative, as it seems to me, is quite unique in its beauty and clarity of description.

“Food is given to material spirits; a sort of flaky stuff like snow was given to me. (Shows a vision of her body prostrate, with someone bending over her, feeding her this snowy mixture.) A blow, as if I had been knocked down, prostrated. This revived me and enabled me to collect myself. Prostrated by the shock of going over suddenly.”

(Who gave you this food?)

“A man with a gray beard, and clad in a white garment. He chose to assume this venerable appearance because it was more comforting. The first thing I saw was this venerable man. Then to my restricted vision there appeared relays of benign spirits whom I first took to be nurses as they were clad in white. They bent over me and ministered to me in words of ineffable sweetness and wisdom, ex-

plaining that death was like birth, entailing a separation from previous conditions, a wrench. I rebelled against the necessity of the separability of the soul from the body. I tried to express my unwillingness to accept this, my horror at the operation, in a vain pantomime. Then in instant response to this mute appeal appeared my parents and my brother. They bent over me and at first I thought they were whispering. Then I perceived strange delicate sounds, liquid, yet vibrant, which did not strike upon my auditory nerves but pierced to the center of the brain. They were like no earthly sounds, and I perceived that they revealed their command over the telepathic means of communication.”

(Did you recognize them at once?)

“Yes, they did not seem changed. They had assumed their earthly appearance or I would not have recognized them.”

(Do you usually wear this spiritual body; is it a garment like the material body?)

“We like to be recognized by our spiritual characteristics. We can assume our earthly form at will. Faces remain somewhat the same in the ethereal body in which we ordinarily appear.”

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On November the 7th, the group of Mrs. Vernon's controls manifested themselves, in answer to my opening remark that I hoped that my sister would go on with her narrative.

Controls: "This is an individual case which illustrates the universal process. The souls are always greeted by their loved ones. Mary and Thomas (Mrs. Vernon's grandfather) make known their presence."

(Is this the Society for Psychic Research Group?)

"We take turns. Myers, James, Hodgson—we came over tremendously interested in this thing and we keep at it still as it is the only thing which lasts."

A tentative description of a psychic telegraph was here interpolated by Edwin Friend.

Controls: "If you wish you can go on with your narrative. Edwin Friend has passed on to his pursuits. Just dropped in to talk about the instrument. It is good for the psychic to have certain lines out when the fishing is good. Does not get stale. According to the rules of courtesy the psychic should receive the messages when he has the time to speak. Your sister has a hand in it. All these communications are handled by the same group of controls. Those who wish to communicate say when they wish to communicate. Must take into considera-

tion the conditions. Your sister tells us what she wants to say. Good minds yours and Mrs. de Koven's, and her sister's mind also. A good combination which clarifies the forces. This combination is sympathetic to us. The process is always the same. Mrs. Vernon is the psychic and we are her controls, the only variant coming from the diversity of the communicator and the sitters. We are going to put it through with you and Mrs. de Koven. We have at last got the proper conditions. It is the same group of controls. These men are in the Emperor group. Ancient and wise spirits who can do this from many æons of experience. Emperor is a control. In your sister's experience we brought you up to the reunion period. Process of separation of body and soul.”

(Was it in mercy that my sister was permitted to communicate with me so soon?)

My sister: “Messengers attend to that.” (Shows a vision of a religious procession carrying something which looks like a sacrament.) The Ceremony of Allotment. Relatives met me but they could not stay with me. I was led where I could develop in this procession supported by my relatives. This is where the masses for the dead of the Roman Catholic Church are so wonderful. They do seem to reach up.”

(Mary and Minnie [her old servants] did have a mass said for you.)

“Yes, I knew it. It helped me. It reached me. Thus we proceeded to the realm of restless souls, who quiver with a desire to return and resume their accustomed habits. These souls prevent their own development by continuously clinging to lost joys. Myriads here are in this condition, but permanency retains its hold upon few. Most are fortunate enough to develop out of it. Wisdom and mercy prevail, through the efforts of divine masters, who encourage the interest and desire for spiritual growth.”

(Do you want to come back still?)

“No, for I realize that I cannot come back and I have accepted the inevitable. One must go on, else one sinks into ineffable despair. The promulgation of spiritual growth is our greatest occupation over here, interspersed with mental occupations such as music.”

At the next sitting on November the 17th, before my sister was permitted to go on with her narrative, the controls reverted to their previous discussion of the means and methods of communication, adding some observations concerning the origin of the peculiar powers of the psychic. Prefacing their discussion by

the statement that human magnetism arises from the action of opposing currents of electricity, they added that each personality possesses a projecting or psychic force. Although this force is the non-material part of the organism, and therefore spiritual, it is not necessarily religious. It does, however, tend to vivify the mental powers. Some discarnate and incarnate personalities possess this force in a peculiar degree. It gives them control of the psychic forces which surround the earth. The universe is regulated in an order of rhythm and harmony, to which these circumambient forces are attuned. Highly developed souls are in harmony with these forces. Does not this agree with the statements of the peculiarly organized human beings who assert that they are "in harmony with the higher forces" and that by controlling and evoking them, they are able to work miracles of healing? And as electric currents are known to pervade the earth and its atmosphere, is not electricity, as distinctly suggested in the opening sentences of the following argument, the universal conductor of these psychic forces, of both physical and mental energy?

Mrs. Vernon heard: "Electrodes produce heat through the friction of opposite currents. Thus human magnetism receives its vital quali-

ties through the interpolation of various opposing currents. Each personality contains all the elements of a projecting force which vivifies the mentality to a greater or less degree, according to the spiritual development—a refinement or development of psychic force which is the non-material element of a personality, not necessarily religious. It does not follow that psychics are good or that spirits are highly developed, but they have control over certain of these psychic forces. These forces or elements surround the earth, and upon these the psychic has control as in telepathic communication. These forces exist in the universe unheeded by the majority until development awakens an interest in them. A material soul thrust suddenly from its earthly habitation may be passed by the harmonious and rhythmical personalities unless they take on the self-appointed task of caring for these wanderers. The universe is regulated in an order of rhythm and harmony. The developed souls conform to this harmony and they go on their way unheeding their newcomers unless some voluntarily elect to take care of them. This service is optional over here as it is on the earth. Fortunately for your sister, her brother has elected to convey glad tidings and to act as

a messenger for hope to her, bewildered by new conditions.”

Mrs. Vernon heard my sister: “It is veritably a withdrawal of the curtain like a rent in the clouds. (Shows a vision like the last act of Faust with angels ascending.) Indescribable, unspeakable light. The light was so wonderful! but the prostrate body attracts one at first, until custom reveals that the pulsing soul departs to regions of rarefied ether where neither heat nor cold nor hunger or thirst penetrate. (Shows a vision of a globe like the earth with a wire netting around it.) Souls are borne along on these currents to different degrees, going round and round.”

(Are you still in that house of transients?)

“Yes, first I was a novitiate, but now I am an interne. I am now helping the unhappy, and now I am helping others. It is almost like a hospital of sick and homesick souls. I have finished my restlessness and go up to see Vincent every day for my instruction.”

(Is this hospital the first station near the earth?)

“Yes, the first passenger station or hospital.”

(Do your parents come to the hospital to see you?)

“Yes, they have reverted to their young days

when they were first drawn together. They come hand in hand together to see me, with happy expressions on their faces, and they are interested in what I am doing. Mamma is no longer disgruntled with me. I am a good little girl, and doing all I can. (Vision of our mother with her hand on my sister's shoulder.) I want to proceed. I want to move on away from here. I do not think that I could ever do missionary work. That would not suit me. Mamma does missionary work and Vincent does missionary work, also, but Papa does something mental.

(Do families not live together over there?)

“It is more like fraternities. Like draws like.”

(Who are you with? Are you still associated with the S.P.R. group?)

“Yes. I am still associated with them. My chief interest lies with them. Mamma's interests do not. Without them I should have languished for a word from the earth. Psychics provide meat and drink for languishing souls over here as well as for those on earth. This is what she (Mrs. Vernon) did for me, in bringing me in touch with Anna. The homesickness, the longing for those we love, that we leave on earth, is what hurts us. This is the psychic's mission, for we are just as hard pushed over here as those on earth. (To Mrs. Vernon.)

Never belittle your task. If you could see the group over here, and the satellites attracted by the glow, agonized for just one word. Many have waited for years to hear just one word from those whom they have left. One word is enough for those who have longed for years. Then they can go on with their development.”

(Will you please look up T. and G., for their mother wishes to speak with them to-morrow.)

“T—— has the exaltation of achievement. A cloud arises from these dead soldiers. It is a beautiful atmosphere and peculiar to those who have achieved something. Those who have done nothing do not have this aura. This exaltation of achievement helps them very much.”

(I have no fear of death.)

“When all things have righted themselves, Anna will come to me and in the glow of spiritual and mental intercourse will our days be passed. (Showing a vision as of looking down a long lane through an opera glass.) But Anna has work to do. She must complete this work and through this work she will escape being overwhelmed in the labyrinthine problems which overwhelm so many souls when they come over here. Strive to entertain the idea that spiritual advancement is without exaggeration laying up for yourself treasure in heaven.”

Mrs. Vernon heard Mother: "I am very much pleased with our darling's development. (Vision of my mother advancing and my sister running away.) I also see her mistakes. I should not have expected a child to develop before her time. Some people are children up to the age of eighty-three. I still have Anna's spiritual development at heart."

(Have I progressed in my own way?)

"Yes, you have progressed a great deal. Your spirituality is more material than mine. It deals with more projects than mine does. Your sister misses her sewing, but they have tried to supply this want with other things. One can sew over here, but it seems futile."

(What have you been doing?)

"I seek out those with distorted spiritual viewpoints. I try to state plainly that common sense and wisdom lead to spiritual development in the end. Anna will laugh to hear that I discourse on these subjects sometimes."

(Do you and your husband live together in a house?)

"Just think! We disport ourselves together. We reside when we choose under the same portico, but our different occupations separate us at periods reclaiming and protecting us from differences of opinion. Compulsory conditions are what create unhappiness. There is a tie

which unites us which does not always unite those who have been married. Anna may not understand that there is a tie between us which does not always exist.”

The characteristic trials of my sister and her mother are very plainly evident in these messages. The reunion of our parents and their return to the earliest days of their companionship, in which they indulge with mutual delight in the midst of their varied occupations, gives an idea of heaven which to our human comprehension can hardly be enhanced.

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 At the next sitting of November the 22nd, I asked to be informed as to the occupations of our father. Mrs. Vernon's controls replied to this question:

“Your father supervises the outgoing souls on the mission of projecting schemes for the immersion of the material into the mental.”

(Does this mean that our father is working for the improvement of the earth souls, or for others who have passed on?)

“Earth souls when sufficiently sensitive receive transmissions from across the Gulf, improving them mentally and diverting (assisting) them in various attainments.”

(Has our father's experience in controlling

men in his political career helped him in this occupation?)

Mrs. Vernon heard F: "Anna must not exaggerate (modestly). I only did my bit, but what experience I gleaned on the earth has been of great value in my welfare work here."

Asking now of my sister if her statement that "the universe held" coincided with her other statement that her twin brother's landscape was the passing construction of his imagination, she attempted again to explain what then seemed to me contradictory information. She enlarged upon the imaginative method and made a statement about the mind as being in the last analysis, the origin of all forms. This recalls Dr. Geley's hypothesis of the creative process of materialized organisms and his opinion that all seemingly material appearances are only representations of such appearances, evoked and constructed by mind.

My sister: "It is like going to a moving-picture show and seeing them reel off a film. (Shows a picture of a cinematograph in operation.) Very difficult for you to understand how the real thing according to your ideas is after all the only figment of the imagination. As for instance, you think that the active mind is the real thing and the subconscious mind the imaginative, while really the subconscious is the

real thing and the active is the unreal. Over here ideas and images do take form. It is a mental manipulation of matter and not a manual, employed by those whose development attains thereto. These laws are almost beyond the comprehension of terrestrial beings and recently arrived souls over here, as they depend for their manipulation upon thought control. Vincent's landscape depends for its existence upon the mind's eye of the giver. It is there when presented to our view by a powerful thought current.”

(We want to think that there is a tangible world and one that does not pass away.)

“The universe does hold. It is like a clouded slate. One must know how to rub away the cloud or one cannot see the picture underneath. There are others over here who have a sort of befuddled vision. There is a realm, a very vivid, sustaining and abiding realm, but one must be developed to be able to look into this realm. There is such a veil between and so thick a cloud, one must have an abiding faith that the realm is there. The realms themselves are manufactured through the desire for good and beautiful things of the evolved souls. Jesus says: ‘In my father's house are many mansions and I go to prepare a place for you.’ Evolved and highly spiritual souls must go before to

prepare these places. The spiritual desire for beauty and harmony is the mortar from which these realms are made."

The profound significance of the statement that the active mind is the unreal and the subconscious the real, cannot be overlooked. It would seem to indicate that the subconscious is the eternal part of us, already existing in the infinite unseen, while what we think are ourselves, are dreaming ghosts of our real personalities, spinning out a brief earthly existence among sights which are themselves figments of the imagination—symbols adapted to our earthly perception.

In my next question I asked my sister if she was conscious of the presence of the Christ spirit.

"The Christ spirit pervades the universe from the darkest depths of the earth to celestial spheres."

(Do any souls see Christ?)

"None that I have ever met have seen him."

(Do souls go to other planets?)

"Encircling each zone like the crust of a pie (!) are layers of impenetrable though luminous liquid matter conveying more or less readily the electrical currents which connect the planetary system. By means of these currents

this system is held together. Is this plain to Mrs. Vernon?” Mrs. Vernon said “Yes.”

(Are there spiritual zones around each planet?)

“The requirements, atmospheric and otherwise, of each zone create indigenous beings. The passage into eternity or the hereafter varies according to the planet but upon reception into spiritual realms coördination and conversion into ethereality occurs.”

(Do souls go from one planet to another?)

“Simultaneously Mercury, Venus, the Earth and Mars disgorge into eternity. The earth contains rarer specimens of mental exuberance than planets in the descending scale from the sun. Hence the origin of the sun and light worshippers. The means of transit afforded us through loss of corporeal clogs enables us to detect the advantage and superiority of the earth dwellers. Ethereal beings may enjoy a plunge through the orbits of various planets but earthly development makes unnecessary a sojourn upon another planet.”

(Do these less developed souls rise as they go to the ethereal existence?)

“Some very quickly, but some take a very long time.”

(Is the Christ spirit active in the other planets?)

“Yes, it pervades all the universe for, after all, the Christ spirit is spirituality. It appears and reappears in individuals. You exhibit the Christ spirit if you do a kind deed—like a spark fanned into flame or extinguished according to the individual’s wish.”

At the close of this sitting I asked my sister if she had seen any one else whom she liked to be with besides her parents and her twin brother. As if in answer to this question Mrs. Vernon was moved to look at some painted cupids on a screen in my boudoir in which we were sitting. My sister showed children dancing and said that she has many diversions.

At this point other personalities manifested themselves as they did at the sitting following, so that it was not until a fortnight had passed that I was able to ask her what she had meant by showing the vision of the children dancing and pointing to the cupids on the screen.

My sister: “Festival of the Renaissance.” (A second vision of little children dancing, bound with garlands which connect them together.)

(It is now nearly a year since your last visit to me. I hope you know that I treasure the recollection of every moment of it.)

“Tell Anna that I feel what she says telepathically. Pattering of little feet, festival of the Renaissance. A festival celebrating indi-

vidual spirituality. Each soul is fettered with material bonds. When the soul finally makes up its mind to rid itself of these bonds it has a festival of spiritual rebirth, the festival of the Renaissance. Before the soul comes to earth it is spiritual; on earth it collects material clogs which cling when the soul first passes over, but when finally purged (freed) from these bonds and imbued with the desire for spiritual advancement it has this festival of the Renaissance. When a soul has burst these bonds and turned its back on all earthly ties it is celebrated with all sorts of youthful symbols. One must verily become as a little child.”

(Did you see the cupids in the screen?)

“In order to impart it to you we have to make the medium see it.”

(Did you see it yourself?)

“We sense things.”

(Are you near us when you point out things like that?)

“To quote the Scriptures ‘Nearer than hands or feet.’ Put this in brackets for Anna’s amusement. Mamma gives me these quotations from the Scriptures.”

(Is Mamma with you now?)

“Yes, Mamma is here this morning.”

Mother: “I have learned that religion is not of necessity serious. I come to you now with a

playfulness difficult for you to understand. I have learned to commingle religion with toleration and now I am going to make an epigram. (Hearing the word epigram.) Not epigram but aphorism. I can make epigrams also. Besprinkle the fertile soil of your soul with the ingredients of unselfishness and devotion to humanity."

(Do you know and approve of the work I am now doing towards furthering patriotism?)

"Yes, but the only real uplift is charity towards mankind. The only thing that has value over here is lending a hand. Entirely apart from intellectuality. If charity and mentality go not hand in hand it profits the soul nothing."

My sister: "Does Anna understand the importance of my festival. Mamma has worked very hard over me."

(Yes. I am so glad for her happiness.)

"A very important occasion for it indicates spiritual advancement. From now on I can really be more with Mamma."

(I realize it must be happier for her.)

"Yes, greatly happier; we can be more together."

Mrs. Vernon said that she felt a lighter atmosphere, an expression of happiness quite different from that which she had perceived in the

earlier sittings when my sister had not reached this stage of her development.

(You said that you had diversions, such as music. What kind of instruments do you have and what kind of music?)

“All the instruments that you have and more besides, not made by hands. Contrived through methods of mental vibrations.”

(Do not these vibrations construct a certain kind of matter?)

“How can I describe it? It is more as when one dreams something; as in a dream everything seems real. You see people playing on instruments or following their various lines. It is just as if you departed from your waking life and came to live in a dream.”

(And yet the spiritual body is made of ether, is it not?)

“Yes, and so are all of our images, manipulated ether not manually, manipulated mentally. We discard these images like the shell of a locust, like the first model of a sculptor in clay before marble. We call them realities here because they are the first impressions. Nothing can take form without first being thought out. Therefore the thought forms seem to us the realities. The originating thought is the idea, not the result.”

(Do you assemble in halls and hear music?)

“Indeed we do, without the discomfort of draughts and bad air.”

(You did not like music much on earth.)

“There are as many trends of mind over here as there. Music lovers have their music; art lovers their art; but all must qualify spiritually.”

Mrs. Vernon heard Mother: “Anna will rejoice that we are together. We once were far apart. It will please Anna to know that we are quite close at last.” (Sends a vision of patting Anna on the shoulder.)

(Could I have a message of love from them both?)

Mother: “We aim our love laden darts straight at Anna’s heart.” (Showing a vision of both of them with bows and arrows in their hands aiming at Anna.)

(I am much happier.)

“Balm comes from above.” (Pointing upward with her bow) “We are happy; it has gladdened Anna’s heart.”

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In the interval between the last sitting of November the 27th and the ensuing one of December the 10th my husband’s brother had died in England. Two sittings had already been entirely occupied with messages from deceased

members of my husband's family. At the end of the second sitting, Mrs. Vernon heard my sister's name.

(Is my darling here?)

“Yes. Has Anna got her question?”

(Is the ethereal landscape formed by the Divine mind?)

“Dominion over matter is a Divine prerogative and the conformation of the landscape occurs as the result of ethereal manipulation by superior intelligences endowed with the ability to conjure their own geographic emplacement by what the Kaiser called the divine right of Kings. The attainment of this privilege is accomplished through æons of individual aspiration for spiritual growth, eschewing the idea of reward of merit, simply aiming straight at the goal, through service to one's fellow-beings.”

(Is it in these landscapes that newcomers live?)

“Privileged newcomers like myself attain glimpses of glorious realms through the efforts of solicitous relatives sufficiently evolved. Tell Anna as in the case of Louise's openings, to see is to desire. Over here they show us these beautiful landscapes so that we may desire them.”

(Are you still in that house of transients?)

“Oh! No, not since my awakening.

Rippling streamlets play,
 Here are sunbeams bright and gay,
 Those you love are here together,
 Never menaced by the weather.

Just to vary it a little.”

(Who do you mean by those I love?)

“Mother and F, my brother and I, all here.”

(Are you living with our parents under the same portico?)

Mrs. Vernon saw a vision of a chariot race, as in “Ben Hur,” or the pictures of Aurora in her car. Three beautiful figures are pulling this car, a single beautiful figure in the car, clad in a Greek robe. “Papa and Mamma and my brother are pulling the chariot. They convoy me, teaching and protecting me.”

(Are you very happy now?)

Mrs. Vernon saw a vision of a very radiant being. “They conduct—I have to be carried. I do not direct; do not hold the flower reins; they pull me along.”

(Are there seven spheres in heaven?)

“With their ramifications there are seventy times seven.”

(In which sphere do you live?)

“Rhyme and reason; this is why I spoke in verse. There is one sphere where everything is rhythmical and in rhyme. Seven planes but in each of these planes there are variations of

development. Tell Anna. Reggie’s folks”
(gesture of pushing the brother gently away).

(Have you helped him to communicate?)

“No, I have my turn.”

On December the 17th I continued my questions to my sister asking her what kind of clothes she wore.

“My garments envelop me with a richness becoming and lasting, yet ever changing colors and perfumes pervade their enveloping folds.”

(Are they white flowing garments?)

“Yes, yet not severe; swinging folds like chiffon, not as severe as the classic Greek lines.

The soft breath of the pine trees and salt from the sea,
Commingle their essence when wafted to me.”

Assuming, we may imagine, her own lovely guise and surrounded by the loveliest images of human imagination, evoked by the angelic spirits of the heavenly hierarchy, my sister celebrates her rebirth in a new world, amid flower-bound children, dancing in a round. And again like Aurora, she voyages through the clouds, in a flower-decked chariot, convoyed by the radiant spirits of those who so loved her. In her little rhymes, she expresses her harmony with a harmonious world, and in her delight in music, in the perfumes of pines and the sea, she shows

her enjoyment of all the pleasures of sense and of sight. Still seeking to learn more of the mysteries of this lovely existence, I asked her if the world evoked by the masters was eternal, if it endured.

My sister: "So difficult to explain about the power of thought! The landscapes appear at the behest of the individual. They are permanent. If there is no table, and we want a pretty table we think of it and it will appear. If we want pink roses, they also appear. If you want to go to the mountains and are sufficiently developed, the mountains come to us. What symbol can I use? The mountains came to Mahomet. He conjured them up."

Mrs. Vernon observed that it would be awkward if I wanted to go to the mountains and she wished to go to the seashore.

"Don't be ridiculous! If Anna and you wanted to go to the seashore you would go together. If you want to hold communion you would have to decide whether it would be the mountains or the seashore. People must be in harmony. The guides instruct the newcomers. What your aspirations and desires are, is determined by your trend of thought."

(Can you see and hear?)

"We sense things."

(Yet the ethereal body is a form of matter, is it not?)

“Yes, but it is so different; it does not have to eat or sleep.”

(But you had food at first, did you not?)

“Yes, the automaton needs lubrication for its performances during a certain time. When the body and soul are still somewhat together at first, but when they become thoroughly detached no such replenishment is necessary.”

(Is the aura of the same material as the ethereal body?)

“The aura represents the fragmentary evolutions of ethereal matter in process of forming a celestial encasement.”

(Has the ethereal body weight?)

“Infinitesimal, but tangible as the off-givings of the pine trees, if collectible would have weight.”

Mrs. Vernon got an odor of pine trees.

(Are you with me and do you see me?)

“Often, and thought will always bring me.”

(Do you know how much I am missing you all these days?)

“Yes. I have tried often to reach you, but the mechanism is not right. The mechanism is not quite right for these mental communications. Periwinkle shells contain their quota of imperceptible matter, but communication with them

is impossible except at moments when they choose to protrude this sensitive substance. The process should be an intuitive or involuntary application of natural laws rather than a determined or vigorous effort. Be on the alert; on guard for these intuitive onslaughts but never attempt to force one. Shifty, evanescent and spasmodic. Fleet as Artemis must be the brain to detect them."

At this moment Mrs. Vernon pointed to a stream of sunlight coming through the window and the brighter more distinct ray which lay upon the floor and as she spoke heard: "This stream of sunlight and the ray reflected on the floor are like body and soul, as near an explanation as I could give you."

Evidently matter in the other world is Protean, taking on visibility, weight, color and form at the behest of all powerful mind. So in the materialization experiments bone could be instantly supplied to the arm of the being whom Sir William Crookes photographed when its absence was observed by an experimenter.

In Dr. Crawford's experiments the exuded substance was invisible, except to the photographic plate. The statement that immediately after death, body and soul are still not entirely separated would seem to indicate that the ethereal body, already existing in the material body,

has absorbed somewhat of the heavier but still dissolvable substances of which that material body is composed. From these heavier elements the ethereal body in its celestial form must be detached, and until this detachment is complete, some form of food is supplied. The occasional protrusion of periwinkles from their shells would seem to be mentioned as an analogy in nature to the protrusion of the ethereal body of the medium, and an enhanced receptivity resulting therefrom. It would also seem to indicate that the ethereal body, possessed by all human beings, must also conform to this condition if transcendental messages are to be perceived.

On December the 31st, my sister, in a mood of deepest humility and self-reproach, declared her disapprobation of her own character, her perception of the effect of her own beauty upon her earthly development. The contrast between this avowal and her earlier declaration that “it would not have been human” not to use the power that beauty gave her, is so indicative of her development that I dare not suppress it. That her self-judgment was far too harsh would not only be recognized by all who knew her, but its severity is commented upon by her mother.

“Carve out of marble a beautiful statue, im-

bue it with life and animation but neglect to inspire it with a soul—with all humility this was, but is not I.”

(I am happy about your spiritual development, but don't forget how much I miss you.)

“Ephemeral, fragile, evanescent, corporeal beauty, trending continually earthward, trammeling the soul with clogging chains of earthly desire. Blessed are those who escape these snares.”

(What are your occupations?)

“My occupation is developing the soul and it proceeds by logical stages; first I learn the detonations (vibrations) or vocabulary of thought transference. (Shows a vision of ripples around a stone thrown into water, vibrations of air coming from stones clapped together.) There is so much to be learned. (Hands to head.) I have had to accommodate myself to the idea of spiritual standards instead of material standards. The life is entirely mental and spiritual which is very difficult for you to follow. I am going to school, paying more attention to it than many others are doing.”

(Are you still instructed by your twin brother?)

“He supervises my education and sets my tasks, which I prefer to perform myself.”

(What kind of tasks?)

“Self-development; I hear music if I want to but I did not have that trend, and over here we follow our trends.”

(On earth you were fond of making people happy, fond of sewing and fond of sports.)

Mrs. Vernon sees a vision of panels of embroidery, with little painted figures such as are put on lampshades. “That is my amusement, but I was referring to the serious side of things. My occupations—not my amusements. My occupation consists chiefly in learning to develop myself.”

(What tasks does your brother give you?)

“He told me to hand on my first lesson to some one else. It is never well to hand on one’s instructions to those who do not want it. It was difficult for me to learn this wordless communication. He gave me my first lesson in this wireless communication. He told me to teach it to some one else—I did so and I returned somewhat elated over my success.”

(Whom did you teach?)

“A friend of a humbler station than myself. (Shows a woman bending over a washtub.) She is the one I helped. In my earth life I was willing to help those people, but not at close hand. I returned elated and my brother said: (Shows a book with Lesson I on a page.) ‘You have learned Lesson I; now you must learn

Lesson II.''' (Turns over a page and points to Lesson II—"Garnering the Golden Grain of Patience.")

(Are you making those pretty little things for your house?)

"It is all much humbler than Anna can imagine. I had to go back to the laundress and teach her a second time. Vincent said I had to continue it until I liked it. When I found I could not stand it any longer, I was permitted to regale myself with this artistic needlework. It is artistic and constructive and therefore has its value. In my house not built with hands but which nevertheless is on a firm foundation."

(Did you make that house?)

"I conjure that house when I want it, and by and by I shall have a finer mansion, not spurious and subject to decay as earthly dwellings are, but I shall have constructed it, I hope, with infinite patience and a gentle persistency, the combination of which qualities conquers all things."

(Do you live alone in your house?)

"Solitude is sometimes desirable but I prefer the indication of gentle presences which dispel the shadows."

(Who are they?)

"Sometimes my mother, sometimes my brother, sometimes members of the band of ex-

quisite creatures who exult in the emancipation of the soul.”

(Are you far away usually?)

“I inhabit the ethereal realm revolving around the earth and am borne by my desires near or further as the case may be. When I communicate I am in the room.”

(Do you see where I am sitting?)

“Tell Anna, I am right behind her with my hand on her shoulder, but yet to her I appear very far away. The psychic feels my presence. To any one who is not psychic I might as well be a million miles away.”

(I love her all the time.)

“The separation is very hard. (Nods her head gravely.) I feel that I did not always appreciate what Anna tried to do for me. I could feel very badly about it sometimes if I would let myself. Now it stands out like a guiding star.”

On Jauary the 14th, pursuing my questions, I asked my sister about the government in the other world.

“One of the first laws is that of harmony. There is no progress without harmony and even argumentative discussions flow harmoniously over here. The functional system whereby we live is a sort of circumlocution or general cir-

cultation of ideas, generated by a Divine Dynamo, which propels through the universe the principles of truth, life and spirituality. A harmony with these forces, being one of the first lessons which we learn."

(Are there centers of influences like Universities or Government institutions?)

"Temples of learning are presided over by professors or masters who have conquered the problems of existence." (Vision of a temple such as the classic temple of Art at Bar Harbor, with spirits coming and going in classic garments.)

(Have these temples a permanent existence?)

"If you have a simple house and want a better one or a small automobile and can buy a larger one, you can discard the old ones. So it is over here. For the individual there is no permanency, it is all progress. But the temples remain for those who want them; to this extent they are permanent. The individuals go on developing. Certainly the temples remain for those who come after. I am taking the case of an Individual and in this there is no permanency."

(You keep that house and the fancy work for a while?)

"We create things as we want them and we frequently look back on the things we have once

desired as children look back upon their dolls.”

(Have you any advice about my life, as you watch me?)

“I feel that I can get quite near you; you do not obtrude your opinions; your attitude has been so humble that you have got much out of this communication. The receptive attitude has particularly pleased Mother. Mother was quite assertive herself about her spiritual attitude when she was on earth. In order to learn one must assume a humbler attitude than she had.”

(I am very grateful for their commendation, but I want to know what more I should do. I have so much sadness to counteract.)

Mother: “Go on with your writing; push it on but do not overtire yourself. We see that you are writing. Go on with your preparations for these weekly meetings.” (They nod their heads and show two books.)

(My thoughts are always with you; my last thought at night, my first in the morning.)

My sister: “Tell Anna that her warm hearted affection has helped me, her devotion has sustained me.” (Shows a vision of a book.) “The book of my life—romance—not instructive—towards the last I upheld my self-esteem by a certain degree of kindness and patience. (Holds out the book to her mother.)

“Even Mamma was pleased with my work towards the end.”

(You are so severe with yourself; your gayety and sympathy were of unspeakable help to so many!)

“That was not voluntary; it was an emanation of personality and having that I should have done more with it. Having this spontaneous gift, I do not take any credit to myself for it.”

Mrs. Vernon heard: “Lucy—taut (something wound tightly around something, like something on a reel).—(Gesture of despair.)

(Are you happy yet?)

“I still want the fleshpots, but I am calmer. Tell Anna I am calmer and Mamma and my brother have been of infinite help. There is a great central force and if one is in harmony with these sublime ejections from this central dynamo all is well. But when one does not revolve in harmony, but buffets the currents discord arises. The meaning of ‘Thy will be done’ is, that one must be in harmony with these sublime forces. It is exactly like learning the rules of a game, as if you insisted on playing tennis as if it were croquet, using your racquet as if it were a mallet. It does not minimize one’s individuality to learn the rules of any game, or of this life any more than it

would to learn how to play tennis. Harmony with law and progress in accordance with law. Good prevails and evil vanishes, burned up by its own poisonous emanations.”

(Speaking to our mother, I then asked if she were happy when she first went over.)

Mother: “I had to forget some prejudices, my religious doctrines were cut and dried, hard and fast. I had to learn a broader philosophy. I have learned that out of evil good comes. I would not have admitted it on earth. Some people have to learn in that way.”

(She had a few temptations.)

“I led my domestic life in comfort. My desires were gratified; and there was a situation of financial solidity, but I worried over my children. I had to unlearn a good deal. I have more humor now. I can look back and laugh at my spiritual debauches. They were really funny. Exhorting and rhetorically pinioning people to hear all that I thought was the word of God. I had to learn a broader doctrine. Until the wonder and the profundity of it sank in, I had a hard time. Charity to all men is the rule of common sense after all. Terrible as it seems wrong doing is of use, as thus some learn. Never mind me. Our darling is doing beautifully. She would not say it herself.”

(Are you happy?)

“Radiantly so. So will she be although she would not say so now. She has to effervesce at times; so she did on earth; but she is pure gold. (Vision of a glass of champagne.) Like the color of champagne, her heart is pure gold, innocent, this effervescence.”

The date of this, the thirteenth sitting was January the 14th and the message about “Lucy” was quite unintelligible to both Mrs. Vernon and me. Its significance was only too clear on the first of February when my faithful maid Lucie died after an operation for appendicitis. The message with its “gesture of despair” was prophetic, and was also distinctly descriptive of the condition of the appendix which was in fact “taut,” having grown around other organs, exactly as it was described in the message.

On the morning of the Tuesday after her death, which was the day of her funeral, I saw Mrs. Vernon, who heard Lucie and my sister.

My sister: “Dear little Lucie. (Vision of fastening something around Lucie’s neck like a clasp.) To be buried with her. A novitiate myself, I am glad to help Lucie. Am taking charge of Lucie, who preserves her attitude of respect. I am doing my best to help put through the messages.”

Mrs. Vernon heard: “Lucie. Revenir.”

Then followed a very intimate discussion about my household, with a request that I should be careful to whom I entrusted the key. The message about the clasp is very evidential; a cross bearing the image of Christ had, unknown to me, been placed upon her breast, to be buried with her.

On the morning of January the 29th my sister advised me in regard to my participation in a project for civic betterment which I had been asked to support. The meeting which I was to attend was fixed for the afternoon of this day. My conclusions and observations tallied exactly with my sister's prognostications.

“Anna does not know whether to enroll in this or not. (Shows a woman sitting over a desk.) Tell Anna not to enroll in this.” (Pencil in hand striking out a name here and there.) “Not worth while—output of energy not worth while. Output outweighs the outcome, hardly worth while.”

(Do you know that I have seen your friend M.S. and that I agree with you about him?)

“Fifty. I hated to be fifty; this friend knows how I hated it. The replies he always made were consolatory. He said I had not grown old, so why should I grow old? Yes, I know that you have seen him. This is a little test.”

The conversation here referred to took place between my sister and this admiring and loyal friend of her early youth not once but many times, according to his testimony. It had never been repeated to me.

On February the 16th Mr. Edwin Friend, whose communications will be transcribed later, appeared and gave several very important tests. I then addressed my sister, saying that I hoped that she was receiving the thoughts of love which I was constantly sending to her.

“Tendrils of a flower, my garden; not all sunlight, some shadow, more sunlight than shade, the garden of my memory. The shade represents regrets; the sunlight represents the successes; among those successes I regard the holding of Anna’s affection as preëminent. It was involuntary on Anna’s part, given without measure; I perhaps wandered afield.”

(Do not ever be sorry again.)

“I can never think of any other simile. Anna’s love and affection are like a bulwark to me now. If I were back with the enlightenment I have now I never would have wandered afield. True love and affection do surely outweigh any exterior diversities.”

(What are you doing now?)

“These tests are important; they are very

important; therefore, I have stood back. I am preparing a sort of reception hall for other recruits like myself, and remember it is all figurative, all mental, all spiritual; all milestones in the soul's development. It seems as if we must always lend a hand to some one beneath us; that is what I do."

At the next sitting, Mr. Friend again communicated and in answer as to whether my sister would be permitted to resume her narrative of her life after death he replied.

"Pertinent to your sister, let me explain that her development has been augmented by her terrestrial communication, as it supplied her with the zest and interest which is frequently lacking in a newcomer. She is learning to pull wires herself, and is particularly proficient in the science of symbolic manifestations such as retinal hallucinations."

My sister: "I would like to have you show Anna mirror writing."

Mrs. Vernon then got a mirror and wrote in reverse script a message. She wrote with great rapidity and without any knowledge of what she was writing. When the message was completed she gave me the mirror and I read a most amusing and startlingly characteristic little note, unfortunately too intimate to be published, regarding matters of which Mrs. Vernon

was completely ignorant. It was signed: "I send you all my love"—a very frequent method of ending her letters.

(Are you making pretty things for your house?)

"Mamma forfended and saved me much time by planning for me a spiritual existence coincident with my tastes. For Anna she should arrange differently, for S—— differently again. Believe me that it is a help to have those who love us go before. Mental trends direct our ethereal existences. When materiality holds sway to the utter exclusion of all spiritual aspirations, which is rare, there is a hopeless downward trend even here, which requires æons of time to overcome. Such cases appear here seldom and are immediately withdrawn from our view, as the power of example is insidiously effective."

Mother: "Our darling, is learning symbol-ism. The philosophy gave her an occupation. I decided to direct her along new lines; making pretty things, doing useful things too."

(What are they?)

My sister: "I am trying to teach in my turn spiritual tasks to others."

(Have you learned enough to build a house?)

"It is a good deal as when you planned your

house; you thought it out. If we are expert enough our thoughts materialize."

(What kind of a house have you made for yourself?)

"A very simple one as yet. I am again like a child under a father's roof. This thought realm is very difficult to translate into material ideas."

Between the sitting of February the 13th and that of the 18th, the announcement of Mr. Friend that my sister had become expert in "retinal hallucinations" was illustrated. In my bed at night, with all lights extinguished for half an hour, I was waiting for sleep, when a medallion, small as a gold coin, bearing the exquisitely drawn image of her face appeared on the retina of my eyes. In a flash it was there, in an instant it was gone. It appeared to be definitely localized, exactly as when one has gazed on a bright light, and an image of that light has remained on the retina after the light has been extinguished and the eyelids are closed. On the following night I saw my own face, with equal distinctness and equally localized. Since that time I have seen musical instruments, flowers in a garden, childishly drawn profiles and again many times my sister's face, although far less distinctly, and once her name in illuminated Roman script.

When I saw Mrs. Vernon on the 18th of February she told me that she also had seen these medallions on the retina of her eyes and for the first time in her experience.

When questioned regarding these medallions during one of the sittings when Mr. Friend communicated, he said, "Retinal sensibility is the most alert, as one might call the optic nerve one of the peripheries, therefore more easily reached. So it seemed worth while to us to attempt this form of addressing ourselves to Mrs. de Koven as other signals failed to reach her and in order to corroborate her statements we showed them to you. Your sister is learning under the direction of the scientific minds who assume authority in these proceedings. Some in this group you would call of the ancients. Skepticism in regard to this Emperor group is quite unfounded, as without them and their interest, these methods would never have been perfected. Moving-picture screen, with a lantern, so we throw pictures on your retinas."

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At the next sitting, after a lengthy communication from Mr. Friend, Violet again appeared, showing herself in a very radiant guise, seeming very happy, and dressed in a beautiful gown of the Louis XV period, with petticoat and paniers. This description followed Mrs. Ver-

non’s vision, which was very minute in detail.

(Are you happy, darling?)

My sister: “I am happy over C—— (one of her children). If C—— can be made to see it over there, she will be spared a good deal of delay over here. I wish that Anna could see how lovely I look. (Mrs. Vernon remarked upon the blue and pink of her dress.) I am showing her my dress just as I used to show you my lovely things. I want you to know that I am much happier. I am interested in the pursuits over here, in the things they do. I also like the easy locomotion.”

(Won’t you go on with your narrative?)

“I just came to say that I am happy, just as I used to be when I had my pretty things about me.”

(Have you anything more to say?)

“I have things to say ad infinitum, but it is better to be brief. I have reached the stage when the spiritual effluvia envelop and support me along their courses. Even Mamma is satisfied and says that I have not done so badly. Papa protests, against too much duress as I am trying to do my best. Anna will remember how he would occasionally plead for us as children. ‘Don’t discipline the child too much; she is doing the best she can.’ I am. I have tried very hard and I have learned in a childish

way to manipulate the symbols. My first handiwork is this pretty dress. Highly fortunate in having highly developed masters. This is the power of a good background, tradition never belittles these things. Background of good sturdy character, people of high spiritual ideals, this counts for more over here than Anna and I thought. This is what counts here. It is more important than the other kind (of ancestry). The trouble with human kind is that they value the things that do not count. In conclusion I will say that Anna's present purposes are particularly congenial to us."

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At the next sitting I asked that my sister would continue her narrative and tell us what she is doing.

"I am picking up my loose ends and weaving them into a fairly presentable design. In other words I am trying to correlate a diversity of interests and planning them along spiritual lines. Due respect is paid over here to mental trends. Therefore my weaving may take the form of manufacturing pretty things for the benefit and pleasure of others as well as for myself. If one's tastes are musical it is permitted to extract sweet strains from symbolical instruments for the entertainment of those in-

terested. If one writes that attainment may be perfected over here.”

(Are there libraries?)

“There is the library of the universe, the cosmos to draw from. It all depends upon one’s inclination, with the big element of self eliminated.”

(What have you been doing the last twenty-four hours, can you tell me?)

“I have mastered the intricacies of a weaving machine, from which I have extricated a very involved design. I worked it out with patience. The patience was necessary to extricate the design. In this way spiritual development is interwoven. Concentration in your writing will stand you in good stead. Bearing of disappointments will also help. You asked me what I had been doing; this is what I have been doing. A combination over here, by allowing us to continue our mental trends. If these trends are entirely material then Heaven help them over here. Mental, spiritual and moral effluxes directed by Divine instruction.”

(Is the sense of God’s personality clearer than here?)

“Much clearer, as we are nearer the source. Except in the case of those who are striving to return to the earth.”

(We have difficulty in realizing it.)

“A sort of Divine effulgence, penetrating the very fibers of those who are aware of its existence and leaving untouched those who deny its existence. ‘Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added to you.’ It is like this.”

(Personality is so important here in our earthly training; there must be a source.)

“Where we stand we feel the Divine effulgence and that is all there is to it.”

(You do not seem to wish to be with people as much as you did on earth. You seem principally to be with your own family.)

“I played around with people a good deal. I am not with my family all the time. I am with masters and teachers who are willing to serve; they teach me.”

(Have you seen soldiers?)

“Indeed, I have; they inhabit a realm prepared for them. The reason why the earth is inhabited by material people is because it is filled with people who have wanted to come back until they have developed to a certain point, then they do not wish to come back.”

(Do you want to come back?)

“I did very much at first; now I am not so sure. Mamma’s early training was really right. Her manner of delivering it was not as acceptable as it might have been, but she was right.

Behold a caravan of exiles in a desert, white-garbed, sandal-footed, illuminated faces turned towards the east, with no more thought of their raiment than King Solomon's lilies. Trusting in Providence to provide manna, offering up prayers of thankfulness when an oasis appears in sight, with water and nourishment. These are true prophets, but extremists. Now the tableau changes and we present a woman clothed in the latest fashion, treading the primrose path of life, beloved, admired, envied perhaps, for her power, beauty and possessions, but with a soul as free from earthly entanglements as the crusaders of the first picture.”

(Is this you, dear?)

“No, this is not I, in all humility; my soul was not free from earthly entanglements. It is pure fancy. We simply meant to illustrate that one can have a soul free from earthly entanglements in the midst of earthly surroundings just as well as if one went wandering in the desert. No need to be extreme. Mamma was.”

During the progress of my sittings with Mrs. Vernon I occasionally tried the ouija board. Sometimes authentic messages seemed to be received, often subconscious vibrations were apparent, and sometimes only the magnetic force from the operators moved the board with no intelligent intention whatsoever. On the 22nd

of February my daughter and I received what seemed to be a message from my sister. I record it, not because the subject of the message was very evidential, but because the rapidity of the motion of the board was very marked and definite and because my sister referred to her presence in a later sitting with Mrs. Vernon. First the board made circles, very rapidly. This sign, according to Margaret Cameron in her book the "Seven Purposes," indicates union and love. "Is this a message of love?" I asked. The board moved instantly to "yes." "Is this you, dear?" I asked. Again it traveled rapidly to "yes." Then referring to her bust in bronze which stands on a marble column in the corner of the library, I asked if she could see what was in the corner. The board then spelt out "bust." "Dear Ethel," "dear Anna," was then spelt out, and "Farewell."

On February 25th, after a preliminary communication from Edwin Friend, Mrs. Vernon heard my sister's name.

"I have brought my narrative up to date. I am progressive; they say quickly. I will soon be able to impress or imprint words directly. (Shows a column and her own hand pointing to it.) I am glad Anna got my message of love."

(Shall I go on with the ouija?)

“Yes. She will know that it is I, but don't be disappointed if the messages are inaccurate. Yes, I tried. Feel that I am there and be patient with my efforts.”

(Does it make you happier to feel that you can make your presence felt directly?)

“Oh! the difference would be as great as if one was obliged to travel along in a tunnel and see only the roof instead of the blue sky. The difference in speaking to her directly is like a little bird, as if the little bird had a broken wing instead of being perfect and normal and could fly.”

(Are you happy now?)

“Yes, much happier. You can consider that I am happy. At least I am calm.”

(Have you companionship which is pleasant to you?)

“I enjoy the fleeting moments with my brother, the long talks with my mother, the records of my father's peregrinations, all these. Then I have the privilege of watching the tapestry weavers and the lace makers.”

(Do these tapestries and laces last?)

“As long as we want them. You can hold the thought and they remain. I was more interested in these things than in music or art. There is a diversity of spirits who entertain

and beguile with their pleasant personalities on earth. So they do here.”

(Is the ethereal world which you inhabit near here or is it very far away?)

“Near or far as thought travels. I have not departed from the terrestrial ether. My interest lies here. Later I will explore and enter the penumbra of the other planets. I will take up my narrative later.”

On March the 15th I asked my sister if she played cards in the other world.

“Games of that description lose their test when we can read our opponent’s minds. It is like outgrown children’s toys, outgrown childish things. They are good for the brain on earth. I am more interested in these little medallions. (Shows one to Mrs. Vernon.) You might almost call me a numismatist. Don’t belittle cards, but over here we can read each other’s minds and over here there are things much more interesting.”

(I am very grateful to have the opportunity of expressing your thoughts which I intend to do later.)

“Anna’s monument to me. My memorial.”

(If I have helped you over there by continuing these communications it is my greatest joy and consolation.)

“You have, indeed, and with the greatest reverence I bow before such serious effort. I would never have had any patience with it on earth. The convolutions of destiny are so curious. That one should without intention have helped their fellows, without really consciously intending it. You have helped me because you and Mrs. Vernon are so interested. I have helped you. So we are interwoven.”

(I do not feel as if I had been separated from you, darling; I have tried to live with you.)

“So it has really transpired that we have been together. I have been brought to see that commerce in souls is the offshoot of an undeveloped condition, and therefore not to be harshly criticized, but prevented when possible, as it leads nowhere and causes a really serious disintegration. It seems frivolous, it is more than that; it really is more serious. Anna understands that she should prevent it when possible. She has prevented it. In a way I am almost glad that I came over here. I don’t know if Anna can really understand that it is I, when I say that I am almost glad to have come over here. I see the meaning of it all. At first I could not say it, I longed so to come back, but now I am almost glad to have come over here.”

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On March the 25th I spoke aloud to my sister saying that our other sister was missing her very much these days.

“She misses me. I know she misses me.”

(If I could only see you or feel your presence directly.)

“I preside at the ouija, too, but cannot always control the conditions. Anna has not seen the medallions lately.”

(I have tried to see them; what is the matter?)

“You have to grab at them. Sometimes conditions are favorable, sometimes not. I knew Anna was disappointed; that is why I spoke of them.”

(Where are you now; in what part of the room?)

Mrs. Vernon said that she had perceived my sister seated in the chair next to her, while she was communicating. Now Mrs. Vernon said, “She is standing near the lamp, running her fingers through the fringe. Now she has come to the table where you are writing; is leaning over it with both hands resting on it.”

Mrs. Vernon heard: “Dear Anna, her hand gets so tired, but she goes on just the same.”

Mrs. Vernon saw tears in my sister's eyes and saw her putting her hand over mine.

(I would not be separated from you.)

“And so here I am. It is an anniversary time and therefore a little more soul stirring even than usual. You have tried so hard to do everything just as I would have done. I thank you for your devotion.”

On the 1st of April, I asked my sister if she would come some night and speak with Mrs. Horton and me with the ouija board.

“Any night when you and Marguerite are together. I will try.”

(How do you send for any one? Mrs. B.’s boy, for instance?)

“Thought waves; currents of concentration of the waves and currents. Controls around a medium sense approaching conditions. The sitters bring their friends.”

(Is it because you can read thoughts that you can prophesy?)

“On the plan that coming events cast their shadows before. The embryo must form somewhere, and we see the process.”

(Do you mean the embryo of thought?)

“Yes. The embryo of thought when the event is planned as a snowball has to be formed into a ball. The recipient gets the ball without thinking of the process of formation.”

(These are the days of our agony when you were passing from our sight.)

“You must forget them and think of my resurrection.”

(It is a great grief.)

“Yes, also affection. I could point out the compensation that exists in the correlation of individuals, which creates happiness or unhappiness for our brothers and sisters. We cannot rid ourselves of our obligations to each other. We do not suffer alone. When we spread happiness it is not alone. Your love which has brought us together has not stopped there. You have spread it and humanity benefits—does not stop in a selfish gratification. All your love for me is of use. Try and see the broad side of it even in this. The poor soul who came here yesterday went away with comfort.”

This refers to the comforting messages received by a friend from her son, and to the fact that I had arranged the meeting with Mrs. Vernon.

CHAPTER VI

THE INVESTIGATORS

DURING the month of April, Mr. Friend communicated to the almost entire exclusion of my sister. At the end of the sitting of May the 1st, on the eve of my departure for Hot Springs, Va., she very sweetly expressed her concern for my health.

“Let me say ‘Au revoir,’ dear Anna; do not exhaust yourself reducing, let it come gradually.”

(Are you happy now?)

“It is cumulative; it grows as it goes, so they tell me, until one reaches the acme of bliss.”

At Hot Springs, the medallions often appeared upon my eyes and I received a message from my sister, through a friend, who has the gift of automatic handwriting. The message is so characteristic of my sister and so indicative of her development, that I include it in my records. The guiding control of this friend first moved her hand, which wrote with great rapidity and without correction or hesitation.

“You have been able to open up a different

vision to Mrs. Anna de Koven. She has followed a very definite line, which has been laid down by her guides and her loved ones to help her, as her clear point of view will help you. It is our desire that all the circles should at some time merge into one. At the present that is difficult, as it is extremely hard for the human brain (not the immortal mind) to grasp this great truth, that every point of view, every message, and every belief that is guided from this side is not diverse in its teachings, but merely a part of the great whole and necessary to make the circle complete. We of your circle and those of Anna de Koven's circle are beside you now and the current is extremely strong and easy. You are all surrounded by great love.

"I have a message to deliver to Anna de Koven from her sister.

"Since you have been down here you have allowed your heart to grow in grief. Try, dearest, to shake off the feeling of blankness, for I am content in the aura of your love, and altho you cannot see me except at moments (this may mean the pictures of her face on the medallions—A. de K.) surely you realize my nearness. Not only that, but you have been much favored by the great souls in the work which has been given you to do, and you can-

not do it justice with a sore and aching heart. Feel your soul expand with love and tenderness, not only for those so near and dear to us both, but for every living creature you are going to benefit by your hand. Exude love through every word of the coming book. Let the light of real faith shine forth from your eyes. It is a challenge, dearest Anna, from the masters, 'to arms.' If you wish to stand behind our words, you must by your joy in my release, for it was strictly that, show your happiness in my nearness. It is always a positive fact that in communications through a conscious or an unconscious mind our words are somewhat colored by that mind and we must needs use the instrument, such as vocabulary, etc., to express ourselves, but I speak, and you must and do recognize my words. I send greetings to you M—— and thank you, D——, for your hand; it is a great pleasure to write for you. I shall benefit by the acquaintance of the masters of this circle, as there is unlimited knowledge over here on all subjects, and the more I learn, the more I shall have to give you, dearest Anna. Once more, I want to warn you not to be sad, for you make me sad in your sadness. There is much for you to do in life and we are co-workers, and nearer in many ways than we should ever have been able to be on earth. God

bless you, darling, I love this and could continue, but have said my say. (In answer to a question about my grandchild.) Do not be distressed about him. He is being helped by one of the Investigators, and when I am not with you I see him and of course glimpse the others, too. He will be better soon, but you are not to worry. You must strive to realize that God's love and knowledge is better and far wiser than even mine with its growth of vision here on this plane. Embrace the love of God. Your love makes a pure ray of light straight from your heart to mine, no matter where I am or what I am doing. I am always conscious of your love and that is why it hurts me when I cannot make my love as concrete to you as yours is to me. God bless you, darling; be brave, for you have much to do."

The evidential point in this message is contained in the reference to the "Investigators" and their care of my grandchild. The group of four men who call themselves the "Investigators," includes Mr. John L. Ticknor of Bridgeport, New York, who is, in Dr. Hyslop's opinion, a medium of very remarkable powers. He possesses clairvoyance and clairaudience in a very high degree, and in trance has given a volume of important information and mes-

sages of proved veracity. Some one of the group of his "controls" has, according to this message, undertaken to watch over my grandchild. This idea was not a part of my consciousness or of the friends who received the message. She had never heard of the "Investigators."

Founded for the purpose indicated by their name, the small "Society of Investigators," who are all business men holding positions of trust, has had a remarkable experience through association with Mr. Ticknor, who was at one time an assistant manager of a railroad and is now a bond merchant. Mr. Ticknor, who is the son of an Episcopal clergyman, inherited his remarkable powers from his mother. Since childhood he has seen discarnate spirits, and, unaware that others were unable to see them, was warned by his mother against mentioning his powers to his companions. At an amateur séance, conducted by one of his friends he fell asleep and rising to his feet delivered an eloquent discourse regarding the constitution of the other world to his amazed companions. The spirit of an officer in the Civil war, Col. Horace Clark Lee, had for the first time entranced Mr. Ticknor.

Col. Lee was found to have existed in the flesh, and to have occupied an official position

subsequent to the war at Springfield, the home of one of the Investigators. Col. Lee's signature, as given by himself, while in possession of Mr. Ticknor, has been identified. It is precisely similar to that on the public documents at Springfield.

Busy and successful as Mr. Ticknor is in his worldly occupations, he can only spare two evenings in each month for the practice and demonstration of his remarkable powers. One of these evenings is fixed for the middle of each month in Springfield and the other for the first Saturday in each month in New York. I was present at the March meeting in New York and again on April the 5th. I saw Mr. Ticknor fall into trance, and rise to his feet as Col. Lee. In life Col. Lee possessed considerable oratorical gifts and on both occasions when I have heard him discourse, he has discussed the state of the soul before and after its earthly incarnation. The complete change of personality, the use of long and carefully composed sentences, the characteristic pauses and gestures of the trained orator were extremely impressive to me, who had never before witnessed the phenomenon of trance possession.

After the conclusion of Col. Lee's discourses another personality possesses Mr. Ticknor, Black Hawk, an Indian, who has given a strik-

ingly picturesque account of his earthly life in Canada. Unlike Col. Lee, Black Hawk never discourses about the problems of eternal life, but conveys to those present at the meetings messages from numbers of spirit visitors, who come to speak with their friends. That no knowledge of these two personalities was possessed by Mr. Ticknor prior to their appearance in this extraordinary invasion of his own organisms, is as indubitable as Mr. Ticknor's unquestioned honesty, as attested by all who know him. Black Hawk is humorous, speaks with a curious accent, borrowed from the French Canadian woodsmen, and is quite as definite a personality as Col. Lee.

The small current expenses of the Society of Investigators are borne by the four men who compose it and their only desire is that those who attend the meetings should do so in the spirit of honest investigation which they themselves exemplify.

Mr. Ticknor himself with Mr. Fell and two brothers Sutton are the four members of the association, and neither Mr. Ticknor nor his friends of the society accept any remuneration for his demonstrations for any purpose whatsoever. A very large number of "tests" of the truthfulness of the messages received by him are contained in the records which

are stenographically taken at each meeting.

At the meeting of April the 5th held in my own house, my sister and our parents appeared and the former's message to me was given by the voice of Black Hawk, with a striking imitation of her own accents of tenderness and affection.

Black Hawk: "There is a spirit here, your sister" (pointing to me).

(Yes. How does she look?)

Black Hawk: "She goes to you and she says, 'Anna, do you remember this day last year?'"

(She knows that I remember.)

Black Hawk: "She says, 'What a wonderful year it has been for me, this last year. I am satisfied.'"

Black Hawk: "She fades away. She is a woman, not like you, older."

(She is younger.)

Black Hawk: "Her hair is grayer than yours. The same eyes."

On April the 7th, when I asked through Mrs. Vernon if she had been present on the 5th of April, which was in fact the anniversary of her death, my sister replied:

"Yes, of course, I was there. He got it mixed up. He saw Mamma; he got my message correctly; we were both there; he described Mamma."

On April the 20th, in a private sitting with Mr. Ticknor at Bridgeport, my sister spoke with the utmost freedom and with apparent pleasure in the easy mode of communication through the entranced medium.

This method is apparently easier than that which Mrs. Vernon's mediumship provides, probably because of the immediate presence of the possessing spirit, with whom the communicator can speak directly.

Black Hawk: "Your sister is here; she says, 'You sent a messenger for me. I was in my home in the West. So nice that we can speak in this way. A year ago I could not speak, and now I am here and I can speak, not directly yet, but I will be able to do so later. Father and Mother are with me and we are happy together. What month is it?' "

(It is April.)

"Oh, yes! It was in April that I died. It has really been a wonderful year. It was so wonderful when I died. I want you to know about my illness. The operation was delayed too long. He soon told me and then it was too late. It developed into pneumonia. It was not that which caused my death. It was due to septic poisoning due to many things which I should not have done."

(Was it the antrum?)

“Yes, it was that.”

(Oh! my darling, why did you neglect it?)

“Do not think any more about it. It was harder for me than for you. Now, what I want to say, it is all over and I am just getting to be at peace. I wish you could have been with me at the end. I knew I was going, I felt it through me, I hated it. The weather was so exquisite and I loved my sea-side home.”

(How does she look, Black Hawk?)

Black Hawk: “She is about forty-seven or forty-eight. Yes, my girl, I have guessed your age. She is tall and slender. Her hair is lighter than yours and her eyes. She has a very pretty nose and a pretty mouth. A lovely woman. She is dressed in a light sport sweater; she gave me that, I would not have known what to call it.”

(I love you always.)

“Don’t cry any more at night. I would like to talk about your books. Make it in two volumes, books of an ordinary size. Put in one the messages you have received from me and the others in the second. Make a running comment. If something happens one day and the next week something happens which agrees with it, explain it.”

(Where are you living?)

“In a house like our old home. Much like

it only the grounds are more extensive. I am living there with Papa and Mamma.”

(Who built this house?)

“Papa built it.”

(Is it very far away?)

“Not very far. I am getting weaker now and must go. Not up or down; it is out. I don’t know exactly where; when I leave you I go there.”

Black Hawk: “There is a man here and he says his name is F., and he wants to speak to Anna.”

F.: “I am very much pleased. Your sister is with us and is doing very nicely.”

Then follows some advice about a book I had been writing, ending with the characteristic advice to “try it” in a small place first, on the principle of trying it on the dog.

(Are you with me often?)

“Yes, your house seems large to me. You know my taste was simple. Not exactly my idea of a home.”

(I do not find it so. I built that big room for musicians.)

“It is a fine room.

(What are you doing?)

“I am organizing a scheme of commerce. America should rule the world. Germany’s power is finished. I belong to a committee of

ten, six of whom are Illinois men. We are planning commercial relations with Canada and Mexico. There is also a large field in South America. The United States must rule. Your sister is happy. She came suddenly, unexpectedly even to us. Suddenly even to us. She is doing well. I was fortunate in having beautiful children."

The attitude of special kindness to the poor and lowly which my father always maintained was in some way perceived by the strange speaker in this remarkable interview.

Black Hawk: "That is a very fine old gentleman. People don't want to speak with an Indian, but not this man. He be kind to Black Hawk and Black Hawk remembers. Remember,—God came to the poor man. The God of Love came from above to help the working man. Love alone you cannot buy. God and love you can always have."

After my father's departure, the father of the friend who accompanied me came to speak with her, and when he also, saying that he was getting weaker and could not stay with us, departed on his way, Black Hawk appealed to us to speak with him.

Black Hawk: "I want to talk with you. It is pleasant for me to talk. Ask Black Hawk some questions."

(Tell us about yourself.)

“My father was a chief, and his squaw was of the Hurons. They went south to the Huron country. My father was killed and my mother came back a long way, carrying me when I was a little red baby. She reached over to get some water, leaving me on the bank of the river. She fell in and was drowned. Some braves came along after a while and found me. They saw the sacred mark on my body of the chieftain’s child and took me, after a while, to my father’s country, where I was brought up.”

(Where is that country?)

“It was called Fort Gerry, up north, what you call Winnipeg. I grew up tall and strong, and one day I made a journey to a post, and there by the house I saw the factor’s daughter, Alice McDonald. Her father, a Scotchman. He did not want to do with Indian, but she loved *me* (Black Hawk strikes his breast), and we were marry. We went to live in a bungalow together by the side of a lake.”

(You were happy then, Black Hawk?)

“Yes, but after a while she died. I buried her at night by the side of the lake. The moon was shining over the mountain. I got a soldier to cut her name on the wooden cross. ‘Alice McDonald, Black Hawk’s Squaw, Little Comrade.’ I covered her grave with moss and

stones and it is there yet unless it be taken away. Little comrade, little comrade! Then I went back to nature, and nature took me. Nobody ever took Black Hawk but nature. I had a disease called Tubercu—Hemo—you know, I coughed blood. I did not want to live, I used to strike my breast to bring them on, and so I died. I was Indian and I tried to be something else and I was nothing, nothing!

“Huron or Athabaskan, the Indians have vision, but they are not strong enough to put it through. My people have the vision but no strength (gesture of much force and eloquence), no force to put it through.”

(We know that you have a kind heart, Black Hawk, and that you like to help us.)

Black Hawk (modestly): “I have learned to speak better English. At first, when I took what you call ‘possession’ of this man, I could not make myself understood, but now I have learned.”

(Is it by speaking with the people of the earth?)

“Yes, and I go to school also. I have helped in this war by talking English to those soldiers who were with the Canadians.”

(Will the troubles in the Old World ever finish?)

“Yes, everything changes, nothing lasts. Everything must change.”

(There is so much cruelty; so many poor people killed.)

“I do not know whether that is cruel. It is not so bad to be rid of a poor garment. Do not think that that is so bad.”

During this long conversation with the living dead, my friend had continually called for her husband. Her grandmother and great-aunt, whom she had not known in life, came and promised to send for him. Her father also was asked to help in the search, and still he did not come. Finally, speaking in Indian, Black Hawk ordered his messengers, who he said were always near him, to go out and find him. He asked for the exact number of the street in which he had lived and the number and street of my friend's present residence. Then at last, after a few more minutes of waiting, he exclaimed with delighted satisfaction:

“Now, I see a man. He is like——”

Then followed an exact description of the earthly appearance of my friend's husband, who had at last answered to the call. The conversation which ensued between this husband and wife was far too intimate to be recorded by me, who was the reverent listener to protestations of undying love, a love as fresh and ardent

as in life and expressed in careful and authoritative answers to questions as to the health and training of their children—full of help to their mother and showing that he never was unconscious of their varying conditions, never relaxed his watchful care. So ended this wonderful meeting in which, whatever may have been its source or origin in whatever mysterious laws, we felt that we had really been talking in perfect familiarity with the departed.

On the 28th of June I saw Mrs. Vernon in Manchester, Vermont, when my sister again communicated, telling me more of her development.

“I am very different from what I was when I last spoke to you. I see now that the things I cared most about are not worth while. I would have laughed if any one had said so when I was alive. I have not lost my humor, but I am getting an idea of the purpose of creation. Mamma’s conversation now interests me; Anna would be amused. It is not as it was in the old days when I would not listen. I have a profound gratitude to Anna, she provided me with an occupation. She kept me in touch with the world I had lost. One cannot lose all one held dear so suddenly. It was like looking down into a great dark cavern. I was lost; sud-

denly out of the dark, Anna appeared. It was my salvation.”

(It was mine also.)

“There is a group here who are interested in this communication, but the majority of people over here are just as ignorant of it as those on earth. It is of infinite as well as of finite importance.”

(Did you send me that message through Mrs. C—— and Mrs. W—— at Hot Springs?)

“I did try and they did well. Different medium and different method.”

Another message from my sister remains to be recorded. It came through Black Hawk, when at the July meeting he spoke through Mr. Ticknor. I was not present at this meeting.

“My knowledge is increasing daily in this wonderful place, this wonderful land.

“I have been here little over a year now. I have communicated on several occasions with my loved ones, particularly my dear Anna. She was very precious to me.

“I assisted in the writing of several books of travel, of description, and here I am in this wonderful land, seeing wonderful things, really a new Heaven and a new Earth. I am anxious to write a book and tell the people of your world of all the wonderful things, strange and marvelous sights and scenes which I know about.

My husband enjoyed the credit for the books and rightly so.

“Sometime I wish to be the author of a book which is read in your world and which people may enjoy.”

Question: “When would you like to write it?”

Answer: “I am getting notes together now. I would like to give it to Anna.”

Question: “Can Mrs. de Koven do automatic writing?”

Answer: “Not now. I may be able to communicate with her otherwise. Father did well by us. He was always very kind to us. Dear Father is with me now. Tell Anna that I love her and that I have sent word through you to her now.”

(We will write out what you have said and give it to her.)

“Thank you. Good night.”

The high evidentiality of this message rests with the fact that Mr. Ticknor was absolutely ignorant, as were all but the immediate members of our family, that my sister had assisted in suggestion and criticism in the writing of her husband's books.

The development in my sister both mentally and spiritually since her residence in the other world must be evident to all readers of her

communications. I cannot too often insist upon the clarity of her mind. It was in fact the foundation of her excellent judgment, of her impatience with undue complaint, which rendered her advice on all matters which were brought to her of invaluable worth.

Her self-reproach for her life of helpfulness through joy, expresses her present rigidly clear perception that she had been too occupied in the happiness of her wonderfully unclouded years to develop her mental powers. The school she learned in was that of happiness, but those lessons were by no means used for her own personal gratification solely, but were extended to each and every one who came within the radiant circle of her acquaintance. At early morning she was at the telephone arranging, during many hours, for the occupations and pleasures of those who looked to her for daily direction, so that sometimes she was far more exhausted than she realized. Decision, firm and lucid, she brought to the training of her children. As a mother she was well-nigh faultless, both in sympathy and control. One and all, those who knew her were content to share her sunlight, feeling that one hour with her was worth any sacrifice of other occupations, and a willing compliance with her desires.

So she lived through her earthly existence,

and now in this new and continuing life, she prepares, according to this last message, to express the hitherto undeveloped powers of mind and spirit which are part of her remarkable endowment.

CHAPTER VII

MR. EDWIN FRIEND

THE reason for the adoption of Mrs. Vernon as a medium for the transmission of their messages, and an approved agent for the prosecution of their purpose of establishing the fact of communication by the group of discarnate members of the Societies for Psychical Research in England and America, does not seem far to seek. The friend who accompanied Mr. Edwin Friend on his fateful voyage on the *Lusitania* had been closely associated with the American Society and was a friend of Dr. Hodgson. Edwin Friend had been prepared to devote his whole time to the interests of the American Society, and was, as has been before stated, in the act of carrying a large number of Mrs. Vernon's records to the English Society when he was lost with the *Lusitania*.

Only once, when Mr. Myers made his appreciative comments about my sister, has any member of this group other than Mr. Friend communicated by name with Mrs. Vernon, although

on several occasions they have said that Dr. Hodgson and Prof. James and Mr. Myers were always present to aid in the communications. They have also said that they "came over tremendously interested in this thing and have kept at it as it is the only thing which lasts."

They have also commented upon the favorable condition arising from the intense and mutual desire of my sister and myself to keep in touch with each other. They, apparently, immediately adopted her into their delightful circle of "merriment and light-heartedness," teaching her how to speak along the electric thought wires they knew so well how to establish and have warmly praised her as a "wonderful communicator."

Their messages, which I will now transcribe, are given in an invariably scholarly style and contain much valuable information regarding the methods of communication, the construction of the ethereal world, the process of trance possession, and the phenomenon of materialization.

Mr. Friend is always the spokesman.

A few days prior to the sitting of January the 29th I had visited Dr. Titus Bull, in his office. I had never before seen him and he did not inform me of his acquaintance with Mr. Friend or of any connection or personal interest in the American Society for Psychical Research.

Edwin Friend: "Dr. Bull, Obsessions, which Dr. Bull treats. Tell Dr. Bull to pull wires on which he has laid hold. He is trying to build up an organization, an institution. I think he will be able to bring this about. Reports, supernumerary.

"I was considered a supernumerary. (Humorously not satirically.) I want you to tell Dr. Bull that the supernumerary is working just as hard from his side as he (Dr. Bull) is from his."

Mrs. Vernon remarked at this point that the language used by Mr. Friend was much more simple than that which his wife heard when she received messages.

"Now, if you want big words. The subjective or subliminal is paramount to the active consciousness in cases where the nerve ganglia exceed or outweigh tissue in the penumbra of the brain."

(Is the other world entirely idealistic, or is it a world where ideals work creatively on the ether?)

"Your world is matter manipulated by brains. Look at the forests. Wood has to be cut from them to make houses and furniture. Look at the coal mines. Coal has to be dug to cause heat. These are manipulated by thought and all these elements exist in the ether. Look at this perfectly warmed room heated by coal.

Nothing is manipulated without the force of mentality.”

(Do the ether forms make a practically solid world?)

“In your world our brains control our hands through manual effort. In our world here, brain force acts directly on matter.”

(Why is there not inextricable confusion when so many people are creating things?)

“There is such a thing as an individual orbit, and in that orbit appear only those things which the individual desires. Remember, we are speaking of developed souls. Undeveloped souls have very little ability to create. They are led and guided.”

(Do the houses and temples of learning made by the advanced spirits remain for the use of those who are less advanced?)

“The most ancient of earthly antiquities is modern in comparison to this.” (Shows a vision of a Greek temple, with many beautiful details, such as scrollwork and carved capitals.)

(Do the landscapes made by the advanced spirits also remain for indefinite periods?)

“We have at our disposal the landscapes of all the planets. But the sun shines for all, the sea sparkles for all, and the swaying trees give forth, or contribute (correction by Mr. Friend), their essence to the cosmos, awaiting the divine

touch of the manipulator. Don't worry over the lack of permanency. We have these as long as we want them. They are more permanent than on earth. Desire makes the permanency. Shows the importance of controlling our desires. Desire the right thing and keep it."

Dr. Bull has treated certain nervous cases on the assumption that they were obsessed or accompanied by evil or earthbound spirits. His success has been great with the class of patients who manifest marked abnormal tendencies, and he has, in certain instances, been able to identify these evil entities, when he has brought his patients into the presence of a certain well-known medium, who has been able to see them clairvoyantly.

Sometimes the evil personalities have been persuaded to leave the patients and cure has been effected. Dr. Bull's experiments have an important bearing upon the cases of so-called multiple or disassociated personalities, and illustrate the theory, now held by some, that certain types of insanity are actually traceable to the influence of evil spirits.

To found an institution for the treatment of these cases is Dr. Bull's desire, as Mr. Friend stated. The message of Mr. Friend contains two excellent "tests." Neither Mrs. Vernon nor I had any knowledge that Dr. Bull had known

him in life, nor did we imagine what the reference to the "supernumerary" could mean until Dr. Bull quite clearly explained it.

On February the 11th on the eve of a visit to Boston, where Mrs. Friend now lives, I said to Mr. Friend that I would be glad to take a message to her.

"It would be an ineffable comfort to Margery. The baby, rompers buttoned tightly around the waist—baby growing fat, blooming. Thank some one for the good care taken of the baby. Proud of something Margery has done. Investment. Dr. Worcester hurried into a decision to sell something; can't he turn the lock? These tests are important, although differing from the scientific discussions sometimes given to Mrs. Vernon. You can write these scientific things, we can give them to you if you want them. But in this philosophy the most scientific things are the tests."

When in Boston I saw Mrs. Friend and her mother as well as Dr. Worcester. All the "tests" were successful. The baby's waistband had grown too tight, the nurse deserved the father's gratitude, Mrs. Friend had made an investment in Life Insurance, and Dr. Worcester admitted that he had sold something he valued, and had on more than one occasion

left his front door unlocked with dangerous consequences.

Having seen at Dr. Bull's office a photograph on an X-ray plate, taken in total darkness and without any apparatus, which recorded adhesions in the body of a patient, I was curious to know if radio-activity in the human body could make photographs. This idea led to the question which I put to Mr. Friend at the sitting of February the 21st.

(Is an excess of radio-activity added to the excess of nerve ganglia in the brain of a psychic?)

“A certain displacement in the psychic's brain which does not occur in ordinary brains. Water-nebulous material-penumbra, more of this in ordinary brains than in the psychic's brain. Less penumbra and more solid substance. Nerve ganglia cannot run through the penumbra unprotected; they are covered with matter, protected, insulated like an electric wire in a house. So the ganglia are protected by matter. In a substance like calves' brains go the ganglia. As there are more ganglia in a psychic's brain, therefore there is more matter to protect the ganglia. Therefore the brain is heavier in a psychic. If more nerves, then more matter in the brain.”

(Is there more radio-activity?)

“There is more radio-activity, more concentrated radio-activity, more concentrated in the psychic’s brain. The same amount in all brains. All the qualities exist in the magnet but they attract only steel. Therefore the quality in the psychic’s brain we will try to define. Two pieces of wood struck together give no result; two pieces of stone struck together and we have a spark. (Shows a piece of silver tarnished as if it had stood before a furnace.) Set this piece of silver in the window and it gives very little radiation, but rub it up, and it gives forth tremendous light in the sun rays. The psychic-nerve ganglia have been rubbed down by extra nervousness until they become reflecting or responsive. Excessive alcohol drinking causes brain deterioration; this is well known. Therefore the pursuit of pleasures exhausting to the nervous system results in the burning up of the tissues surrounding the ganglia and therefore the protecting encasement wears thin, exposing the sensitive vibrating nerves to passing vibrations.”

(Is thought a form of electricity?)

“Electricity is the conductor of thought.”

(What is the difference between the conductor and the thought?)

“Thought is the essence of spiritual and mental activity, playing upon the physical or the

natural, the brain by means of electrical currents, there not here. It plays upon the physical part of the brain, transported by electrical currents."

(How are you getting along with your machine?)

This was the psychic telegraph of which a partial description has been several times given to Mrs. Vernon.

"Alas! that machine, I can only put ideas about that machine in other people's heads."

Then as if to explain the difficulty of impressing incarnate brains with his ideas, he said:

"Subconscious effort depends either upon the entire withdrawal of the active consciousness, as in sleep or trance, or upon the rarest form of concentration found in geniuses or psychics."

(The tests were all good, in the messages you sent to your wife and to Dr. Worcester.)

Mrs. Vernon: "He holds out his hand to you, and says, 'Thank you for taking the message and also for understanding when Margery had to leave.'"

This polite little message recalled the fact that I had only been able to speak with Mrs. Friend for a moment in the corridor of Dr. Worcester's church. But the idea that Mr. Friend was also present had not occurred to

me. It accords with the evidence that we are indeed often accompanied by those who care for us.

Pursuing my questions regarding the methods of communication and anxious to hear about that celestial medium who must always have a hand in all communications, I asked Mr. Friend about the organization of the ethereal psychic.

“It consists first in the wish to do, the desire to accomplish a certain thing. Thus will is supported or propelled by a force which is exerted by the concentrated mental efforts of the group whose aim it is to establish communication. The psychic over here is chosen for his tenacity of purpose, his absolute veracity and his choice of this occupation. These attributes are all ingredients of the psychic’s qualities, and we have to tell you of these. They are all in his mental development. The mental trend determines the character of the psychic. The psychic composition over here consists more in mental trends and traits and inclinations.”

(Are you communicating directly with Mrs. Vernon?)

“I am employing the usual means or route which consists of pathological explorations by means of telepathic currents conducted over here by a group who have vainly sought for

years to find a brain without the usual inhibitions. In most human brains there are such inhibitions that it is impossible to deal with them. There are certain other physical inhibitions in the brain, such as an excess of the fleshy substance in the brain or an excess of the penumbra, but when the proportion is balanced, they can get through. They cannot get through this sort of sweet-bread substance, because the nerves are too thickly encased or protected."

(Do you communicate directly with Mrs. Vernon?)

"Terribly hard to explain. Not exactly the same as when Mrs. de Koven and Mrs. Vernon speak together. When the messages come to Mrs. Vernon they have to use an intermediary. The intermediary speaks directly to Mrs. Vernon. There is always some one who is constituted to be a control. When the control is of high order then the results are good, and when the control is of a low order the results are not so good, even though the medium is of a high order."

(Are you satisfied with my questions?)

"Oh, very interesting, very interesting. They want Mrs. de Koven to begin her book while the interest is alive."

(Does Mr. Friend know how many people I have seen in Boston?)

“Oh, yes. Yes. Thank Mrs. de Koven for seeing Margery. Mrs. Vernon should look over the records. Certain spots may not be exactly what she wants.”

(Mr. Friend hears Mrs. Vernon's daughter playing on the harp in the adjoining room.)

“Pathological exploration consists in playing on chords as upon a harp, playing upon chords which vibrate in tune with our thoughts.”

(Does not my sister's language contain good metaphor?)

“The style is that of the controls. Make no mistake. Get this right, now, right now. You, Mrs. Vernon, know that is the language of your controls. Get the truth. By their words you shall know them. Your sister is a wonderful communicator and the deep affection between her and her sister makes the desire to communicate.”

(Are they not her own words?)

“Yes, they are, but sometimes altered by the central control. A central telephone office, and in that sits a scholar, a most scholarly man, and he it is who directs. To him come others who wish to communicate. They impart to him their own metaphors, which when good he sends to the medium, and when inferior he transforms into the style she knows. This is very impor-

tant. Mrs. Vernon knows them by their language, which is elegant and pedantic.”

Mrs. Vernon then explained to me by way of illustration of Mr. Friend's statement, that she knew her controls by their language, that when, for instance, she looked out of the window when it was raining, she would think, “It is a rainy day.” If she hears in her mind, such words as “Atmospheric conditions produce a preponderance of moisture,” she knows that she is getting a message, that her controls are speaking to her.

My own statement, based on more than a year's regular meetings with Mrs. Vernon, that her mind is singularly free from any tendency to elaboration in thought, may be taken on my own authority, and it will also be confirmed by those who know her. Her concepts are clear and simple, as is her language in speaking and in writing. Her crystal candor is one of the charms of her character and a most favorable condition for the transmission of the messages which she receives. No clearer or more sharply defined differentiation between dissimilar mental products could exist than that which characterizes Mrs. Vernon's individual thoughts from those she receives from her controls. By intention she refrains from reading the literature of Psychic Phenomena, and in her daily

life of constant occupation with her children, she strictly avoids any prolonged conversation on the subject.

She has marked temperamental talent, expressing itself in music and in her brilliant intuitions. This suggests the possession of that enlarged subconsciousness resident in the psychic brain ganglia whose corresponding enlargement, according to Mr. Friend, represents the physical cause of such an extension.

Taking up Mr. Friend's reference to my sister in the foregoing messages, I asked if she would be permitted to continue her narrative.

"Yes, she has brought it up to date, but I wish to say one more thing about the central office. There sits the scholar in the central office, always there at his desk. Once in a while he will accept the service of a substitute, but he always looks over what has been done."

(How can any records be kept of these communications?)

"Let us try once for all to explain that there are such things as thought formations and these persist and therefore we can look over the records. Into the central office come the communicators, those who understand the work and are interested in its growth. Acumen and effort and the result is assured."

(Mrs. Vernon saw people coming and going,

a head officer and an assistant.) "Like a central office with different people coming in who have messages to send. Mrs. de Koven will say to herself, 'How beautiful my sister looked in that blue dress! That is it. The mental image remains. Thoughts and aspirations which are laid bare.' "

Nothing of all the astonishing information which I have received from these transcendental communications was more impressive to me than Mr. Friend's reference to my thought of my sister in her blue dress. It was, in fact, her image in the dress she had worn just before she left me on her last visit, that I had constantly brought to my mind since her death. This image, then, Mr. Friend, whom I had not known in life, and who had been dead these five years, had seen and had recalled to me, as an example of an enduring thought form. The significance of the idea that we may and do put forth thoughts which have a visible form is illimitable. In the interesting records of the automatic script, regarding the chapel at Glastonbury, the monk Johannes says that he reanimates the thought forms which he had left in the places he had inhabited. So, created characters in fiction may have a visible existence in the cosmos. Thought forms as seen by clairvoyants have color and their own special sig-

nificance. An image when simultaneously thought of was actually photographed by the combined effort of two psychics (recorded by Dr. Funk).

Evil and good thoughts are recorded on the circumambient ether for all the ethereal inhabitants to read at their will. In a recent book, "Letters from the Other Side," a communicator calling himself Philemon thus explains the reanimation of his remaining thought forms: "Where I have lived in the body, spoken, thought and prayed, I have, in common with all living beings, left images, pictures, that may be galvanized into the semblance of life when I direct my thought or attention to the old persons and places. But much that is regarded as coming from me is merely the cast-off effete resultant of past activities, only slightly permeated with my living, vital, ascended self. Some of the communications received are largely due to past associations much clogged and hampered by self-directed thought. When writing here (that is with this particular medium) this objection does not hold good, to anything like the same extent; the quality is purer."

In the light of this enormous extension of the agency of thought forms in communications, the importance of information strictly new, or re-

lating to conditions in the other world, cannot be over-estimated.

At the sitting of March the 6th, following the one whose messages I have above recorded, Mr. Friend announced his presence immediately by addressing me directly:

“Good morning, Mrs. de Koven! In the impasse in which I found myself after death, one gleam of light shed its radiance and that was caused by the electric rays emanating from the psychic organism of so-called living mediums. This emanation vibrates in harmony with rhythmical currents which bear it through the ether. My wife’s ‘light’ differs from Mrs. Vernon’s only in degree, as their planes or development correspond somewhat. She is less psychically developed.”

(Have you communicated with her directly?)

“Yes, but she has not worked over it, communications not finished. This is important for Mrs. de Koven to know. Science should attack the problem from the pathological standpoint, but eliminating the popular idea of perversion. The sensitiveness may be induced by any excess of emotion such as grief, joy, love, all of these. But the sensitiveness developed by these emotions should be under good control. After great sorrow, one may emerge in a psychic condition, but this is useful only when the

ego is discarded and the emotion held well in hand. Any such emotion creates vibrations in the ganglia. The force so created may be directed in another channel. This condition may be passed down and children of psychics may be psychic."

Mrs. Vernon here referred to the prenatal history which induced this quality in herself and in others of her family.

"Yes, they have got it. Back somewhere, you will always find that there has been an excess of some kind of emotion. With reference to static currents—they are like subdivisions of a main current and we suffer from them too. They disperse or deflect our cablegrams and are almost entirely atmospheric, not depending upon the condition of the medium."

Mrs. Vernon here remarked that on Fridays, which have this winter often been rainy, she has not been able to get good currents, which her Friday sitter has observed.

"When there is almost complete possession, as in the case of Mr. Ticknor, the effect of moisture is less, the difficulty is less apparent. But Mrs. Vernon is like a tightly strung violin. We pick on these strings. Mr. Ticknor and Mrs. Vernon are as unlike as the poles. He does not have these difficulties."

(Was Mr. Friend there last Saturday night at the meeting of the "Investigators"?)

"Yes. I am apt to accompany this medium."

(Who was Col. Lee?)

"Col. Lee depends for his mental sustenance upon his reading the lives of various statesmen such as Lincoln, and also some personal contact with Rappallier (?)."

(What did he do in his life?)

"He had no earthly fame, no military fame, although he aspired thereto, but won some laurels as a speaker."

Mrs. Vernon announced at this point that she saw Col. Lee and, having remarked upon his very distinctly northern accent in his delivery of his discourse at the meeting of March the 1st, asked him how he lost his Southern accent.

Col. Lee: "That accent doesn't come through very well, but near Mason and Dixon's line it is not so pronounced."

Mr. Friend: "He is an adept at trance, has much power."

An illustration of Col. Lee's power to entrance the medium was then and there provided, for Mrs. Vernon nearly went under his control. She said that she felt exceedingly sleepy and that her hands and feet felt "inert"; she resisted the influence, however, very strongly and the sensation passed.

Col. Lee: "I got a furlough and on that furlough I proceeded to die."

Mr. Friend: "Col. Lee is a kind and simple-hearted southern gentleman, has tremendous power, which he uses for good. Lost his accent, as he did not come from very far South, away from home a good deal."

Mrs. Vernon said that she was at this point conscious of a stop in the proceedings, the group of her controls apparently taking charge, and preventing Col. Lee from going on with his messages, and at the same time she heard the name of my sister, as if she had been waiting for her turn to communicate.

Mr. Friend: "Col. Lee is a delightful old soul, but does not figure on our program." (Laughing good-naturedly.)

Then my sister appeared and sent messages which have been already recorded.

At the next sitting, I asked Mr. Friend if Mr. Ticknor was communicated with directly, without the aid of controls.

"Mr. Ticknor's condition corresponds to that of the wireless instrument which is operated by experienced and trained experts in the subject. Therefore he can be said to come in direct contact without the aid of controls. But all who communicate with Mr. Ticknor must have a certain knowledge of the methods else they would

be obliged to use a control. These experienced spirits control conditions, the wires and so forth, as much as the regularly attending controls, but these others, through their knowledge of the vibrations and methods, can communicate with Mr. Ticknor."

(Is Mr. Friend interested in our present plans for the pursuit of Psychic Research?)

"Franklin's 'Almanac' would be a good sample to go by."

This refers to a proposed pamphlet to record "The Ticknor Séances," which had been under discussion.

"Be terse and brief, no long-involved sentences. Very anxious about this, not verbose sentences, clear free style, short sentences."

(Are fabrics such as tapestries and laces procured by the inexpert from those who know how to make them? Do they purchase them from shops, for instance, to furnish their abodes?)

"The only currency is an interchange of favors, brought about by a desire to be courteous to each other."

(If I, for instance, should wish to surround myself with lovely things, would any spirit friends supply me with them?)

"If a genuine desire to please you exists on the part of those who have the power to make

these things. Hence the Bible expression. 'Lay up for yourselves treasure in Heaven.' If you want to do for people, they will want to do for you."

(Does the ethereal body possess organs?)

"Not in the last analysis. *A quoi bon?* as the French say. There is no physical functioning."

(How are you known to each other? What appearance do you assume to each other?)

"Women adopt the outline of the female form, minus the furbelows of fashion. Men retain the masculine representation, but envelop themselves *ad libitum*. (Shows a collection of beautiful stuffs of many colors.) They can wear anything they prefer, can use beautiful colors and flowing vestments; can have their choice—no restriction as to price. Greece, with her classic garments, more clearly interpreted our costumes than any other nation."

(Is there animal life in the ethereal world?)

"Anything evolved enough to possess the semblance of a soul has its counterpart here. The differentiation is comparatively subtle between animation, automatic animation, and enteric vitality. Anything which has enteric vitality is represented in the ethereal world. The soul of a jellyfish is not evolved enough. When evolved enough it gets its enteric vitality."

(What is the difference between objects made by the action of mind alone and those made of ether?)

“Preconceived ideas create images, images create objects, objects are matter. Now reverse it. Matter was embryo, embryo was thought, thought was a mental projection, therefore the core of all things lies in the mind.”

(When my sister said that Mahomet makes the mountain come to him, what did she mean? Are the mountains merely mental images? Are all landscapes merely mental? A. de K.)

Mrs. Vernon heard, “Let us proceed to the mountains. We have arrived. What brought us? Not alone the vehicle of transportation. What propelled the vehicle of transportation? The will or desire to go, formulated in our brains. Everything is the product of our mental machinery. Where there is no difficulty in transportation, one is where one wants to be. Terrestrial conditions necessitate manipulation of matter, whereas so-called celestial ones require only mental operation such as your retinal hallucinations. When Mahomet came to the mountain, it originates right here.” (Some one pointing to his forehead.)

(What objects are made of ether and what are purely mental?)

“You make a chair of ether by mental force.”

(But there must be some difference between the purely mental projections and objects such as chairs? A. de K.)

“The process is the same.”

(But you have told us that there was a machine by which constructional vibrations were used to form a sort of collection of ether, which was used to make houses and objects such as tables, chairs, flowers and so forth. We are told also of purely mental vibrations such as take place in thought transference.)

“Mrs. de Koven is right. There is a difference. The differentiation lies in the adaptability of the thing desired, or the use to which it is put. One sojourns in the mountains, but one sits on a chair. Therefore the method of production varies somewhat as with you. It is all manipulation of the ether in a way, but objects of virtu require what you would call a different kind of conjuring from that of transportation. There is a classification, headings under which these different methods of projection are comprised. When you want to travel there is a method of projecting yourself through space. When you desire to create, you concentrate, as you do on your hands when you fabricate on earth. Transposition of phrase, the same whether Mahomet came to the mountain or the mountain came to him. Not so difficult to un-

derstand if you eliminate matter as you know it on earth.”

In this connection Col. Lee's statements regarding the same subject are interesting. I had asked him whether the ethereal world was entirely one of ideals or ether manipulated by mind.

“The latter, Madame,” he replied, “obviously so.”

Pursuing my questions, I asked if there were houses made by the spirits in which the lesser spirits dwelt. To this he answered:

“Yes, we care for our own. We have cities in our realm of life, infinitely fairer than yours and of necessity.”

“Who makes the landscapes,” I asked him.

“The Divine Father makes them; that Spirit real, yet intangible, a part of all that is and running through all that doth exist. As far as perfecting his handiwork, we in our world are able in some particulars so to do, as indeed in your world the natural resources are beautified and perfected under a professional manipulation.”

To my question if individual spirits were able to project landscapes, he replied:

“Yes, for we live in a world of projection, as I told you a few moments ago; your life in this old world of labor, tears and trade is merely a

projection of another life, which you really enjoy in another and fairer realm.”

In the discourse of March the 1st, from which these quotations are made, Col. Lee stated that the “subliminal ego which has for centuries been passing through a state or states of evolution becomes ‘centered’ until it is able to become a part of human life. And so I say that you do not actually live in this world, for your spirit certainly cannot live in a material world, but must exist in another dimension of life at all times. The projection of life which you consider your real being is not really that, remember, but merely a waking dream, given to you to perfect those senses most necessary to your development.”

Here then is an amplification of my sister’s statement that the subconscious or subliminal self is the real and enduring part of us, and an illuminating extension of our comprehension of the character of that self and of its continuous connection with the life eternal.

In the discourse delivered on the 5th of April a question was answered by Col. Lee as to the proximity of our world to theirs.

“This question has been asked before and as near as I am able to determine may well be answered by saying that our world exists within yours. Remember we live in the fourth dimen-

sion of existence, you in the third. You can pass through our buildings, they are nothing to you. They mean nothing in so far as physical touch or feeling is concerned. In this way your buildings appear as naught to us. Our buildings on the other hand are real and tangible to us, as yours are to you."

At the sitting of the 15th of April I asked Mr. Friend if there were ethereal houses near us and if we could walk through them.

"There are realms within realms like the enfolding shell of a snail and as apparently unrelated as the quality of the meat is to the shell. The meat of the snail represents the terrestrial existence, which is perishable and subject to decay. The shell possesses the enduring qualities of the ethereal existence, of course minus the qualities pertaining to the ether or air. For those who desire them, houses are provided, but have no permanency as with you, unless the demand or desire persists. The locality of their world envelops yours, as the shell envelops the meat, and they could without any confusion or apparent incongruity transform your dwellings according to their needs, without the formality of asking permission. No conflict between our houses and yours. We can erect a house right here if we want to. We do not see this house,

if we do not wish to. As the soul pervades the body so does our ethereal existence envelop and pervade yours. The workings of nature you can follow to their source by means of comparisons. Take body and soul, take ethereal house, take material house. If we choose to erect a house on your sidewalk you do walk through this house without seeing it."

(Do these houses belong to the first stage of development?)

"They belong to all stages of development, since what is the prerogative of the lower order of spirits is also the prerogative of the highly developed ones if they wish to use it. The higher privileges belong to the higher order, but there are no privileges which the higher order cannot have."

At the next sitting I continued my questions regarding the interpenetration of our world with the ethereal world.

Mr. Friend (showing a vision of a beautiful scene of mountains and a lake at sunset): "The inhabitants are near this beautiful scene. We can come down if we like and communicate with the inhabitants, or enjoy the landscape at close range if we desire. We are a good deal like aerial observers who soar about enjoying the panorama either from a height or from a land-

ing place. But like the aerial observers being unlike the inhabitants until they discard their paraphernalia."

(Where does your ethereal world begin?)

"According to development or desire. Either close to the earth or myriads of miles away. Earthbound spirits reside in a cloudy ethereal substance resembling the exudations from a sweating horse, unable on account of its polluted condition to rise very high. Other souls more developed inhabit a pure grade of ether qualified by its buoyancy to develop into greater heights of eternity."

At the sitting of May the 1st, I asked about the exact nature of telepathic messages, for the reason that I had seen a long communication from Mr. Myers in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychological Research*, in which he had stated that long-distance messages were carried to psychics by spirit messengers.

Mr. Friend: "Two people tossing a ball, ball goes through the air; that is what thought does. The passage of the ball or thought through the air is called telepathy!"

(Does thought proceed through waves?)

"Thought is borne on waves. The dynamos are in the brains of the senders. Telepathy varies, voluntary and involuntary, directed or

aimless. Projected towards an object or ejected into space, according to the desire of the individual. In other words, you may fasten your thoughts with a purpose or eject them into space without any particular concentration."

(Are these waves of ether?)

"They agitate the ether. These waves partake of the nature of electricity, coming from these mental dynamos. They agitate the ether."

(Are distant messages brought by spirits?)

"Those which psychics receive usually are brought by spirits. Those which others receive may be tinged with transcendental nuances."

(How are very distant messages from one continent to another carried?)

"Superimposed electrical currents upon ethereal substance. An electrical current blended with matter. A live wire insulated by ethereal matter. Otherwise the wire would burn out. Brains, which are the dynamos, send out the messages."

I then related that on one occasion in London I was suddenly made aware that I should that evening see a friend with whom I had had no communication for four years. I did see the friend, and have always been curious to understand the possibility of prophecy as illustrated by the incident.

(How was this message given, was it by a spirit?)

“Not necessarily.”

(Who gave me the message?)

“There is a differentiation between telepathy and transcendental communication. Telepathic explosions of the description to which Mrs. de Koven has just referred, need not savor of the mesmeric variety.”

Mrs. Vernon remarked at this point that Mr. Friend probably meant by his use of the word “mesmeric,” that the controls of a medium use a certain sort of “mesmeric” or “magnetic” power, when in the act of communicating.

“We do mesmerize the medium to a certain extent. The friend caught the magnetic emanation from Mrs. de Koven’s personality. This form of communication does not savor of the messages borne by spirits. With Mrs. de Koven these emanations had blended before. When Mrs. de Koven was in London the impact of those emanations took place—renewed.”

(Why did that impact announce that I should see this friend?)

“To that extent coming events cast their shadows before. She caught the embryo.”

Here, then, is an explanation, bearing upon the already stated presence of electrical currents surrounding the earth, of the numberless

announcements of letters or of meetings with friends, which are of almost universal experience.

Our own electrical or magnetic emanations are sent out apparently into the ether, coming in contact with those of the friends who are related closely to us, and registering prophetic messages upon our nerve wires.

The next question which I asked Mr. Friend was as to how spirits were able to rap.

“Physical phenomena are the combination of the electrical emanations from certain human or animal organisms, acting upon some resonant substance such as wood. It has to be wood or glass, some resonant substance.”

(When I heard the raps two weeks ago, while Mrs. Horton was with me, was she the medium?)

“Mrs. de Koven can get them equally well.”

(Does the magnetism combine with the ether in the room to make the rod which the spirits use?)

“Yes. An implement, not necessarily in the form of a rod. Rod is a good term, a psychic rod. It is important to recognize two forms of telepathy. All telepathy is not borne by spirits. Combination of magnetic emanations, which result in communication.”

(Why do not Mr. Myers and Dr. Hodgson communicate with us?)

“We are all here but because Mr. Friend knew Mrs. Vernon, we allow him to speak for us.”

Then taking up the subject of materialization, lately discussed in the *Hibbert Journal*, following Dr. Geley's experiments I asked if materializations were exudations from the body of a medium.

“Not alone. Materialization is a process involving the combination of unseen magnetic forces, visualizing the exudation of the medium.”

(Are there materialized spirits?)

“They are like the shell of a locust, manipulated temporarily and enabled to perform certain actions resembling the activities of the departed one. Shell automatically moved.”

(Does the spirit of the departed one inhabit this shell?)

“Sometimes it does, and makes use of the shell, as you would of an automaton, but it lacks the physical sensations which you have.”

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Between the date of this message (April the 15th) and June the 28th, when I saw Mrs. Vernon at Manchester, I had given some consideration to the subject of materialization, in con-

nection with its bearing upon the construction of the ethereal world. My conjectures were not based upon any opinions other than my own. The answers to my questions at this last sitting furnished information exterior to my own thoughts, but in general they confirm my deductions.

(Is the exuded substance from the medium a form of ether?—A. de K.)

“Ethereal promulgations and exudations depend upon the dispensation or diffusion of magnetic force in connection with elemental fluidic matter.”

(Is the fluidic matter the same as the ether of the universe?)

“Only to the extent that they commingle. The exudations and the ethereal matter do mingle, but they are not the same.”

(Is there a single material substance in the universe?)

“Human beings are all flesh and blood but they are not the same.”

(The conclusion of Dr. Geley is that there is a single primordial substance in normal and supernormal physiology.)

“We would rather say there are two, like body and soul. Like substance and vitalizer. When the vitalizer leaves it the substance disintegrates, like a decaying body.”

(Is there one substance in the last analysis?)

Edwin Friend: "A factory, rags that come out paper, fat that comes out soap. Very different, altered, but really the same substance."

(Is the formula of the creative process in the ethereal world like that of the materialization experiments?)

"Yes, that is the formula for physical demonstration."

(Is this the formula for the creation of objects in the ethereal world?)

"Yes, that is the formula plus the individual."

(I am trying to think that the threads and other forms, although varying in their manifestation, are all modifications or condensations of one primordial substance.)

"Yes, over here we manipulate first hand. There it is second hand, or through the body of the medium."

(Are electrons modified ether?)

"Not modified; vitalized or electrified ether, reënforced by electricity."

(Ether then is a form of matter extending through the universe?)

"Pervading, penetrating, enveloping and finally taking form. Thin air, small particles forming, whirling about, finally taking form. I want to support the theory of molecular attrac-

tion, up to a certain point. An old-fashioned theory. Momentum does not do it alone. Laws of gravitation and momentum provide the impact but not the animation. Molecules could remain passive, after the impact, without the electrical sparks.”

CHAPTER VIII

OLD ACQUAINTANCES

THE several members of my husband's family who have communicated with me through Mrs. Vernon have sent extremely characteristic messages. On October the 1st, 1918, his father, the Rev. Henry de Koven, announced his presence by a gesture of blessing, the same gesture with which he had bade me "Farewell" when I saw him for the last time in the villa in Florence where my husband and I had spent the first month of our marriage.

Mrs. Vernon heard: "Reggie and Anna" and said, "This is not your sister; it is an older communicator."

(Is it my father?)

Mrs. Vernon said, "No, but I hear the word 'Father.'"

Recalling then this gesture of blessing, I asked if it could be my father-in-law.

"Outskirts of a small town, practically unknown. Fastened in that town therefore unknown.

“Proofs: (Shows a hand claspng the throat.)
R—d revitalized.”

I was convinced after this communication that it was my father-in-law, for the description of the small town and the statement that some one living there had been “practically unknown” could in my opinion concern only my brother-in-law, Capt. de Koven, who had for many years lived in Hove near Brighton, in declining health and seeing very few people except the members of his family.

(Have you seen my father?)

“Hunted me up. He is more forcible than I am; more likely to hunt me up than I to hunt him up. I was inclined to have things done for me. He was more executive.”

(What have you and Uncle James done in the other world?)

“James has the fulfillment of his heart’s desire. He has cut the bonds which held him to the earth. James evolves, supplants inferior ideas by suggestions. James from his superior sphere can look down and can see spirits struggling with sordid ideas and dispels them or supplants them with higher thoughts by the magnetism of his spirituality. James is like a dynamo. Myriads of undeveloped souls have responded to James’ vibrations.”

(What is it like over there?)

“The best description you can give is that they try to raise undeveloped souls most of the time. Musicians have their music, painters have their colors, athletes have their games, but the better part of the time is used in this uplift work.”

(Is that world clear to you as this is to us?)

“As a superfluity of resonance reveals the limitations of your aural powers, so the complexities presented to the vision would overtax the perceptivity were it not for the elasticity of the soul.”

To those who can remember the gentle and extremely distinguished Dr. Henry de Koven and his more famous brother, Dr. James, or have heard of the latter's eloquence, of his compelling magnetism, of his unrivaled power of influencing the pupils in Racine College, of which he was the founder, these communications will furnish convincing examples of that dramatic verity which is so large a part of the proof of survival. The gesture of a hand clasping the throat, communicated at the same time as the word “Proofs,” indicates that Dr. de Koven's knowledge of my brother-in-law's fatal malady of the throat was given as a “proof.” The remark about the “revitalization” of his other son, after a long illness, is in natural proximity to his reference to the approaching

death of the younger. A characteristic example of his distinguished vocabulary is found in his statement about the complexities presented to the vision of discarnate souls. This is the only communication received by me which refers to the elasticity of the soul and its resulting ability to perceive the multiplicity of projected images in the ethereal world.

On December the 3rd, after the death of my brother-in-law, Captain de Koven, an elder brother, LeRoy, who died over twenty-five years ago, appeared. Kindly, a little curt in his humor, and very popular in the world of Florence where he lived for many years, he reappears in this communication precisely as I remember him in life.

He was interested in the establishment of a model dairy farm for supplying pure milk to the Florentines at the time of his death. His occupation of supplying food to those lately dead seems to conform to his earthly trends, as my sister has so often said is the rule in our continuing lives in the other world.

Mrs. Vernon heard: "Franzipanni, Italy—some one in the entourage of diplomatic circles."

(Is this LeRoy, for if so I am glad to hear from him. A. de K.)

“Placed by the sea, he was anchored there like a ship—with this result.”

(Recognizing the reference to Captain de Koven's residence in Hove near the sea, I asked again if this was not LeRoy.)

“Anna has guessed it.”

(Are you busy over there?)

“Busy? Yes. Lots of fun after one gets acclimated.”

(Have you met Bertie? Is he awake yet?)

“Bertie is exhaling his superfluous fiber, and retaining in his system the effusion I offered him. A transformation accompanying dissolution. (Laughs.) The Red Cross isn't in it with us. (Vision of people standing around ready to administer the necessary nutriment.) Earthly trends are indicative of celestial pursuits. (Shows a vision of Reggie and himself together. Pats Reggie's shoulder.) Fulfillment came with opportunity. Reggie had the opportunity, then the fulfillment came.”

Mrs. Vernon heard Alice, LeRoy's wife: “Tell Anna that we rest in peace amiably together, the family, and I really enjoy myself.”

(Hasn't Reggie's mother been proud of what he has done in music?)

LeRoy: “We consider Reggie's accomplishments stupendous (!) and rejoice at the improvement in his health. Mother relates how

Reggie vanquished objections and sowed the seeds of his original musical accomplishments.”

The preference of the members of the de Koven family for each other's society, to the exclusion of outside friends or acquaintances, seem to continue in the other world, to their mutual satisfaction.

Mrs. de Koven's reference to my husband's "vanquishing of objections" concerns his persistence in pursuing his musical studies in spite of his father's opposition to the adoption of a musical career.

The loyalty of this family to each other was curiously shown by the appearance of LeRoy, on the occasion of my last meeting with Mrs. Vernon at Manchester. Shortly before this meeting I had received, through the ouija board, very disquieting messages from very powerful mischievous spirits, who moved the board with such unexampled force that I could with difficulty control it. The messages concerned my husband's health and purported to come from his mother.

Mrs. Vernon heard: "Florence—a sudden departure."

I remarked that this must be LeRoy who had died very suddenly in Florence. I also observed that I thought that he had probably come to reassure me about my husband.

“You have hit it. That is why I came, one good turn deserves another.”

(I don't think that I ever did much for you, dear LeRoy.)

“You have helped us all, all the de Koven family, and one good turn deserves another. I thought it was better form to come than Bertie. So I came.”

(Was it your mother who warned me?)

“We saw your alarm. It was mischief-makers who got in.”

(Who were they?)

“I do not know. I will explain about the ouija board. When Anna looks at Mrs. Vernon through her reading glasses she does not see her face plainly, does she? It is like that, confused, inaccurate. It is as if you were trying to look at something far away, as one of these mountains. We are distant, and in between these others come in and make believe. We cannot help it. There is no immediate danger, Anna can be reassured.”

Mrs. Vernon heard my sister: “I was there, but I could do nothing. They had great control of the conditions; only the masters could control them.”

At this meeting I was sitting, facing Mrs. Vernon, while I made notes of the messages and wore my reading glasses. Around us plainly,

seen through the windows, were the Vermont mountains. Was my brother-in-law in the room? Did he see me with my glasses? Did he see the mountains? I leave it to my readers to reply.

One more visitor came to speak with Mrs. Vernon, announcing herself by the appearance of a star. Mrs. Vernon was suddenly deeply moved and tears filled her eyes. It was thus that a dear friend lately torn from her adoring family announced her presence. Star was her middle name, and only by this signal was she able to speak to her friend. Then came Mr. Friend again, accompanying her and saying: "We are a strange band, we who have been torn away from those we love. There is a strong bond. We call ourselves by our Christian names. Violet, Anne, Edwin—— There is plenty of work for the charitably inclined."

That Paradise is no state of immediate bliss, we have been told again and again. Separation is agony there as here. But companionship, that chiefest joy of humanity, is an inalienable privilege, and a deep consolation, together with charity, which suffereth all things, even in the midst of the labyrinthine mysteries of the hereafter. Unconsciousness, Mr. Friend has elsewhere said, may endure for a long period, not unconsciousness of self, but a lack of compre-

hension of the meaning of the universe and the necessity of spiritual development. In that dim Purgatorial state souls may linger long, if on earth they have refused to recognize that inevitable destiny. Here is an example of the loneliness which awaited a soul to whom life was an almost unmitigated pleasure.

“Have you seen Mr. ——?” I asked my sister one day, mentioning the name of a brilliantly handsome and witty friend who had died some twelve years ago.

Mrs. Vernon saw my sister laughing, and saw the evocation of a dancing scene. Mrs. Vernon saw also a vision of beautifully dressed women as at a garden party, with parasols and fans—and talking together with gayety and laughter. She said that she felt an emanation from an individual of social tastes, and saw a man of “polish, breeding and birth, with a marked courtesy and distinction of manner.”

Then Mrs. Vernon heard: “Louise has lent a hand. Tell my wife that Louise has lent a hand. Louise followed me up. I wanted to come back, but Louise pushed me forward. I was homesick, oh, so homesick. I missed my wife’s devotion.”

(Are you busy?)

“Getting myself tidied up,” he replied, and

showed a vision of a valet taking off his coat and putting on another garb.

“I am divested of my earthly habiliments and trying to take on a semblance as well as the fabric of spirituality.”

That he would try, in his manly way, to adapt himself to the new and strange conditions, I could not doubt, but that he was not wholly successful in this effort, he plainly admitted, when I asked him if he was happy.

“Not particularly,” he answered. “I liked my other clothes better, but as they are apparently permanently discarded, I have gone to it, with Louise’s help.”

The name of his gentle sister-in-law was incorrectly transmitted, but in a later sitting he returned to give it again and then with better success. Still later he has informed his wife that he is a “citizen of heaven,” in which loyal attitude we may leave him with hopes of ultimate and increasing contentment.

An instance of the constant watchfulness of our so-called departed loved ones occurred when in December of 1918 I had an attack of pain from what appeared to be gallstones.

On the morning following a night of very severe pain, Mrs. Vernon visited me and heard my sister say that she had been with me during the night but had been “so helpless.” She also

said that there was "now a void where there had been occupation."

On the Monday following December the 9th, an X-ray examination was made to discover the presence of gallstones.

On the morning of December 10th I saw Mrs. Vernon, who heard the following message:

"Punctilious but estimable (character of my physician), refutation of dogmas. Portentous enquiry (the X-ray) discloses null and void protuberances."

On the afternoon of the 10th of December my physician announced to me that "the X-ray showed no gallstones."

I am informed that gallstones are not always perceptible by the X-ray, but the information as to the fact that none were disclosed antedated the announcement of the physician. There have not been since that time any further evidence of their presence, altho without question they were the cause of the attack.

The hint of irony at the "portentous enquiry" shows that our friends have by no means lost their humor in their new phase of existence.

Assuming that it is true that our friends are often with us, it is not surprising that their chief suffering arises from their helplessness to manifest their presence to those not psychically endowed, particularly when, as Raymond

relates, they see their dear one plunged in hopeless sorrow.

A striking incident suggesting strongly my sister's presence in my house during a conversation between my husband and myself was indicated by herself during the private séance with Mr. Ticknor.

"What about the *Excelsior*?" asked my sister. "R. was very angry. Did he say the instrument gave pain?"

On my explanation of the trouble with the management of the "*Excelsior*" company and my assertion that my husband's published criticism of one of their instruments was justified, although it elicited a protest from the advertising department of the journal in which he published it, she replied:

"I did not say he was wrong. I knew he was right but I wanted to understand it. Who is S—e?"

The reason why my sister failed to understand the cause of my husband's annoyance was that she did not read the letter handed to me by my husband, which was the cause of this annoyance. Hence she was unable to understand the meaning of our conversation. I was ignorant of the name of the President of the Company, which she gave correctly, as I was afterwards informed.

CHAPTER IX

A RECORD OF MATERIALIZATION

TOWARDS the end of the year 1919, I received through Mrs. Vernon certain replies to questions regarding the ether, which I append as adding further testimony to that already recorded in communications from beyond regarding the existence of some form of matter which is manipulated by the discarnate and forms the essence of their ethereal encasements.

Mr. Friend: "Ether is a term for this matter or substance. This surrounding ethereal substance is acted upon by electrical radiations."

(Is the ether itself originated by force or mind?)

"Mind must have something to act upon to manipulate with. How can a carpenter work without wood and nails? How can a musician play without a piano? Thought force must have material to play upon. Call it smoke. It resembles smoke. Look at that cigarette smoke between you and the light. The air is filled

with a substance like that—smoke only more refined. Einstein has formulated only one step of the way. He has not gone the whole way. You can call this substance smoke, or ether, or fog, or simply atmosphere. The starry theory is right inasmuch as meteoric bodies contain their modicum of magnetism. Currents of meteoric magnetism attract the output from the earth and other stellar bodies and the revolution of these bodies in their orbits molds and forms this substance, without any particular direction unless a brain should be back of it. In other words, emanations go round and round aimlessly but when the brain says, 'I will make a table,' or any other object that is when the substance takes form."

On December 9th my sister, communicating, said that she had been "tremendously interested in her development, learning the A, B, C of self-control and what it is to be serious instead of frivolous and what it is to be a container of spiritual essences, permeated with spiritual essences. The organisms we possess must be thus permeated or it means disintegration."

(What is that organism?)

"Why does Anna worry so much about whether you call it ether or not? That organ-

ism is what you call a composite formation containing virtually all of the molecules comprising a magnetic emanation.”

(Is there any material or matter combined with this magnetism?)

“Call it ether or atmosphere. This magnetic or meteoric magnetism works or molds a certain kind of matter. Creatures of flesh and blood inhabit the earth. Creatures of magnetism and matter inhabit the ethereal realms.”

(Are there ethereal realms around the stellar bodies?)

“Yes, there are. Like an aeroplane which swoops down and swoops up again we can enter where we choose. As the penumbra of the brain enfolds, surrounds, encloses,—each plane has its penumbra—emanations peculiar to each planet. You can call that penumbra ether, air, atmosphere.

“Meteoric substances which are thrown off are simply matter acted upon by magnetism—acted upon by the gradations of the air, by heat or cold, it becomes hard or soft. Get your deductions from Nature. Get an example and follow it straight through.”

Here then in these messages from my sister and Mr. Friend we have at least three statements of an illuminating character. First,

there is a substance indeterminate in its name but a substance which has an existence. Secondly, we have the statement that it is acted upon by magnetic forces and also by thought. Third, we have a statement that the substance exists in the penumbra or spheres of the stellar bodies.

Is the ethereal realm around the earth the habitat of those lately departed? There are many testimonies from what we call the "beyond" which would indicate this. In the little book entitled "Gone West" which contains the automatically written messages from the late Dr. L. S. Mitchell of Minneapolis, he says that our "worlds are really one. We see the astral or real side of the same objects you behold and even enjoy many of the same pleasures, notably music, though our ears are attuned to many higher vibrations of sound which are not revealed to you." Again he says: "'Here' and 'There' are so interrelated that there really is no separation."

Such statements as these combined with the photographic impression of a crowd of spirits as reproduced by Mr. Hereward Carrington from Mrs. Dupont Lee's photograph in his latest volume, "Modern Psychological Phenomena," would strongly suggest the interpenetration of the first spiritual realm with our own world.

In this realm, as in other planetary spheres, some substance existing in the air or atmosphere is manipulated by the discarnate, it would appear. As to the formation of the ethereal or spiritual body out of matter and magnetism, my sister's statement definitely illustrates the experiments of Col. de Rochas, who was able to isolate and photograph the magnetic emanations from the living human body.

Correspondences between the statements of the discarnate and the experiments of living investigators are numerous. The thought forms, beautifully drawn and colored, which have been published by Mr. Leadbeater and Miss Besant are precisely those which transcendental communicators describe. Dr. Mitchell relates, for instance, "that he had been having regular lessons in the use of thought force. First I was shown how one could see thought forms. They are colored vibrations. Next I was given experiments in using the power to materialize objects." Dr. Mitchell describes a concourse of heaven dwellers in a temple who sent out a mass of golden thought over the battlefields, and over Turkey, there finding just the red and purple thought emanations of hatred and violence which represent those passions according to the records of Mr. Leadbeater.

It now devolves upon me to record a recent experience of my own in witnessing the phenomena of materialization.

On the 18th of December, 1919, I went with the Rev. Elwood Worcester and his nephew, Rev. Worcester Perkins, to Concord, Mass. There lives William Foss, well known to the late Prof. James and a man of unquestionable repute in Concord, where he has spent his long life of nearly sixty-eight years. There were present at the sitting, which took place in Mr. Foss's house, his wife, who is blind but endowed with clairvoyant vision, his son and daughter-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Garrett, and myself. A table, nearly six feet square, occupied a large part of the kitchen and around it were wooden armchairs which on two sides were closely set between it and the walls of the room. Two persons sat at each end of the table and on either side of the table. Mr. Foss and Mr. Garrett sat in two chairs between the table and the wall; Dr. Worcester and his nephew sat in the two chairs at the end of the table; next the wall Mrs. Foss and her daughter-in-law sat in the chairs at the side of the table opposite Mr. Foss and Mr. Garrett; Mr. Foss's son and I sat at the end of the table opposite Dr. Worcester and Mr. Perkins. We all held each other's hands during the sitting. After

the singing of some songs a cold breeze blew through the room; then the table, the chairs and the entire room shook as if on a rocking boat. Then as a first evidence of materialization, warm and living hands touched my hair, my shoulders, my face, in many repeated caresses. Mrs. Foss, through her clairvoyant vision informed me that she saw a woman whom she announced was my sister. A bit of chalk had been put in the middle of the table. Soon there was a sound of writing and then a signal to turn up the light. I had previously asked my sister to try to write something in her own handwriting. When the light flooded the room I saw, written directly in front of me, the name she called herself as a child. This name was known to no being in that room except myself. I affirm that I was holding the hands of Mr. Foss's son and his wife, and that I did not touch the chalk. After the name was written my hand was grasped and the chalk put into my fingers. Another written message from my sister in answer to a mental question of my own was: "We are happy."

I then asked her if she could write a message in regard to my husband in her own handwriting. She attempted to do this, writing my husband's name very clearly and directly in

front of me upon the table, but interfering with her message were two lateral series of Hebrew characters—some ancient spirit having evidently intervened.

Later, I asked my sister if she could go to Chicago and tell me something about my husband. The message she left upon the table in answer to this was "*Proof. I will try.*" After a half hour had passed by my hand was grasped, rapid knocks were made upon the table, writing was heard and again the chalk was put into my hand. When the light was turned up again, directly in front of me upon the table we saw the two words "Sold to-day." The satisfaction expressed in the character of the knocks and the way my hand was grasped and turned over were justified by the success of the test, which she was able to bring to us.

On my return to New York on Friday, December 19th, I was informed that my husband had sent a telegram from Chicago accepting a proposition for the sale of a piece of property.

Very soon after this, a curious sound of sobbing was heard in the air and the blind Mrs. Foss declared it was my sister expressing her emotion at being able to make her presence known. Again when another communicator mischievously refused to carry out some of the requests of the sitters I said, "Will our kind

friends be good enough to hasten, for I am very tired? I have come a long journey and must go again early in the morning to New York." Then distinctly a voice said, "God bless you for coming."

During the sitting a very loud sound of writing was heard with the chalk, and when the light was turned up a message from Prof. James was found with his signature recognized as accurate by Dr. Worcester. Then again in the darkness his hand, recognized by Dr. Worcester, grasped his hand giving him the Phi Beta Kappa grip. Upon Dr. Worcester's statement that he had recognized the form of Prof. James' hand and the old college grip, three loud affirmative knocks were heard upon the table.

Other personalities appeared at this remarkable séance but nothing so evidential as the two tests which my sister was able to give to us.

Mr. Foss has been possessed of this remarkable materializing power since early youth and relates examples of materialized formations and communications from individualities long known to him, which, according to him, are far more remarkable than the manifestations which I witnessed. No comment is necessary to emphasize the impression of my sister's actual

presence. Her emotion at being able to speak with me, her words, her gentle touch upon my brow bring it to me as never before the conviction that there are indeed no dead.

CHAPTER X

AND OUR LAST ENEMY IS DEATH

THREE objections are commonly advanced by the ignorant and inexperienced against an acceptance of the possibility of communication. The first is that it is due to "telepathy." The second, that messages purporting to come from the beyond really proceed from the "sub-conscious mind." Third, that if the messages are actual communications from the so-called dead, they are too trivial in character to command respectful attention.

In regard to telepathy, it is pertinent to quote its exact definition as demonstrated by the English Society for Psychic Research. "Telepathy is the transference of thought from one mind to another without visible means of such transference." Telepathy, used as a refutation of the assertion of the possibility of communication between the discarnate and the incarnate, presents no valid argument. Rather does it expose the undifferentiated thought of the multitude. Allowing that such a means of communication does exist between incarnate minds,

it does not deny an apparently similar process of communication between the discarnate and the incarnate. Rather does it present a working hypothesis of such communication.

Again, the transference of thoughts from the subconscious mind of the medium to his active mind or from the subconscious minds of the experimenters, is urged as an explanation of all messages of apparently supernatural origin. As in supernormal telepathic messages, so in these subconscious emanations, one test and one alone is crucial, as to their origin. Do they convey information absolutely new to both medium and experimenter? If they do and this information is capable of verification, then we must deny their normal or human origin—at least until some hitherto unsuspected human faculty is discovered, which can account for their reception.

To the last objection as to the triviality of the messages, is it pertinent to enquire if it is not the most natural, nay, the inevitable method of attempted identification, to refer to definite occurrences or objects known commonly to both the unseen communicator and the experimenter? Would it not be the ideal method to supply information unknown to the experimenter and of such definite and practical significance as to permit of verification?

Those who are acquainted with the literature of the subject and with the records of the various societies for Psychological Research are aware of a large number of published messages from the illuminated inhabitants of the Other World, which contain instruction of a highly spiritual character, and of a mass of material still unpublished, for the reason that it does not contain this evidential and so-called trivial material.

Was the significance of the first message of the Morse telegraph considered to be important? Was not the fact that the message was transferred and its transference verified all important? As to the transference of thought waves from the subconscious mind of the medium to his active mind, and from the subconscious minds of the experimenters to the conscious or the subconscious mind of the medium, it is indisputable that such transference does very frequently take place. In the immediate and even distant environment of the medium, endowed apparently with a receiving apparatus capable of registering thought waves, various entities, incarnate and discarnate, may exist, each sending out these waves, each speaking a wireless language. What then seems more certain than that such an apparatus in the brain of the psychic should register all or any of the

thoughts thus propagated? Because, then, a living being speaks in this involuntary projection of thought waves, is it not possible that a discarnate being should also thus speak, voluntarily or involuntarily?

The subconscious mind, which has long been the particular province of Psychology, has been adopted by Psychic Science as a promising field of exploration, as the repository of unsuspected and so-called supernormal powers in man, as a means of communication with the "cosmic reservoir," as the guardian of all memories, as the larger and enduring part of the human soul. Through the open door in this subconscious mind, do floods of inspiration pour in from the infinite? Such is the theory of Mr. Myers, who, in an illuminating chapter, defines genius as a "subliminal uprush."

From artists, poets and musicians, from inventors and from *cordons bleux* comes the invariable testimony that the inspiration of their best accomplishments is dictated to them. Sometimes with exaltation, sometimes with an atmosphere of serene solemnity, this inspiration comes, and the sensation of the smooth and uninterrupted current of suggestion arising from the depth of the subconscious to the active executing brain, is one which is experienced by every individual possessed of creative

imagination. The very word—inspiration—in its universally accepted significance, defines the process. Are the faculties resident in this mysterious indefinable and uncharted region of the human spirit intrinsic? Are the powers not rather commanded and utilized by supernatural guardians and masters, whose dwelling is in infinite knowledge? Does the subconscious mind lie open to those influences? So the metaphor of Sir Oliver Lodge, who compares it to “an iceberg whose submerged and larger part is subject to the ocean tides,” would indicate.

Although subconscious, this part of the human mind is apparently never idle, but sends out constant waves of thought which are registered, not only upon the surrounding ether, but inevitably upon the receiving apparatus of all psychics. The possibility that the messages are thus received by their peculiarly organized brain ganglia, must therefore be fully recognized and the significance of all messages examined in the light of this possibility. Unconscious dramatization, even impersonation of character, infinitely mysterious and most disconcerting to the experimenter, must also be recognized as a faculty of this perplexing portion of the human organism. From the deep recesses of this unfathomable part of us, forgotten or fortuitous records of facts may

emerge, so that no proof of any communication from beyond is acceptable, unless it contains information absolutely new to both medium and experimenter. Fortunately for the increasing numbers of believers in survival and communication, a large volume of information of this crucial order exists and can be examined by any honest inquirer.

In pursuing such an investigation, the honest inquirer should beware of the possibility of an altered attitude regarding facts of such illimitable importance; for they are facts, no longer subject to denial or contempt. It is not beyond the scope of definite assertion to declare that no investigator of intelligence, approaching this subject without prejudice and prepared to use his reason, has ever emerged from such an examination a determined skeptic. No more rigid method of proof and investigation can be devised than that already applied to these phenomena. It has remained for the élite of the intellects of all civilized nations to attack these mysteries, and their united affirmation regarding their reality and their testimony regarding their high significance cannot be disregarded.

Mr. Arthur Balfour and his brother Gerald, their sister, Mrs. Sidgwick, and her husband, Myers, Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Barrett, Ruskin, Wallace and Sir

Conan Doyle in England, are witnesses who must be heard. In France, the names of Richet, Bergson, Janet, Flammarion, de Rochas, Delanne, Boirac, Maxwell, Kardec, Schrenck-Nötzing, Geley and Madame Bisson. In Italy, Lombroso, Morseli and Schiaparelli; in Switzerland, Prof. Flournoy; in Holland, Profs. Malta and Van Zelst; in Russia, Atsakoff, swell the distinguished list of scientific investigators. In America, Prof. Hare of the University of Pennsylvania, the leading chemist of our country in his day; Prof. James of Harvard, Judge Edmunds, Mr. Epes Sargent of literary fame, as well as Drs. Hodgson and Hyslop, have added their records of investigation and personal experiment to the mass of testimony. It is a testimony wonderfully similar in its main lines of deduction and of theory, based on scientific investigation and the concordant information from beyond.

Certain facts emerge clearly from all the records of communication. First, the individual, immediately after death, is entirely unchanged. Growth in spirituality is the inevitable road which each soul is destined to follow. Environment is determined by the degree of development. The discarnate spirit is possessed of powers of creative construction increasing with practice and experience. It is a world of spirit,

but not of spirit alone; spirit is so supreme that more insistence is placed upon its superior activities than upon the fact that it has something material to act upon. That material has been called the ether, and out of it all objects known to the ethereal world are composed. But it can be manipulated with infinite ease and all objects retained for æons or discarded in a moment according to desire. There are purely mental vibrations and there are "constructional vibrations" of ether, according to information given to me through Mrs. Vernon. These "constructional vibrations" correspond, as I have also been told, to manual manipulations of matter on the earth. But upon ethereal matter, these vibrations operate without hands.

A correspondence with this method is observable with the geometrical patterns formed in sand under the impact of sound waves. Possessed, however, of unlimited powers of projecting images the inhabitants of the other world can fashion temporary environments wholly out of their own imaginations or memories, it would seem, which have a reality quite as definite to themselves and to each other as objects made out of the ether, or as our objects are to us. A published incident, which seems to illustrate this power in the discarnate, is re-

corded in the book called "An Adventure," where two ladies walked into the Park of the Petit Trianon of Marie Antoinette's memory, as she might have projected it. There were the old walks, and lakes and trees; there were the wheelbarrow and the gardener of her day; there was the Queen herself, in the simple dress in which it had been her pleasure to clothe herself in that lost garden of her dreams—dreams so vivid and so potent that the eyes of strangers found them more real than its modern and actual appearance.

Thus there appear to be two distinct methods of creative activity in the other world; one, an entirely mental projection of images; the other, a mental manipulation of the "ether." These two distinct methods probably account for the apparent disagreement in the testimony from beyond, regarding the construction of the other world.

All knowledge is not immediately given to souls discarnate, who still seek, at least in the earlier stages of their evolution, for the solution of the secrets of creation. The practical and material minded individualities such as Raymond, rejoicing in a solid-seeming world, propound the theory that some sort of matter is utilized in the making of that world. Others see only the agency of the spirit. Spirit, al-

ways the supreme agent, seems to be the harmonizing basis of both processes, that which utilizes purely mental vibrations, as well as that which uses the constructional vibrations, which seem to collect or condense the substance called ether for use in the formation of temples of learning, and of music, or the houses intended to serve a more permanent use perhaps, than the vanishing projections of pure imagination.

We are told in all transcendental communications that the body of the discarnate soul is made of this ethereal substance, but that the soul can fashion for itself its earthly appearance and habiliments at will. Is this the spiritual body of St. Paul, the non-material part of us which we already possess? Science itself has opened the door to this hypothesis. When the statement of Haeckel that the brain atoms had properties which initiated or exuded thought was denied, when scientists themselves asserted that between the brain atoms a space existed, filled with so-called "mentiferous ether," then indeed, we were permitted to imagine the essence of the ethereal body and its incarnate existence. When, then, this ethereal body escapes from its material encasement, does it not, like the Psyche of the Greeks, fly into this ethereal realm, its proper element and home?

Possessed still of all its earthly memories and loves, manipulating that telepathic power, now proved to belong to the self-incarnate, would not that unchanged self send thought vibrations to those ready and waiting to receive them? Illustrating the analogy of this means of communication with the universal wave theory of heat and light and sound, would not the vibrating thoughts of those lost to our sight seek often and sometimes find the organisms prepared to receive them?

The messages I have received are published with the hope that they may add versimilitude to this analogy and help to confirm the resulting hypothesis, that by this method the dead indeed do speak, and by permission and in strict accordance with universal law.

While ignorance and indifference present bastions of solid opposition to the advancing torches of the new-old truths of spiritual continuity, Science and Religion go forth to give them battle. The priests of Padua who refused to look through Galileo's telescope, have been followed by those who fought the beneficent agent of anesthesia, who denied the phenomenon of hypnotism, and those who first derided telepathy, only to use it later as their chief arm, with which to combat transcendental communication.

The last and most tenaciously held hypothesis of those who would, at all sacrifice of logical reasoning and of probability, deny the facts of communication and survival, is that the mind of the psychic can take up messages from the air or ether as does the wireless telegraph. To perceive the messages which bear information unknown to both psychic and sitter, they assume that the psychic must possess a selective power by which, out of all the illimitable number of thoughts which are recorded in the ether of the earthplane, the exact message destined for the sitter may be singled out. Not one attested incident has been hitherto recorded, which proves that such a power, practically omniscient in its extent, is possessed by any medium, and no attempt by the skeptics has yet been made to explain the method by which this power can be exercised. "An extension of telepathy" is the expression which represents the effort of such distinguished individuals as the editor of a serious magazine and the bishop of an English see, to explain all messages which come from the earth plane by means of this wholly hypothetical "selective power" of the medium. This, they assert, is an "easy explanation" of the reception of information, altho it is unknown to both psychic and sitter. In this attempt to account for such

messages their reasoning seems to proceed somewhat in this manner :

If the mind of the psychic possesses this selective power, then this power would account for messages bearing information unknown to both medium and experimenter. Therefore the psychic does possess this power. To such lacunæ in logic does the determination not to accept the glorious facts of communication and survival force these distinguished gentlemen.

Their attitude resembles that of a fugitive driven to the last ledge over a precipice. Above him are impassable heights, below him is the yawning chasm. Thus, driven to a last extremity, the hunted man utters unreasoning cries of distress and resorts to any desperate move which offers a last chance of escape. Yet, if the fugitive should fall into the chasm, what would await him? The wings of angels would bear him up to that very immortality which has been the teaching of the bishop, we may believe, since he first assumed the office of a teacher of the Gospel.

When, then, shall the pealing of every church bell, the echo of every hymn, the symbol of the cross, the mounting spires of every shrine, be accorded their eternal significance as fortified and a thousand times over proved, by the discoveries of the new Psychic Science? How long

will facts of such incalculable importance, from the viewpoint of their own teaching, be denied by these teachers?

As to the assumption of a harmony in thought currents analogous to those of the ether waves of the wireless telegraphy, it must be proved by many attested examples before it can be used as a basis for this easy explanation of an "extension of telepathy."

The impact of physical emanations of magnetism may give rise to a simple concept, or vague sensations such as the "warning" of the imminent meeting with a friend, and might present a partial analogy to the method by which wireless messages are transmitted. This analogy, however, is incomplete, in that these messages or warnings amount only to sensations, wordless and undifferentiated, and wholly unlike the elaborate phrases by which definite information is conveyed to the psychic.

As before stated the most rigid tests of the origin of apparently supernormal messages must be satisfied before certainty of transcendental communication is attained. That no knowledge of the information in a message should be possessed by any living being on the earth plane, should be certain, in the face of the enormous significance of the possibility of communication. Among the multitude of

messages which by no possibility could have emanated from any individual on the earth plane, consider that received by the late Mrs. Verrall of Cambridge, by automatic handwriting, of the English Society for Psychological Research and afterward quoted by Maeterlinck in his book "L'Hôte inconnu."

At eleven o'clock one evening, Mrs. Verrall's hand wrote, in Latin, Greek and English, a message which informed her that at last a proof would be given her which would satisfy her, and through her, would convince many others that communication was possible. The proof would come from "the chalk upon the feet." The message was signed by a drawing of a bird walking.

At half past two the following morning, that is, four and a half hours later, two men, who had heard that in certain chambers on the other side of London strange occurrences had taken place, had prepared to investigate them. They covered the floors with scraped chalk. Then they extinguished the lights. They were alone in the rooms. After several hours of waiting, they turned up the lights and there, plainly seen in the chalk, were five tracks of bird's feet. Mrs. Verrall had never heard of these experimenters; they had never heard of her. We can hardly deny a considerable ingenuity to the

Latin and Greek writing spirits, who devised this extraordinary test.

No impact of thought waves from the earth plane could account for this prophetic announcement. Nor an extension of telepathy.

The fact that Mr. Myers failed to send, after his death, the correct sentence, which, before death, he had written in a sealed envelope, is often quoted; while an incident of the success of a before-death test, recorded in Myers' own book, is by preference, apparently, omitted. This incident will be found in the appendix of his "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death."

The reason for the failure of Mr. Myers is suggested by Miss Dallas in her book, "Mors Janua Vitæ," where she ascribes it to the subconscious suggestion of Mrs. Verrall's own mind, combined with an incorrect assumption that another message, really from Mr. Myers, but unconnected with the letter, was the message in the letter. No notice, moreover, has been taken by those, who seem to rejoice at Mr. Myers' apparent failure in this case, of the remarkable tests of his surviving intelligence, obtained by Mr. Dorr of Boston, through Mrs. Piper, and recorded in the book of Miss Anna Hude, as well as in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*. Mr. Dorr,

conceiving that he might obtain important reactions from Mr. Myers if he read aloud while Mr. Myers was in possession of Mrs. Piper's organism, certain passages from books known in life to Mr. Myers, read ten lines from Dryden's translation of Virgil. Instantly Mrs. Piper's directed hand wrote the two lines which in the original text followed the quotation, *but in Mr. Myers' own translation*. The first two lines of the Dryden quotation were also given, but again in a translation from the original text which was apparently retained in its entirety in Mr. Myers' memory. Again ten lines from Shelley's translation of the "Cyclops" of Euripides were quoted by Mr. Dorr.

"You read well," wrote Mrs. Piper's hand.

"Now," said Mr. Dorr, "see if you can tell who made this translation?"

"Did he write the 'Ode to the Skylark?'" answered Mr. Myers.

Upon Mr. Dorr's exclamation of satisfaction at this reply Mr. Myers wrote, "Thank you! If I am not Myers, who am I?"

The retention in the discarnate memory of its stores of information and of learning has nowhere a more startling example.

As to the confirmation of all the so-called miracles in Holy Writ, they furnish such indubitable examples of the so-called super-

normal powers in man, that their explanation, in the light of the investigation and classification of these powers, should fill the empty church benches and diminish the activities of all higher critics.

The many incidents of slate writing, for instance, where the writing has appeared with lightning rapidity on both sides of the slate simultaneously, might furnish illuminating suggestions as to the method by which the ten commandments were written on both sides of the tablets.

So, may not the Jewish law, as well as the Christian revelation, both originate in direct intervention and actual inspiration from on High? All the after-death appearances of Christ; the miracles of healing, the materialization of the loaves and the fishes, the levitation of Christ's body as he walked upon the waves, prove, not only, that phenomena now called psychic were used as powerful agents in the formation of the Christian sect, but that Christ himself, a son of God, was the worker of these miracles, through his control of matter and its laws.

The reviving belief that man is of a tripartite organism composed of body, soul, and spirit, is definitely stated by St. Paul. Such has been the belief of the ancient races. The *Kar*

of the Egyptians is the Latin *Imago*, and the Greek *Eidolon*. In the Ishtar tablets (B.C. 2250) there is a record of materialization.

“The spirit of Heabani, like glass, transparent from the earth, arose.”

The rejection by some modern schools of philosophy of the notion of two soul essences, a spirit and a spirit body, has the portentous and fatal significance of reducing the spirit, when once deprived of its material encasement, to an indefinable, abstract and indivisible principle, having neither extension, form, nor conceivable substance. Upon the tripartite conception of the human organism all hope of the preservation of identity depends. Deprived of its ethereal incasement it sinks like a drop of water into the ocean of infinity. This philosophy is reactionary, reversing the intuitive wisdom of the ages, disagreeing with the great masters of antiquity, such as Plato and Aristotle, and with the records of tablet and scroll, found not only on the Egyptian stones but in the ancient parchments of so-called revealed religion.

Now, indeed the old theory of an ethereal body arises again with many proofs of its definite and independent existence and activities even before the dissolution of its material envelope.

In the legends of the "Döppelgänger" we have the proof of the German belief in the ethereal double, and now with a characteristically accurate power of making a term of perfectly descriptive significance, we have the scientific French statement of a belief in the spiritual encasement, in the word "Peresprit."

M. Delanne, in his book "L'Ame est Immortelle," relates an attested incident of a woman's voluntary and prearranged projection of her peresprit into a photographic gallery. There not only was the peresprit photographed; but while the photographer was in his cabinet in the process of developing the negative, the peresprit, by what power one cannot know, was able to throw the photographic apparatus upon the floor.*

Normal activities, such as are possessed by the material body, do not seem to be lacking in the ethereal double, as is proved by the incident related by the well-known Dr. Vittoz of Lausanne, who, by intention, traveled in this ethereal dress to a café in Berlin. There he took his place at a table, with one companion, and then after some conversation returned to Lausanne.

A few weeks afterward while walking in a street of Lausanne, he encountered a man who

* Published by Mr. Stead in "Borderland," April, 1896.

seemed strangely familiar. While he was trying to recollect where he had seen him, the friend of the Berlin café walked up to him, saying that he was pleased to have again met him and was anxious to renew their agreeable conversation. There are thus, it would appear, various phenomena which will not be explained by "an extension of telepathy."

In the long journey from half-conscious animal to the cloud-reaching heights of conscious Divinity, man's knowledge of the secrets of creation may be an attainable goal. We may even now, in this remarkable age of human progress and change, be entering a new stage of evolution. Powers unclassified, although long manifested, now have their accepted names and significance. By telepathy we know we can speak; by projection some human beings travel to distances, away from their still living material forms. A voice may be photographed and, by the telephone, heard across oceans and continents. Wireless vibrations carry messages and voices over miles of intervening ether. Thought images can be photographed. Thought can move electric needles. The X-ray sees through solids and the cinematograph records objects in motion, even the infinitesimal creatures which swim in the drops of water. We have conquered the air. Surely the boundary

betwixt matter and spirit grows wonderfully thin. We know now that the matter of which we are made is dissolvable and that it is manipulated by thought. The enormous significance of this discovery points to an amazing and, as yet, scarcely realized extension of our understanding of the constitution of matter and of our own ultimate destiny, when finally possessed of a full knowledge of the laws of the universe.

The dissolvable quality of the matter of which our bodies are made was proved, not only by the experiment of Prof. Schrenck-Nötzing and Dr. Geley, but also by those of Dr. Crawford, when at his behest his unseen colaborers removed a portion of the weight of his medium. If this is possible, according to the observation of these unquestionably reliable witnesses, may not the time arrive when complete dematerialization of the human body may also be possible?

Would this be the manner in which, according to St. Paul in that truly inspired chapter in Corinthians, "we shall not all die, but be changed"? Is this the "Far off divine event towards which the whole creation moves"? In this way perhaps death, the last enemy, shall be conquered. Thus, perhaps, when they have learned all that it is intended that they shall ultimately learn in this earthly existence the

sons of men shall put on immortality. Thus, fashioned after his likeness out of one substance, dissolvable and mutable under Divine law, our remote descendants may change, "in a moment," into the shining garments of eternity, and, to the sound of the trumpet of triumphant attainment, may scale the heights of heaven.

We know already what our destiny is, for it is explained to us in every whisper which comes to us along the heavenly wires. It is spiritual development and this is the inevitable law of this upward progress. The mystic realization of "harmony with law" is the word of life eternal. This realization is purely ecstatic, as all who have experienced it will testify. "Underneath me are the Everlasting Arms" is only another expression of the rapture of conscious union with all laws, which are themselves the expression of God's will and design. So to the mystic, incarnate or discarnate, all nature is harmonious; to him the far horizon beckons; with flowers and music he is at one. At one, also, with all souls who glimpse the wonder and profundity of the ever unfolding plan of Divinity.

No longer is he solitary in the limitless universe whose wonders are his inalienable inheritance.

Such we may imagine is the inexpressible joy

of those who in heaven's own light "bask in the glory of spirituality, pervading the universe with beneficence" of which my translated sister has told me.

As to the varieties of man-made doctrine, themselves derived from the aspirations of humanity towards God, they will not be maintained, we are told. Not those which have, through the long ages, lost the simplicity of the early revelation. In the recurring circles of human thought, scientific investigation has brought the present comprehension of Christ's early teachings and his miraculous deeds nearer to the original circle of primitive Christian revelation than since the days when He first walked in Galilee.

"I venture now a bold saying," said Frederick Myers, in his published book. "I predict that in consequence of the new evidence all reasonable men, a century hence, will believe in the Resurrection of Christ; whereas in default of the new evidence no reasonable man a century hence would have believed it."

What matter if doctrines must pass, when we know that in all the stars of heaven the Christ spirit is supreme; when the essential truth of the religion which he taught pervades with thunders of overpowering light the remotest regions of eternity?

In messages from beyond, the glorified spirit of Frederick Myers has spoken of Christ as the "Highest spirit known to us," and again he calls him "The Living One." So to humanity ascended, Christ is still Lord, and descending from those infinitely far heights of contemplation beside the throne of God, He still lives to instruct and to aid the spirits of men incarnate and discarnate. In Him the personality of God has its eternal and supreme incarnation.

"Religion, or religions," so speaks a spirit teacher, "are tutors of young souls; images given to those incarnate during the infancy of their evolution, in order that in their memories, conduct, and duty alike shall persist, in the pursuit of that progress whose laws they obey. But like the child who leaves his parents' arms as soon as he feels that his limbs will support him, the incarnate soul escapes from the bonds of dogma, as soon as it feels that it is strong and courageous enough to fly alone and unaided towards its eternal abode."

Message by automatic handwriting received by Madame de W. and published in her book, "Ceux qui nous quittent." Paris, 1917.

THE END



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