

SPIRIT MESSAGES

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY ON

SPIRITUAL VITALITY

BY

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TO

MRS. MINNIE MESERVE SOULE,
THROUGH WHOSE MEDIUMSHIP THE SPIRIT
MESSAGES HEREIN WERE DELIVERED, THIS
BOOK IS DEDICATED BY THE GRATEFUL RECIP-
IENT OF THEM,

HIRAM CORSON.

In Memoriam

C. R. C., P. H. C., J. C., E. C.

FOREWORD

The Introduction on 'Spiritual Vitality' is an enlargement of an article on that subject which I contributed to 'Light,' of London, and which was published in that Journal on the 9th of July last.

The Spirit Band from whom the messages were received, were brought together by my wife, at different times within the two years, or more, after her decease, which occurred on the 21st of May, 1901.

The sittings were, at first, in New York City, the medium being Mrs. Mayer, the most powerful of the slate-writing kind I have known in my long experience. She has now passed to the spirit world.

Eight years ago, I engaged a Swedish house-keeper, Mrs. Matilda Sjoegren, who had known nothing before of spiritual séances, but had been, early in life, conscious of spirit visitations. During two visits to me from Mrs. Mayer, she became interested in the subject and, after she left, we began to have regular daily sittings at a small table. For some time, the manifestations were only of a

physical character. After some months, raps came on the table, and we got answer, 'yes' or 'no' to questions asked, three raps meaning 'yes,' and one rap, 'no.'

After some months, again, there were whispered voices; and these, in time, became fully vocal.

At this stage of our progress, the sittings began to be held only twice a week, and so continued for two years or more, and afterwards but once a week, one of my sons having said that they had all been advanced, that their work would consequently be increased, and that they could come but once a week. The weekly sitting has been continued to the present time.

In reply to my question, what was meant by advancement, he said they had passed to a sphere of higher vibrations.

It was at the request of the Band that I went to Boston, last September, to have sittings with Mrs. Minnie Meserve Soule, a trance medium of high repute, who had been highly recommended to me by Miss Lilian Whiting, who has written so much, indirectly, on Spiritualism.

The object of the request of the Band was, as they explained it, that they could give me long and coherent messages. (The messages received at home were generally not more than a sentence or two, the 'power' not being sufficient for longer messages.)

The remarkable messages contained in this book, are the result of 24 daily sittings with Mrs. Soule.

The names of the spirits constituting the regular Band are those given in the title of the book, with the exception of the four last, Goldwin Smith, Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Ewart Gladstone, and Valentine Mott. These four were brought, at different times, to the sitting, by their friends, and special honors were shown them.

The sittings were guarded from intruding spirits by a large band of Indian spirits, brought by Longfellow, whose work is in the Indian sphere. Intruding spirits, who are generally of a low rank, would seriously have interfered with the messages of the Band, which messages were, as previously purposed, each of a special character.

My long and loving relationship with the Band, and my not being a scientific investigator (that is, one who applies his insulated intellect to a spiritual subject) caused the conditions to be altogether favorable for the delivery of the messages.

All the members of the Band knew of me when they were in the body, and of my work as Professor of English Literature; and I was acquainted with their literary works, and included some of them in my courses of lectures and readings.

This will partly serve to explain the make-up of the Band.

Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning were the first to join my wife, daughter, and two sons, at the sittings. Browning I knew for several years; my wife and I were last with him in Venice, in November, 1889; and when we parted, he had but a month and four days to live, though he showed remarkable vigor at the time. The last words he said to us, after bidding us good bye, were, "now remember you must visit me next May at De Vere Gardens in London."

I published, in 1886, an introduction to the study of his poetry, which met with his highest approba-

tion. In his letter acknowledging the receipt of the book, he wrote—"Let it remain as an assurance to younger poets that, after fifty years' work unattended by any conspicuous recognition, an over-payment may be made, if there be such another munificent appreciator as I have been privileged to find; in which case let them, even if more deserving, be equally grateful."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning received my daughter when she passed to the spirit world in 1874, and was her guardian angel until her mother went over in 1901.

I write this about these two great poets as an obvious explanation of their being the first to join my wife and children at the earliest sittings, which were held in New York, Mrs. Mayer being, as I have said, the medium.

Tennyson came next, brought by Browning and welcomed by my wife to the Band. They were devoted friends when in the body, and the messages show that they are devoted friends in the spirit world.

Tennyson knew of me when he was in the body, first through my annotated edition of 'The Two

Voices” and “*Dream of Fair Women*,” published in 1882; and a short time before his decease, he read my book on the *Aesthetics of English Verse*, and expressed himself delighted with it.

Walt Whitman I knew the last seven years of his life. I saw, several years before, the greatness of his message as embodied in his “*Leaves of Grass*,” especially in his “*Song of the Open Road*,” and I presented that message to my students, in my courses of lectures on *American literature*.

He has shown in his messages, as will be seen, a great devotion to my two sons, who passed away in babyhood, one, 54, the other 49 years ago; and they, in their messages, show a like devotion to him.

My wife corresponded with Longfellow, now 56 years ago, while she was making a French translation of his ‘*Hyperion*,’ with which he expressed himself highly pleased; he said, in fact, that her translation was better than the original. She also translated portions of ‘*Hiawatha*’ into German, in the trochaic-tetrameter verse of the original.

There is a playful allusion, in one of his messages, to her translation of 'Hyperion.'

Browning and Tennyson knew F. W. H. Myers as a poet and a distinguished Virgil scholar, when they were in the body. I don't remember how he was brought to the Band. But I remember he was joyfully received.

I used, for several years, his Wordsworth, published, thirty years ago, in 'English Men of Letters,' in my department of English Literature. This work shows his early spiritual vitality, which long after led to his interest in Psychical Research, the result being his great work, 'Human Personality and its survival of bodily death,' a great contribution to real Psychology. Much that is so called is only somatology, the science of the physical body. He has expressed his great pleasure in coming to my private sittings after the repeated tests of his identity, made in London, by those who knew him in the body, and without their being satisfied.

I knew Phillips Brooks and Frances Bennett, the latter about forty years. I gave a course of

lectures and readings, nearly every year, during that period, in the Ladies' school with which she was connected. She was an Episcopalian, and had then no belief in Spiritualism. She thought I had been deceived!

How far Phillips Brooks's belief in spirit visitation went, when he was in the body, can be seen in one of his great messages.

The messages of Goldwin Smith, Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Ewart Gladstone, and Valentine Mott will tell their own story.

In one of Goldwin Smith's latest articles, written in his earthly life, he bids farewell to ghosts. He had no belief whatever in spirit visitation. The first sentence of his first message, given herein (he had been but three months in the spirit world), indicates the sudden change induced by physical death: 'I believe the world would fall to pieces if it were not held together by the influences from the Spirit World.'

I have thus noted the unique character of the Spirit Band, including the four great spirits who were welcomed to the sittings.

In the nine years of my sittings with this Band,

I never had occasion to question the identity of any member of it.

Identity is a thing which cannot be proved to unbelievers in spirit visitation, nor even to some believers; and it is not worth while to attempt proof to such, as was shown in the case of F. W. H. Myers.

The time is not far distant when there will be (and it will appear to some to be very sudden) a wonderful transformation of the general mind, which is now being more or less unconsciously moulded by the atmosphere which is in course of rapid development.

H. C.

M. F. B.

PREFATORY NOTE.

This book is the legacy of an old man. It was written in the closing months of his long life. To see it through the press was his latest task, and it was his dying wish that it be published as he left it. That wish I gladly carry out.

The unpracticed work of the printer needs no further explanation, but it has seemed to me advisable in order that the character of the book and my father's eagerness for its publication may be better understood, to state briefly his attitude toward psychical research, and especially toward spiritualism as a religion. It will be evident at once to the reader that he accepted these messages without the slightest doubt of their genuineness. To him they were exactly what they purported to be, as much so as if he had received them *viva voce* or by letter from friends in this world. As far back as I can remember this was his attitude toward many such psychical phenomena. He has

told me that he was aware at times of unseen presences—especially one unseen presence often with him in his youth—so that the reality of this “other world” was believed in just as he believed in the reality of this world. It had become to him a matter of course. To the communications received he applied the same standards of judgment he applied to the people he met or the writings he read. If they, their surroundings, the tone of their conversation commended themselves to him, he accepted them and received them into his confidence. The possibility of fraud he met exactly as he met it in his relations with his fellowman in every day life. It was no more no less than the fraud in the world at large. In his dealings with his fellowman he felt it better in the long run to trust than to mistrust. A wise and discriminating trust he counted rather a protection against deception, while an attitude of distrust courted deception. And as I look back over his life, I find that his choice of friends was usually a wise and fortunate one. I know, too, that he seldom lost anything by hasty overconfidence. Certainly in his academic life he had a rarely erring instinct

as to character among his colleagues and his students. The good he eagerly cultivated, the bad he left to their own devices; yet there was no lack of hospitality in his home or of discipline in his lecture room.

With the English "Society for Psychological Research" he was in sympathy, for he felt that its members were scholars and men of character. It was only when such research seemed based on absolute doubt, when there was no open mind (no "mind to let," as Sir William Crookes puts it), and where the endeavor seemed to be rather to detect the fraudulent than to discover the genuine, that he grew impatient and indignant, and then his indignation was always most outspoken.

For the "insulated intellect," as he often said to me (and often in his writings)—the intellect of mere cunning—he had no admiration. It was only when mind was linked with man's finer spiritual nature that he felt any real creative or abiding work to be produced. Not only in poetic, literary, or artistic work did he feel this true, but in purely scientific and in the most practical and matter-of-fact work, the greatest results came with the co-

operation of the spiritual and intellectual nature. And so, too, with the faculty of observation, a function so important to the scientific mind, this same coöperation he counted necessary. Here, he believed, man's deeper and higher self acts as finder, while mind alone checks off and arranges the findings. We find what we have been prompted to look for. Thus an aspiration, an undefined sense of the existence of something hoped for, leads on to the thing itself, which the intellect pounces upon with all the delight of an independent and accidental find. He held, further, that the higher observation comes through a passive, receptive state, not through one of great mental intentness, with the eyes glued to the spot. And of this view he has spoken to me in connection with much of the psychical research and the treatment of mediums—such as occurred in the case of Eusapia Palladino in this country. The investigators had taken it for granted in the beginning that she was a fraud, and their whole time and endeavors were taken up with this assumption. Before her arrival they even had rehearsals where one acted as the medium cheating, while the others watched,

each with his own special part to detect. By this attitude, this intentness to discover fraud and only fraud, the spontaneity of the phenomena, he thought, had been suppressed, their own *idée fixe* having precluded any belief whatever in the reality of the phenomena. Faith and belief seemed to him better companions in work than doubt and distrust; and this not only in psychical research, but in the affairs of the world at large.

Thus, as with many others, even with some who have approached the subject from the scientific side, spiritualism had come to be to him a religion, and his daily talk with his unseen loved ones had become as necessary as to the *dévo*t his daily prayer and meditation. Only they who were with him in his home could realize how deeply this communion had entered into his life, from the moment he arose in the morning until he fell asleep at night. It had become a sort of beatific cult—a form of ancestor-worship. Before the portrait of each loved one was ever the floral offering. Every memento of the past had become sacred. The little room dedicated to his loved ones had become a shrine. If he walked or rode over the hills

it was ever with the hope and the assurance that his unseen loved ones were enjoying with him the trees, the flowers, the lake, the sky, the distant view. If he was mistaken, his error was more beautiful than truth, for it brought him peace and happiness when circumstance and his own nature had made him lonely in this world, even with many friends and admirers about him.

Holding this faith and this belief he had long ceased to look for tests or evidential matter of any kind. Yet, when some bit of evidence did come, he showed much pleasure, welcoming it as a further confirmation of his faith. How often I have heard him say: "I am not an investigator and never was one."

As early as 1874, soon after the death of his only daughter, he wrote for the *Cornell Review*, a student publication, an article on "Modern Spiritualism." To have written such a paper, in a university magazine, at a time when belief in such a faith was, with the public generally, an evidence of a disordered mind, and when it might be distasteful to university authorities and hazard a teacher's position, shows his independent and fearless spirit

—the same spirit which has now prompted him to make public these messages, messages of so intimate and personal a nature, and laying bare so much of the privacy of the home. Very few, I think, would be willing to do this. And yet, many as are the books which he has written and published, he wrote me, after he had completed this work: “The writing of this book has given me more pleasure than the writing of any of my other books—and I am prouder of it, too.”

Not all the messages received by him through Mrs. Soule are included in this volume. He has left out some which seemed to me of greater evidential value. He chose them as he would have chosen selections from literature to make up a manual for reading, on account of their literary form and their thought content. Some he omitted because they appealed less keenly to his sense of love and devotion. What determined his choice was what he esteemed their worth, not to the sceptic, but to the believer. Fully convinced himself of the reality of spirit communication, he simply would share the messages which seemed to him best worth the sharing.

Certainly no such collection of spirit messages has ever been published before, and to those for whom they are meant they will as certainly have their worth.

My father has repeatedly said that he had no missionary spirit. But this was true only in a measure. As a teacher, while he may not have been eager to plant new seed in new soil, his zeal in the cultivation of seed already planted was very great. Perhaps the missionary work he did accomplish, as teacher and as writer, was the greater for his unconsciousness of it. So, too, this book may prove.

EUGENE R. CORSON.

Savannah, Georgia,

Oct. 1st, 1911.

There is no death! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

LONGFELLOW.

The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours
dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

LONGFELLOW.

Life is probation and the earth no goal
But starting point of man.

BROWNING.

INTRODUCTION.

The conception of a personal God as a great monarch who was arbitrary in his dispensations, and who had to be appeased by burnt-offerings—the victims being, sometimes, human beings—must have been one of the earliest conceptions which the primitive man had in regard to a controlling power of the world. The conception underwent modifications as man progressed, his god being made more or less in the image of himself. But the conception of a supreme outside personality, superintending the world, in a human sense, has been maintained by the most advanced forms of religion, as has also that of an expiatory, atoning sacrifice. The latter, in the Christian religion, confined to one victim, is a doctrine of the “orthodox” Church of to-day, mainly traceable to the Epistles attributed to St. Paul.

St. Paul underwent changes in his attitude toward Christianity. At one time he made the resurrection of Christ (which, as he expressed it, abolished death and brought life and immortality

to light), the all-important fact—and that was the attractive one to the Jews and the Gentiles who became Christians. He finally settled upon the Crucifixion as the cardinal fact on which all else hinged, determined, as he says, in the Epistle to the Corinthians, not to know anything among them save Christ crucified, identifying the crucifixion, in its purpose, with the Hebrew expiatory sacrifice. He can certainly be regarded as the author-in-chief of Christian theology, as his final doctrine of an atoning sacrifice has been maintained by the Church to the present time as the cardinal one, and so it appears in the hymns of the Church.

In Christian art the crucifixion was long a chosen subject with the greatest artists; and the cross has ever been the ensign and adopted symbol of Christianity.

There had been a considerable growth of theology before the Gospels were written, and that growth was continued in them and can be traced through the four Gospels. Beginning with Mark, the earliest written, we see an advance from that Gospel through Matthew, Luke, and John, each

claiming more for Christ's nature and power. The Fourth Gospel, written several years, no doubt, after the Synoptics, may be said to be largely built upon the Logos idea of Philo Judæus—Jesus is identified with the Logos. He is deified; at least, made superhuman. He is altogether a different personality from the Jesus of the Synoptics.

All the seven miracles in this Gospel show a magnifying of power far beyond the twenty miracles of the Synoptics. The turning of water into wine at the marriage in Cana of Galilee (there being six waterpots of stone, containing two or three firkins apiece, filled with water to the brim), the giving sight to a man who had been born blind, the raising of Lazarus, who had lain in the grave four days, are found only in this Gospel.

The miracles were written, no doubt, to serve an apologetic, that is, a defensive, purpose. It does not appear that Jesus attached any special importance to his outward acts. He made spiritual vitality the all in all, the inducing of which was his great function. It is the burden of his teachings as recorded in the Gospels. In the Fourth Gospel he stands out prominently, almost exclu-

sively, as the giver of spiritual life. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."—John x. 10.

No dogmatism is ascribed to him in the Gospels. Creeds and dogmas were imposed on Christianity by the unspritualized intellect; but he who is spiritually alive is a Christian, independent of creeds, dogmas, and all other religious equipment.

How much more the Church would have realized essential Christianity if it could have escaped the intolerant dominancy of creeds and dogmas! And but for creeds and dogmas, the darkest, saddest pages of ecclesiastical history would not have been written; for to them were due, through several centuries, the torturings and burnings of heretics, many of them the greatest and best men of their times, of whom the world was not worthy, and who had, no doubt, realized essential Christianity by their exceptional spiritual vitality more than their inquisitors and persecutors.

Furthermore, the Church without its creeds and dogmas would not have been, for centuries, the great obstacle it was to intellectual enlightenment and to science of every kind. The Italian Curia

of the Roman Catholic Church is still doing all in its power to oppose scientific investigation and advanced thought, as being antagonistic to its creeds, its polity, and its intellectual despotism.

Creeds and dogmas naturally lose their importance as spiritual vitality advances. "He to whom the Eternal Word speaks, is set free from many opinions.* He does not merely have opinions, he has some knowledge absolute, subject to no dispute, which is of more worth than a legion of opinions. Multitudinous opinions, without a single ray of spirit-illumed knowledge, have kept the world in a constant state of antagonisms, especially the religious world. *Disputandi pruritus ecclesiarum scabies.***

But the speaking of the Eternal Word is a *conditional* response to every one's spiritual vitality. The Eternal Word does not speak to those who are not spiritually prepared to be spoken to. Spirit to spirit. All spirit is mutually attractive.

Christianity was certainly always potential in

* "Cui Aeternum Verbum loquitur, a multis opinionibus expeditur."
De Imitatione Christi, Lib. I. 3.

** The itch of disputation, the scab of the churches.

man; hence there must have been men and women, at all times, who had that degree of spiritual vitality, due to their coming into the world with bodies exceptionally favorable to that vitality, which made them nameless Christians ages before Christ. I shall speak further on of inherited physical bodies, as favorable or unfavorable to spiritual vitality.

That Christianity existed before Christ, was the opinion of Saint Augustine, expressed in his *De Vera Religione*, written early in the fifth century—an opinion which he had to retract, the Church claiming that man was newly *inoculated*, so to speak, with the eternal life offered by the Christ. (The words ‘eternal’ and ‘everlasting’, so frequently applied to ‘life’ in the Gospels and Epistles, have reference to the *kind* of life rather than merely to its endlessness. They are used as synonymous with ‘spiritual,’ spirit being in its nature eternal. In this sense the eternal life may be realized in this world.)

Augustine says: “For the thing itself which is now called the Christian religion, was with the ancients, nor was it absent from the beginning of

the human race, until Christ himself came in the flesh, whence the true religion which already was, began to be called Christian. For when, after the resurrection and ascension into heaven, the Apostles had begun to preach him, and very many believed, first at Antioch, as it is written, disciples were called Christians (Acts xi. 26). Therefore I have said, this is, in our times, the Christian religion; not because it was not in former times, but because in after times it received this name.”*

All religions have been characterized by impregnable conservatism and intolerance of what was regarded as heretical. No power has been more despotic than organized religious power. This has

* ‘Nam res ipsa quae nunc Christiana religio nuncupatur, erat apud antiquos, nec defuit ab initio generis humani, quousque ipse Christus veniret in carne, unde vera religio quæ jam erat, cœpit appellari Christiana. Cum enim eum post resurrectionem ascensionemque in coelum coepissent Apostoli praedicare, et plurimi crederent, primum apud Antiocham, sicut scriptum est, appellati sunt discipuli Christiani (Act. xi. 26). Propterea dixi, hæc est nostris temporibus Christiana religio; non quia prioribus temporibus non fuit, sed quia posterioribus hoc nomen accepit.’ Liber I, cap. xiii, ‘S. Aurelii Augustini Hippoensis Episcopi Retractationum Libri duo.’

been true of every form of religion of which there is any record. The divine faculties of man, to quicken which should have been their chief objects, have been paralyzed by priesthoods for thousands of years. The conservatism of the Christian Church, and the dire consequences of non-conformity thereto, were a great obstacle, as I have said, to the progress of Science through several centuries. But the time has quite gone by when scientists feared to tread on religious ground, which all through the centuries was regarded as consecrated, and from which the foot of the investigator was excluded. The Curia of the Roman Catholic Church, however, continues to make opposition to what it calls 'Modernism,' and, *mirable dictu*, imposes restrictions upon scientific professors in its Seminaries, yet at the same time makes use of the wonderful applications of science to human life, without acknowledging any indebtedness thereto.

Science has led to an extended belief in the universal *immanence* of an informing, life-giving, impersonal spirit, infinitely spontaneous in its action throughout the material universe (with its

countless millions of orbs, others being still in course of spontaneous formation), by virtue of which immanence, the universe is automatic in its action. There is no evidence whatever of any outside arbitrary management, in a human sense, nor of any direct special act of a personal God. There are personal agencies, in the form of advanced human spirits, which are ever exerting a saving power in this world—a power, however, which is conditional with those who are susceptible to it through their spiritual vitality. See the first of the spirit messages given in this book.

Of this universal, spontaneously formative spirit, all individualized forms of life partake; they are inherent, potential in it, and have been realized whenever conditions have been favorable for the appearance of any of them. But it will be long before the general religious mind can be dispossessed of the idea of an outward, omnipresent, consciously superintending power and it may be well that this idea be maintained by many minds.

Included in the automatic action of the universe, are all rewards and punishments, which accordingly take care of themselves; and all classifica-

tions in the spirit world, unlike the more or less arbitrary ones in this world, likewise take care of themselves, and they are numberless. See messages dated Sept. 14.

A not uncommon religious belief, but less common at present, I trust, through the influence of Spiritualism, is that there are only two distinct classes in the spirit world, the 'saved' and the 'lost', and that the condition of each class is permanent. Spiritualism teaches a better doctrine, and so does common sense.

There are many good people who believe heaven to be a state of perfect bliss! Oh, to be in such a stereotyped state, if it were possible in the nature of things, who could reasonably desire? Eternal activity and progress must be the desire of every rational soul.

Tennyson says of Virtue, in his beautiful little poem entitled 'Wages':

“Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the
 wrong—
 Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory
 she:
 Give her the glory of *going on*, and still to be.

She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of
the just,

To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer
sky:

Give her the wages of *going on*, and not to die."

It may be (this is only a surmise, it could not be anything else) that the indwelling universal spirit, the ultimate substance, comes to consciousness only through the individualizations of itself, and is constantly and forever passing into numberless millions of consciousnesses of incarnate beings; and there are numberless millions of consciousnesses of excarnate human beings in the spirit world.

If the unconsciousness of the universal spirit could be proved (it cannot be, nor yet disproved) the question would arise in numberless minds, what object of religious devotion is left for us? It could be answered: Man has the whole awful living universe as the object of his religious devotion. As an inseparable part of it, he should attain to that degree of spiritual vitality which his fealty to the whole demands. His sense of oneness would, of itself, be devotion, for it would im-

ply a fulness of spiritual vitality of which devotion is the spontaneous result. For spiritual vitality *must* radiate and respond to the spiritual outside of itself. So that he who can attain to this sense of oneness, is truly 'filled with the Holy Ghost.'

Quickened as the universe is throughout its whole extent by the indwelling spirit, it has, and must have, one and the same life; and every man has that within him which, when adequately quickened, responds to and claims kindred with this life, and is at home with it, and is thus assured that the life of the universe is spirit of which he himself partakes.

Religion and worship would be wholly factitious if the human spirit and the universal spirit were not one and the same and mutually attractive. The distinction which has been made between the human and the divine is baseless. The more one advances in responsiveness, the more spontaneous he is, and the more he thus becomes a law to himself. This is to advance to true freedom, to knowledge absolute subject to no dispute—*the knowledge of spiritual consciousness*, which is of a high-

er order of knowledge than the knowledge of phenomena (appearances) of which the senses take account. The spontaneous, even unconscious response of man's spirit to the universal spirit is what his love of God should mean, as it does so mean; that is 'walking with God' in the highest sense.

To the degree that one is in harmony with the spiritual constitution of the universe, to that degree will he be spontaneously religious. All great creative poets, more than men in general, have a sense of their kinship with the universal spirit by reason of their exceptional spiritual vitality: they are born pantheists. Wordsworth certainly was, and so, too, was Tennyson—witness 'The Higher Pantheism,' 'Flower in the Crannied Wall,' 'The Ancient Sage,' etc.; and so was Walt Whitman, who was a great cosmic genius, with a deep cosmic consciousness. All the higher poetry is a revelation of this sense of kinship.

Mankind have, more or less, a love of nature, which really means a spontaneous, an unconscious response, however slight that may be, to the in-

dwelling spirit. An insensibility to the charms of nature would indicate spiritual atrophy.

Blessed is he who has "spirit-gifted eyes ;
Doubt not but he holds in view
A new earth and heaven new."

Our institutions of learning should do more for spiritual education, independently of what is generally understood to be such an education, namely, an initiation into a system of creeds, dogmas, etc., as the necessary equipment for life's voyage. The intellect and the memory are almost exclusively exercised. The function of the higher literature, especially poetic and dramatic literature, is to bring into play the spiritual nature along with the intellectual, for literature proper is spiritualized thought, artistically expressed, as distinguished from abstract thought, but it is not generally studied in the schools in a way to realize its true function. It is too frequently made a mere knowledge subject. Too much scholarship is mixed up with and intruded upon the study, so that a work of genius is not allowed to make its own independent spiritual impression, which would certainly

interest most students more than unnecessarily obtruded scholarship.

Now in what does a true spiritual education consist? Its source is indicated in the following passage from Browning's 'Paracelsus':

'There is an inmost centre in us all
Where truth abides in fulness; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect clear perception—which is truth;
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Blinds it and makes all error; and to KNOW
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without.'

No Lockian doctrine, this, of a *tabula rasa*, and of sensations transformed into ideas. By 'truth,' in this passage, is meant absolute, eternal truth, the truth which 'makes free,' gives freedom to the spiritual nature, which is more or less in bondage in the physical body. The interior man is independent of outward experiences in regard to absolute truth.

There is comparatively but a small part of us

which comes to consciousness in this life, however much we may be educated, in the common acceptance of that word, and however extended our outward and our inward experiences may be. Back of our conscious and active powers, is a vast and mysterious domain of unconsciousness—but a domain which is, nevertheless, our true being, and which is more or less, according to the degree of our rectified attitudes, unceasingly influencing our conscious and active powers, and more or less determining us to act according to absolute standards, rather than to relative and expedient standards.

All great natures (great by reason of their exceptional spiritual vitality in coöperation with their intellects, such coöperation constituting real personality), must be more or less aware of this inward source, and have, in consequence, less regard for outward authority in spiritual matters. They have that within which *tests* outward authority, be it in a book regarded as inspired, or from any other source.

I shall speak of what is called in the passage from 'Paracelsus,' 'an inmost centre in us all

where truth abides in fulness,' as 'the unconscious self.' The conscious self, in this life, in whatever degree it may be widened and deepened, must be very limited in comparison with the potential consciousness and faculty within us, which a future life will realize.

Jesus regarded all men and women as the 'Word made flesh,' the kingdom of God being, as he said, within them; but the Word is more or less deeply buried and it was his special mission to resurrect it. 'I am the resurrection and the life' (that is, I, a resurrected spirit, resurrect the buried spirits of men, and thus give them spiritual life) he is represented as saying to Martha who had expressed to him, in regard to her brother, the prevailing belief (especially of the Pharisees, derived from the Chaldeans, during the Captivity) in a general resurrection of *buried bodies* at the last day.

There is no resurrection of buried bodies; but at physical death, the spirit body is resurrected, or rises out of the physical body. It is the spirit body which maintains the individual existence of the spirit after physical death.

It is what a man draws from his unconscious self that is of prime importance in his true education in the literal sense of the word, not what is put into him. But in our system of so-called education it is all putting in, not drawing out.

There are uprisings, at rare times, it may be, from our unconscious selves which cause us to 'feel that we are greater than we know.' Walt Whitman asks, in his 'Leaves of Grass,'

'Has never come to thee an hour,
A sudden gleam divine, precipitating, bursting
all these bubbles, fashions, wealth?
These eager business aims—books, politics,
art, amours,
To utter nothingness?'

What an assurance such an hour gives of hidden greatness, when 'the mortal limit of the self is loosed'!

Such uprisings from the sub-self more or less subside; but the more frequent they become, by reason of an advance in spiritual vitality, the less are their subsidences, the uprisings becoming more

and more a part of our permanent conscious selves, and attaining more and more to oneness with absolute being.

The sympathetic, assimilative reading of great poets is among the efficient means of inducing these uprisings—sympathetic assimilative reading, not the *study* of them as pursued in the schools. The exclusive intellectual attitude, so generally taken, shuts off the spiritual element which is the true educating life of poetry, and demands a spiritual response, spirit to spirit. These uprisings give us intimations of immortality more evidential and assuring than can be derived from all merely intellectual ‘evidences’. The subject of immortality is not, in fact, within the domain of the discursive intellect.

An indispensable requisite of a teacher of literature is a highly cultivated voice, a voice, too, whose intonation (the choral part of an interpretative voice) should be such as to evoke a response of his students to the spiritual element of the poem he is reading, along with the articulating thought which is received by their intellects. Abstract thought does not require to be vocally in-

terpreted. It can be got through the eye. If it be read aloud, with proper grouping of the sections of sentences, any ordinary voice would serve. Students' voices should be cultivated, and they should read much poetry aloud. The language of the higher poetry is more spiritualized than that of the drama.

Wordless prayer (better than prayer of set words, which may become mechanical by being frequently repeated), the soul's ardent, aspiring desire, spontaneously exhaled, tends to arouse the unconscious self. Such prayer, without ceasing, is possible—a prayerful state of soul—but that is not easily attained to in this soul distracting world, 'dark with griefs and graves'—not graves of graveyards, but graves within men, in which their spiritual natures are buried—a world which, at present, sadly needs the rest offered by the great Rest-giver to those who labor and are heavy laden; a rest that is not the absence of activity, but a spontaneous, unimpeded activity of the spiritual nature; an activity derived from the Universal Spirit, the tireless motive power of the universe—a most busy rest, the rest of Peace.

The earnest and experienced Spiritualist has an exceptional assurance, rather than a mere belief, that he is 'compassed about with so great a crowd of witnesses;' and his assurance must much determine the upright character of his life, knowing, as he does, that the good spiritual influence of these witnesses depends upon his soul's ardent, aspiring desire of righteousness, independently of any prayer of set words. Every one is responsible, he knows, for the kind of spiritual company he keeps, and his desire is, therefore, for good company.

The infinite degrees of manifestation of the Universal Spirit are determined by the infinite modes of its embodiment, conscious and unconscious, from the lowest to the highest, from vegetable forms up through all forms of animal life to the human body. All spirit is a unity, and its manifestation depends upon the *kind* of embodiment. The highest form which has been evolved on this planet, and in which the universal Spirit can have the highest manifestation, is the human body; and this 'fearfully and wonderfully made' organ of the spirit also presents its obstructions to the ac-

tion of the spirit; but it may be rendered less obstructive according as one advances in spiritual vitality. Browning has characterized this obstruction as

‘Some slight film,
The interposing bar which binds a soul,
And makes the idiot, just as makes the sage
Some film removed.’

As the spirit advances in freedom, the spirit body, which is already in the physical body, being formed in the womb (the physical body being a materialization of it), is refined, and spiritualizes the physical body, and may even contribute to its longevity. It is composed, as I have been informed by my spirit friends, of primordial, ultimately refined matter, which is permeated, in earth life, by matter of a lower order. This latter is reduced in this world by a spiritual life, and the refinement of the spirit body will be continued in the future life by the spirit's progress, which progress means an increase in its freedom, and only that, due to the increased refinement of its embodiment. Spirit itself, being the ultimate substance, (essence) cannot be evolved.

“So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight;
For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.”

It should be added that as the spirit body advances in refinement, it advances in vibrations, and passes accordingly to spheres in the spirit world of higher vibrations. That's the real meaning of progress in the spirit world. Undeveloped spirits cannot bear the vibrations of spheres higher than their own; but advanced spirits can descend through the lower spheres and into earth's atmosphere where they can remain, at the longest, only two or three hours. The spirits of my Band have so informed me.

Materialistic psychology (a contradiction in the adjective) carries materialism to an extreme by wildly regarding consciousness as due to, and ending with, the dissolution of the mortal physical organism.

Embodiment is, indeed, a condition of conscious-

ness; and if the spirit had not an embodiment independently of the physical body, consciousness would terminate with physical death. But there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body within the natural body (the latter being, indeed, a materialization of the former); and the spiritual body maintains the individual existence of the spirit after physical death.

The spirit body as an organism independent of the physical body, has been as fully proved by Spiritualism as any established scientific fact has been proved.

My friend and former colleague, Dr. Schiller, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, truly says: "Matter is not that which produces consciousness, but that which limits it; material organization does not construct consciousness out of arrangements of atoms, but contracts its manifestation within the sphere which it permits."

As I have stated in other words, the action of the spirit is more or less conditioned by the physical body, which has as many degrees of fitness or unfitness for the action of the spirit as there are human beings on this planet. In one body the

spirit may have a very exceptional freedom of action, and the result may be what is called a genius. Another body, instead of being, so to speak, a roomy and pleasant abode of the spirit, may be a Bastile dungeon, and the result may be what is called an idiot. But the spirit, in its essential, unchangeable nature, is the same in all bodies.

What is called heredity has an entirely physical basis. So parents may transmit more or less bondage, or more or less freedom, of spirit to their offspring. One may improve his physical body as an organ of the spirit, and another may so impair his body as to make it more of a prison for the spirit.

Bondage of spirit is what is properly meant by the (falsely-called) depravity of spirit. Total depravity is one of the five points of Calvinism. There can be no such thing as total depravity in the whole universe of mind and matter. It is one of the monstrous absurdities of theology. Spirit itself cannot be actually depraved: it is the same in the saint and the sinner: it is one with the Universal Spirit. When the spirit is in a state of bond-

age the animal nature is in control; the senses are unchecked in their rule.

What is called sin (which theologians have regarded as an entity introduced into the human system by Adam and Eve's eating the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, a Babylonian myth long earlier than the old Book of Genesis!) means simply imperfect realization, or non-realization of the spiritual nature—a negation, not an entity—and has always existed and always will exist, in the very nature of things. It is no problem at all, but an imposition of the mind upon itself. In the sense of imperfect realization it may be said to exist in the whole vegetable and animal world. There is no form of life, animal or vegetable, that realizes all that is potential in it. All forms of life are subject to separable accident, to that which does not essentially belong to them. Various forms of life existing together, necessarily interfere with each other and are mutual obstacles, along with numerous others, to the full realization of what is potential in them. Horticulturists, pomologists, and agriculturists of the present day are doing what may be called mission-

ary work among flowers and fruits and all the products of the fields, by freeing them from their separable accidents. The same may be said of the scientific improvement of all domestic animals. Animals in a wild state realize more of themselves, perhaps, than domestic animals.

Evolution, which has been going on forever throughout the Universe, implies, of course, *involution*, and the latter means non-realization.

If the intellectual and the spiritual nature of man were largely and coordinately developed (that would be geniusward), his sense of the oneness of all things would keep pace with that development. It may be that some have attained to such a difficult co-ordination, and have consequently experienced what is said in the Hindu Upanishads:

‘They that see the Real in the midst of this Unreal, they that behold life in the midst of this death, they that know the One in all the changing manifoldness of this universe, unto *them* belongs eternal peace—unto none else, unto none else.’

And so in the *De Imitatione Christi*: ‘He to whom all things are one, and who draws all things

to one, and sees all things in one, is able to be stable in heart and to remain at peace in God.' *

They have a quickened divine instinct. When such a state is reached, or even when it is approached, mere opinions, creeds, and dogmas in religion, give place to it. The Eternal Word, that is, the universal divine manifestation, has spoken to him who has reached or approached this state. The Eternal Word is ready to speak to every one, but not every one is prepared to be spoken to. Such preparation should be the prime aim and end of education, worthy of the name, not merely the sharpening of the insulated intellect. 'The blindness of the intellect begins,' says Emerson, 'when it would be something of itself.'

A university professor who is merely a good teacher, as distinguished from an inspiring educator, may grow dim in the memories of some of his students, in after years. But if one who is an inspiring educator makes a contribution, so to speak, to a student's conscious being, due to open-

* 'Cui omnia unum sunt, et qui omnia ad unum trahit, et omnia in uno videt, potest stabilis corde esse et in Deo pacificus permanere.' Lib. I cap. III.

ing out a way by which some of his unconscious self is brought to consciousness, that student will hold him to his dying day in grateful remembrance. This is one evidence that a widening and deepening of the conscious self is more satisfying to the soul than the mere acquisition of objective knowledge, however extensive that may be. The latter is not so life-giving as the former.

A fulness of coöperative intellectual and spiritual life is the greatest of earthly attainments; and he is the completest man who realizes it. A great dominancy of either makes life a lopsided voyage.

Grateful beyond expression would be every student who could say to a former teacher as Dante, in the *Divina Commedia* represents himself as saying to his teacher, Brunetto Latini, 'M'insegnate Come l' uom S' eterna, (You taught me how man eternalizes himself), that is, attains to eternal life, or the life of the spirit, as eternal life always means in the Gospels. But, unfortunately, there are not legions of resurrecting teachers. Some only bury deeper the spirits of their students, by an excessive stuffing of them with all kinds of

temporal knowledge, and by exercising only their intellects and memories.

It should be the main function of ministers of the Gospel to induce *conversion* in their hearers rather than learnedly to expound texts from the Scriptures. Such function requires that the preacher be an inspiring personality, that is, one in whom the spiritual nature is highly quickened and ever coöperates with the intellectual. Such a one has a converting power. Clergymen, too, should have inspiring voices, exhibiting their spiritual vitality; should have what Walt Whitman, in his poem entitled 'Vocalism,' calls 'the divine power to speak words,' 'to bring forth what lies slumbering forever ready in all words.' But this 'divine power' is not developed as it should be, in theological schools. It would be more correct, perhaps, to say that it is not developed at all.

In the 4th chapter of Luke, it appears that Jesus must have had 'the divine power to speak words.' After his reading from the book of the prophet Isaiah what is given in the 18th and 19th verses, beginning 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,' we are told that the eyes of all in the syna-

gogue were fastened on him. I fancy that this fix-
edness of attention on the part of his hearers was
due to the intonation of his voice which enveloped
what he read in an electric aura. The whole de-
scription is beautiful and dramatic.

To return to the subject of conversion: what,
indeed, is conversion? It is more than a convic-
tion of sin, and a confession of belief in the creeds
and dogmas of a church. Belief, of itself, in spiri-
tual truths, avails little or nothing, without a reali-
zation of them. It may be a purely intellectual ac-
ceptance of them. The Greek word translated
'believe,' in the Gospel (*πιστεύειν*), means other
than that; it means, to give a spiritual response
to. The noun form, *πίστις*, is used sometimes as
quite synonymous with *ἀγάπη*, love, a responsive
outgoing of the spirit.

There's a beautiful example of conversion in
the monologue of the Canon Caponsachi, in
Browning's *The Ring and the Book*, wherein the
canon sets forth to the judges the circumstances
under which his soul was set revolving in a new
orbit, after a life of dalliance and elegant folly,
and made aware of the marvelous dower of the

life it was gifted and filled with. The passage is one of the greatest in this great poem, and bears testimony to the poet's own soul life, without which he could not have written it.

De Quincey's interpretation of '*Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand,*' the Greek original of 'repent' being *Μετανοεῖτε*, is equally applicable to 'conversion': 'Wheel into a new centre your spiritual system; *geocentric* has that system been up to this hour—that is having earth and the earthly for its starting point; henceforward make it *heliocentric* that is, with the sun, or the heavenly, for its principle of motion'.

Our systems of public education in the United States result in a general dominancy, if not autocracy, of intellect, which is not conducive to public morality. This may be a startling statement to some minds; but it is quite true, as is evident at the present day. Some of our greatest criminals are intellectual sharpers with the lust for harm. I mean, of course, no condemnation of the noble faculty of intellect. Nor is it well to be a spiritual invertebrate in this earthly life. Man's powers

must exert themselves in combination, if he would have a well-balanced character.

Psychology, as generally taught in the schools, tends to deaden a belief in the independent life of the spirit, rather than, as it should, to vitalize it, and it conduces more to materialism than does any other subject in the curriculum of studies. The physical body is treated as an automatic machine (which, indeed, it is) but it is more, and the more is left out! It is the temporary organ and abode of the immortal spirit. But the latter is regarded by many professors of the subject as a result merely of the physical organism and dependent upon it for its existence, which will end with the dissolution of the organism! The independent life of the spirit which has been scientifically proved by investigators into Spiritualism (it is no longer a matter of mere belief), is quite ignored.

Spiritualism has contributed more to *real* psychology (i. e. the science of the soul), than have most of the professors of the subject in our universities. This is not an extravagant statement. It was really against Professor William James,

of Harvard University, that he was interested in Spiritualism and believed in and taught the independent life of the spirit!

Among the greatest contributions to real psychology have been the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research and F. W. H. Myers's 'Human Personality and its Survival of bodily death.' The chapter on Genius, the third of the first volume of this great work is, of itself, a most valuable contribution. Genius was, perhaps, never before so satisfactorily characterized.

Some materialistic anthropologists, prominent among them being Dr. Max Nordau, regard genius as a condition of degeneracy! Myers has shown that genius, with faculties in some degree innate in all, is 'rather a *fulfilment* of the true norm of man, with suggestions, it may be, of something *supernormal*—of something which transcends existing normality, as one advanced stage of evolutionary progress transcends an earlier stage.'

While Genius, as characterized by Myers, cannot be produced by education, education, in its true sense, should be conducted in the *direction* of genius.

‘Genius is the power of lighting one’s own fire,’ says John Foster, the author of ‘On Decision of Character.’ This is a *clinamen* toward a definition. Thomas De Quincey, in his essay on John Keats, defines genius to be ‘the synthesis of the human spirit with the human intellect, each acting through the other.’ Such a definition is entirely acceptable, so far as it goes; but certainly the highest order of genius, such as that of Shakespeare or of Milton, must transcend this synthesis. Education might, and ought to do something *toward* such a synthesis. And such a synthesis, even if it were only partially realized, would do much for character in this life, and would be *some* preparation for the life to come—a preparation which the present systems of mere learning do not much to bring about. Spiritualism is doing great service toward such a preparation, as it teaches more of the constitution of the spirit world than does theology. It no longer needs an *apologia pro vita sua*. Its life has been nobly defended by its votaries against all attacks of its enemies, for the last sixty years. Nor does it longer need to notice the absurd explanations of

its phenomena, made by 'the wise in their own conceit.' It need only to go on and do the great work which is before it, really the greatest work which is now to be done in the world—the greatest by reason of what is destined to be its results in freeing theology of its baseless traditions, many of them Babylonian, and the church, from its subjection thereto, and in bringing the spirit world into a more intimate relationship with this lower world. With the latter rest the *conditions* required for this more intimate relationship, one indispensable condition being the quickening of the spiritual nature along with what is now an almost exclusive cultivation of the discursive, non-intuitive intellect, in the general systems of education. I have already alluded to some of the means for inducing this quickening of the spiritual nature, which, apart from its being a condition of increased relationship with the spirit world, is an indispensable condition of the only true life in this world. The literature of Spiritualism, which is now greater, perhaps, than that of any other subject during the last sixty years, while it substantiates spirit visitation, and the influence of

the spirit world upon this, is an exponent of the most advanced religious thought of the present time, and is destined to transform, if not, perhaps, in time, do away with, theology, which has been maintained by a hierarchy, and to make *the life of the spirit the all in all* in religion, as it was the all in all with the founder of Christianity. There can then be a truly catholic, that is, universal, church which is one, spiritually, and diversified, intellectually.

The salvation which Jesus taught comes from *within*, not from without. There could be no such thing in the nature of things as a vicarious atonement, an inheritance of Christian Theology from the Savage Past. Man can be *at one* with the Universal Spirit only through his own spiritual vitality. That alone is salvation. Through that alone he becomes his own Saviour. He cannot reasonably hope for a delegated responsibility. As says the German Mystic, Johann Scheffler (Angelus Silesius):

‘Tho’ Christ a thousand times at Bethlehem
were born,

And not within thyself, thy soul would be
forlorn.

The cross at Golgotha thou lookest to in vain,
Unless within thyself it be set up again. *

*Wird Christus tausendmal zu Bethlehem geboren,
Und nicht in dir, du bleibst noch ewiglich verloren:
Das Kreuz zu Golgotha kann dich nicht von dem Bösen,
Wo es nicht auch in dir wird aufgericht't erlösen.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

I.

Good to forgive;
Best to forget!
Living, we fret;
Dying, we live.
Fretless and free,
Soul, clap thy pinion!
Earth have dominion,
Body, o'er thee!

II.

Wander at will,
Day after day,—
Wander away,
Wandering still—
Soul that canst soar!
Body may slumber:
Body shall cumber
Soul-flight no more.

III.

Waft of soul's wing!
What lies above?
Sunshine and love,
Skyblue and Spring!
Body hides—where?
Ferns of all feather,
Mosses and heather,
Yours be the care!

ROBERT BROWNING.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

9 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

At this first séance I did not know that the control could adapt her rate of utterance to my writing, until past the middle of the séance, when I expressed the wish that I could take down the messages *verbatim*. She then said she could wait, after each phrase or sentence, for me to do so. The opening messages, as was usual, had come from my wife, the founder of the Spirit Band, my daughter, and two sons, which I could copy only imperfectly, the control speaking too fast for me.

My wife had brought to the séance, Goldwin Smith, whom she had known many years, when in the body, and he being a distinguished visitor, and having recently passed to the spirit world, the members of the Band were much pleased to give place to him to deliver his message. In the spirit world, 'honor due and reverence none neglects,' as Milton says in the *Paradise Lost*.

I was now able to take down his message *verbatim*, and from that time on all the messages through the 24 séances.

Nothing has been omitted or added in the messages as they were given to me. They are given

strictly *verbatim*, no improvement in any expression throughout the whole series of séances was necessary.

H. C.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

I believe the world would fall to pieces if it were not held together by the influences from the spirit world. There is so much of a disintegrating power in the world, to-day, that the spiritual forces of man would be dissipated and lost if it were not for the continual outpouring of the spiritual fluid from this life.

Much of my work needs finishing touches, and putting in order; and I had set myself about the task of doing it, but it was never finished.* And now other hands than mine must finish the work, I mean my *Reminiscences*. They are in such shape that they can be adjusted, but it will not be by my hand.**

GOLDWIN SMITH.

* He fell and broke his hip on February 2, 1910, and was no longer able to give the finishing touches to his *Reminiscences*. He passed June 7, 1910.

**The editing of the *Reminiscences* was left to Arnold Haultain his secretary for more than 17 years. In a letter received from him, he writes "Some time before his death, Mr. Goldwin Smith in an agreement signed by himself and myself, and duly attested, appointed me his sole literary executor; and, in order to enable me to carry out that trust, put me in possession of 'all his writings and manuscripts.'"

10 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

PAULINE HENRIETTE CORSON.

Oh, it is such a joy to come to you and speak in this clear and definite way. You know that we are always near you, always at your call; and yet, to be able to express some of the things we have long wanted to tell you, is a joy to all of us. First, I want to tell you about our home. Something we have never talked much about is the capacity to see you even while we are busy and concerned in the affairs of the life we now lead. We have a power not possessed by mortals of seeing long distances, and through opaque substances. Solid matter has no power to obstruct our view. Consequently, wherever we are, we are able to see you and know what you are about. We are not obliged to be present in the room where you are, in order to be conscious of your thought or attitude; but when we desire to express something to you, we draw near, in the same normal and natural way as we should if we were in the physical world.

It seems as if the eye of the spirit had telescopic power, and microscopic power as well. So you

see, father dear, that we have added powers which help us to bear the separation which seems always so hard for mortals who do not understand the progressive steps or changes from death into life eternal.

I do not mean to tell you how much I love you; *that* you know, and may rest in for ever and ever; but to tell you of my active life, my power to bring things into your life, and the understanding of the law which keeps us all together.

When Mamma first came over here, she was so uneasy over you. She felt you needed her, and she talked about it all the time. She used to say, 'Pauline, what can I do. I feel as if I had left him alone to live out his life, and I so much want to have him with me here.' But now she is better content, and is satisfied to wait until the day comes when you will open the door and walk into the new life with the energy which has been stored up within you, by your understanding of the spiritual law.' [The control speaks: 'Then that daughter of yours just stoops over you and draws your head right over on her shoulder and whispers to you that you look just as young and hand-

some to her as you did when she was here. She sees no sign of age about you, only the wonderful spirit that actuates you, does she see, and she loves that spirit.”

There is a music box; don't you have that play, sometimes, for your séances? (Yes,.) Well, Paulie speaks of that, and says she loves that. There is one piece of music from an opera that she loves the best of all that is in that music box. There is a march which Mr. Brooks likes. It is something like a grand processional.]

PAULIE.

CAROLINE ROLLIN CORSON.

Help me to say all that is in my heart. The sweet associations of the past crowd in upon me now, as I stand here speaking to you from this glorious life that is all about me.

It was a great cross to us that our sons were not spared;* and yet, when I found them here so highly developed, so real, and so like men, I felt quite content that they had preceded me; and you will feel just as I did when you come over where

* They both passed in babyhood, 54 and 48 years ago.

I am. They are still studying and working, and tell me in confidence that they have so much they want to do before you come. Mr. Whitman * has been like a father to them, and they love him sincerely and he has grown through his service to them, which was rendered first for love of you, now combined with a devotion to them.

Mr. Whitman was a much misunderstood man; and you, with your quick comprehension of his message and his power, helped him to receive recognition from others, and he never will forget it. When he first met me, over here, his first words were, 'my dear friend, how glad I am to welcome you;' and then, with tears in his eyes,** he said, all that I had of recognition I owe to him' (meaning you).

After I had had some long talks with my father, ***who had been gone so long, he told me that many, many times he had been to our home and had tried to manifest there.

* Walt Whitman, the poet, who passed in 1892.

** The Control said: That's only a mode of expression. The spirit does not shed tears.

*** Francois Antoine Rollin.

The boys hardly wanted me to leave their presence, a moment. They had had a mother's care from your mother. They call her Mother Corson. But they always knew that I was the mother. They had been taught that. And let me say right here, dear, that no one can usurp the place which belongs to another. Motherhood is always motherhood; and the children waited in understanding and knowledge of the coming parent.

The control: Your wife speaks of your boy alive. She thinks much of him, and often goes to see him. But he is not sure of her visits. He would be glad to be sure, but is not sure, of her presence. But she does not forget him; and if she could do anything to help him, she would. He ought to understand this philosophy. It would help him in his profession.

I see a little girl of his. Her name begins with M (Mildred?) 'Yes.' She is a medium, she is so psychic. She is very like her grandmother Corson. Your wife says: I never could say all I wish to say, with a little smile on her face.

CARRIE.

One of your boys, Joseph, just comes forward

with all the strength and beauty that come from a purely spiritual life, and he says :

How can I express to you how glad we all are to have you take this journey to talk with us! It will help you through many of the long lonely hours of the winter; but, father, if you could see us in the home, you would never have a lonely moment. It is not alone in the séance room that we come, but we are with you, some of us, every hour of the day. Somebody is always on guard, and you have some beautiful spirits, long gone from the Earth life, who are guides to you. They were there around you when we came over here, long, long ago. I think they were there when you were a very young man, when you first began to philosophize on these subjects.

JOSEPH CORSON.

[The Control: Your boys love your uncle Alan,* a Quaker. He had the essence of this truth, of spirits hovering near mortals; and while he was no fighter, he would stand for his faith as

* Alan W. Corson, a mathematician and a scientist, who passed in 1882, in his 85th year. He was a strong abolitionist, and for many years would not make use of the products of slave labor.

staunch and firm as any soldier, in the army of the Lord. He is a wonderful spirit, and your boys are very fond of him, and they learn much from him. He takes them on long walks through woods and country of the spirit world, and shows them the wonderful manifestations of the great spirit, the Spirit of Life, the Energy. Your uncle William is with Alan. He did not have the same capacity which Alan had, but he loved him, and would do anything he could for him, was proud of him. Hiram is with them. That book of his is authoritative. He spent a great deal of time on it.*

They wanted to send a word to you while there was a chance, because the Corsons are in a manner clannish, and they don't want to be left out. They cling to you, and they want recognition. Your Uncle Jacob is here. He is one of those wholesome and good, and strong as he can be; and he wants to speak of your mother, because

* *The Corson Family: A History of the Descendants of Benjamin Corson, son of Cornelius Corson of Staten Island, New York, By Hiram Corson, M. D. William and Hiram Corson were physicians, the latter distinguished in his profession, which he practiced for more than sixty years, passing in 1896, in his 92d year.*

she is so happy to come. You'll be glad to know she is having so much peace and quiet. She worked so hard when she was here. She was very proud and wanted all the best that could come to her children.

11 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

Before you go back home I want to give you some messages; but, to-day, we all stand aside until Mr. Browning gives you his message. F. W. H. Myers.

The control: The first thing Mr. Browning does is to clasp your hands and look into your eyes; and he says:

This is one of the happiest experiences of my many beautiful ones with you. It is always a joy for a man to meet a man whose impulses and inspirations are like his own. So you can well understand my pleasure in coming to you.

Although I am largely read and generally approved, it was not always so; and I had to work my way into the hearts of the people, or rather into their comprehension. I know what you will say, my friend, their comprehension had to grow

to meet my expression. Be that as it may; to-day, the understanding of my lines is only possible by those who have felt the touch of the Infinite Spirit and heard the voice of the angelic host.

I wish I were able to express to you all the wondrous beauty of the life over here. But you will come by and bye, and then it will be my pleasure to go with you, and enjoy with you some of the beauties of the spirit kingdom. Your wife is often our companion through old scenes and associations,* and a most agreeable companion she is, for she excels in the power of conversation.

I am still interested in the world and in statesmanship, and all the powers that hold nations together; but you well know that I prefer to keep just outside the circle of political influences, and shoot my arrow over the heads of the ring masters and touch the centre beyond.

I was interested to watch our late King** when he came over here—he who had been the idol of the idle, he who had been the courtier of the

* He means Earthly scenes and associations. My wife knew him when in the body.

** King Edward VII.

court, and he who found his Kingship after long years of dissipation and commonplace life. Like ordinary men he had to come among us without pomp or ceremony, or any of the things that spoke of his greatness by birth; and like a true Briton, he accepted his place, and smiled graciously on his friends. It was a surprise to him to find himself relieved of the burdens of state; but to those who were concerned with the Kingdom, pre-eminently Mr. Gladstone, there was no surprise. I only speak of this as one of the instances of interest to some of us over here.

It is as interesting to see a man of degree, apparently, from the world's standpoint, slip into his place of spiritual height and understand himself at once.

The one thing that stands out more definitely to the thinkers of the race, is the classification of spirits by their Earth expressions.* They slip into the class to which they belong as naturally and normally as rain falls into running brooks and be-

* There's an automatic, so to speak, classification of spirits according to their spiritual progress in Earth life. It will be seen that the word 'expression,' is used in all the messages, in the general sense of life manifestation.

comes a part of the great water system of the world.

Most poets have a sense of the unfitness of things in human life, and the cry of their souls after adjustment becomes the song that soothes the heart of the nation.

You well know that many of these things I felt, and tried to express; and with all the gratitude and love at my command, I sign myself your friend, Robert Browning.

The Control: Immediately behind him comes his little wife, and she says:

“We are so happy to think how this has all been brought about. God’s hand is in all friendships, and his fingers close fast into the fingers of our loved ones.

It is wonderful to think of, but we who stand in the light of the revealed life, see an explanation for all the intricate paths that cross and recross the lives of our human friends.

We are so happy to have our lives written, and are happy to have you give so much information to our dear Lilian,* and through that friendship

* Miss Lilian Whiting, who was, at the time, writing the combined lives of Robert and Mrs. Browning.

of yours and hers, we are able to come and make this human touch with you. It's good, so good, to be with those you love; to feel the very heavens stoop low; enfolding, as a lily, in white clouds from above, all the sweet influences, and bringing perfect peace.

Sometime, I hope to bring a verse to you and lay it on the altar of our precious friendship; for you must know that whoever holds Robert's affection, holds mine too. We are one and indivisible, to-day, as always.

Bless you for all the brave words you have spoken in defense of this truth which to me was the only explanation of life.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

I give you greeting, dear brother Corson. I do not want to take a moment from your heart's treasures,* but this place was assigned me.** You see, dear friend, every thing that comes to you is systematized and orderly, because it is as it should

* My own four, wife, daughter, and two sons. **The Band had arranged in regard to the order in which the members of it were to give their messages.

be for a man of your habits. When we come to you in your home, we are as regular as the sun, and never miss the time or the place; and we are trying to have this series of interviews as orderly and perfect as those at your home.

I cannot express to you the joy it is to find a responsive spirit in the world of mortals. So long it mourned its dead as if there were nothing but dumb lips, and deaf ears, and sightless eyes, and vacant places, that the very thought of a message was doubtful and displeasing; and so we were put away like some rare treasure to wait until a day dawned when the door of our dark hiding place would be opened, and we should once more be revealed. But to be able to come in a human way to a human heart, is joy unspeakable. We do appreciate your effort to give us pleasure at the home,* and the house is never empty and never silent to us, for the whispers of the dead are there; I mean of course, the supposed dead.

I often stand in your library and look over your books, and am as much at home as if I were in my

* He alludes to the private séances at my home on Thursday evenings, the Medium being my Swedish housekeeper, Matilda Sjoegren.

old surroundings, and much more at home than I am in Westminster Abbey, although I suppose I would have felt chagrined had I been put in an ordinary grave.

The honors England heaps upon her dead laureates have to be slipped out from under, in order to get a breath of free air.

I am still writing poetry and often read it to a little company of kindred spirits and enjoy their criticism and their praise just as much and more than I could have done in the world, for then I was supersensitive and ambitious, and now I have lost all that.

We have a niche for you, not in the Poet's Corner, but where you can stand and view each of us from our respective places, and pass upon us in your own inimitable way. I think I shall not be afraid to submit to you the work of my thought and spirit when you get here.

The drives* we take with you are like hours of

* All the members of the Band, and a large number of invited friends, among them being Indian spirits invited by Longfellow, accompany me in my occasional drives through the fine scenery in the vicinity of Ithaca. They appear to have a special enjoyment in these drives. They speak of them afterward in the séances.

recreation and mirth, with that undercurrent of harmonious relationships and joy which beauty brings; and from our various scenes of work we come to join you with pretty much the sense of having been released from school.

Now, with your permission, I withdraw, that your wife may give her message to you.

TENNYSON.

CAROLINE ROLLIN CORSON.

I was here, last night, and tried to have you feel that I was in the room, and with you when you came back for the night. When you went out of the room, we went away for a little to get a change and bring fresher magnetic currents to you, and we went home* and found everything all right there, but the home looks empty without you, and we don't care to stay there; it is the people, the human hearts that hold spirits to Earth, not beautiful scenes, or familiar places. If you were never to return to the old home, I would have but a passing interest in the place. But you will go back again, and the old life will be resumed, and we shall have our Thursday séances as usual.

* The home in Ithaca, Cascadilla Cottage.

Mrs. Sjoegren has already been fixing up your room, taking things out to air, and having several little things done while you are away.

She is getting ready to put up some grapes. She was looking at some of them to see how they were getting along. She has a way of putting them up in your favorite way, and she takes them when they are just about a certain point for the purpose. They are not quite ready yet; they will be in a few days.

I want to tell you this, because it is a story you are never tired of: my interest and love for you is as fresh and strong as it was the first of my days with you. You always allowed me perfect freedom to express myself in every way, and I believe I gave you the same freedom, and therein lies the secret of our calm, beautiful, and expressive life. We saw other people, in many instances, fail to get out of their lives what it seemed God intended them to get; but we, through mutual coöperation and independant action, accomplished many things which otherwise we could not have done.

Mr. Longfellow and I are very close friends, and his charming wife I know and love. You

should see some of the results of his work. He saw only the beautiful in every thing. If it were the Indian race which most people thought on as only common, dirty, undeveloped humanity, or an Arab steed which men prized for speed, he saw beauty and spirit, and made poetry of it. Yes, who but Longfellow could have made an immortal poem on a rainy day, and various subjects of that sort.

He is very gallant and kind to me, and often with a merry twinkle in his eye, he refers to work I did for him, and asks me if I think it was worth while. He is referring to 'Hyperion,'* you know, and I always reply that it *was* worth while, and let it rest there.

Everything that I did in my life, in the way of intellectual attainment, I am glad of; but I could wish that I had taken the spiritual interpretation of life just as literally as you have always done. You were a little ahead of me in that way. You made it a part of every expression of your life, and believed always in the perfect expression

* She translated 'Hyperion' into French, and portions of 'Hiawatha' into German, in the original trochaic tetrameter verse.

being possible; while I sometimes had my doubts, and was willing to wait till I got to the other side.

You had little patience, at times, with those who denied the reality of spirit communications. I was more patient about it, perhaps because it did not mean quite so much to me as to you. But now that I am over here, I see that the spirit message and the spirit communion, and the interpenetrating power of spirit life, are of supreme importance, and should come first and become the foundation on which all our Institutions are builded, and our structures of life erected.

But our love that held us together through all the years, is the golden chord which binds us now. And when your eyes open on this life, I hope mine will be the first smile to greet you. Carrie.

PAULINE HENRIETTE CORSON.

I think there will be more or less effort between us all to give you the first greeting. If mamma gives you the first smile, I shall claim the first kiss, and the boys can each take a hand, and in that way we shall make a grand triumphal march to our spirit home.

This is only a bit of my fun, father; but I want you to think of me as loving you in a human daughterly fashion, with a pride that is a big as I can well carry, for the best father in all the world.

PAULIE.

EMIL CORSON.

Father, if we could not see you, and hear you speak to us, we should be quite lonely for a father's love; but as it is, we are happy and look forward to your coming.

You looked quite as though you needed me this morning. I wanted to come in and help you get ready for breakfast, and then go out with you; but all I could do was to precipitate strength and stand around and see if it took; and I guess it did, for you seemed to get along all right after breakfast.

I want to be the first of the family to thank Miss Whiting for her kind attention to my dear father; and Miss Kate Field* has asked me to give you her greetings and tell you that she is with the

* Miss Whiting wrote the Life of Kate Field. They were intimate friends for several years before Miss Field's decease.

Browning group, and loves them and knows you through them. Emil.

FRANCIS E. BENNETT.

Kind Friend, how can I say to you what I want to say? Your friendship was such a treasure to me; and all the months of my sickness I looked forward to your calls and your messages, and I wanted to live. But just as soon as I was free from the worn-out physical body, I was glad it was over. Death is not a hard master. Some times our own struggles make it hard for the angel to lead us through the gate; but the firm hand always takes us to a place of safety in God's kingdom.

Thank you for the flowers. The Control: She shows me some tall flowers. They look like gladioli. She calls your housekeeper by her first name, and says, 'she has proved all right, hasn't she'?'*

FRANCIS E. BENNETT.

* It was through Miss Bennett, who was a patient at the time, at Clifton Springs, N. Y., that I secured the services of my Swedish housekeeper, Mrs. Matilda Sjoegren, whom she called Tilly.

12 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

The Control: What I say is not so important as

what the friends say; but they could not speak so definitely unless I were here. So I am some good. They heard you ask if they were all here, and they responded: the wife and the children and the near family friends with love-light in their eyes, and the other friends with a bright light of interest, and a desire to communicate more definitely their thought and their feelings toward you. Mr. Whitman comes first to send his message. He looks so robust and sturdy, you would hardly expect those fine violin strains to come from him until you perchance caught a look at his sensitive mouth, or heard the vibrant tones of his voice. His voice changed as often as his mood changed, and he himself was a creature of many tones, and each one expressed itself through a resonant body.

WALT WHITMAN.

Give me your hand, O friend, and let me sit beside you, while I recall some of the blessed experiences of the past, and speak to you of my present existence which is so full and free.

Freedom for the soul was my battle-cry; and I knew right well that a soul dwelling in absolute

freedom would speak the mighty Swan's songs of God.

It was a comfort to me to find that I had not been wholly misunderstood when I came over here, for I had many kind friends waiting to receive me, and piping back to me the lines my brain had writ.

It was no small favor you did for me, long ago, and my appreciation of your appreciation has found expression in service to the boys.* They call me Father Whitman, and I am as proud as if they were children of my loins. Often I have felt that I would like to sit down in your library and talk over the life of reality over here. Few people live; many people flutter and fly from tree to tree where fruit is ripest, and fill their stomachs, and forget the real purpose of life.

It was to that class my anathemas would be hurled; but they need nothing from me except that I let my light shine so that when the shadow falls across their lives some gleam may be there for their help in a bewildering situation. We have a

* My two sons, Joseph and Emil, who died in babyhood, one, 54, the other 48 years ago.

goodly company of them over here, and they retard the growth of the souls in your life, just as much from here as if they were still embodied. There seems to be no discrimination in the power. Just as fools have hands and jackasses can kick higher and harder than the ordinary horse, so these spirits of fool capacity and jackass obstinacy can use their hands and their kicking power to upset some of our best laid plans.

I used to feel that all my energy ought to be spent for the benefit of mortals, that is, after I came over here; but now I am content to use my influence among those who have migrated from your sphere, except now and then when I feel an intense longing to help some one whom I have known and loved. ..

I am still writing; and I want to tell you, my kind friend, that as long as there are people in any sphere of existence, there must be poets and lovers of poets. It is not a lost art in the spirit land, but a perfected one. So you will not be without an occupation when you come over here, nor will you be laid on the shelf as you sometimes feel you are, to-day; but all this study and observation, and

learning of yours will be like so much power in your spirit life.

Your wife and your boys are fitting up a library over here for you; and everything they can find that is worthy, they put into it. So you will not be hungry for your books. And Paulie has been painting some beautiful things; for her artistic spirit expresses itself that way.

I am going with you, tomorrow, and we are going to have a big company of Indians out of respect to Mr. Longfellow, accompany you so that no harm can come to you.* Have no fear you are not going to ride home to glory in an automobile.** Nothing less than a golden chariot will do for you. This is only a bit of my fun to relieve the tension of your mind, because of the possible danger of the devil's vehicle. That is a name I give it; so when I speak of it again, sometime, you'll know what I mean. But, seriously, men fought steam

* I had arranged, it being the 56th anniversary of my marriage, to visit Mr. Longfellow's home in Cambridge, known as the Craigie House, formerly Washington's headquarters. All the Band were to accompany me, and Longfellow's Indian spirits and other invited spirits.

** I had shown great fear of the automobiles. They were so numerous in the city, I feared to cross the streets.

engines with the same fear; but they were obliged to run their cars on tracks, and through pasture lands where a cow, now and then, was their only victim. Human life is sacrificed so cheaply now; but if people care no more for it (human life) than to constantly put it in danger, eventually some stronger power will take a part in the proceedings and stay the awful havoc.

[The control: He turns now and points to a picture, one of himself, as though it were one that had been sent you, not by him, but by some friends.* And right near that is a picture of Mr. Longfellow, in his very best attitude, smiling and serene.]

Whitman continues: I longed to see you during those last days of my earthly life, but at the very end I went away quite easily and unafraid. At first I fretted and wanted to stay, and then I wanted to go; and I am now with my own, those I loved who went before me.

One word more; I must not take too much of the

* A picture of Whitman, his autograph and 1891 beneath it, was sent to me by some friends to whom I had been reading Whitman's poems.

time, but I want you to feel I am your brother and friend, and that the happiness I receive from your cordial reception giveth me joy. Good-bye. I will come again before you go away. And I am to be here every day whether I speak or not.

WALT WHITMAN.

LONGFELLOW.

I would like to say just a few words before you go, tomorrow. It is a joyous occasion for us all, and the effort you have made to get there pleases me more than I can express; and all the Band are going, and all those Indian friends who have come with me so often in the past.* Don't forget that Craigie House is an old revolutionary domicile; and when you are standing in the study window, look out across the Charles and see what my inspiration was many many times. I want you to look at some of my books and my pictures and mementoes of Italy. They are there, and some statues are there.

* He alludes to their coming with him when the Band and invited friends accompanied me in my drives, which I have spoken of in a former note.

And right here I want to tell you that Beecher, that famous fighter for the rights of the black man, has given you a call on several occasions, and told me that if he had been as outspoken for the truth which you understood so well, and which he comprehended, in a measure, he might have done more good in this specific direction. I often made it plain in my poetry, that I believed the spirits of the dead were about us. It was the only hope that saved me from the deepest despondency when the frightful tragedy* came into my life.

You have a more beautiful University geographically than we had, but Harvard is dear to me; and I would gladly speak my love to some of my co-workers whose heads are so deep in the fog of material things that they fail to see the hands stretched down from the heavens, filled with the gifts of the Eternal One. I won't say good night, just adieu, for a moment.

LONGFELLOW.

* Mrs. Longfellow was accidentally burned to death, in the summer of 1861. She was engaged in sealing up some small packages of her two little girls' curls which she had just cut off. From a match fallen upon the floor, her light summer dress caught fire, and she was so burned that she died the next morning. Longfellow in his endeavors to save her, was himself so burned that he could not attend the funeral to Mount Auburn.

Here we are, Paulie, Joseph, Emil, and myself, to give you our daily greeting. Oh, we are having such a wonderful visit, and we are so happy; but we don't want you to get too tired. Already this room is highly magnetized, and before you leave it, it will seem like home.

Everything is all right at home; and it will be all the sweeter when you get there, for this absence, which has brought so rich a gift to you. I have been all the morning visiting Mr. Longfellow in his spirit condition; and the Indians who are to escort you, tomorrow, are as proud of the duty assigned them as if they were escorting a king.

Paulie is so full of enthusiasm for everything she sees; and she says father does not have the flowers here as at home, but we have so many other things to see and do that we never miss that breakfast call.* Now Joseph takes Paulie by the arm, and he says she did not know she had two such big brothers till she came over here. She knew it but she did not realize it. And he says: We decided to speak first and let Emil have his

* They all visit me, at home, every morning at breakfast. Flowers are always on the table.

last words this time. Emil says, I always have the last word. I guess it is because I am good-natured and let them speak first; but we are a happy group. No matter how much we chaff each other about first and last messages.

Oh, mamma wanted to tell you something, and I am going to do it for her. She has always wanted to thank you for everything you did while she was ill; and especially for the way you carried out each wish of hers after her passing. At first, she was lonely for you, and when she saw you go into the room where she had been sick, and stand there and think about her, she said she would give anything to be able to put her arms around you and tell you how close she was to you. And then, after a while, when you had the room fixed, and the séances began, she began to be happier; and now she feels quite content.

You know how mamma loved Italy; but she loved Cascadilla Cottage more; and she says now, there is no more beautiful spot in the whole world than Cascadilla Cottage.

You can't conceive of all the things I think of to say, when I am away; and then when I get here,

they all form themselves into one sentence: I love you, father; and around that I give my other feeble messages.

Upstairs, in the chamber at home, where the windows face the west, I love to stand and look out across the valley toward the setting sun, and see the wonderful beauty as I listen to the water [of Cascadilla Creek] and it's beautiful, and I love it. Sometimes standing there, I see the evening star sink out of sight; and I think that is like Paulie's life, and that the fainter lesser stars are like Joseph and me.

You caught Paulie's spirit and beauty while she was here; but she followed the setting sun, and slipped away from you; but Joseph and your Emil you'll have to wait till you see over here to understand how bright and brilliant their lives have become. Mother says that it will be the joy of your soul to have us by your side, living realities, calling you father, and responding to that dearest word, son.

Good night, father dear, we will all come again tomorrow. Mr. Myers will speak to you tomorrow.

EMIL.

13 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

The Control: So much they want to say, to-day. It seems as though each time they come, they think of more and more they want to say. Mr. Myers is going to say a few things to you first, and then the family messages can come at the end.

F. W. H. MYERS.

Here I am to give you greeting from the other side of the curtain, which does not fall as a heavy pall between us, but rather serves as a reflector on which some of the heart's finest messages may be displayed.

Several times since your coming here, I have thought I would speak from the scientific side of this question; but strangely enough, when I come to sit here opposite you, talking face to face with you, I feel more as if I could speak only of the *beauty* of such interviews as these. Still, there is a time for the scientific discussion of the problem; and you will remember that I made great effort to bring the personal relations into scientific expression, that the world might have a founda-

tion for its belief or disbelief, whichever it felt best about doing at getting the exact facts.

I have always contended that the better way to get evidence (I mean exact evidence of human personality surviving death) was, to let whatever would, come, and then sift the result; and invariably there would be plenty of data to support the theory. This has been a wonderful revelation to me; the whole expression from your Band, including my own, being so simple, so straight-forward and clear.

I have used this instrument before in other cases [the medium, Mrs. Soule]; but not with such perfect results; and I believe it is the spirit of receptivity which you create. That is the next step to take if we would place this truth where it can do its work unmolested by carping critic, and suspicious sceptic. We must have the receiver, the interviewer, educated, and living in the spiritual key. *We* must make demands rather than let the ignorant and foolish make all the conditions. A fool can stand in the street and ask God all day long why he makes the sun shine when it dried up plants and streams, and often overcomes the phys-

ical body of all-important man. But God makes no answer to the fool's queries, but keeps the sun shining in the heavens, and leaves the answer to the wise and those who have taken advantage of the wonderful power of sunshine. I might go on and multiply examples, but I know *you* will understand my meaning from this message so far.

I have been intensely interested in your psychic experiences at home; and they are quite like some of which I made note; and there are duplicates of them in many families where the word is never given to the world. We hope to add to the power, on your return. The conditions there will be helped by this replenishing of the psychical reservoir. You are as much a part of those messages as is Mrs. Sjoegren. We draw largely from your brain capacity, using terms and phrases familiar to you, and perfectly unfamiliar, and without meaning, to her; and we use her for that strong magnetic current which must be tapped before we can express freely on the mortal plane.

Many an old professor, or young one either, for that matter, sitting in his library, poring over old Sanscrit, or Greek, Hebrew, or Egyptian, is

helped (aided and abetted, the lawyers would say) in his research, by spirits who are in his aura, and may express through his brain; but until some magnetic wire is touched (and by wire I mean current) the physical demonstration of a presence is quite impossible. *You* understand my meaning.

We have felt that perhaps these experiences might serve for a valuable treatise on this matter. The communications before* were so short, pithy, and of moment, but not so full, that it was hard to get the matter into shape, as we hope to get it here. You have so much of poetry that comes from your life-work, the best kind of poetry too, so much love from your own dear ones, so much of a religious fervor from Dr. Brooks, and a grasping at the scientific aspect, at least, through my desire, that you are more than ordinarily well equipped for this service.

It doesn't seem enough for me to say to you, I was with you yesterday, and saw you look at a certain book; I desired to have those finer, more subtle expressions that are the tell-tale of the spirit identity, and are not so easily discovered;

* Meaning those received at my home.

and I would have cumulative evidence, a bit here and there, that corroborates and makes sure.

I am mightily interested in the cross-evidence. You are familiar with the reasoning; and after your return, I desire to try some cross-reference work with you there; and this light here (the medium). If I can come to you at your Thursday circle, and tell you something, and you write it down, and I can come here in Boston, the same evening, and say something to her, and she writes it down, and they correspond, haven't we got the cross-reference pretty well established? That is what I want to do.

Your isolation, which you have sometimes grieved over, will stand you in good stead, because it will leave you perfectly free to work out this investigation for the next two years also, and add a most valuable bit of spirit-control history. It must be a man whose word and character stand for something; and all these things we have taken into consideration.

It is beautiful to be here with you, and you will notice that I have implied that you are not to

come to us immediately, when I suggest that you have two years or more of work.

Personally I am attracted to you for your fearlessness, your uprightness, and your application to the truth that held *my* heart.

I have been kept rather busy by friends who expected me to give some demonstration; and it is a relief, sometimes, to slip into your little circle,* and rest with that perfect peace which can only come where there is harmony.

A large circle is more or less wearisome, for we are obliged to contend with conflicting desires which are like so many noisy children clinging to a mother's skirts as she strives to do the daily duties.

People often do not think that desires have voices; but they cry out like living things to those who are in the spirit.

I think I will say no more this time. Your dear wife is so eager to speak, her happiness is so great, that I will come again, oh yes, many times before you go, and afterward, too, I hope. Just

* At home.

good afternoon, and so many grateful acknowledgments of your courtesy and kindness to me.

My son would appreciate you, too; you know of him, Paul.

F. W. H. MYERS.

The Control: Now your lady comes and looks over into your face, and she says:

I should have known if I hadn't seen you, this morning, but just caught the tone of your voice, when you were talking to our dear Miss Whiting, that something very urgent and unusual was on the tapis.* We were as eager as you to get there early and have the morning sunshine. And wasn't it beautiful? It was our little anniversary trip [the 56th anniversary of our marriage in Boston]. Everything *moved* so beautifully about it. If they had said the automobile would be ready at ten, you would have felt obliged to wait; but one o'clock made it out of the question. And so you were

* A lady had offered her automobile to take us over to Cambridge, at half past nine, but afterwards said the chauffeur had to make some repairs, and the automobile would not be ready before one o'clock. I was insisting that it would not do at all to change the hour announced to the Band, and that we must go by the trolley car at the appointed time, and by the trolley car we went, much to my satisfaction, and also to that of the Band.

spared the humiliation of riding in an automobile to an old colonial dwelling, whose walls had been blest because they hid away our beloved Longfellow. He was at every door and window of the Craigie House, and he said if you could have heard the sound of the feet on the floor, it would have been as a mighty army. He had invited some of his friends to be there, among them Charles Sumner, whose bust was there. It would have been better if Miss Whiting had gone in, for us to see.* Her spirit is so transparent and helpful, we could have seen with her power. We send our love to her all of us, and thank her for the beautiful care and entertainment she gives you. We were helped when she came into the grounds. She felt impressed to come. Miss Kate Field went after her.

* I went in with Mme Rogé, for whom we called in Cambridge on our way to the Craigie House. She had been associated with Longfellow in compiling the series of 31 volumes of 'Poems of Places,' and was well acquainted with everything in the house. Miss Whiting strangely thought that three would be one too many to visit the house at an irregular hour for receiving visitors. She walked up and down the street on which the grounds front, and came in when we visited the beautiful grounds back of the house.

Upstairs, the rooms were so sacred; they were too sacred, you knew, the chambers particularly. Mr. Longfellow went up and looked it all over and was like a boy. He said to us it was something to be entertained by a celebrity who was almost a hundred and four.* I noticed the pens on the table, in his study. Did you notice, dear, the quills like yours? It's not like our library; it's very grand and unusual; but I love ours best. There was a wonderful chair there. Did you see it? one presented to him. Was it not beautiful? And did you not feel our presence? And then when you came out on the steps, and caught the view of the river, you thought of us again and felt almost sorry to come away.

Well, it has been a beautiful day, and Paulie was as happy as she could be. That was a new experience to her to come to New England and see Longfellow's home. She loved Longfellow, too.

There were some early portraits of him, and you saw those. And Paulie says she thinks Mr. Longfellow wore boots like yours. The boys said

* Longfellow was born February 27, 1807, and on the day of our visit he was one hundred and three years, six months, and seventeen days old.

they didn't care so much about going in. They stayed outside with the Indians who were lined up in platoons, each side the walk.

Mme Rogé was accompanied by her husband* in the spirit, and was so glad to see her have this treat. She is a literary woman,** and sometimes is starved for the society of literary people who have passed on before her and left her alone. Her husband was so gracious and cordial, and so interested in you, that I had a long talk with him about many things in France where he once lived. He was so familiar with many things that I am familiar with that it was a pleasure to meet him.

Sometimes through the day, when you are resting, I run over to our home and see how things are getting along, and everything is all right. But at night, I lie on the bed beside you till your spirit is released by sleep, and then I take you with me until it is time for you to come back in the morning.

* M. Adolphe Rogé, who died in 1896.

** Mme. Rogé published under her maiden name, Charlotte Fiske Bates; she was editor of 'The Cambridge Book of Poetry.' 1882, invented the 'Longfellow Birthday Book,' the pioneers of others of the kind; author of 'Risk,' and other Poems, 1879. Now aged 72.

[Did I leave the body? I asked.] Yes, you left the body in sleep. You seem as free in the spiritual ether as I, only you have no abiding place in the spirit realm, yet. You are like a visitor; and the scenes of Earth and your labors call and beckon your spirit until you return. I always return with you and see that you get inside all right, and then I am free to perform my tasks of the day, for you wake up.

Some people recall some of the experiences which they have in spirit land; but some are not sufficiently impressed to retain it in the brain cells. In your case it is so natural and the sphere of spirit is so nearly a normal sphere for you that you have no acute experience, but glide naturally and simply back and forth from one condition to the other. Some people who are rather psychic, but not very spiritual, get only a little way into the spirit realm and see many things that are happening in the world, or about to happen, and are so vividly impressed with it that they retain it, the shock of the happening drives it home, to stay as a conscious knowledge. Then there are other people who are highly spiritualized who slip into

the spirit realm during sleep but have no well-balanced companion to guide them safely and unerringly to scenes of quiet and peace, and they have many experiences, sometimes pleasant, sometimes unpleasant; but they frequently recall them in a hazy indefinite sort of way; and then there is another kind who have guides and loved ones who desire them to retain what they see or learn, either for experience or experiment, and they do so.

You see, dear, there are many varieties of the *genus homo*.

Dear, you are such an enthusiast that you don't know when you are tired. So I will just give you my dear dear love, and we will all come again tomorrow.

CARRIE.

A word at the end. We shall solve this sphinx-like riddle yet.

F. W. H. MYERS.

14 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

The Control: Dr. Brooks puts his hand on your head. He asks me to tell you that all your friends are here, and that he is to give the first message.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

If I might offer a prayer at this moment, it would be that the Father would shower his blessed influence over this company and make of this hour a memorable occasion, serving as an incentive to more perfect work, more complete devotion and more tender love to all mankind, and that to you might be borne the blessed influence of peace which comes when the life is filled with an understanding of God throughout all the Universe.

It is more than a joy to speak to you, personally, it is a privilege to be one of a Band of spirits who hold intelligent converse with a mortal.

I never believed that God had left the world without a witness of his love; but I was confident that through faith in the power of Jesus the Christ, we might come into higher relation with the spiritual life, and gain an adjustment and poise that would keep the soul safe and calm through all the tumultuous tossings of a tempestuous sea.

I am assured through my own experience over

here that it is a growth for spirits to continue their relationship with their loved ones on Earth.*

I cannot realize why I took it so much as a matter of course that death was a *barrier* between communicative friends.** It is really a gate, and makes all life *one*. And I know that mothers, whose babies crying in the night for the soothing touch of her hand that is dead, find infinite comfort for their own souls in understanding the law which makes it possible for them to bring spiritual influences that calm and strengthen those babies; and just as sure, and in much the same way, that all people are sustained and helped by expressed affection, the children of men are helped and sustained by the expressed affection of those over here.

It is good to talk with a man who has had this experience, and who can certify to the sustaining power of such intercourse. I am of the opinion that it is the stairway which leads to the upper

* It is a notion with some who are opposed to Spiritualism, that spirits are kept back in their progress by being attracted to séances. It is the testimony of the spirits themselves that they are helped in their progress, by ministering to those they have left behind in Earth life.

** Meaning when he was in the body.

kingdom. I wish I had known more about it as a religion. It was never presented to me in that light; and what little I knew of it, in a general way I felt was a case for the scientific world. But I see now its importance in the religious world. I do not mean as a dressed-up philosophy, with tags of creed and symbols of dogmas, but *that* religion which makes men turn from the low and ignoble to all that is beautiful, and majestic, and grand. The communication proper from father to son, of wife or mother, is all important to me, to-day; and I speak for its wonderful effectiveness toward righteousness. The wonderful pictures of a mother's devotion and undying faith which all good men are fond of repeating, in story or color, should find voice in the message of the mother to her darlings here. And you and I know there is no power anywhere which makes for righteousness like love.

I want to tell you, also, that my personal experiences which I had before I left the body, and which I shared with very few people, were of such a nature, so personal and intimate, that I did not consider them as a part of the spiritualistic philoso-

phy. I thought of them as dream and vision which come to the soul in its ecstatic state; but I find that in the most ordinary mortals, if, indeed there are any ordinary ones, and in the most commonplace walks of life, if any walk of life is commonplace, the voices of loved friends, and dear guides, and tender relatives, are often heard and heeded. So not to the spiritual adept alone does God send his messenger; but to every soul that walks the earth, the angel sometimes comes, and whether his message be received or not, the life is better for the invisible presence and the whispered consolation.

I am tempted to talk too long on this theme, for it is so vital and peremptory. But I long to tell you of my present joy in your visit to my Boston, my diocese, my native and loved city, and to this hotel* which was well-known by me, as you must know. I went to Church with you, and was glad to find you sitting there.

I preach now occasionally, sometimes through some one who is striving to give a message to the world, and sometimes to a company of people over here; for you must know that themes like those I

* The Brunswick. The séances were in my room there.

would naturally choose to speak upon, are always of interest to people either in the body, or out of the body. I say this with no exaltation of spirit, but rather to have you understand why I am asked to speak. We know so little about God over here compared to what the most of us expected to know. Knowledge only comes after diligent search; and knowledge of God (he being the unknowable) must be sought with ardor and faithfulness over here, as in your world.* Some men find an expression of God in a violet growing by the brookside; and some men see him not even in the thunder or the lightning, or the mighty mountains, or the ever-surg-ing sea. It is in the soul that the first knowledge of God finds expression; and then outward, outward, ever outward it finds its way, and touches every floweret tracing its ways to the source of all being.

Some souls are born spiritually blind, just as some bodies are born with blind eyes; and it remains for us who have caught the Shadow of his garment on the walls of the universe, to take the

* This is a very interesting communication. I have known people who hoped (literally speaking) to see God when they passed to the spirit world. He is not a person.

hand of these and lead them to the light, to the Master, who shall touch their eyes and make them see.

You and I were primarily different in some of our expressions. The missionary zeal filled me to overflowing, while you had little or none of that. Your thirst for knowledge and your ready acceptance of it, gave you an assurance and steadiness that was quite sufficient. Perhaps we were both bound a little by the institutions which we represented; and while we had individual freedom, the narrowness of their conceptions reacted on our lives, and affected us in different ways. To-day, my zeal is just as fervent, and I would give out everything, all and more, hoping that some seed might find soil receptive. Your wisdom and consciousness of how much would go to waste, would make you less prodigal in the sowing of seed. But I am going to make a sort of farmer of you, after all; for some of the seeds I put in your keeping, you will be bound to sow.

Boston has not changed materially since I went away, and I perhaps notice it less than others because I am so constantly a visitor. I have many

calls by my friends over here to go with them to some old familiar scenes, or to visit some dear one close to them. The world here* is so much a world of sense that I find it had to realize that I am dead. That sounds strange; perhaps I should modify it, and say, I find it strange to find myself considered dead, except in influence. We have institutions and streets and all the things that make up living, urban living, just the same as suburban living. Most people, if they think of the spirit realm at all, except as a place of pearly gates and golden streets, and undimmed glory, like to dream of it as some beautiful, quiet, retired spot, where all the active interests of glowing life cease; as if the spirit world might be a vast pasture land, where the shepherd leads his flocks, to dwell in beauty and quiet repose. But this is false, my friend, as false as is the doctrine of brimstone and eternal torment.

The activities of the spiritual life are wonderful beyond expression. It is no dreaming existence, but vivid and real and progressive; and men

* The spirit world.

gather together and plan and work for the uplifting of those in the mortal world, and of the unfortunates who are hastened into this world by undue exposure, privation, starvation, and all the dreadful array of evils which beset the ignorant and blind seekers after gold or place. And to those higher activities, research and study, discovery, and application of laws of nature, for the betterment of the world, mutual coöperation in artistic expression, poetry, art, music, all those divine arts are ours; and daily I thank God it is so.

You stand in the vestibule of life; and those who are near enough to catch glimpses of its beauty, whisperings of its harmony, inspirations of its prayers, are your divine leaders, your poets, great artists of every kind, but not necessarily your ministers, your clergymen; for in many instances they are but showmen standing at the tent door, howling about the wares which the Lord keeps inside.

So much more I would say to you, dear friend, but this must suffice for now.

Will you tell my friend, Miss Lilian Whiting, how much she has helped me by her perfect faith

in my power to communicate; and tell her I know that she believes I was a medium when here, and I believe so, too. For you, I only say again, I thank you, and will come as often as I may.

Faithfully yours,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

15 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

ROBERT BROWNING.

May I, please, send a few words to you. This is our day;* if we were in New York, we should be preparing for our séance. So I had a little fancy to come and recall it to you, and to tell you that we are all going over to the séance room this evening just as if you were there, and stay a few moments to keep the connection bright and in order. We shall not be lonesome, because we are so happy here, and we know that your work will receive a new impetus from this change.

I wonder whether I spoke to you of the wondrous joy that filled my soul when I found that all my dreams of heaven were realized, and I looked

* Thursday, the day when the Band meet regularly at my home, at 8 P. M.

into the eyes of my darling and felt her hands in mine.

For a time I did not feel as if I cared whether I could return to the friends in the Earth sphere or not; but I found her so eager to unite with me in a work through return that we began at once a sort of mission to the souls still bound and blinded by physical bands.

You remember the little couplet in ‘Aurora Leigh’,

‘Love, let us love so well, that our work shall be sweeter for our love.’*

That was the spirit in which Elizabeth and I began our mission. And we are never separated in the work. Wherever one is, there is the other; and so when I speak to you, you may know that I am under the influence of her shining smile; and whenever she touches the aura of her loved Lilian, **there am I, lingering in the shadow of her heavenly presence.

* He did not give the lines just as they stand in ‘Aurora Leigh,’ vv. 924—926 of Book IX: “Beloved, let us love so well, our work shall still be better for our love, and still our love be sweeter for our work.”

** Miss Lilian Whiting, who was engaged at the time, in writing their combined lives.

We made no mistake in the choosing; or, rather, we did not choose, we *knew*, and we loved, and our souls melted into the unit.

So I believe you and your loved ones will find your lives running into the same completeness.

Oh, I am so glad for every song we ever sung, and for every word we ever spoke, that helped the world to know more of love and God!

It is beautiful to have an opportunity to express; and I thank you for all your gracious kindness in opening so wide the door to the realm where you dwell.

We were all much interested in the message from Dr. Brooks. He was so big and wonderful as a speaker, so simple and childlike as a man, and so filled with the fervor of love to God that we wondered what he would say to you, knowing, as he did, that clergymen are not held in the highest regard by you, especially clergymen who are allowed no originality, and are expected to mumble prayers which either never had any meaning, or lost it all in the light of revealed truth. But he found a way to express his love to you, his inter-

est in all that was good, and his disgust with things untrue.

He was with you this morning when you stopped in front of his house;* he was away; but your thought reached him, as a vibratory message, and he hastened to your side, and laughed heartily as he said, 'Oh, what hero worshipers they are after all!' Then he came home with you, and into the room for a few moments, and then went away.

He says that you have never spoken of his statue;** perhaps you do not like it; but he sees you have his picture in your room here.

I am not sure that I ought to stay any longer, this time; we are planning to have an old friend speak tomorrow, and he has been in the room this afternoon watching the method of work, and has absorbed some of the vitality. We refer to Mr. Sumner. Mr. Sumner represents a group of people who are working together in the affairs of the nation, Lincoln, whom you must have known, and

* I had taken a walk in the Park with Miss Lilian Whiting, and on our way back she took me to the house in which Dr. Brooks lived several years. We stood at the steps for some time, talking about him.

** A colossal statue, outside of his church in Boston, representing him as preaching.

Webster, and Seward. There are others in the group, but those faces are familiar, and I mention them now.

Lincoln is especially interested in this form of communication, although you and he as identities are far apart in your work; and yet the result of your work would bring you close together. Good bye, my friend, this time.

ROBERT BROWNING.

CAROLINE ROLLIN CORSON.

. . . I have never spoken to you of our theatres over here. You know I love the plays and great actors, and I loved Shakespeare. You remember that. Over here I am quite free to go and see the best acting.

We often saw good things when we traveled; but we were so isolated, at home, that we saw little of acting there.

I must tell you, some day, of the wonderful theatres, over here, and how grand it is to see the drama acted so perfectly and supremely for the mere love of expression.

dear Miss Whiting, and my gratitude to her as well. Good night. CARRIE.

16 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

The Control: Your Pauline is to give the first message, this afternoon; and she says:

Oh, papa, we were all so happy to see the beautiful country, and to have the experience of a pleasure drive in an automobile. *

You have never asked me how we travel from place to place in the spirit world; and so I am going to tell you that there are as many modes of travel as you have on Earth. But no one is absolutely dependent on any conveyance to get to any specified place.

There are currents like magnetic rivers that are everywhere through the ether; and we can get into those currents by a simple adjustment of the body, and are carried along to where they lead.

The magnetic currents between loved ones are much stronger, and the passage of flight is swifter.

* I went with Miss Lillian Whiting and Mrs. Soule, the medium, in an automobile twenty miles, or more, outside of the city. That distance, and the return, made over forty miles, all in what is called the suburbs of Boston.

So the more strongly you love us, the deeper the current, and the more swiftly we can come to you. Many people lose their interest in their dead friends, and the river dries up that should connect them; and so there is seldom the definite communication. But you never lose your interest in your friends, and the influences surrounding them, and so the way is always open. We have to thank you for that, because it is a thing that spirits cannot do by themselves. It is a coöperative work.

I loved the flowers, papa, this morning, and the houses that looked like homes where happy people lived. I was glad you had company with you, for it added to the power and made it possible to feel more keenly the air, and see the beauty, and hear the sounds of your world.

There are many scientific people who would be glad to have the experiences which you have with us; but they are cut off by their doubts, or their superstitions, for they have superstitions of their own. They certainly must be superstitious, for there is no foundation for their feelings against communications.

I am not very much interested in science. I

don't have to pull a butterfly to pieces in order to enjoy it. I like to see it as part of the picture of summer. But some scientists would want to pull every butterfly apart, and measure his wings, and see how his eyes are made.

But all this has nothing to do with my love for you, which I feel growing stronger every day.

It is so lovely to find some of my things at home where I had them. There are only a few, but enough to make me feel I am a part of the old home. I was quite sad to go away from you, for I knew you needed me; but there was so much done to make me happy in the new life, and I was so soon able to find my connection with you that I grew accustomed to the separation, physically, and to the union, spiritually. You know, papa, I think it is much better to be united spiritually and separated physically, than to be united physically and separated spiritually. There is a union between us now which can never be shaken or misunderstood, and we grow together more and more.

I am not much more of a church-goer than you are; but I do love the wonderful expression of God in the world, and am quite content to wait un-

til you come, before I begin to study the problems of the spiritual forces, the Great First Cause which men have named God.

I am not going to talk any more, to-day; but sometimes you may think that my brown hair is close beside your white hair, and that means that my arms are around you and my face is close to yours.

Good bye, now, papa.

PAULINE.

The Control: Your wife wants to say a little word:

. . . I like this dear city for its beauty and its associations with the friends in the Band, who lived here. Mr. Sumner, who is to speak to you, now, says that Boston has changed much since he was here, but it has kept its general lines and tendencies better than most cities because it has the descendents of the early settlers still in possession of the land and the power. Usurpation of the home titles has gone on less here than in New York, or any other of the large cities. Washington never having any home blood in its veins but being supplied with the best blood of all other

cities, became the great cosmopolitan centre of the nation.

These are Mr. Sumner's words, dear; but I leave him to give you the rest of his message. Good bye for now. Joseph and Emil join with me in tender greetings.

CARRIE.

CHARLES SUMNER.

It has pleased me to come here to-day with our mutual friend, Mr. Longfellow, that I might tell you that although my voice has been silent these many years, my spirit has been active and still is active in the problems which confront the statesmen to-day. Patriotism calls to her sons, this hour, as she never did before.

The political situation is so uncertain, and unsafe, that sometimes we fear the progress of humanity will be checked because of demands upon it which it cannot meet. But I have not come here to make a political speech.

I was weary and broken when I left the arena; and all the finer and more beautiful expressions in literature and art called to me to surrender my active work in the warfare for the States; and so

I rested and enjoyed the study and quiet of a scholarly life, instead of the stirring scenes of statecraft. But a born patriot could not sit down and let his country go to the dogs; and I soon found myself during the reconstructive period growing very much interested in the affairs of the nation.

To speak very plainly to you, dear friend, there is so much that seems like child's play in your world when you look at it from the standpoint of the spirit, that it becomes easy to let the thing go on, and devote one's self to those more enduring and needful unfoldments of the spirit. I don't want you to get an erroneous conclusion concerning my state of mind or effort.

When a boy is in college, he may fight the battles for the other boys, win the prizes, and keep his college colors afloat, sing himself hoarse on the college campus, that the college songs may be heard by all who will listen, and believe in his heart that no other university is like unto his own. But when he gets into the great world, there are more important and vital issues to him than whether his college team wins the pennant or gets

the best touch down in the football game; and that is what it is to us. Many of our finest sophistries of the greatness of our country are lost in our knowledge of the kingdom of souls.

Do you not see that a great statesman may become a great lover of humanity in the largest sense, and be devoted to it only for its spiritual possibilities? Whether it be German, or French, or English, to some of us over here matters little.

CHARLES SUMNER.

LONGFELLOW.

Dear Corson, I thought you would be pleased to have my friend Sumner speak a word to you.

I am very glad you did not feel impelled to stay longer in that great ark of a building, the Christian Science Church, so strange a building it is, so massive and so wonderful, and we are all shut away from it by the decree of the mother herself, mother Eddy.

I laughed, and so did we all, when we thought how perfectly we were being entertained, how each one of you three, Miss Whiting, the medium, and yourself, were being followed by bands of

your own through this great building whose founder says there is no communication with the dead. How fact does contradict fancy, and how truth does slay a lie! We were living witnesses, or rather, you three were, to the error and untruth of her printed statements.

This is only a little word in closing, that you may know we were all there.*

Mrs. Browning kept exclaiming, 'how awful'! the place seemed so barren and so lost in itself, without spiritual impulse or feeling; and she said, also, that the great dome looked as if it might have been put there that the prayers could be sent right back as soon as they reached the top.

I will say good night to you now, friend, and will come tomorrow.

LONGFELLOW.

The Control: Mr. Longfellow says that Mr. Sumner felt so much more intimately acquainted with you because of the constant use of your name in that intimate fashion by your many friends

* We stopped to see the church on our way back in the automobile ride alluded to by my daughter in her last message. We knew that the Band were all with us when we were in the church.

over here, that he may have seemed a little more familiar than you expected him to be. But he has nothing to retract. If he didn't know you well before, he hopes he does now; and he shall keep coming until he warrants through association personal that degree of intimacy which he assumed.

17 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

CAROLINE ROLLIN CORSON.

It is so beautiful for us to come here to this little vesper service; and when we have finished the duties of our day, to join you here in this hour of blessed communion and sweet interchange of thought. Sometimes, dear, I feel like recalling some of the incidents of our past, and yet when I get here, my heart is so full of the reality of the life that now is that I begin to talk and express myself on themes of present interest, and forget the past. I know you do not need the constant test of my fidelity, and the things that I would recall are not for that purpose, but to give evidence of my recollection of some of the very beautiful things in our life together.

You were always interested in what I wore, and how I looked; and sometimes when I put on a new

garment here, I think of you, and wonder how you would like it.

We both have such a love of comfortable apparel that we might sacrifice a style to appear perfectly at ease in a garment that suited us. You know clothes bespeak the mind; and when I tell you that all my clothes are fitted for the work I do, and are graceful and well made, and of fine material, you will understand that I have not changed in my manner of dressing.

This is only incidental. But color affects me as much to-day as it used to when I was in the physical body. The subdued tones suit me best. I show no French tendency to royal purple, or brilliant pink, or flaming scarlet, or any of those shades. It is the mind and not the nationality that determines these things.

I am studying and am writing, myself, and am pleased to tell you of this, for you will know that some of the desires I used to have, have found expression over here.

Pauline and I go to grand concerts, for I am thrilled with music, as I always was. I have been where violins were played so divinely that it seem-

ed a strain from heavenly heights lingering a moment about us; and the enthusiasm of a great musician quite carries me away.

You remember Ole Bull. I have heard him over here, and it seems as if his soul were singing through the strings.

His wife could not appreciate any better than some ordinary people, the finest things he did, but she was proud of him, and being a woman of rare discernment and superior culture, she made a fitting mate for him; more ambitious than he for social distinction, but he adored her, and still does. You know her,* dear, and you know what I mean by what I have said. She belongs to the colony of the social elect, and is a connoisseur of many fine things.

Enough of that. It is a sort of an introduction, or a bit of gossip which makes me seem more a part of your life, to-day.

I feel like telling you how beautiful you made my life. You were so pleased and proud over

* I was her guest, several years ago, when I was invited to give a Browning reading before the Boston Browning Society. She was then occupying James Russell Lowell's house in Cambridge; he was then minister to England.

every thing I did, and always gave me the encouraging word, and never for a moment demanded of me anything which would detract from my own search and effort after knowledge.

Do you remember how proud and happy we were when you first went to Cornell University, and when you were first made a professor there? We had had some plans about going in another direction, and then we went there, and our life began in earnest; and then when we got the house, and when we furnished it, and made the changes and additions, all those things are just as plain in my memory as when they happened. And, perhaps, my life here, with its plans for your coming, and my work to have every thing right for you, bring back those days more definitely to me.

Oh, how I love my children! and I want Eugene always to feel that he is one with the rest in my heart and thought, to-day. I am so glad that we have a son in the world, to work and carry inspiration and help to those who need it sorely.

I hope he'll be able to get away and visit you, by and bye. It would do you both good. My love I send him, and tell him I appreciate and under-

stand his ardent nature; and I know how sometimes it's like taking a dip in an icy stream to drop from his high thought of ideal life into the turmoil and stress of material conditions. Whatever I can do for him, or for his wife, or girls, from this side of life, I do with my whole heart.

The Control: She stops right short there and turns around and beckons Miss Bennett to come this way. She knew Miss Bennett, didn't she? and Miss Bennett begins to speak immediately. She speaks quickly, like a woman who has a very full mind, but an orderly one, and her expressions come walking out like so many girls walking out from a school-room, and she says that's a very apt illustration.

Dear Professor, I cannot tell you the joy it gives me to come here to-day.

I think I never heard you read in your course at my school that I did not say when it was over, "it seems to grow better and better every year, and your power of interpretation is marvelous," I reach for you many, many times, in my work over here; for you know I am still teaching, as that

seems the most perfect mode of expression I have just now.

I find myself thinking I will have the Profesor come over, just as I used to, when you were in New York state, and I in Pennsylvania; and then I realize that I must wait a little before I can do that. I am perfectly conscious of you as a mortal, because I am with your Band, and yet I think of you so naturally as one of us that I fall into that way of half-expecting you at some particular function or time.

You know I suffered so much before I came here, and there was such a long time that I could do no work. There was quite a while here that I lived a quiet and retired life until I could get adjusted, but that is all over, I am out of the hospital and fairly launched in a work I love. Your wife and I are very happy in our companionship, and we frequently make little trips to places we have both known;* and then try and remember what we have seen, because the recollections of what we have seen do not always come readily to us. It is similar to your dream life when you sleep.

* That is, when they were in the body.

I have been intensely interested in the development of your housekeeper, Tilly; both she and her daughter possess the psychic power, but Tilly is the stronger of the two. She is the most faithful servant, and is really above the rank of ordinary servants. And we always feel so safe to know you have some one who can take care of you, if you should be ill. I am glad it turned out so well as it did.* I understood that you could not leave the home, it was too full of associations, and was adjusted and adapted to your needs. To tear you away from the scenes of your active life, transplant you in some other soil, would have been fatal to your happiness. So this is best.

I remember the last time I was at your home, a little while before I was disabled, and that everything was so beautiful; it seemed to me it was one of the loveliest spots in the world. . . This is just about the decade when there is a general changing about [in Cornell University] because of age and a general desire to get on the retiring

* It was due to Miss Bennett that I secured my Swedish housekeeper, who was employed at the time in the sanitarium where Miss Bennett was a patient.

list. But you and I, dear Professor, did not care so much about being retired from our labors.

There are so many more things I wanted to talk about, but these came first.

I didn't always understand the reality of your consciousness of the spirit life; but it gives me joy to testify to it now. Tilly is rather lonely without you, but it will give her an opportunity to store up some energy for our Thursday séances. She doesn't go into the séance room; at least, I have not seen her, and it is closed and kept securely safe from all intrusion.

Do you remember the raps we once made in your wife's writing desk? (Yes,) and how pleased you were? And the door that goes into the other room that is always locked, do you remember its being unlocked one night? And the music-box being wound once? What a dear little room it is! It would seem as if some of us would have to stand in the hall. But you must remember that it extends upward to the very gate of the other life. . . . I seem to be losing power, Professor, so I'll go, but come again. I am afraid I haven't made as good a communicator as some of the

others, but my interest is just as strong as theirs. Good bye for this hour. MISS BENNETT.

The Control: They will close with a word from Pauline and the boys. They come right in, the three of them, with smiles and fun on their faces and stand around you with their hands clasped together, and Pauline says 'we are making a ring of love around you, papa, and you'll feel the vibrations of it until we come again.' Joseph says that he loves the work that Eugene does. He says, next to teaching the people how to take care of their bodies, to help them to take care of them when they are out of repair, is the most important thing in the world.

He thinks that all preaching should resolve itself into teaching; and no preacher who is not a good teacher, is worthy the name. He often goes to Eugene, and is pleased with him when he puts up an argument to some of his associates about the demonstrability of the future life, then leaves it there for them to think over. Emil says that he likes best to go to Eugene when they are all so puzzled and don't know what to do, and he can help Eugene to see. This is Saturday night, says

Emil, and we are all gathered here with you to make you feel that it is the real home-night when we can sit together and just be happy to be in each other's presence.

Good night, father; they say, it is time for us to let the séance close. Call the roll and they will all say their sweet good night to you.

18 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

I give you greeting, dear friend in the earthly life, and am glad to come with an expression from this sphere of even larger usefulness than that which I left behind. I might go on for many days and repeat over and over the joy it gives me to come to you; and yet I could not give you any understanding of my personal work and life over here by such statements. And as that is what I desire to do, I will begin at once, as if you and I had a perfect understanding of the spiritual bond between us, and need to spend no energy speaking of our personal interest in each other. I know your work and life, your love of the ethical and ultra spiritual expression in men and women; and so I

know you will be glad for me to tell you that the preacher's efforts are not in vain, if he be able to awaken in souls a love for God, the infinite one—mark that passage—the Infinite One; for men, from the beginning, have clumsily fashioned a finite God, and placed him in the heavens as a being above them only in capacity. Even then men might have been better for the finite God which they worshipped, had they worshipped him fully and completely.

There is no half-hearted religion, and no divided sanctified life. Wholly and faithfully must man serve those higher instincts which in turn become passions and yearnings after the ideal life. It is as important to be an honest broker as an upright preacher; and the stocks and bonds of the street must be dealt with as seriously and earnestly as the equities of the heavenly life. I would not take men away from their vocations to get their religious life, but would take the religious life to them wherever their vocations might lead them.

I am always surprised at the honors which come to me; and in the past, when I knew my only vir-

tue was a whole-soul devotion to my calling, and undivided affection for God and his children. I was sometimes alarmed at the excess of praise and the seeming adoration for my personality. I only wanted to be a servant of the living God. And I assure you I appreciated every kind word that was spoken to me, or about me; but I always felt that it was a power flowing through me which they loved, and I am perfectly sure of it now. When I came over here to the spirit life, I felt that I must continue my ministry, and I was not quite satisfied to have it only a work among spirits. I wanted to do something for the world I had left, and I sought information about the possibilities of such service, in much the same manner as I would have sought like information had I suddenly been transported to Hawaii with no vessel returning. I found that many of my preconceived ideas, those I imbibed from education and association, had to be set aside. I think I spoke to you of this the other day; but really, dear friend, when a man earnestly seeks the light, he is not turning his face backward, very often;

and I was satisfied to let many things drift until I could better understand them.

The naked soul coming into this life, clothed only with the spiritual garments, woven of good deeds and upright aspirations, finds itself in a haven of waiting, and is content to let time give an answer to its questionings.

The most horrible sight is the soul truly naked because of its lost covering, and its unhappy lack of faculty to create anything with which to cover itself. Fine garments there are in spirit land, and jewels and precious things, but these are not bought with blood-stained money, or bartered for by the world's honor. And if we can make men understand that the only wealth that survives death is the wealth of the lordly spirit, we may rest confident that the Kingdom of God will come down to Earth. One can only have the Kingdom of God by understanding what it is. The crime of life is in wrong decision and selection.

I am not sure that I am making perfectly plain to you, what I want to say; it is not the religious life (religion is a function) but the spiritual life; for spirituality is the attribute of the soul.

If I might lift my voice till its tones were heard across the seas, and over continents, I would cry out, make haste, make haste, and decide which shall be your glory, the life of to-day, with the power of its wealth, its unlimited capacity to do all the errands of the body's bidding, to search the farthest corner of the globe and bring back fair raiment, and choicest viands, to pierce the ether after new sensations of delight, in aerial craft, to dive beneath the coral depths and bring the ocean's bottom to your view, to put sceptre in your hand and give you royal dominion over the Kingdom of the Earth, and toss you, at last, a dead and wasted thing on the shores of eternity, all your spiritual powers vitiated and destroyed, and all capacity for yearning after truth and righteousness paralyzed, or to stand serene in the midst of temptation, calm in the midst of strife, master over the carnal appetites and desires, towering with giant force above the littlenesses of mere material existence, supreme in spiritual aspiration over intellectual bigotry, and closing the eyes in sweet content on the physical world to open them in sweet

wonder at the glory of the spiritual wealth that waits the coming.

I grow so eager to tell the world what I have seen; I long to tell them of my ministry here, how men whose lives have been protected by deceit and dual expressions, find themselves suddenly face to face with the real situation, and beg me to tell the story to the world, that some may be saved from the degradation and humiliation which come from ignorant or wilful deception.

The idols of bronze and ivory are not the only idols in the world, and Buddha and Confucius are not the only Christs whose votaries serve them with incense and gems. Christ, too, Jesus of Nazareth, sits enthroned in place of state, by men whose only offering to him is gold and silver, and equipage and lordly palace. And many ministers reckon their ministry successful only when carriages stand waiting at their church doors, and the rustle of silk garments disturbs the harmony of the vesper hymn.

Oh, give me, my Father, the heart that finds its joy in humble service, where the sobs of the sin-sick and the weary make music in my ears, where

the sighings after the understanding of the truth spur my soul to more active endeavor, and when, in such lowly place, I feel the touch of invisible fingers on my brow, I know my work has reached to greatest height.

If such could be the prayer in every church, to-day, my ministry would cease; for it is among those who did not find the door which leads to the life of peace in the spirit.

By this, you will know, my friend, something of my work and effort over here. I am deeply interested in the spirit communion as a philosophy, because I am sure that all religions fail in trying to give comfort to the bereaved heart. And if a clergyman could stand over the bier of a little child, and say to its weeping parents, whose hearts are often surcharged with bitterness toward God for the heavy cross Death lays upon them, this is what the minister should say: 'Death is an open door through which your darling has passed into a life as real and definite as yours is; and from that life, its consciousness of you will be continued, its love kept fresh, and living, and the higher your life ascends the spiritual Alps, the

nearer and more perfect the method of communication is for you.' If a minister might say this truthfully, instead of repeating all those most blessed passages of Scripture, but so inadequate to stem the tide of sorrow and natural rebellion, how easy it would be for even the suffering mothers and fathers to see God's love even in the experience of death!

Few people ever curse the Ocean because it rolls between the continents, but they use the means of communication, and find themselves in close touch with those of another shore. So we must teach men not to curse Death, or ignore it, but see it only as a means of opening up the continent of spiritual life. And the price one pays is not the coin of the earthly realm to communicate with the spiritual continent, but a subjugation of physical desires, and a growing into the fulness and perfectness of the spiritual life, where the language or, at least, the codes and signals of spiritual navigation may be understood from either side.

I fear I have talked too long; the theme is so wonderful and interesting. But now I must leave you for this hour with this word which you may

credit yourself as being worthy of. You are attuned to the higher spiritual songs; and whenever the vibrant tones of your soul sound across the Ether waves of the silent spaces 'neath the stars, some soul buoyant and free and singing like your own, comes gladly to your side to find that joy of soul companionship which is vouchsafed to so few.

I sometimes think the greatest souls walk most alone. Children play in groups; the common purpose of hop, skip, and jump the ropes, is sufficient to hold them together. All my messages seem so ragged and incomplete when I get away; but I am sure of your understanding of my desires, and I thank you for the atmosphere of confidence and trust which your spirit creates.

Does it not seem strange for me to be speaking this sort of a sermon to the world through you, almost under the shadow of my old church, nearly eighteen years after my body has been put away?*

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

* He passed to the spirit world Jan. 23, 1893

CAROLINE ROLLIN CORSON.

I wonder, Hiram dear, whether ours was not as ideal a life as the Brownings'. She was *such* a

bird, so fragile, such sweet songs she sang, that the nest she left never seemed like the home nest again to Mr. Browning.*

You have written long enough, this time. With a heart full of love from your Carrie, we all say good nights.

19 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

The Control: It's such a pleasure to come to one who is so responsive to our effort. You know how it is when you are talking to a little company of people, it is not easy to speak the best thoughts unless there be a responsiveness in the hearts of those whom you address. Intellect may speak to intellect, but the sweetest and the best exchange of thought is between understanding hearts and sympathetic souls. That is only *my* little word.

Your Paulie comes first to you, to-day, and says:

Papa, darling, the sweetest sound we hear in this life of ours is your voice when you call our names. It's like a silver bell that rings in our ears

* Browning never returned to Florence after the death of his wife, though he survived her more than 28 years, and visited Italy during that time.

and gives us knowledge of your desire to have our expression. Mamma is here and radiantly happy, and I am very proud of her.

It will be a festival of talk when you first come over here. And these great men who are using you to send their messages by you to the waiting world, will have to stand aside a little while until we've had all the talk we want, and told you all the things that are in our hearts. I am only here now for the daily message from the family, and when other messages are completed, we are to have the last day, or at least the larger part of it, for our personal expression.

What a lot of beautiful doves there are here in Boston! They are so tame and seem to know that the people love them. And I like Boston, too; I never knew much about city life, but I like this city, and I find many of your spirit friends like it, too, and walk about with you, enjoying the scenes once more.

I've been home, papa. We all go every little while, because it's a place that calls us through its associations.

You know the lovely golden rod that is so beau-

tiful there. I love that almost as much as the roses in June, and we have many of those around in that part of the country, you know.

Aunt Mathilde* was not so well acquainted with the philosophy of spirit communion as Mamma, and yet she has found her way to her own home ** on many occasions, and has been able to leave an influence at the house. She thanks you for the things you sent to her after Mamma's passing away. Some of them were useful, and some were mementoes, the picture for one. She is trying to tell it to me, papa, and I am doing the best I can. She is quite happy with her father and mother, and mamma, and the rest of us. She says it is strange that she and Carrie should leave husbands behind to mourn them, and good husbands they were, too, were and are.

I will tell you more about my life here when I come the next time; but Mr. Whitman wants to use a little time now, and so I kiss my fingers good bye to you, and let him talk. PAULIE.

Mr. Whitman's message which came in here,

* Mrs. Corson's sister.

** Her home was at Tarrytown, on the Hudson.

has been omitted at his own request. It was somewhat mixed up, due, it may have been, to the conditions being, from some unknown cause or other, unfavorable for the successful delivery of his message. If that were so, it was the only time during the twenty-four séances where there was any hitch in the messages. The conditions could not have been more favorable. That may have been partly due to the fact that I am not an incredulous investigator, who applies an insulated bumptious intellect to a spiritual subject, and thus mars the nice conditions required for successful mediumship.

CAROLINE ROLLIN CORSON.

Dear Hiram, this is almost the first time, at these séances, that I have used the name so dear to me, so loved and revered. I sometimes get so hungry for a long talk with you; and yet I am upheld by the consciousness that by and bye we are to be together, with no fear of separation even for a short time. Does it seem so long as it has been since I went away from you? To me, it seems some times like an eternity; and then again

it seems but yesterday that we were making plans and working together in that dear familiar way which had been ours so long.

Mr. Whitman desires me to say to you that he did not intend to become so involved in his message; and then he smiles, and with a look of keen humor, he says, 'perhaps to be involved is to be Browningsque, and to be Browningsque would certainly be the height of any poet's ambition'. And Mr. Browning laughs back at him, and says that certainly his poetry was not always involved, but was very plain and straightforward; and they both seem to feel the good comradeship of people interested in a common cause, and having no personal feeling about any thing.

Paulie told you that I looked young; and I want to tell you that your young spirit, your wonderful expression of vigor, intellectually, make me very proud of you. This is so personal; but it is the way I feel; and I am sure that the manner of your living has much to do with it.

I must say good night, dear, and I shall be here with the Brownings tomorrow. Send my love to

Eugene. Good night again, dear, with love unspeakable.

YOUR CARRIE.

20 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

The Control: You have a spiritual feast every day.

Your wife is right by your side. She says she will bring Dr. Mott* as soon as she can; he is so much engaged with Eugene.**

She turns to Mr. and Mrs. Browning and says:

Was there ever a more joyous company than gathers here at this twilight service. She then speaks to you:

If you could see them you would be surprised and happy, for very often there are many friends whom you never get a message from, who gather here to watch the work, and enjoy the expressions of interest and the interchange of thought.

I am glad that we had that visit in Venice** with

* Dr. Valentine Mott, one of the most famous surgeons of his time (1785—1865).

** My son, Dr. Eugene Rollin Corson, surgeon and physician in Savannah, Georgia.

*** In November 1889, Mr. Browning, then in his 78th year, showed great fulness of vitality, and was looking forward to more poetic work. We were to spend the following May with him at De Vere Gardens, in London; but he passed away on the 12th of December, at the Palazzo Rezzonico, the residence of his son, only a month after we parted.

Mr. Browning, which gave us an insight into Browning the man. It was beautiful as a memory for both of us; and I have often heard him say that it was one of the pleasantest occasions of his life, and made it very easy for him to find his way to you after his spirit left the body. I will not talk any longer now, but let them have the first strength of the sitting, that they may speak freely and fully without becoming weary. CARRIE.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Yes, I am here, my friend, and more glad than I can express, to find myself in active communication with you. I long many times to find some avenue of expression to the world. And yet it is hard to speak definitely through the ordinary channels.

There are so many people who are psychic in a degree, but have no response to those touches of soul expression which mean so much to us. And there are others who are strong and intelligent, and psychic, as well, whose gifts are prostituted for the gold and glint of material things. So you can well understand what a rare combination it

is to have an intellect which can appreciate, a spirit which hungers for, a heart that receives, our ministrations in joy. I refer to you, dear friend, and I am eager to express my satisfaction with your devotion and unerring perception of our efforts to speak what we know.

I am clear that you will understand what I say when I tell you I am still singing my songs, and writing my verses, if for no other ear than for Elizabeth's. She insists that I keep expressing, in the same way, for the very love of the art; and love is the eternal passion, surviving all experiences of disappointment, distress, or death, rising supreme, and, as with wings, bearing the soul to God.

Take every thing else out of the heart of mankind, but leave love; for *so* only shall men know the divinity that broods over the world.

All the hours of sadness, that sense of desolation which comes to the soul that knows not of life after death, when the objects of its affection slip out into the unfathomable sea of eternity, can be borne and borne with heroic patience, because of the love that made such sorrow possible.

Small men save themselves much pain by loving little; but such souls never reach the heights of inexpressible love which makes it possible for one to wade through the depths of hell.

If love is but at the other side of the world, one may pass through torment or torture unconscious of the condition, seeing only the eyes of light and hearing only the voice of the heart's choice.

Think not, dear friend, that we are unconscious of the various changes in your world. We too can see the sin, hear the cries of agony, and watch the oppressor's hand swing ever and ever again the lash about the naked feet of those who know not how to rise. But these things do not hurt us in the same way in which they would hurt and grieve us if we were still in the mortal world; for we are also conscious of the daily outpouring of love from the ethereal spheres, and the inflowing power of wisdom, and wisdom which makes for better conditions even among the lowest of the race.

If some efforts of ours over here stir the pulses of the spirit nation until they march to the succour and relief of their earthly brothers, we

feel that we have had a part in the relief and up-building of the world.

I always feel a sense of regret that I have done so little. The clarion note of Truth sounding ever in my ears, arouses me to do more and more. Much more is expected of one who is attuned to the higher expressions of life than of those who dwell in the vallies and catch no radiant beam from beyond the heights.

Tennyson and I are friends, the closest friends, and we sometimes have our quiet little laugh over the versifiers who catch the ear of the people with a cunning manner of metre. Between you and us, I may be allowed to say, it seems like kindergarten songs for little children not out of the nursery. We would like to see a return to the strong, vigorous writing, and yet in the vigor to have none of the *beauty* lost.

Elizabeth, standing by my side, is content to sing her songs and speak her praises to and of me. I would rather it were not so; and yet I sometimes think that exquisite expression of tenderness and love, which is the key-note of all her work, can

never come without the personal touch with the idol of its affection.

There are so many things I want to say to you.

I am not sorry, now, that I lived so long after she went away; but I confess to you that all my types of women were beautiful and blessed by my perfect knowledge of one pure woman's soul. Had I never known Elizabeth, I never could have written 'The Ring and the Book.' I know you have thought it. Pompilia, seeking to express her soul through such adverse conditions, was a soul looking up out of the dark into God's face. Her perfect acknowledgment of the perfect love through all her simplicity and ignorance of the world's manners, was only the consciousness of a soul awakened by the light of supreme and untarnished love.

So, through all my work, you will find Elizabeth written there; and it is with satisfaction I tell you this. She taught it me; she was full of faith, and beyond the women of her time in her understanding of their upreachings and misunderstandings of themselves.

Perhaps at this time I may add, how glad I am

that our friend, Miss Lilian Whiting is writing the book of our combined lives. So many times *you* have felt that all had not been said for me, and you have wished that the hand of the clock of your life had been turned back that you might write and work more for me. I thank you for the wish to do this; and I know, some day, others will arise to say what is needed, if it be needed, in the world.

I used to think that God sent his agents into the world to keep his purpose clean and sweet for the people; but I did not think it was done in this natural and normal way that you and I are talking to-day.

I am not through yet.

America has always appealed to me; and I think, perhaps, I have more appreciative readers in Boston than in London. It is hard to arouse an old and steady-going public into enthusiasm over any new and unusual work.

Oh, how I love to lift my face to God's bright stars,

And learn my lesson there,

How calm and still above life's jars

They float in ambient air,

And through the dark which makes their light shine ever more
and more,

I catch the tracing of God's hand that holds them to his shore.

That is only a thought which I try to express.

I think my prose is better than my rhyme, this time; but my thought was to write through you something longer and more beautiful in verse. I will do it some day. Elizabeth wants to speak to you now.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The Control: She clasps her hands together in an enthusiastic way, and smiles, as she begins to talk to you.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

O, dear, dear, Dr. Corson, I am so happy I can hardly tell it in words. Robert is so good, so noble, and I am so glad to have him with me; but I still have a little lonely chamber in my heart for my boy. And I often think if he would only open the doors for me, as your son does for his mother, I should not be so lonely. I *do* get very much joy from just being beside him, at times; but it does seem as if I could not wait to have this truth become a universal knowledge, so that we mothers would feel no sensation of aloofness when we come over here, and leave our babies in the world.

There is more than just a joy in being able to speak to people still in the body.

There is a great field for usefulness. I am a sort of utilitarian, after all, you see; and I would like to mend all these broken threads in the garment of life, and let God's love shine through the perfect whole until the world is radiantly happy, and through its happiness, comes its best expression.

It is practical and sensible to believe in the *complete* life; and it would revolutionize the art of living if computations could be made of the effort, the money, the time, that are put into that great casket of universal death. The figures would be stupendous, and all thinking men and women would rise to stay the evil.

So, don't you see that every time we help some one to come out from under the shadow of death, we have made a better citizen, a better lover of God, and a more perfect soul; and all the dirges and psalm tunes would soon be lost in a grand pæan of joy and victory. Up, up, up, must the soul ever soar; and every thing which we may do to turn the eye of the spirit toward the heavenly

heights, brings the kingdom of God nearer to the grey old world.

Your wife is such a lovely personality, and so fond of all poetic expressions; and I whisper to you that the boy who is left, your boy, has a touch of that divine fire in his soul; and all those vibrant tones of melody which poets only sing, find response in his heart. He sometimes thinks that he is a hard-headed business man working in his profession in a most practical way, and this is true of a part of him; but his spirit is not dormant, nor entranced and held in bondage by material conditions, for all through his life is running a little brook of spiritual inspiration whose waters leap and dance in joy whenever the sunlight falls upon them, and on whose bank sweet violets grow, and mosses green with blue forget-me-nots make beauty everywhere.

The Control: That's the little stream of spiritual life, isn't it?

It is most gratifying to find him as he is; but about his special gifts, and psychic powers, I will let his mother or his guides speak to you some other day.

I fear I ought not to stay any longer now, but I shall come again, this week, if I may.

Tell Miss Whiting that I sometimes feel as if I were in her body, so readily do I fuse with her spirit. And sometimes when her hand is writing, and her eyes suddenly fall upon it, she is impressed with how much it looks like mine, and yet she would never dare to speak of this. It seems to her so egotistical to think so; but it is true. My hand is on hers, and almost transfigures it. She will understand.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

21 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

JOSEPH CORSON.

Dear father, so much loved by each of us, so revered by me, I want to bring you a message, to-day. If I could tell you all the wonderful things I see, the wonderful knowledge we obtain by contact with spirits from the wisdom sphere, or the wonderful love we feel as we come into the presence of spirits from the Love sphere, you would feel that we had been well cared for and well taught during our growth in the spirit land.

I am so glad I had birth in the Earth life;* it gave me a start toward the progressive life which comes only to souls born of love.

I hear so many theories of life, its beginning, and its limitations, that I am surprised; for life seems to have no beginning, and no limitations except as man imagines or creates them. We are so free, it is like an elective course in college. We follow our desires, and learn through the fulfilment of them what is best for us. Of the First Great Cause, the primal expression, I know no more than you. I only know I am not concerned about it; and it is ludicrous to see men and women spending lives and energies in a pursuit after knowledge of the unknowable. The laws which govern the places where one stays may be understood, and after that, everything of importance may be understood through coming into harmony with the governing law. I mean by everything the day by day knowledge which lifts the soul out of the region of uselessness into sublime heights of service.

* He was but about a month in the physical body; born Feb. 24, 1857.

We consider Mr. Whitman a seer, a prophet, a diviner of hidden meanings of life; and he is always surprised when we express ourselves in that way, because he expects that every soul knows and sees what he knows and sees. That is why he suffered with heart ache and sorrow; for he sang his songs blithely and freely and expected men would know and understand his spirit. And when they did not, it chilled him like night falling too soon on the feathered songster of the forest.

[I praised what he said of Whitman.]

Thank you, father, for your appreciative word. I long to speak perfectly and understandingly of him who was and is your friend, and is our teacher and companion. He is standing beside me as I dictate this message to you, and the tears come into his eyes;* but they only make them shine more brightly and give me the assurance that I have touched his heart.

Are you not glad, dear father, that the poets have immortal power? They are so much more important in the world than the mathematicians, at

* Only an Earthly mode of expression, as the control explained it.

least *I* think so; but Mr. Whitman smiles and says, if there were no mathematicians, the poets would starve. Perhaps you know what he means.

Mr. Whitman was so concerned and troubled over his message,* the other day, that we came together, to-day, to express a few of our *tenderest feelings* of him to you.

I think I will say no more now, because Mr. Longfellow desires to speak to you. He is so genial, so sunny, that I am sure you will have a beautiful time with him. With love, your son in the spirit sphere,

JOSEPH CORSON.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I have asked permission to come to you, this afternoon. A week ago, to-day, you stood in my study,** and the rooms where you went have possessed a new atmosphere since that time. It is true I often go there, but I feel sometimes like the grandpa by the fireside who sits and thinks of other days in a dead past. But I am happy to say

* There appeared to be some disturbance of the conditions at the seance when he gave his message. The thought and language were somewhat confused.

** In the Craigie House, in Cambridge.

that the active, interested, and conscious expression to you, at that time, gave me a more definite and present-day feeling.

America is a wonderful country in its possibilities for romance and picture, in story and song. But many of our poets have confined themselves to expressions of the reformer and of society, and the little every-day occurrences that do nothing except pass time away, or sound a bugle note.

You know how I love the sound of the singing song, that combination of words and measure which flows into the memory and sings on and on forever.

I find so much among the Indians over here that is great and noble, pathetic and sweet, cunning and shrewd, weaving itself all into a wonderful story of aboriginal life, and I think sometimes if I had this knowledge added to my love of the Indian race, I might have sung more enduring songs than *Hiawatha* or *Evangeline*, or my *Legends of New England* life.

I believe, friend Corson, that no one knows so well the imperfections of his work as the poet himself. It all sounds so simple and so easy after it

is arranged that the average critic has no sense of the time and thought spent in making the perfect couplet or the undying sonnet.

I admire Tennyson so much, more than I can tell you; and our intercourse with you, aside from our common interest in letters, has brought about a friendship so strong that I am proud and happy in it.

I confess to you that I had an inexpressible desire to know more and more of letters. At one time, my poetry was secondary in my desires; but I believe now that I was urged on to express, as I did, by spirits who saw the need of that sort of expression in America, and my adaptability to their message. We are all mediums in degree, but we do not all know it.

You remember Hawthorne. He has never spoken to you from the spirit; but he desires to, and begs me to offer you his greetings, and say to you that it gives him delight to come here with the other good friends of yours who are here.

LONGFELLOW.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

This is beautiful, and yet not strange to me, for often in the past, I have been perfectly conscious of my power to draw near to my friends at will, and to use certain powers for their helpfulness, or, otherwise, if I had been inclined.

I, too, loved Florence like many of your other friends; but there was something in sturdy New England which gave me the best inspiration, and brought me the best credit for work.

There is one book you have not mentioned* which was always dear to me, and one I had a strange fascination for, 'The Marble Faun.' It is unlike my other books. It might almost have been written by another person.

Of all your friends, perhaps no one was more definitely a psychic or medium than I. I did not know at the time what the influences meant. But I used to find it almost impossible to take my place

* When I welcomed him, and expressed my pleasure at his visit to the séance, I spoke of my admiration of his 'Scarlet Letter' and 'The House of the Seven Gables,' and of the choral atmosphere in which each was enveloped, as exhibiting his great artistic power. But I did not mention 'The Marble Faun.'

with people and be as I should in my intercourse with them. A story would haunt me for days and months, and then suddenly I would begin to write, and the whole plot and story was in my mind, and I could not write quickly enough. It was like a torrent that I could not stay; and when it was done I would be exhausted and almost ill. I was not proud of it, but I had no control over it.

I am happy with my dear one. Such love as we had for each other seems more than ordinary to me. The appreciation which she gave me was my support and buoyed me up through days of discouragement.*

My friend, Mr. Longfellow, was a friend through all the struggles of those days, when I worked and worked and seemed to get no recognition.

I am talking a great deal about myself; but it is so pleasant to recall the past and to talk with you about some of the experiences long since forgotten until now.

We all owe you more than we can tell, for the

* His marriage with Sophia Peabody was a happily and beautifully assorted one, and equaled, in that respect, the marriage of Robert Browning with Elizabeth Barrett, which is certainly the most that can be said of it.

careful and critical and appreciative expressions of our work.*

Such men as you who understand our work and effort, and make it the effort of your life to teach people how to read us, are rare, and we remember and are grateful for any one who shows such knowledge of our spirit.

I think 'The Scarlet Letter' was written by some other spirit, just as definitely as I, to-day, am able to use another personality to express myself to you. But that is of little consequence if the work that is done proves of some value in the world of books.

I would send many words of gladness to you that I have been able to become a part of this company in your room to-day.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The Control: Your wife comes so close to you and puts her hand on your own, and says:

I am so glad to have you made happy by the messages from dear Hawthorne. I, too, loved his 'Scarlet Letter,' and never thought it a strange story, but a wonderful one.

* The allusion is to my presentation of their works as a professor of English Literature for nearly half a century.

There are many who seek you and would be glad to come; but we can only have now and then a new communicator.

I am going to try and have Dr. Mott come tomorrow. He was very much pleased that you asked him to come, and will try, tomorrow, to express himself for Eugene.

Paulie is here with me, and Emil, and they both want me to say to you, 'papa dear, we are just as faithful to you as if we took all the time, and we want you to know that we are only waiting so that some of these interesting friends may tell you of their friendship for you'.

I hope, Hiram, that after you go back, I may be able to send you a message, or else arrange, by and bye, for this medium to go to you.

Allston street, house No. 6.* High double steps of stone, with iron railings, go up on each side, and a little railing divides the top stone in the middle

* I had asked whether she remembered the house in Boston in which we were married. I wished to visit it. I had myself no recollection of it. We were married by Dr. Cushman, Sept. 13, 1854. I went, after the séance, to the Boston public library, and consulted the City Directory of that year, and found that the Rev. Robert Cushman lived at No. 6, Allston St.

between the two entrances. Dr. Cushman had, at first, the whole double house for his young ladies' school. It is now used as a lodging house, and there's a tailor shop below. It is near the State House.* I was interested, too, in the old church.** How strange it looks! How peculiar to have the church divided into little sections*** with seats all around. I am glad you went there, for the novelty of seeing a church in such a vicinity pleased me. Did you hear the sparrows outside the church? [No.]

I don't care for old cemeteries, although it was the place where the bodies of Benjamin Franklin's father and mother were put away. But that did not mean so much to me as the old church.**** Is not the subway wonderful?

* I found this description of the house to be all perfectly correct, even as to its being a lodging house; the word 'Rooms' was on the wall. In 1854, this was a well inhabited street of the city.

** King's Chapel, built in 1754.

*** By 'sections' she meant the large square pews with seats on three sides of the squares.

**** The old cemetery alluded to is that near King's Chapel, used as a burial place as early as 1630. There is a large monument to Franklin's father and mother. My wife must have read the inscription, when we were there (Miss Lilian Whiting and myself), on our way to King's Chapel. We were accompanied in our visits to the places mentioned in the message, by my wife, daughter, and sons, and other members of the Spirit Band. They saw all that we saw, and more too.

Now good night, dear, and tomorrow we come again.

22 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

At the opening of this séance, I read to my wife the letter to her of our son, Dr. Eugene Rollin Corson, which he wrote in reply to his mother's message to him. The following is her message in reply.

I love Eugene and all his dear ones, and am glad that my message gave him joy. I felt the joy was mine; and it is little when I think of the many times I am in his home, and able to see him wherever he goes. I find it hard to realize that he is not as conscious of me as I am of his life and pursuits.

I don't want the children to forget their grand-ma, for I want them to grow up with that consciousness of the intimate relation of spirit loved ones with those still on Earth. And sometimes there may be great help given them, if they understood that their thought helps to make the bridge over which we come to serve them.

CARRIE.

My wife brought Dr. Valentine Mott to this séance, that he might give a message to be sent to our son.

Dear Dr. Eugene Corson: It has been a long time since I attempted to express through words my interest in you;* but never for an interest has my care been remitted, or my interest in your professional life abated. Not all professional men retain an interest in the life-work from which they are called when they enter the higher life. But I have yet to find anything of more devouring interest than the profession which was mine, and is yours, and in which we are mutually concerned, not only for the daily rise and fall of human life, but for the great strides forward which the men at the head have made.

It used to be our purpose to alleviate pain and make death as easy as possible. Now we are trying to oust death from his stronghold in the human family, and not only alleviate pain but fit men to express all that is in them. I believe that no man can perfectly express the highest gifts within

* He received messages from Dr. Mott, a few years ago, through the mediumship of Mrs. Mayer, of New York city, recently deceased.

him, in an imperfect body; and the sooner we medical men recognize this, we shall understand that sin is a disease, and must be treated by the medical profession instead of cajoled by the pulpit, punished by the barrister, or forgiven by the Son of Man hanging on a cross.

I have long felt a desire to express myself on this especial theme; and I would like nothing better than to take a part of each year to study the health conditions and the physical structures of the criminal classes.

All sorts of instruments to save the early torture of the sick and ill, have been invented since I came over here. Many discoveries have been put into operation, from the pressing of the thumb and forefinger on certain parts of the body to lessen the pulsation at the particular spot, and relieve the pain, to the powerful anæsthetics which put to sleep the patient, and allow the skilful operator undisputed sway of the diseased portion.

Our clumsy mechanics, in operating on the body, were but the beginnings of a marvelous epoch of healing and saving the diseased ones.

I am pleased at the recognition you have given

me in your home; for I am indeed your guide and helper; and while I have very little interest in any recognition which the world may give, still I believe the laborer is worthy of his hire; and I want you to have what recognition belongs to you for your faithfulness and unswerving devotion to the call of duty.

I say over and over again the world is mad. It chases its idols, captures them, sets them on the pinnacles of fame, and then, one day, in childish rage, knocks them to pieces for their impotence.

How stupid, how ungrateful, and how little, to urge a man to keep moving on in his work for the world's release. There must be something deeper than an ear attuned to the world's plaudits; an inner conviction that nothing in the world is so important and demanding as the cry of need. That is what you have, dear boy, an intense desire to do well the thing you have started to do; and my hand and heart is with you.

I like to see the American 'get there' once in a while, and not have all the discoveries brought across the water for the profession on this side.

I have been interested in *stovaine*. It has not

yet been demonstrated to me that it will do all that is claimed for it; and I am doubtful if operations performed on a conscious patient, even though that patient suffered no pain, would be successful in all kinds of work. The consciousness of what is going on would bring a nervous tension that might react for the worse. And yet I realize that the fear of becoming unconscious under the influence of anæsthetics, often produces deleterious effect.

Patients must always have complete confidence in physicians for perfect and successful performances.

All this seems so far away from the real fatherly interest which I feel for you, that I am inclined to apologize; and yet I am sure that you will be pleased to know that I am not stupidly ignoring the advancement and the effort at advancement which is constantly going on.

I am always pleased when you look at the books which contain certain extracts about me; and when you look at the pictures, and say to yourself, 'I need you very much, to-day, I hope you can be with me.' I try especially to go with you at

such times; but many, many times, when you are not thinking definitely of me I am there.

[The Control: He stops to think, right now.]

I had a long life; and if I had lived twice as long, I could have used every moment of the time to good advantage.

[The Control: He stops right there and says:]

I want to say more, but my strength is gone. I will come to you again some other time.

VALENTINE MOTT.

Doctor, I shall be here another week. Perhaps you can come some day within that time.

The Control: He replied, 'I will try.'

The Control: There's the spirit of a woman. I think she is your sister. She comes forward with your mother and she says:

I think there is no happier family in all the spirit spheres than ours. The light of truth shines into our home and gives us all the joy that sunshine brings.

Mother is the same dear mother whom you knew, always unselfishly looking after the rest, and finding her peace in the goodness of her children.

You remember how, when we were small, she always expected us to be truthful and upright, and without fear; and how our uncles were spoken of with such pride, much like this: Your uncle Hiram was a most excellent man, or, your uncle William took a stand against slavery.

Our people were a sort of Saints' Calendar to which we were referred; and we were expected to uphold the family dignity, and be as good as they. And to-day mother says she has no sorrow for anything her children did. While they each kept an independent spirit, they were most dutiful and lovely.

I wish I could tell you of the blessed evenings we have, not evenings such as you have in your life, but the quiet time that comes between one duty and another, wherein we rest and refresh our spirits in friendly conversation and quiet uplifting communion.

We usually take that time for rest when our friends are resting in the Earth life; for when they are active, in the dangerous pursuits of physical life, we draw very near to them for their help and protection. So you see, we have a sort of a night here. It isn't going to sleep, shutting up the sense realm as you do, but a time when no demanding labors are thought of. Our heaven is not a place of eternal sleep and rest, but an active life of love and service.

I fear I am staying too long, dear; but we all come again tomorrow.

CLARA CORSON SHOLL.

23 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

The Control: I see Mr. Tennyson turn and bow to your wife and family, as he steps into the aura of your personality. Then, with very great earnestness he assures you of the deep gratitude he feels for this opportunity.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

We are a company of spirits interested not only in the finest expression of the aspirations of men

and women, but in the power* that touches men and women and sets their aspirations aflame.

A poet must speak from the depth of his being; and the best songs he sings are those that are born in *experience*.

Sometimes for months before I could write a line, the essence of my poem was in my heart, and kept flowing up, flowing up, until it touched my brain, and then I began to write. Then there were other occasions when an event would produce an effect of unlocked doors to some hidden chamber, and there would rush forth little fragrant songs that had to find the light of day through my help.

Not always are the most studied and the longest pondered-over verses the best. But there are tendrils and roots to the plant of poetry, and they find nourishment out of sight in the soil of the spirit, and grow all unconscious until at last the flower-time comes, and the blossom is fragrant and sweet.

Sorrow has ever been a theme for the versifier; and goodness, ideal goodness, has always found

* Poetic power.

its lovers among men who could sing its praises in rhyme.

I sometimes think, if I were to return to Earth again, I would make my life the life of a poet, just as before, only more complete and perfect.

I love the Nature scenes, the trees, the hills, the crags, the sea; they talk to me, and my answers are my songs.

I feel that I am talking too much about what I felt; but you know, my friend, when one speaks in intimate terms to one whose spirit is responsive, it is not of commonplace things he speaks, but of those feelings and throbbings of his heart and spirit which alone make him what he is. I have little patience with ordinary conversation. It is belittling; it drags men from the heights, and is no good to any one. And I care very little for any reputation I may have gained for either good or bad conversational powers; and sometimes when I seemed surly and churlish, when the inquisitive and curious tried to make me open my mouth, and say words, it was only because I had nothing to say; and having nothing to say, how could I say it?

With my family and my dear ones, I am sure there was no feeling of restraint, but we talked our love idylls in love's own familiar language. And if we talked by and by and day day, and that sort of talk, to the little fellows, it was because that expressed our tenderness and our stooping devotion to their dear little intellects.

You know well enough, from your intimacy with my lines, that I desired always to have men keep before them a picture of the lofty life, and the noble times; and yet I wanted their hearts soothed by any tender little murmur of running brook, or whisper of nodding violet, that might be borne to their tired ears.

What am I doing over here? Oh, so much, to assure myself that the knights and ladies, the beautiful and strong and lovely, are not all of the olden time, but are living in your world, fighting their battles for truth with the same ardor as the velvet-clothed youths of the golden days for possession of the blithesome maids they loved.

I do not claim to be a reformer. I like strength without reformation. And, indeed, strength *is* reformation, for weakness makes men fall, and

women stumble, and blots out the picture of goodness and power.

I have been in your little circles at your home, with the blessed company of kindred spirits, many times in the past, and I always feel it is a privilege to be allowed, or, rather, invited, to sit down in a man's castle, and commune with him, as we have done with you.

Sometimes, when some of the friends have spoken of your loneliness, and the joy it would be for you to close the doors of the cottage, set the house in order, and start out upon the journey through the spirit spheres with your waiting darlings, I have said, oh, he's not so lonely that he needs to begin to think about coming over here. A man at 84 doesn't feel much older than at 70. He has a few more limitations, may have to look out for draughts, nurse the gout, tie his kerchief a little tighter around his withered neck, when he faces the sleet; but there's a good deal of juice left in the fruit yet, and, with an active spirit, he can puff his cares away with a few whiffs from his loved pipe, and float in fancy back into the past, and enjoy his life.

I would have been glad to live until I was 90, and I was older a little, when I went away, than you are now. I had a great many things to be happy over. My friends were so kind, and so generous.

Lady Tennyson is with me, and sends greetings to you, and would suggest that the beauty and joy of the spirit life for her is greatly augmented because she can have me to herself, once in a while, without demands extraordinary from the people and the queen.

The queen is courtly yet simple; a woman with all her queenliness, a queen with all her womanliness; and the happiness which she enjoys in the realm where her consort dwells with her, and all her children and friends are able to have free and familiar intercourse with her, is beautiful to see.

I am surprised that many of my poems are still in favor; and I had hoped we might have some stronger laureate arise before this.

The most remarkable thing about it all is, how did he* get there? Certainly not by merit. And when positions of honor, which should be abso-

* Alfred Austin.

lutely honorable, become commerce in political centres, the laurel no longer brings joy to the heart of the man who would write his best for his country and his king. Watson, what of William Watson? What a pity he wrote 'The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue.' Perhaps he may yet be able to redeem himself.

All genius is akin to madness, from the popular standpoint, which demands of a man his surrender to all political intrigue, social commonplaces, and the ordinary affairs of life; but genius bids him soar away from the commercial atmosphere to the heights where the gods play with thunderbolts, and the majestic stars sing songs to the silent night, that are unheard and unheeded by the throng in the valleys.

Stephen Phillips, I speak of him. You'll remember *one* wonderful poem,* prophetic and far-seeing.

You see, friend, now and then, a man in the lower realm, lower only in the sense of primary, catches an inspiration, and writes one or two

* I did not ask him, at the time, to what poem he alluded; but at a sitting at home, after my return from Boston, he said it was 'Marpessa.'

beautiful things; but that does not make a poet. The poet *lives* in the atmosphere for poetry. 'In Memoriam' I believed touched the hearts of people, because it sang a song of the common loss.

I could not write that, to-day; it is a dirge that one could not write in the sunshine and knowledge of life after death. My Geraint and Enid, (you remember how beautiful was Enid, her trust, her confidence, and goodness,) I love to dwell upon to-day.

I must not speak more of my own work now; but this I want to tell you: think of me sometimes sitting in the sunshine where the scent of purple grapes makes fragrant the air, smoking ambrosial pipe, as my thoughts fly earthward and I centre on some particular individual. Then turning my eyes in the direction my thoughts have taken, I find myself able to project a definite influence for good. Many of those sudden impulses to do some good and noble thing, come as definitely from the thought of people over here as if they were whispered in the ear by a wise friend in your own life.

We are the finger of the Almighty, and may do, as the messengers and workers of the expression

of life, very much to bring peace and joy to men and women. I did not know this until I came into the spirit world. I was conscious of the presence of spirits. I often thought them angels. I frequently knew them to be friends, and I thought they were sent, or permitted to come to me, for my comfort and consolation. I did not imagine that spirits were free to work in the sphere of Earth's conditions, to implant holy ideals in the brains of men, and to really set the machinery of ethical life into action.

The better the men are who come over here, and the more of the good ones we get, the better it is for *your* world; for the influences men have about them, have a power over people in the body. I have gotten to a place where I resent criminal immigration to the spirit world. What can *we* do with them? Any more than *you* can do? I don't mean you, personally. They often deport themselves and return to the country which turned them out, with their hatred and despair. If men were less concerned to lay up treasures on Earth, they would lay up more in Heaven, and find more peace and profit in the life of the present.

I fear I must wait and talk some other time on this subject. It is close to my heart. Good night.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Control: It's your wife who comes, and she says:

Oh, how happy we are. It is more to us than we can express. And when I come, I am so interested to talk with you about our personal affection and family interests, that I often neglect to speak of the wonderful progress in thought, over here, and the vital interest we all have in the social problems of your Earth world.

Joseph has been making a study of the economic values and conditions, and is extremely interested in the Jews. He thinks as a nation they have a right to exist, although no one gives them that right; so they are broken as a people into many fragments, and scattered over many lands. He has been to the home of Tolstoi, and has made a study of some of his work among the refugees. And when he grows enthusiastic, he is so beautiful, at least to my eyes, because the spirit of tolerance and brotherly interest is expressed in every fea-

ture of his countenance, and every part of his body.

Tolerance has to play a large part in the spirit of a well-poised person, because one might love the Jews and hate the man who hated the Jews, and sin just as much against his higher nature as if he hated the Jews simply and unreservedly in the first place. You know how some people find it hard to fight a battle for right unless they can hit some men somewhere. They could not calmly stand up and demand the right for a Jew, without giving a pretty hard shot at the men who do things against them. But Joseph's method is to love everybody as far as they are worthy of love and not express a partisan spirit because he has espoused a cause. He may tell you about it himself, some day.

You never knew my grand-mother, Janet Rollin, and I want to tell you a little about her. She is French, of course,* as proud of her descent as a prince would be of his descent from the King.

There were many early trials during some hard days in France, which my people endured; but

* My wife was French, born and educated in France.

they have all grown away; and grandma comes, this afternoon, and stoops down over you, and whispers a few French words, meaning, my pleasure to meet my little Carrie's great American husband. She says: 'Your people and mine are on the most cordial and friendly relations, and we live near enough to each other so that we may divide the children between us. We are as proud of the boys and Paulie as your people are, and we want to see them at least half the time.' I only leave this word with you to-night. Good night.

CARRIE.

24 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

The Control: Paulie comes first this afternoon, and she says: O papa dear, is this not beautiful for me to stand here, feeling that you are my father, and telling you how dear you are to me?

Mamma and I are constant companions, and when you go to any place of interest, we follow along like two sprites that you cannot see, but the influence of whose presence you may feel. I went with you and Miss Lilian, yesterday, and saw the

wonderful city of marble and flowers—the commemorative place where lie the bodies of so many great men and noble women, and little children whose souls become stars in the dark night of their parents' sorrow. I could hardly comprehend that Mount Auburn was a place consecrated to the dead. But the holy stillness of all human sounds, just the chatter of squirrels, the cawing of crows, the soft sounds of slowly moving feet, and a falling leaf, now and then, made it seem like a Sabbath day when no sound of ordinary life is heard. But I loved it. In my mind's eye I could see the long processions of mourning friends, hear the sighs and sobs of those who wept without hope; and I felt a desire to carry the knowledge of the interpenetration of spiritual life with all earthly life to those who need to know. O daddy dear, I think ignorance is the sin of the world. Why do the ministers keep so still about these truths? Are they cowardly? or do they believe men are insane when they talk as you do? And if they don't know, why don't they find out? And how can they ask the people who lean on them, to turn their eyes toward God and thank him because he has

taken away their loved ones? It's all dreadful and fearful to me when I think how ignorant people hold the minds of those who really want to know, in subjection and fear.

All education is not in books, is it papa? Some times I am glad that I came over here so early, for I did not have much to unlearn. And I had such beautiful times planning surprises for you and Mamma and Eugene. And my brothers entered fully into all my plans.

The old home, Cascadilla Cottage, is the sweetest place on Earth to me; but we have a home over here that is just as beautiful in its influence as that is, and has so much more to it, that I'm sure you'll be very happy when you come.

We have a large hall where we expect you to read and express vocally for some of these dear friends of yours who are still writing beautiful poems. Mr. Longfellow says that he would rather hear you read some of his poems than hear some other people sing them, even though the accompanying music were excellent and true. Isn't that a good compliment for you father?

I saw the chapel,* yesterday; I like the old one with the grey towers better than the new one. I think I like buildings that have a touch of time on their surface.

I went to Italy with you and mamma, I, in the spirit land and you in the body; and I heard Mrs. Browning** say that she loved old castles and old churches, and ruins, and that she always wanted to put her hand on the outside of the building, and sometimes even to touch her face to it, for such buildings seemed like old people who had ripened and matured 'neath setting suns and stately stars. Oh, she's a wonderful spirit, papa. She seems to have such a wide comprehension of great problems, as if her soul had many, many centuries of experience.

And, papa, I have been interested, too, in the old East Indian philosophies. Are they not strange and wonderful? Not all spirits are satisfied of the truth of those religions, any more than they are all satisfied of the truth of our religion

* In Mount Auburn, where I went yesterday with Miss Lilian Whiting.

** My daughter was taken care of by Mrs. Browning in the Spirit World before her mother went over.

of spiritualism. But anything that makes men have a better comprehension of the vastness of life and the possibilities of the soul, is good for them, I think; and I always feel glad, to see people interested in something broader than boots and buttons. You know some people stop and feel that they filled their allotted spheres when they have kept buttons on the boots of their children, and gingerbread in their little stomachs. And if they send them to Sunday School, and give them a fair chance at education, they consider they have fairly won the honors of parenthood.

I shall be a philosopher myself if I keep on, because I keep adding to my knowledge by observation and experience; and mamma says those are as good teachers as I could have.

Emil and Joseph were with us, yesterday, and Emil began to calculate the vast sums of money expended on monuments; and he said he would like to take all those stones and build a temple right beside the gate where all the truths of immortality should be taught to everyone who entered the place to lay their dead away.

The grass was green and the flowers were sweet; but they were only beautiful as tributes to the memory; for those whose names were carved on many a stone, were busy and active in many a darkened corner of the Earth, where never a flower was seen, and never a bit of grass made carpet for tired feet. For instance, Dr. Brooks often goes into the crowded tenement districts of the city, where he lived, and carries a radiant influence like a Christ, and there are many, many more who serve in just such ways. And they always will as long as there is pain or suffering in the world. They are not content to find heaven as a place of rest, but know, as you and I do, that heaven is a condition, not a place. So many times, papa, at the home, I walk into the study where you are, and sit down in the little chair mamma used to sit in when she was waiting for you to get through some writing and talk to her, you remember, and I come there and sit down and look at you and wonder why you cannot see me when I see you so plainly.

Whenever you put flowers on the table I feel so happy, and am glad to know you remember how I

loved them. I always did love them. I love the lilies, but we don't have those so often. And you remember the spotted lilies that grow wild, that is, not wild, but grow naturally in big clusters. I like those, but I don't like to touch them, for the pollen falls off on your fingers. Then there's another flower, at home, that I love; it's that tall old-fashioned pink one, not very fragrant, but pretty. I think it is wild phlox. There is red, now, beginning to come on the vines that run over the wall, and it looks beautiful.

I want to tell you so many things about what I do over here.

Do you remember hearing an East Indian Mahatma, or something of that rank, speak? He had a yellow silk turban or scarf around his head, Swami Abhedananda. Didn't he go to the spirit? (No.) Well, it's Vivekananda. I saw him, and talked with him. They have such lofty ideas of the Infinite, I love to talk to them. And then Madame Blavatsky. I have seen her; and, papa, she is, at one time, so lofty, and at another, so coarse, that one can hardly understand the two extremes of her nature. She seemed to embrace

all conditions; but she is busy; activity is the expression of her soul. She talked and taught repose, but she could not express it. She was one volcano in eruption, the most of the time. I am describing her in the Earth life. [Have you met her in the spirit life?] Yes. She is not here, to-day, but she asked me to give you her kindest regards, and tell you that she never forgot your kindness to her, which she never adequately expressed her appreciation of, while she was in the body,* Mamma laughs, and with a funny little smile, says, 'I had all I wanted of her. She was more than enough for one household to take care of, and I thought she never would go. She liked our home so much. I was glad when I saw the last of her, and yet she was fascinating in the extreme, at times. She was a wonderful medium, and was controlled to do a great work, and she had to do it in the way her spirit could be used.'

I have said, father, about all I ought to say, to-day, just let me add my love to Eugene and Cora, and the children, to Mrs. Sjoegren and her daugh-

* Mme. Blavalsky made me a long visit in Ithaca, in the Autumn of 1875, and began the writing of 'Isis Unveiled' while she was with me.

ter, and a thousand embraces to Miss Lilian, and my heart's devotion to you. Good bye.

PAULIE.

The Control: I want to tell you that Joseph and Emil send their love, and are very happy indeed over Mr. Tennyson's message; and Joseph says that your friend, Mr. Ernst Perabo has a mother in the spirit land who frequently stands by his side, and yearns over him with the tenderness and love that is most beautiful to see.

25 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

CAROLINE ROLLIN CORSON.

Happy are we, to-day, dear, to speak to you of our presence, and of our interest in the city where you are staying, and in all the things and places you are seeing.

What a beautiful time you will have when you get home and apart from this active expression, to live again these days, and recall the sweetness of the hours we have spent in this room.*

We were all with you, this morning. Paulie and Emil walked with Miss Whiting on the pier, and

* The seances were held in my rooms in 'The Brunswick.'

Joseph and I sat beside you; and all our friends were near, looking at the beauty of the sky and sea, and thinking what a wonderful sabbath it all was for tired eyes and wearied hands.

The one great difference between the enjoyment of life in the Earth's sphere and the spirit realm, is, that spirits take time to enjoy everything when once they are awakened to the sense of beauty; in the Earth's sphere, demands for the physical needs cannot be sufficiently dismissed for a temporary enjoyment of higher things.

Mr. Brooks is here, and I will step aside for him now.

CARRIE.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Good afternoon, my dear friend. When this matter of Spiritualism was brought to my attention, before I left the body, I thought it very unimportant. I thought it might be true, or might not, that men should connect directly with God as a Father, and through that understanding of divine relationship, come into better relations with men and women about them.

I had not the slightest doubt of the immortality of the soul. God, I thought, was too good, too beneficent, to create a race and then snuff them out.

I had an idea that it might be perfectly true that my sainted mother, whom I adored above all human beings, could see me at times; but that she could even want to leave that exalted sphere to which she had been promoted through death, I never once understood or believed. If I analyzed the matter at all, it was that her faith in God left me in his care until I was called home, and my faith in God should let me stand free and fearless, knowing that she rested in his heaven, and among his saints.

That sounds very fine as an argument; but, today, it looks stupid enough to me. And I wonder at my own blindness. You must understand that God to me was a personal entity with greater love than we could understand. And when my intellect began to question, I fell down on my knees and prayed for greater faith.

I am not unhappy to find that many of my ideas were too childish for the understanding of the

broader conception of the Infinite power. And that leads me to question whether the world is ready for the whole and complete revelation.

Many truths I have to tell you, but you cannot hear them now.*

But of this I am assured: the comfort, the companionship, the sweet solace of the communion between dead and living, are needed in every church, in every family, and in every aching heart.

Perhaps the only way to help the world to understand these larger problems of Infinity and spiritual life, is to teach them through their pain.

I am sure that many times my best utterances were poured through my lips by spirits who were wise and good. I often felt, when I began to speak, a force so strong that it poured itself through me in an irresistible tide; but I thought it was God, that it was the answer to my prayer to have my open mouth filled with blessed words. And it *was* God, too, dear friend, working in his own unchangeable way, and answering prayers through men and women who understand the law.

* So he quoted John XVI. 12.

I frequently sit with you, in the evening, when you are talking with my friend, Miss Whiting. For a long time, almost since I first came over here, I have been able to draw very close to her; and she has helped me many times in an expression.

Perhaps no one in your Band enjoys having you two people together so much as I. I know the close relationship existing between you and the Brownings, and also between her and them; but I am as keenly alive to the good it is for you both as are the Brownings. My tender regards to her and tell her I have frequently talked with Dr. Donald* since he came over here, and he expresses the kindest appreciation of her friendship.

She seems to grow rather weary of the church service, and sometimes chides herself for it; but let me assure her it is growth, not weariness, progression, not retrogression, and freedom which she most desires.

When you consider that it is I, the friend and adviser, who speak these words to her, you may

* Rev. Dr. Elijah Winchester Donald, successor to Dr. Brooks, as rector of Trinity Church, Boston; died 1904.

smile and say that *I* have been growing too, which is true.

I think I will say only one more word to you, and that is, how much I appreciate your kindness to me, and the honor you do me, to include me in your loved Band.

I know that you and I have very much in common, in the moral sphere, however much our religious ideas might have clashed. Our purposes were plain, and our expressions fearless on some of the great problems of the day, notably the Anti-Slavery question, the accumulation of great wealth, and the disastrous conditions attending the efforts to spend it. I will say good bye, to-day, and come again.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

EMIL CORSON.

This is only a short one, to-day, father, because we know your hand is tired, and we want you to feel good for to-morrow.

I love this life here in this city. There's so much going on. We get a touch of some of the modern

ways of getting about and seeing different places and people. I loved the water, this morning,* I'd like to be right out on it some time.

What a variety of scenery there is here. We took a walk with Mr. Longfellow the other day while you were lying down, and he showed us Bunker Hill, and an old burying ground that you haven't seen, I think it is called Copp's Hill,** looking out to the sea, and the State House.

It's very busy at Ithaca now; and some of your friends have already asked for you; but you'll go home soon enough, and find everything in order, and the lovely peaceful atmosphere everywhere. There's the smell of grapes in the air, and the little round red apples. I like the fruiting season; and the harvest time is comè. I go there every day and look about, and fancy I see you with your overcoat and gloves on, and your cap, walking around

* I went with Miss Whiting, this morning, to the sea shore, and spent some time on the pier running out into the sea, and saw an ocean steamer coming in from England.

** A hill in the northeast part of Boston, an old burial ground, reverentially preserved, occupied, in the Revolutionary War by a British fort, from which hot shot were thrown into Charlestown, at the battle of Bunker Hill, setting the town on fire. It commands a fine view of the sea.

the place for a little constitutional. Everything will look so good after you've been away.

And there has been a good lot of work done in the house since you have been gone, everything put in spick and span order.

[How do you know such expressions?]

Oh, we pick them up from different people, sometimes in the Earth life, and sometimes in the spirit.

Language grows with us much the same as it does with you. The need of a word creates it.

I was going to tell you a little more about the house. You know every little while you have to have some trimming of the trees done, and that makes a little firewood. I love that kind of a fire, when the flames dance up and down the wall, and the odors of the forest are released by the heat.

I do not wonder that the Indians dance before their camp fires.

Did you ever think what we do over here, about fires, I was going to say. Fires play so large a part in the Earth life of men that it seems as if some people find it hard to grow away from the desire for the beauty and comfort of fire. And I

have seen people enjoying it over here. They create it through a chemical action, and it looks exactly like the fire people use for heat and cooking. They do not need it, they only want it. Mr. Hawthorne loves an open fire, and he says, I want no boxed-up flame for me. I want to see, and smell, and hear, as well as feel; and Mr. Longfellow says, only one more to add to those, and that is, taste; and if he lets his fire smoke a little he can add taste to the equipment.* It's a bit of their fun.

Now, father dear, I think I'll go, and before you return to Ithaca, I'll come with another message; for I want to tell you how I love the drives,** and the circles, at home, and the association with you, my revered father. Good night.

EMIL.

* Here it appears that spirits enjoy the memory of even physical comforts in the Earth life, though there is no need of them in the Spirit life.

** The Band accompanies me in my occasional drives, at home, through the fine scenery around Ithaca. By 'circles' he means my private séances.

26 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

The Control: 'Never the time and the place and the loved one all together,'* your wife says, but this *is* the time and the place, and the loved ones all together.

Dear, dear husband, the joy is mine to greet you, to-day; and I want to send a message to dear Lilian, and tell her how much we love her for her devotion to you; and tell her she must not grieve when things do not come as she plans for you.

Emil was with you, this morning, and he wishes me to tell you that he and Mr. Longfellow were at the old burying ground the other day, because they were going over the road made famous by the lines of Mr. Longfellow, called 'Paul Revere's Ride'. They started from the Old North church, and went on and out to Lexington. But they were not weary, found no locked gates, and had to pay no Peter's pence to get into the temple.**

* The two first verses of Browning's poem in the volume entitled 'Jocoseria.' The first verse serves as the title to the poem.

** Alluding to experiences which Miss Whiting and I had when we went to visit Copp's Hill.

I have been to see our son since yesterday; and it is so good to find the cordial welcome and a new enthusiasm for our communications. It is like a new bit of life poured into his existence.

So many men live on and on in the present without any knowledge at all of the after life, except that vague and dreamy belief in a heaven prepared for saints. How funny it is that so many people believe that only good folks go to heaven; and yet go right on sinning, living selfish lives and having no conception of what the truth is. How can one explain it except that they believe nothing at all, and gamble with eternity just as they do with life.

It is such a pleasure to me, dear, to have the children speak to you in such confidence of their love and their life here. It is ideal. Had they stayed with you, it would have been my desire to have this same blessed comradeship grow up between you all as now exists and always will exist.

But one can never tell what effect the material life in a physical body may have on the spirit; and I am glad now that our dear children so early began the real and spiritual expression.

I think I am helped by these communications equally with you.

Mr. Myers promised to speak with you, to-day, and he is here, looking very strong and noble, and very ready to give you any knowledge he has which may help you; and he wishes me to say to you that he has pleasure in coming as well as you in having him come.

Love to you, dear.

CARRIE.

F. W. H. MYERS.

I am glad to come to you, my friend.

I have often said, and still repeat, there is no subject in the world so interesting, so fascinating to me, as the subject of spirit identity. After I began to be interested in it seriously, and after the English society was formed, I needed no other recreation, and found nothing of vital importance outside of it for me.

I am still, so to speak, connected with the Society, and whenever I have opportunity I make effort to express something clear to the men who are interested with me.

Sir Oliver Lodge has done a great work, and I am pleased with it; but none of them have taken the simple, rational, natural relationship as you have done; and I believe *that* is the key to the wonderful messages that are given you. You take everything and weigh your evidence afterward, and it is not often that you have to discard anything as mistaken identity or foolish talk. Everything you have received fits together like a wonderful mosaic of spiritual reality.

I suppose if I had stayed longer I would have written more. The trouble is not, to write enough, but, not to write too much.

I was never handicapped by what other people thought. If I discovered something which they had not known, it gave me no trouble at all, and I never doubted my own experiences because *they* did. I rather felt a sense of pity that they could not see, or could not have the opportunity to see, what I saw.

One of the remarkable things in this whole work, to me, has been the very prodigal way in which the spirits have dispensed their gifts without regard to education or birth, or financial standing;

and a social equipment hindered rather than helped the growth of the gift of clairvoyance or clairaudience, or trance, or psychometry. The power came wherever and whenever there was sufficient receptivity to make it felt and known.

Everything is in the hands of the people who are alive in the world. There is no particular cunning about it. And whenever anyone seeks earnestly for some [spiritual] expression, it is never withheld.

I was not surprised in that matter, for I had always believed that it was possible to tap the reservoir of spiritual knowledge and get direct information, not only about spiritual conditions, but physical.

I have little patience with that group of men who explain everything by telepathy, and can give one no evidence whatever of how telepathy works, or how the law may be applied.

You are probably familiar with Thomson Jay Hudson's theories, his universal telepathy, and

telepathy *à trois*.* He had some of the conceit taken out of him when he came over here, for all his experiments failed. Telepathy has never been demonstrated as being a power apart from the spirit possibility; far more likely it is that spirit messengers act as go-betweens, and deliver the message sent from one person to another. And in cases where a message is telepathied in English and received in Greek, how can that be done by any other means than by the spirit operator impressing on the receiver the Greek expression for the given English message.

I believe it perfectly possible for me to give you a message, this afternoon, and an hour later, under like conditions, in another channel, give the same message to some one in England. And I believe if this message is transmitted simultaneous-

* "A message transmitted from A to B, by any means of communicating human intelligence, can be transmitted, conditions being equal, from B to C by the same means. Besides, it has been demonstrated, again and again, by experimental telepathy, that telepathy by three, or as the French call it, 'télépathie à trois,' is not only a possible, but a very common phenomenon."

The Evolution of the Soul. By Thomson Jay Hudson. Chicago: 1904, P. 169.

ly in both places it must be given in one place by some one coöperating with me for that purpose.

The cross-reference is still agitating the minds of those who desire to put evidence of spirit identity into expression such as would be used in logarithms or chemical quantities. Only in one way can this be done perfectly and without failure, and that is, to have the different media of equal spiritual vibration, or, in other words, to have instruments that are keyed to the same pitch.

There has been no care taken of the mediums; and until there is, scientific demonstrations are very nearly useless. But the heart to heart evidence may go on unremittingly and unceasingly.

I did not mean to talk so long on this particular theme. There are so many other forms of manifestation from the spirit. I was interested in them: the dreams, the haunted houses, the physical expression through the voice, the cabinet forms, and all those multiplied phenomena which make up the list that you and I are familiar with.

All of these expressions are true in instances. And because some one has played fast and loose

with the credulity of dupes, there is no reason for denying the truth when it is given.

Infinite is the variety of the flora of the world, and infinite is the variety of spirit expression.

There was a time when the question of prophecy was tabooed by serious minds; but no one who has had many séances with psychics of good repute, has failed to note the many, many foretellings of future events which were as clearly seen as if they had been a part of the past.

This is one of the phases which men will have to reckon with, before very long. A chance prophecy which falls in with the manner of living, and would be a natural sequence of present conditions, I will not consider; but the definite picturing of future events, with color, and sound, and people, and season of the year, or atmosphere of the hour, is too direct and definite to be ignored.

Really, when one comes to study this great expression, it is so stupendous as to be almost overwhelming; and I sometimes think that it will be the mass of individual experiences brought into place where men may hear and know, that will give the world the best understanding of the truth.

I am always glad to come to you personally, aside from your perfect confidence in our capacity to speak. There is a sense of companionship because of your spiritual aspirations. Your eyes are not always glued to the expression; but your mind and spirit respond. You meet us more than half-way. And when I am in your home, I do not feel that I have come into a denser atmosphere, but rather that it is clear and pellucid and beautiful.

So many men with whom I spent hours of investigation of these subjects, had absolutely nothing in them except a common interest in facts. How bare, how cold, how materialistic! What shall we *do* with the facts when we have them? Sit on them until they explode? make record on record of them, until the files are so voluminous that no ordinary man would attempt to wade through them? No. They must serve their purpose in the world, and lift mankind to an appreciation of the spiritual life, or the power will be transferred to a centre where it can be of use. It is the religious and humanitarian, the ethical and spiritual influence which must be understood now; and

I am heart and soul with those who desire to give the world the blessed assurance of life after death, and a comfort and inspiration which that assurance alone can give.

I would have all the songs the songs of joy, all the prayers the prayers of understanding, all the deeds the deeds of wisdom, and all the lives made holy and sweet.

I think I must go now; I may be able to speak once more before you leave. And I have a plan to write you a letter if I am able, once in a while, through the hand of the medium, to give you the assurance of my continued cordial relations, as one of your Band of faithful friends.

FREDERIC MEYERS.

27 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

CAROLINE ROLLIN CORSON.

Greeting to you, my dear. It makes the veil between us seem very light and filmy when I can so easily step through it and speak my message to you.

Our darling children are with me, and it is the rarest treat of their lives to be able to come to you

in this familiar fashion from day to day. We thought we had the very easiest and best conditions at the home; but this is still better, because the brain through which the messages are sent, is more capable, if I may be allowed to use that term, in that connection.

Mr. Myers was exceedingly pleased with the result of his effort, yesterday. He says that the spirits cannot always be sure of just how clear the message has been as they have given it; but after they go away and look back on the written page, or the remembered word in the mind of their friend, they are better able to form an adequate conception of what they have accomplished.

He told me, this morning, that he would be happy and confident of the future of the spiritual truth if he could be assured of a dozen men like you to receive the messages; and I was complimented and pleased, myself; for I know your veracity, your steadfastness and your fearlessness better, perhaps, than any one else in the world.

I have wanted to speak to you about the familiar relations between friends over here. It was quite a surprise to me when it was first suggested to

me, that all families did not remain united in the spirit spheres. You know, with my understanding and love of family ties, that was a heathenish conception; but I have grown to understand that the only bonds that hold people together, in the spiritual realm, are the bonds of soul. Some loves are too weak to hold over into this life; and some family connections seem only to exist for progress or special adaptation for understanding of problems or something of that sort. It pleases me, now that I know this, to tell you that my people and your people are very near and dear to each other and to us. Your mother is as much my mother as she is yours; and I love her just as fondly as I do my own mother. And our children have no desire to form any ties of deep love outside the family circle as yet, and when they do, I know their loves will be woven into the fabric of our lives.

Miss Bennett wishes to speak to you, so I will let her come now.

CARRIE.

FRANCES E. BENNETT.

Good afternoon, professor. Perhaps you have thought that I had enough of school life when I

was in the body. It is true I was sometimes weary of teaching; but there was really nothing in life that held me so completely and gave me so much happiness in return.

I often have your daughter, Pauline, with me in my interesting classes; and instead of teaching deportment, good manners, and the like, we lay large stress on expression. Whatever the study, whether music or art, elocution or mathematics, the individual expression is the matter of most moment.

Suppose one were able to play a sonata; the individual expression would, to my mind, mean the feeling, the depth of soul touch which could be expressed to other souls. To take a more familiar subject, your own vocal expressions of poems or plays, or even stories, is so largely a part of yourself that no one else could ever express in the same way.

I understood Dante better after hearing you read. (The Control: She hesitates a moment, puts her hand to her head, and thinks, and then says): it's the Merchant of Venice, Shylock, I was trying to recall.

I have several times tried to speak at the home circle about some of the things of the past; but I am always troubled, in a degree, by the last illness, you well remember, long and tedious. After all, I am not sure that you care to have me return to the past, but would rather I give you a thought of my present life, and my effort in this particular connection of manifestation from the Spirit land.

I was glad to be through with the weariness, and so happy to find a life with possibilities; and over and over again, in the first months of my life here, I recalled many things which you had said that helped me trace my way.

You were never much of a proselyter; but one could not talk to you long without understanding your conception of God, and life, and the universe.

If I should tell you I am happy, I know it would give pleasure; and I *am* happy, but I still have many things to work for, and see the life open up to me, as one of diligence and study, and activity. But the blessed thing about it all, is, that the eternal problems of meeting indebtedness, one is released from. There is a freedom from the mater-

ial demands which makes life most wonderful and sincere.

Men and women waste themselves playing parts for a pittance. All acting is not before the footlights, nor is all simple honest life off the stage. I sometimes wonder where the whirl is going to end. Fad and fancy, fashion and foolishness, make stark-mad fools of what might otherwise be strong and beautiful men and women.

I never feel like grieving over death, as I used to, for I know that there is a better chance for the soul over here.

I haven't much I want to say, except to give my love to Tilly. Tell her I often see her about her duties, and I am glad that she is growing so fast in her spiritual unfoldment, and I want to help her when I can. I promised to say a word to her from her husband, who passed away so long ago. He sends his greetings and his love to her and tells her and the child to go on in the same faithful way, and rest in the knowledge of his love for them.

Good bye, my friend.

MISS BENNETT.

PAULINE HENRIETTE CORSON.

To say that I am happy doesn't express much.

I want to tell you, papa dear, about some wonderful music I've heard over here. I went, the other day, where there was a great company of musicians. They were all playing on instruments different from any which I had ever seen before. Some were very large, with strings across them, like wonderful violins; and some were long like reedy flutes; and these people played upon them without any particular effort. There were pianos, too, and voices that blended with the whole. They were representing sounds that we have in this life. Sometimes the music would ripple and flow like a little stream through a sylvan forest, and now and then a sound like a bird in the wood, and a boy whistling as he walked beside the stream. Then a little crooning song like the rustle of corn leaves in the summer wind. And all at once there would come a sound like a storm approaching, and a hush like the stillness before the thunder breaks, and then all the vividness of lightning flash, and pouring rain, and wind-lashed trees, and far off, the lonely bleats of frightened sheep on the moun-

tain side. And soon these rough storm sounds died away, and the sun came out, and the birds began to sing, and the pine trees to whisper, and all the air was filled with the sounds of happy children. All this was done by men with musical instruments, and men and women, with voices trained through love of harmony, to express these things.

I think I would rather go again to something like that than to see the most wonderful representation of the passion of Christ (the passion play, I mean), that was ever produced. That's a minor strain, a note of sorrow, perpetuated eternally; and even Christ himself, I fancy, would not care to have the world dwell in that low key.

I think you and I have the same tastes and desires, don't you? and it pleases me to think you have imparted to me something of yourself.

It's only a week before you will be back in the home, and I shall be sitting there beside you, keeping you company, although you may not know it.

Mr. and Mrs. Browning are going to try to speak to you, tomorrow. They want a good long time.

Mr. Whitman asked me to tell you how glad he is that you are happy in his attention to the boys, and the boys say that they would fight for him with the same ardor that they would fight for you. [The Control: That's only a term they use.] They call him Uncle Walt. He prefers Walt. They began calling him Uncle Whitman, but he likes the other name better.

You would laugh to see them all lying down on a beautiful grassy bed, just as real to them as any grass land you ever saw, and talking away about the Universe, and beyond the spaces, and the wonderful story of the spirit of God in men and trees.

Mr. Whitman is really one of the most deeply religious men, in the best sense of the word, I ever knew. He hates hypocrisy, abhors can't, and, above all things, loves an honest man.

Do you remember Mrs. Andrews and some Indian guides she had? (Yes.) She says Honto took care of me. She also says you helped her a good deal, and she always wanted to thank you*

Good night, papa.

* Mrs. Andrews was a well-known materializing medium, at a place called 'The Cascade,' on Owasco Lake. I attended her séances after my daughter passed away in 1874. Honto told me she strengthened my papoose, as she called her, with her magnetism, when she came over. Honto would come out of the cabinet and talk to the circle in a high-pitched voice. She was a wonder of materialization.

28 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

The Control: Mrs. Browning steps forward to say a few words because Mr. Browning wishes her to have the first place.

Oh, rare and beautiful day that gives us an opportunity to communicate with you, our treasured friend. There is no trace of sadness in our hearts, to-day. Life is like a garden of roses, and every step we take, the sweet breath is wafted to our nostrils, and our eyes are filled with the beauty.

How lovely it is to say, again and again, to you and to ourselves, this is God's completeness, the additional expression of his love. Somewhere in the heart of the Universe, there must be a fountain of love, and ever and anon it ripples and flows into the hearts of men and women, making them strong and good and lovely.

Perhaps it is the poetical strain in me which makes me love to think of God as the expression of love, and to feel that his arms are ever around the world, keeping it in its orbit.

Many, many times since your wife has come over here, and especially since she has been able,

at these sittings, to send a definite letter to her son, I have felt the mother heart in me yearn to do as much for my boy. I know how he reveres my memory; but I would love to have that personal talk which is so satisfactory to those who gain such advantage.

I do not remember whether I have spoken to you of my joy when my darling came to me. I had waited so long and had tried to be patient until the door should open into this life; but when the day really dawned, the intensity of my feeling brought silence and sweet tears.

My father always believed in me, but had an almost overpowering care. And when I assumed my right of perfect health, and poise in the spirit realm, it was quite surprising to see him still linger by my side as if to protect me; but we soon understood each other, and I was allowed the freedom which I always yearned for. And when Robert, my husband, was working and expressing, in his own powerful way, I was always by his side, and, I hope, an inspiration and a strength to him. I was with him in the spirit when you met him in the body, and it was beautiful to see the way you

two men understood each other. That is why we are so close to you.

There must be something in the soul to attract and hold, else there is no union, no friendship, that is lasting or sure. And if you had spoken less enthusiastically of his work, or of mine, there would still have been a bond between you, for the soul does not always need the outward expression to know its own or demand the continued expression to hold its own.

What shall I say to you that will make you assured of our happiness in your companionship? Sometimes when I see all the strong people about you, strong thinkers like Dr. Brooks, and Mr. Myers, wonderful teachers and sturdy yeomen of the poetic expression, like Whitman, I feel that my feeble songs are like the twitter of a bird in the nest, compared to the lark's burst of melody, at the rising of the sun.

No one knows so well as the one who has attempted to do something, how imperfectly that something has been done.

Your Quaker poet has beautifully expressed it in the lines,

“Let the thick curtain fall,
I better know than all,
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.”

I think I have quoted it correctly, and it is so expressive.

Some bombastic singers, with conceit growing out of their finger tips, could hardly sing that song. But I believe that in the heart of every truthful poet, the yearning so exceeds the expression that there is often a pain akin to despair, resting there. But where there are two who hold each other's hands, through hours of doubt, and whisper through the darkness the story of sweet confidence, there are fewer of these strains of sadness than when one is alone, as was Mr. Whitman.

Some of the ideals which we both had for the world, we strive to make real, to-day. Robert puts his hand on yours, and I withdraw that he may give you his message.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

So I am here again, my friend, filled with an energy that comes from an understanding companionship. Wherever I go in the world, I find

wearry workers, back bent with the burden of Earth's cares, and I long to sing a song of victory, and see the eyes look up, and the burden roll away. The pain of the world, the misunderstanding, the littlenesses of great men, in great places, and the greatness of little men, in small places, has always been a source of wonder and distress to me. I longed to have power to right the world, put the crowns on the heads where crowns best belonged, and snatch sceptres from unworthy hands.

You know me so well, that you will appreciate my effort to come through this city of doubt about the righteousness of such conditions, and reach at last the place of peace where I could sing forever my trust and confidence in the ultimate good.

I might speak to you for hours, and you would understand every word I said of my indignation at wrong, my love of the good, and my desire to bring the worthy to the light. But before I left the body, I had learned a few of the lessons of life; and now in the land of spirits, I know I was right in trusting that all wrongs would be righted, and weaknesses made strong, if not in this world, then in some other.

Poets are reformers. Not all the preaching is done under the shadow of the cassock and the surplice. The sermons that speak themselves out of the mouths of those who listen for the voice of Truth, are the sermons that reach the souls in need. Truth must ever be our mistress. The clarion call to duty is blown at her behest, and no other note can reach the inmost ear, or catch the attention of the soul that waits.

America haunts me. It is a phantom unwieldy, ever pressing itself in upon my consciousness, so wonderful, so beautiful, so expansive and grand, and yet the playground of the politician who sees its mightiness but to desire the strength of its mightiness that he may play king.

My heart is with England; its great men, its rulers, its thinkers, are always my friends in thought, and I watch with eager interest whatever comes to the Kingdom which I loved. I cannot forget nor do I wish to, the scenes of my earthly life, the events which called forth the best in me. I sometimes think that old age ripens us until we see the green fruit like something foreign; we are so far apart through changes which sun and storm have

brought to us. But I would not have it otherwise. The yellow grain that nods and sighs beneath the Autumn sun, can scarce remember earlier days.

Shall I tell you of some of the people who have interested me in their activities in the world? Gladstone, who clung to life and fought for the principles which he believed were best, has always been an object of my deepest interest; so different from Salisbury, as you and I know. And Gladstone in his life, to-day, studying, inquiring, making effort to bring men to an understanding of the needs of his people, is as active an influence in the affairs of the nation as if he sat in his castle and conferred with his associates. He could not live forever, and some of his influence died with him; but death failed to quench that fire which burned ever brightly for the good of his nation.

He has expressed the greatest interest in these themes (spiritual); he was far-seeing, possessed the power of the eagle, could fly to great heights, see his prey, and pounce upon it with the deftness of the hawk. But that superior power by which he rose, that eagle eye which saw his prey, saw also the unlimited capacities of growth, and yearned to

know something of the larger expression of life. It is no unusual thing to see him in the House of Commons, to-day, working as vigilantly as if his spirit still had the armor of flesh, and directing his forces as only a great prime minister may.

On one occasion he came to your home with us and expressed deep interest in the philosophy of spirit return; and tomorrow, if I may, I will let him speak to you. We have thought that, perhaps, you would like to have an opportunity to speak with him, and to ask us some questions before you return to Ithaca; and if that is true, any time after to-day you may ask them.

I think I will withdraw now. Good bye.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The Control: Mr. Goldwin Smith has a message for you. He is a little slow in coming. Suddenly he moves forward, looks intently at you, and says:

Yes, yes, indeed I do want to speak to you.

My whole interest in life is to be of service. I say this with no particular pride, but because it is perfectly true that I can comprehend no possible use for wealth or education, or accumulated

books, or treasures of art, except to be of use for the growing world.

I was so intensely interested in the affairs of the material world, that I never thought deeply of the spiritualistic problem; but whatever I have found so far that makes me able to continue my work, and interest among men, I am deeply grateful for.

I know very well how my name is being applauded to-day; but it has little effect on me. I would rather men would save their energies to devote them to a better purpose than paying eulogies to a dead man, because he left his fortune for the support of their alma mater. I am glad I had sense enough to leave some freedom about my gifts. I too often saw Universities so tied up with their bequests that they became a hindrance, and I long ago decided that I would leave no prints of dead men's fingers on my will. I am a friend to education, now and always.

I was quite conscious of the honor you did me to be present at the services* as representative of

* His funeral services, at which I represented the Faculty of Cornell University.

the Faculty; and President Schurman represented the University. Am I right? (Yes.)

The surprise to me was greater than I can express when I found that I could see my assembled friends, and hear their words of sorrow, and appreciation of me. I was at the funeral; where else would I be? An event of so much importance would take me from a sick bed any time. But while in the body, an event of so much equal interest to any one near or dear to me, would have taken me from a sick bed, whatever the result.

I find that many men never lose consciousness when they apparently die. Many of them hear the expressions of grief over their dead bodies, and attend their own funerals, and I certainly attended mine, and was both surprised and pleased. Afterward I found it very easy to see my friends still in the body, and to hear them speak. But the pain came when I got no response to my repeated questionings, and my efforts at recognition. My first recognition was here in this room that day when I gave you the message.* It was from that hour

* At the séance on the 9th of Sept. the first of the series.

that I became deeply interested in the philosophy as a philosophy; and I hope I may often come to you as long as you live. [I shall be delighted. Mrs. Corson was much attached to you, and Pauline loved you very much.] Pauline knows me *now*, and is a most excellent friend, and gives me much information. Good bye for this time.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Dear Carrie, can you give me a few words before the sitting closes?

Yes, dear, of course I can give you a word. Mr. Smith is the same strong, beautiful, independent man we all loved. He does what he believes is right, in a modest way, and the magnificence of his gifts might well excuse him if he were a little dictatorial, but he is not. Dear, we are all so happy. There seems no separation for us now. We have all been at home, and everything is all right there.

If anything could have made you dearer to me than you were, it would have been this visit which you have made to the city which I love for its blessed associations of the past, and which I shall always love now even more than before.

Pauline sends her love, and she says, please express her love to Lilian. We were with you, to-day, and it was beautiful.* We were very glad that we were not cremated. We love the old place best where our bodies are now.

In many instances, cremation is better for the living, and in many instances, for those who go to the spirit; for they are sometimes sooner released by fire from their attachment to the body. There is such an attachment, sometimes, with people who had lived grossly physical and material lives.** Now, good night, and good night from Pauline, Joseph and Emil.

CARRIE.

* Mount Auburn; Miss Whiting and I looked into the crematory which we had not seen on our first visit to Mount Auburn. It appears they were with us there.

** This fact is expressed in the speech of the Elder Brother, on Chastity, in Milton's 'Comus':

"Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp, oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres, lingering, and sitting by a new-made grave, as loath to leave the body that it loved, and linked itself by carnal sensuality, to a degenerate and degraded state."

'And linked itself' means 'and as if it were itself linked.'

29 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

The Control: The great men who gather around you, smile and bow with much pleasure to Mr.

Browning, who is escorting Mr. Gladstone into the place where he is to sit while he tells me his message.

I feel highly honored, Mr. Gladstone, to receive this visit from you.

You are no more highly honored by my coming than I am to be so cordially received.

If I had been in a place where time and opportunity had been at my disposal, I would have made investigations of these psychic phenomena. They appealed to me, as they must to every man who looks an inch beyond his nose, or thinks out the plan of life, a moment beyond the present day.

My knowledge of men and affairs served me very little in my search for the eternal truths. My life was so bound up in the affairs of the mundane sphere, that many of the subjects I fain would have studied, had to wait until my spirit was free. I used to think there was no greater work for a man to be concerned in than the making of right conditions for his fellow men; high or low, socially, I am sure never affected me. I made effort to look at the right and the wrong of questions presented to me. That is not always easy;

and decisions of one year seem sometimes to need a revision, the next year. There are always so many complications, especially in an old form of government where men are wedded to old ideas and traditions, and fear the new and progressive policy. One has to be more than fearless; wisdom must guide and direct the brain in its decisions.

I many times would have been glad to leave the affairs of my country for a time and bury myself in my books and my family, and enjoy the sweet exercise of all the individual life, as you know; and for all the years of my life of service and toil, I had not one absolutely my own. I do not say this by way of complaint, but in explanation of my almost unforgivable ignorance of these matters which are as plain to you as the problems of the school room or the associations of ordinary life. To me it seems most remarkable that I can stand here in your presence and make myself understood, when I am perfectly sure that in most instances my communication with the world has ceased; not my interest nor my influence, but my communication.

I am exceedingly curious about the methods of communicating, just as I was about the telephone which seemed to me the most remarkable application of power that I had ever known. Even that has been supplanted by such remarkable improvements and additional powers that I marvel not at any thing which, I am told can be accomplished.

I found, when I came over here, that many of the mechanical contrivances for bridging distances which I had left behind me, were but very bungling substitutes for the transmission of thought between people and spheres in the spirit life.

I thought when I first planned to speak to you, that I would refer to my interests in England. But I find when I come here that the matters of Home Rule, of the king's new policies, and various items that were of deepest interest to me, fade away in the light of this most beautiful expression (spiritualism).

I realize only too well that I was considered as one desiring one man power, that I held the fate of England in the palm of my hand, on several occasions; but I assure you that the significance of

my individual expression did not appear to me when I was in the midst of the battle; and if I did not always yield to popular opinion, or petty prejudice, it was not that I cared a straw about having *my way* in the affair except as I was sure that my way was the *best way*.

Mistakes are made. *I* made mistakes, but never because of personal ambition or individual aggrandizement.

One grows into a reputation before he realizes it; and especially a man who has strong desires and individual characteristics, as I fear I had.

One of the brightest things in my life, to-day, is the time I have for association with people of my own kind, I mean people of like tastes. My life was so largely mixed with lives of men who were unlike myself, but whom Fate or Chance, or birth, had thrown into the arena with me. It is a most beatific state to be in, to find one's self placed just where one ought to be.

Classification, in spirit land, is the result of a man's own tastes and desires. How different from the monarchy under which I lived! The whole spiritual realm seems a great Republic

where chance plays no part, and fate makes no fools. I wonder if you understand what I mean. It would not seem so wonderful to you as to me, I who grew with the understanding that some men must be masters of the fortunes of other men.

When I first realized that men took their stations in life, over here, according to their convictions and desires, my whole plan of a kingdom fell to pieces. So unusual it seemed to me, to see men of peasant birth, but of kingly character, step into the station where they belonged. Perhaps I can express it in this sentence: *Classification is by character*; and I know of no other place under the heavens where that law holds good. That is the great awakening for the spirit, that is the judgment day when men are revealed to themselves by the place to which they naturally drift. Men with thieving spirits, stealing away the honor of their fellow men, and never, for one moment, understanding that by that act they were fitting themselves for the companionship of ordinary housebreakers. And men of that ilk are terrified when they awake, to find their rightful inheritance. It was one of the great sur-

prises to me. I had always fancied that a confession of sin somehow gave a man a better standing in heaven. My theology was wrong. If I could come back again to the world, and live among men, my energy should be spent to give them an understanding of the spiritual life. But not seeing any immediate opportunity to reincarnate myself,* I do the best thing I find to do, and send my message to the world through you. Nothing is of such vital importance as to find out about the truth of spirit intercourse; and I ask no man to follow me until he has himself been convinced of the reality and possibility of such communications. And *until* he has been convinced that it is *not* so, let him not dare to deny the truth of any statement sent by any body of people from the spirit realm to the waiting world.

You will see that I am less interested in the comfort to the mourner than in the definite effect on the building of character.

It is no wonder men grow discouraged and disheartened when kept under the despot's heel, with

* I understand this as a touch of humor, not that he believes in re-incarnation. All spirits with whom I have spoken on the subject, have denied reincarnation.

no hope for a future of equal rights for all men, and the eternal distinctions of class keeping them in the narrow confines which they hate. To all such I would proclaim the joyful tidings of salvation by character, opportunity by aspiration, and equality through worthiness.

I dare not talk any longer; but I am so grateful for this opportunity, for two reasons: one, that I have proved to myself that I can transmit a message to a sympathetic earth-clothed spirit, and the other, that my voice has broken the silence of the grave, and given testimony to the truth of this phenomenon.

Good night, my friend. I will come again, some future time.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

I am deeply grateful to you, Mr. Gladstone, for this message, and I hope I may be honored with many visits from you at my séances at home.

The Control: He smiles when you say that. He is much pleased. Mr. Browning turns to you and says:

‘We were honored, were we not? And I am as pleased as you; but you should see Mr. Tennyson

and Mr. Myers. Mr. Tennyson kept saying, 'I knew he would talk just that way. He could not help it. He has seen too much and was too keen and honest to be blinded or hoodwinked by any religious regalias hung about his neck, or any honors poured upon him. His love of truth gave him the light;' and Mr. Browning says: 'Never fear the kingly heart. It will always respond to the master's touch.' Mr. Myers says of Mr. Gladstone: 'He knew of our effort in psychic matters, and was personally interested in the effort. The only thing that surprises me is, that we did not invite him before. There are always so many who desire to speak, we have some hesitation about issuing any more invitations to the séances.' Your wife smiles at you with that sweet smile she had when she was very happy, and then she says:

I might invite any number of people to visit you, dear, but unless there was something in you which called out an expression from them, the messages would be very imperfect and incomplete. We should always have a message giver and a message receiver, both attuned to the same high impulse, for the best. There can be incomplete

messages of almost any kind, in almost any condition; but when the requirements are all met, the work is as nearly perfect as one could wish.

I have been writing some lines of my own over here. You always made me so proud when you spoke well of anything which I did; and I shall wait for your approval of the work I have been doing.

I am glad I was a wife with a companion who did not wait for me to die before he paid his tribute to me.

You know, dear, one of the strangest experiences is the feeling of youthfulness when I come here, and you never seem old to me. The spirit body is fashioned and grows side by side with the physical body; and a spirit, who looks at you, sees much more plainly your spirit body than your physical one. A man with a pure heart and a strong upright spirit, has a beautiful spirit body which grows to maturity and fulness of expression as the physical body grows old. But men who fear old age, who have no particular hold on the spirit life, shrivel in their bodies and enter practically infant bodies in the spirit. You have

seen young children look like shriveled old men and women, children of the poor, children of men and women of animal instincts only.

The infant bodies I speak of, which small old spirits slip into at death (by small I mean mean), are of that sort, and they only assume powers and upright proportions as they grow in spirit and truth.

The signs of age, like loss of hair, or color, or teeth, or physical power, have no bearing on the spirit when it is upright and fearless and true.

To-night is our circle night at home, and we are going there; and a week from to-night you will be there, and we can have one of our blessed hours together. The boys and Pauline and I give you our hearts' devotion, and send our love to Eugene and Cora and Mildred and Pauline and Rollin.

CARRIE.

30 SEPTEMBER, 1910.

CAROLINE ROLLIN CORSON.

I, living so close to your heart, desire to claim my right, and speak first to you.

We were with you all through the night, and the Indians brought refreshing draughts, and were as literally your nurses as if your body had been conscious of the touch of their hands, and the attentions they gave you. I was not worried about you, for I saw the outcome; but I felt a little troubled to have you the least troubled over any condition of the body.

We are very happy to feel that we have had a privilege granted to few; and our delight yesterday was increased so much by the message of Mr. Gladstone. It was so strong, and from his heart. He has long wanted to express himself, but there seemed no way for him to do it definitely until yesterday.

Mr. Whitman desires very much to say a little to you, this afternoon; so with my love, and a promise to return to the dear task of dictating my message to you when he has finished his, I will withdraw.

CARRIE.

WALT WHITMAN.

Ah, comrade of the earthly life, I give you joyous greetings.

Together in the years that are past, our souls have responded to the touch of the same blessed influence; and through the days of my sojourning in the spirit spheres I have found exhilaration and happiness in drawing close to you; and I look forward into the future when our friendship, begun so long ago, will be sealed by your presence in this land where to-day I wait your coming.

Men make such mad endeavor to find out about God and the mysteries of his being. Enough for me that the world moves on unerring in its course, and that I move with it. If God had not needed me, I should not have been; and I am quite content to wait for the revelation of the Infinite secret.

Your boys frequently ask the same old questions that long have troubled the minds of youthful questioners: The why, the when, the how, of life; and I never make effort or pretension in answering their questions. Sham and pretense have covered ignorance since the world began. Adam, with his fig leaf in the garden, began the pretension of the human race.

(Let me right here say I do not use Adam as one who believes the story of the Garden of Eden; that grand hoax did not appeal to me.)

But as for me, I will be truthful; and when I am asked to explain something for which I have no explanation, I will leave the answer for fools or impostors.

I am confident that you prefer that sort of teaching for your sons; and so I have no hesitation in speaking freely to them. The conceited man is he who considers that his brain is the key to unlock the mysteries of infinitude.

Grasses grow and flowers brighten the path where our feet must walk, and I look with admiration at the wonderful expression of a power I cannot understand, and let my joy find expression in the sweetest songs I know.

But I would not have you think, dear friend, that I am content to live as a grasshopper in a field of grain, through the long summer days, making no effort to know anything beyond the wheat field or the wall. I *do* make effort to understand every thing about me. The law of the life of the violet is as interesting to me as the law that holds

the stars in their courses; but to understand the law does not mean that one understands the omnipotent. The delight of our life in the spirit spheres, is the ample time we have for performing our tasks. No sunset bell rings for us, no appointed time holds us in its grasp; but we move as freely as a mountain rivulet through the forest or the valley, on, on, to the ever-rolling sea.

I sometimes think that poets are the best philosophers. They have the prophetic soul, and catch glimpses of the ideal life which exists in the spirit spheres, and weave around that prophetic knowledge their songs and hymns, their prayers and wondrous ministracies.

Sometimes when we enter your home in Ithaca, the atmosphere is so charged with the spirit fluid, we hardly realize any change from this sphere. And that gives me an idea that it would be easier for spirits to enter the homes and abiding places of mortals, if mortals understood how to draw the spiritual ether to themselves. I seldom see spirits of a high order in banks or counting houses or large factories or any purely worldly institution. I mean a place where the whole thought is centred

on gain. But I see them in great companies in libraries, art museums, and places where the thought is stimulated to its highest and best endeavor. What about the Churches? some one will ask. They are always crowded with spirits, some blinded by their past conceptions, striving to pull out of a familiar atmosphere some strength or staff to help them in the new life. Some, with a bigoted and zealous spirit urging through their influence men and women to make connection with the place.

But since the knowledge of life after death has been more commonly accepted, and the understanding of communication is more generally known by spirits, the Churches are not so well attended, and the influence from *this* side of life is not so vigorous and emphatic as it was, toward the church.

It is enough to make a man discard his mother's prayer when he sees the miserable farce being carried on over here. Some men are so mulish that they believe the date has been changed, and their entrance to the glorious heaven of rest, whose gates are of pearl, whose inmates play on harps, and whose master is a person to be cajoled, has

been delayed or deferred, and that sooner or later there will come another change which will take them into endless bliss. It is the Catholic's purgatory over again, and many good denominational Christians, when they find the life over here a real and vivid reproduction of the life they left, fall in with the silly notion that they are in a temporary state to be changed later for one made permanent and definite. Their day of judgment, they believe, is yet to come.

Now we have to fight that sort of an element. It is exactly like your world where people won't believe what you say, won't take your evidence, and still go on, with that hypnotic spell over them, cast by belief in a Book, and the fear which priestcraft and preacher alike have too often instilled into their plastic minds, mud minds would be more my idea, always mud, without form, without the responsiveness of a truly plastic make-up.

I have never before talked to you about this element in the spirit life. But you will see, by what I have said, that death does not revolutionize the individual, that all progress is growth, that no strides are ever taken, that it is positively diaboli-

cal to teach error, that the error of ignorance is as stultifying to the growth of the soul as wilful wickedness, and that men and women had better go free with the daisies and the lowing kine, than to have liberty of thought stolen from them, and a boxed-up three-foot rule of theology put into their hands as the only passport to God. You see I grow almost rancorous, not from what has been done to *me*. I escaped the thralldom, but not opprobrium; but my free soul bears me witness that unfettered faith is the wing of the bird that finds its nest in the heart of infinity.

It is to my brothers, my sisters, the wrong is done; and for them I cry out and beg that the truth may be given them.

I intended to be more personal in my message, to tell you how I love your boys, how proud I am that they love me, and how pleased I always am to have you ask for me. Your appreciative spirit draws me closer to your side, as if you were my human brother. My thought of you is all tenderness and love; and the other side of my life, whatever seems out of balance with that softer mood, I

trust is only occasioned by my fierce and unadulterated devotion to freedom and truth. Good bye.

WHITMAN.

I thank you with all my heart, Mr. Whitman, for this great message. It accords with my whole attitude of mind.

The Control: He bows when you say that, and bows so graciously to you, and he says 'good cheer, good comrade, till I speak again.'

Your wife says she had better speak now.

CAROLINE ROLLIN CORSON.

There are a few things, dear Hiram, that I perhaps may as well say now; for at the last, there are always so many messages to be given, I may not think of them.

I want you to understand how much I appreciate this visit.

Sometimes, when you and I used to receive the messages together, in various ways, it seemed almost too good to be true. I never doubted, but I sometimes wondered just how far our own desires were being answered in the messages. But not

half of the wonderful story of the spirit life had been told.

The beauty of flower and trees is more beautiful than that same expression in the Earth life. Every thing seems more vivid, more real to us. It is as if in the Earth life, we had been fishes swimming in deep waters, and had seen the beauty of the sky and the banks through that denser medium, water; and that suddenly we emerged from that and came out into the clear air. As air is finer than water, so the ethereal air is finer than your air. And when, from our spirit life, we come into your atmosphere, it is like entering a river of water. It is so different that we sometimes struggle in it as in an unfamiliar element. And we are not always able to see clearly while we are in that element as we do when we are once more out of it in our own ethereal sphere.

[I wonder whether you see the landscape as we do, when you accompany us in our drives.]

That depends on the aura or atmosphere, which you create about yourself (*generate* would be a better term.) The ethereal atmosphere is created by spirits (generated again seems a better word),

each spirit being a sort of human dynamo for its production. And in spheres where highly developed spirits live together in harmony and concord, the light about them is dazzling white, and the air is so fine that spirits of a lower order cannot stay there.

High spiritual development is its own protection against wrong.

I love to come to you, whether you are at home, or driving, or walking, or seeing friends. And you have so long been living this ideal life, it is quite easy for any of us to sustain a long interview with you. Then our familiarity with your associations, house, place, etc., do not make it hard, but rather simple and easy for us to see clearly.

I spoke of the denser atmosphere around people in the body; and I *meant* that, in a general way, about people not especially connected with us. Love is always a lamp, and lights the way from heaven to earth with a radiance as wonderful and clear as ever shines from Earth to heaven. By love's clear light the mother may follow her darling to the lowest depths of sin, and at the

first breath of aspiration after a better life in the sin-sick soul, may exert an influence and power that shall save.

Now I think with the additional message of love from Pauline and our dear sons, to you and to Eugene and his family, I must say good night.

I would like right here to send my kindest remembrances to our housekeeper and her daughter, for, indeed, they keep house for *us*, and we appreciate their faithfulness and devotion to you. Good night again.

Your wife in the spirit spheres, who loved you through years of blessed companionship in the Earth life, and who waits for you to complete her happiness in the home beyond the grave.

CARRIE.

1 OCTOBER, 1910.

PAULINE HENRIETTE CORSON.

Here I am, papa, as happy as a bird, and filled with that enthusiasm which comes from living in an electrified atmosphere. I want to tell you so many things, that I hardly know where to begin. It all seems so wonderful, as I look back over

these sittings, that I can hardly realize that you have not been visiting us; and this building* where you have lived, will always be a point of attraction to me. Since I was here yesterday with Mamma, I have been with some of your friends to hear a wonderful lecture on the subject which lies so near your heart and mine, communication of spirits. There was a great company assembled, and some were as ignorant of the plain fact of communication as a Presbyterian elder. But most of the people were drawn there by their interest in the subject; and there were various plans advanced for the improvement of methods.

It seems there has been a descent on the physical world by a great body of materialistic spirits, many of them caring nothing at all about making people better, but just getting fun or mischief out of the association. But when somebody spoke of the wonderful good that might come from communication, Mr. Gladstone arose and gave his testimony as to the value it had been to him, just recently; and I knew that he referred to his talk

* 'The Brunswick,' in Boston. The séances were held in my rooms there.

with you. He said that every good thing in the world could be so mutilated, or misused, that its original purpose would be lost sight of, and that he felt that if it were true that large numbers of materialistic spirits were using mediumistic people in the world for their sport, it was time that the high-minded and lofty spirits should make renewed effort and diligently seek to stand side by side with their loved ones in the Earth life, and with the weak ones who might thus be secured from the wiles of the wicked or witless.

Was not that a good speech? You see your sittings have already started work in new directions, and will be of use to the world through the uplifting influence of disembodied spirits who care not for recognition, but seek only to serve.

Mr. Gladstone has great influence; and his opinion is widely sought. That is why it is good to have men like him converted to the wisdom of intercommunion.

You say you did not know about materialistic spirits. They are not all saints, and they do not lose their power when they come over here. But they have no definite power over people who de-

sire to be right; and their influence is wholly annulled if there is a Band of orderly, progressive spirits about the family circle.

It does seem, doesn't it, Papa, as if every body ought to know about this, and save themselves struggle and annoyance.

Emil often laughs and says they ought to put lightning rods on their houses, and then they would not be struck by lightning. He is very bright and very handsome, too. We have very beautiful times together; and he always insists that *I* shall go wherever *he* goes. So you see we are not a divided family, but a happy one.

I expect that this winter will be a busy one for you, and for us, for we want to make more manifestations and come more closely than ever into the home.

I can hardly wait for you to come here to us; but Mamma tells me that your life work is not yet finished.

Did I ever tell you how much I love the big picture of myself? Isn't the hair beautiful? (Yes.) I never realized how pretty it was on my head. But the picture looks lovely.

Do you remember when I was ill so long, how hard it was for me to get in the right position to rest? And how my hair troubled me then? But Mamma says that when the body was put away, it looked like an angel child to her, and that many people said so. But, do you know I felt so much better, that I could hardly be sorry; and I remembered over and over again the things you told me about the spirit world. You said it would not be hard, that it would be lovely, and it *was* and *is*. Aunt Clara* is just as dear as she can be. She suffered, too, before she came over here, and she was very thin and worn, and it was a joy to her to come, just as it was to me. And then aunt Mathilde** you remember her coming. She was not ill so long as aunt Clara; but it was a relief to her, too.

There are so many things I could speak of which you would be pleased to have me mention, but Mr. Goldwin Smith thinks perhaps he will have to give his message to you just now, and I may return. He is a lovely spirit.

PAULIE.

* My sister, Clara Corson Sholl.

** Mathilde Rollin.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

I feel like apologizing, my dear friend, for coming just at this time, but I was told to touch your dear daughter's arm when I felt I was ready, to give my good bye message to you.

I have no desire to preach any long sermon. I want only to tell you that my love for books and education, fine pictures and tapestries, and all the beautiful things that make up the handiwork of the world, still interest me.

If I have one message more than another to give to the young men of to-day, it is, to keep busy, keep busy. Work is the salvation of the race. If you cannot work with your heads, work with your hands; and if you cannot work with your hands, work with your heads, and keep the heart working all the time. Some live interest in some live issue in the world is necessary to keep the spirit poised. Lopsided, sloppy looking, half fop, half dude, wholly brainless youths, there are in plenty. What we want is studious, interested, and devoted lovers of the fine things of life.

You know how I deplore the loss of manliness in our institutions. No more rowdies, but scholars.

I would give every man the chance at an education; but let the rowdies play with themselves, far from the scene of our Universities and Libraries, and scientific centres.

I have been here long enough in spirit land to understand the potent influence of spirit vitality, or, as you more correctly term it, spiritual vitality. And I am pleased to see you lay stress on that term. It is borne in upon me, each time I look out over the world; and whatever I may have done that has been of the least use in the world, at this moment I believe is the result of just that element, the spiritual.

Long years I knew you, and always prized your friendship exceedingly, and it gives me more than a passing comfort to tell you of it now.

Your lovely wife, whom I had known, when living, the dear daughter, now grown to splendid womanhood, and the sons whom I had never known*, have all proved most valuable friends to me in this new life. Their very ready assistance in those early days of my spirit living, was beautiful to me; and many of my own people who had

* They died in babyhood long before he came to America.

passed over before me, I found already knew them and enjoyed their friendship and love. And when your wife suggested that I go with her to your home,* I went gladly and enjoyed the evidence I saw given you.

[The Control: He turns around to speak to some one, and as he does so, I see a cane in his hand. It seems to be a gift from some body and as if it were a very old cane. This looks like a Louis XV cane he is showing your wife, because she is interested in French things.]

I thank you now as I recall the picture you sent me of yourself. It was an excellent likeness.

I do not give these things as evidence** to you; but I wondered if I could talk about things I had used and owned,*** with the same ease that I expressed my individual hopes and characteristics, and I think I can.

I am satisfied to leave my life work as it is. There were many flaws in it; but I always made effort to have every man enjoy perfect freedom

* To attend the séance soon after he passed from the body.

** Evidence of his identity. *** Now that he is out of the physical body.

with whatever I gave him, or whenever I might have the privilege of helping him.

[The Control explains: If he gave him money to help him through college, he gave him freedom with it.]

What good would it have been if I had restricted the use of the money I left to the University. Harvard and Yale and Princeton, and Leland Stanford to a sad degree, are all tied up with restrictions that are frequently harder to overcome and manage than downright poverty. I have seen too much of restricted giving; and I loved Cornell, believed in it, and wanted to give it some help towards its future and its freedom.

Good bye, and not good bye, for I shall find you on many a day, and shall give myself the pleasure of silent, but none the less effective, intercourse with you.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

The Control: Mr. Longfellow asks if he may give a message. (Certainly).

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I'll only keep you a few moments, because I want to come this afternoon; for tomorrow the

séance will be largely devoted to your own;* and I am right here and ready, and so think I can give my final word.

This has been a most joyous celebration. I could give you no luncheon or a dinner in your honor, nor even offer you the hospitality of Craigie House; but such as I have to give, has been yours unstintedly.

The little visit to the old home, on the [56th] anniversary day of your wedding, was to me like a flower culled from a rare garden where chaplets of love were woven by Cupids of the past.

My wife and I were with you and your wife, and had a sort of a visit through the ether; but the finest and best inspiration which came to all of us, was here in this room, when the Indians took their places, and became your guard of honor, and watched you as only faithful Indians may.** They asked no other joy than serving, no other recompense, than love's sweet knowledge of their service.

* It being the last.

** They guarded the séances from intruding spirits.

I can hardly feel that this is to be your last visit to Boston, in a physical body. It has all gone so smoothly that it has seemed no effort; but if it should be that I can now look into the future, and see many happy hours we shall pass together, toasting our booted feet (since Paulie has referred to our kindred boots*) before Emil's chemical fire,** with our band of Indians disporting themselves in picturesque fashion on some sunny hill in Spirit Land.

Now, isn't that enough to make you long to turn your back on the scenes of the dusty old Earth, and join us in the clarified atmosphere of Cloud-land, where the elf and the goblins are far, far away in the groves of Daphne, may be, or the cedar hills of Lebanon.

I think my wife never had a friend she loved more dearly than your Carrie.

Now, adieu to this lovely tour to Boston. I will be here tomorrow, and all the days; but prob-

* High-topped boots which she saw at the Craigie House.

** The chemical fire he spoke of in his message, got up by spirits in the spirit world, in imitation of a wood fire, in memory of their pleasant memories of physical comforts in this world.

ably shall not attempt to speak until your return to dear Cascadilla Cottage.

LONGFELLOW.

Hiram dear, I only want to bid you good day, and good night; and tomorrow the boys and I will come.

CARRIE.

The Control: She says, in a little caretaking way, 'take your medicine which White Cloud ordered, and you'll be all right.'

2 OCTOBER, 1910.

The messages received at this last of the series of twenty-four séances, are all parting messages, from my wife, daughter, two sons, and the other members of the home Band. They have all been visiting me for seven years, twice a week, for five years, and once a week, for two years. The change from twice a week to once a week, was made, as they explained, when they were advanced in the spirit world; that is, to a sphere of higher vibrations; and their duties were in consequence, increased.

PAULINE HENRIETTE CORSON.

Papa darling, Mamma told me I could speak now, because I am so anxious to tell you how pleas-

ed I am with all the lovely attentions Miss Lilian is showering upon you. And, tomorrow, when you go, we are all going, too; but you will have to pay no fare for us; and yet our attentions will be of more service to you than the porter who brushes your coat, or the maid who sees that your seat is all right.

This has been the happiest three weeks I have had since I left you so long ago, for I have felt, every day, as if I had been restored to your life, in the old intimate relations when every thing you could do for me was your pleasure and my joy. Joseph and Emil are both here, strong and sturdy as any Indians in Mr. Longfellow's company. They have such faith in their power to accomplish what they determine to do that they are masters of many of the perplexing conditions that surround the lives of some young men who have not learned to have confidence and pluck. Pluck is Mr. Whitman's word; and he uses it often, and tells the boys it means courage in its best sense.

I have a little bit of sadness over your going home again, but only because I shall miss these 4 o'clock séances. But you will know, dear, that we

are there, and it will seem good to sit down at your own table, and eat your own kind of food, and have no men standing around for your orders,

We love the quiet and the harmony of our home life in Cascadilla Cottage.

I am not able to think much about the things in the spirit life that I usually like to talk of, with you; but I do want to send a kiss and an embrace to Eugene, my dear brother, whose brave, upright spirit gives him wings to rise to spiritual heights; and I love the family, and I want him to think of me as present with them many times when they are having their fun with him. I know his thought of me is usually as I last looked during my illness. He cannot consider me strong and buoyant and full of animal spirits as are his girls; but I want him to know that I have animation and joy and strong expression, to-day, that I am no longer the delicate little girl, but a wholesome, and, I hope, tender and brave sister of his.

I do not need to tell you of my unchanging love, unchanging, unless it be to grow stronger. Now, father, I am going to stop speaking; but I shall be in the room just the same.

I must tell you one thing, though. Dr. Brooks took me to a Home where there were many little children who had no mothers with them; and we had a long visit there. He loves children* and has promised me that I may have two or three of these little ones to look after, a little while each day. Won't that be beautiful? For I love children, too; and I am going to try and tell them a great deal about flowers. I think that will be good for them. Good bye.

PAULINE.

The Control: The oldest boy steps forward to speak to you, and he says:

Father dear, you are not the only one who has been benefited and made happy by these visits.

Ever since I have been old enough to understand about fathers and mothers, I have been taught that you were my father, and that Mother was my mother.** And long before you fully realized that we were grown, and individualized, Emil and I were conscious of our union with you; but for the first time, in all our lives, we have been able, during this series of sittings, to talk

* Bishop Brooks had a special interest in the children of the poor, in Boston, when he was in the body.

** He died in unconscious babyhood.

plainly and definitely as sons to a living father. And now we are both going forward with stronger impulses, and a new-found happiness. Intercourse feeds love; so our intercourse with you has fed our love.

So many of your friends are eager to say just a word, that I will say no more now, but will let Emil come; and Mother will give the last word, because she is the nearest and dearest to your heart. I want to be remembered to Eugene, also.

Good bye.

JOSEPH.

The Control: Emil gives a little bubbling laugh, and a little quick alert movement, and is by your side, and he says, in a little low tone:

Father, I want to whisper a secret to you. Don't tell Miss Whiting, for she might think I am unappreciative of her care for you; but it was one of those things that you couldn't refuse when she planned to go with you;* and while it is very good of her to do it, I half wish that she would just as soon have stayed here and let your friend, Mr. Perabo, go. And he is disappointed, too. But it's

* To New York, and to see me off for Ithaca.

all right, only I wanted you to know how I felt about it.

I would like to see New York, the ships, and the ocean, and the boats on the river; and Mr. Whitman says that some day he will take us out to his old home, and on the way we can stop and see some of the wonderful buildings in the metropolis, and the wonderful ships on the sea.*

Paulie and Joseph forgot to send their love to the housekeeper, but they do now, and you can take mine, too, for we are all very much indebted to her for your comfort, and her assistance when we come.

Everything all packed up, father? (Yes.) And you are better, because you had such good treatment, both from spirits and mortals. The stuff you took for your cough looked like egg lemonade, and I think it did much good. You must remember about it when you get home.

I wish I could whisper to you and not let Sun-

* Not having had experience in the physical life, earthly scenes have a great interest for him.

beam* hear, how much I love her. [The Control: That makes me laugh to hear him give that message.] It has been so easy for us to express to you, through her, and Mamma says that her charm is in her obedience, that she obeys and questions not, which is more than I do, sometimes, for I always want to know *why* I do things.

That's like you, isn't it, Father, to question why you do things. That's the reason why you do not always follow the plough that the primitive man made furrows in the minds of men with.

Now, Father, I too must say good bye, with love to Eugene and his wife and three children, to Miss Lilian, to Mr. Perabo, and much to yourself. And may I send it to Mrs. Soule, as well?

Good bye.

EMIL.

WALT WHITMAN.

I don't feel like letting the opportunity pass without one word of greeting from me. All the future will be brighter for these days of understanding converse.

* The name of the Control. She had a voice of great charm; and when she uttered this sentence, it was enveloped in an electric aura.

My blessing and my benediction on your life and efforts. Your gifts are wonderful, your insight into expression of public men, most keen, and all your life is one uplifting thought. Your friend,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

This is almost as good as the last day of school, isn't it? I am not going to have one sad thought over the discontinuance of the daily lessons, for they have certainly been lessons in art of spirit communication, to me, and I am going to prove that I have been a good student by exercising my knowledge in the beloved home circle.

Your friend, and wife wishes to sign herself the same. MR. and MRS. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The Control: Mr. Myers wishes to say that this is one of the prettiest expressions of message-giving that he has ever witnessed, and that he feels the honor is his to be included in this party on this day; and he adds his kindest greetings and earnest hopes for a continuance of the

same sweet intercourse in the future which he has enjoyed through the sittings here.

Your friend both sides the veil.

FREDERIC MYERS.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Never before have I told you of the pleasure it gives me to sit down and have a pipe-dream with you. I enjoy the odor of your smoke, and collect my thoughts with the same efficiency from the effect of it as I used to when I smoked my own pipe, in my own garden.

(I haven't found, Mr. Tennyson, that I am injured by moderate smoking.)

Never stop. It never hurt me, nor did I find my power smoke-dried or diseased by the use of tobacco. A great many people who never drink coffee are perfectly sure that coffee upsets the equilibrium of their friends; the same is true with them in regard to tobacco; but it is not so. And you and I know that coffee or tobacco gives the needed stimulus to the brain, and leaves no bad effect when not abused in its use. I had no notion of having my good bye to you have the sound of

parting advice to a young man about to depart for College; but as you are a young man, and as you are about to depart for College, perhaps my advice on tobacco and its use may be of some advantage to you.

In any event, I will see you on or near your own campus in a few days.

My regards and the regards of Lady Tennyson to you. TENNYSON.

Just a word in passing, dear friend of mine. I love the home life best, and will come to see you there. MISS BENNETT.

The Control: Then Mr. and Mrs. Browning smile, and it is Elizabeth who speaks, and she says:

We simply refuse to be separated from each other, or from you; and we are so happy to have Lilian attend us on our way; for we go with you, and your loved wife, to sweet Cascadilla Cottage, where the Autumn glories already crown the hillside, and the beautiful sunshine falls softly on the Lake; where the door will swing wide that the Master may enter, and the silent rooms will give sweet greeting as he once more takes his accus-

tomed place in the cottage that belongs to his heart.

No good bye, say we. No sign of a farewell, only our hands pressed softly into your own as you pass out of this place of sacred memories into the active busy life of travel, and on, on, speeding toward your native hills and valleys.

ELIZABETH BROWNING
and ROBERT BROWNING.

The Control: The Indians now all stand up and make a little sign of greeting to you. They will still be your band to see that you safely pass through the whirling conditions of the big city, and are safe at home at last. Then your Carrie puts her arms around you, and with a face all radiant with smiles, says:

This has been a blessed time and not the least blessed is this day. Tomorrow we go forth again, bride and bridegroom, as in the old golden days, assured that life or death, distress or disaster, joy or sorrow, but draws us more closely together in a bond of spiritual union over which preside the holiest influences of Infinite Love.

Love to my Eugene and his family, to Miss Lillian, Mr. Perabo, Mme. Rogé, for her kindness to you, the Medium and her guides, and to you all, all.

I'll be pleased to have you give the diamond ring to Miss Whiting, with my love.

YOUR CARRIE.

Here ended this series of remarkable messages, all being from spirits of an advanced sphere, six of whom were, in this world, distinguished poets, one of them being also the foremost contributor to psychology; one, an eloquent preacher and a liberal and noble bishop; one, long prominent as a historian and a political writer; one, the greatest novelist, in subject matter, America has produced; and one a great statesman and a prime minister of England.

The messages of all are remarkably characteristic of the several messengers,* and are of the

* I use this original form of "Messengers" as suiting best here.

highest value as representing the spirit world and its activities, and its intimate relationship to this world—a relationship, however, which is more or less conditional, that is, dependent upon the spiritual and mediumistic state of this world, a fact of tremendous importance as bearing upon this world's welfare, its religious, and even scientific, progress.

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