

Neither Dead Nor Sleeping

By

MAY WRIGHT SEWALL

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
BOOTH TARKINGTON



INDIANAPOLIS
THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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Printed in the United States of America

PRESS OF
BRAUNWORTH & CO.
BOOK MANUFACTURERS
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEDICATION

To all honest souls who have hitherto believed the grave to be a chasm and who would be comforted to know that it is a gate that swings both ways and can be unlocked by humans on both sides of it—to such I speak. May many such find in this record, made in a purely scientific manner, illumination for the intellect, solace for the heart, and stimulus to aspiration of spirit.

Mind, heart and spirit—the power to know, the capacity to love, the tendency to aspire—such is the trinity that constitutes the being that is incarnated in man's mortal body. These three elements being separable only from the body, their mortal vestment, are never separable from one another.

Hence: To hearts that swell with rapture in the present enjoyment of the Beloved or ache with longing for the Absent, to minds that love knowledge and seek its increase, to spirits that aspire to know their origin and their destiny, this book is inscribed by its author.

INTRODUCTION

I

BEFORE venturing to offer a slight comment upon Mrs. Sewall's strange manuscript, the writer feels that to make clear his own neutral views upon the subject of "psychic phenomena" might be well in point. Therefore, they may be assembled, from a previous expression of them, to stand as follows:

We are dwelling in the night. To the man of ten thousand years hence, who will not be able to distinguish through his archeological researches which of the forgotten tribes fought the Great War that left the long line of bones in the subsoil from the Channel to the Alps—to that enlightened modern we shall seem to have been formless gropers in the dusk of ignorance.

We do not really believe it, but that man of ten thousand years hence is actually going to live and speculate about us and study the dust heaps which we shall leave. He will see that we were dwellers in the night—in the unknown.

All this horror of death is horror of the unknown. Men face it magnificently. What would this mean: that they should face it knowing definitely what they face?

. . . Consider the Smith family of Topeka,

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Kansas. The Topeka Smiths were twentieth-century people; they believed in education, prosperity and clean politics; and they knew a great deal about chemistry, mechanics, modern jurisprudence and music.

There was only one point upon which they were curiously provincial, and that was geography. Mr. Smith, the father, had an inexplicable eccentricity: he was dismally superstitious about geography; and, marrying early, he was able to communicate this peculiarity to his wife so that she came to share it. Neither of them had ever been outside of Kansas, and neither wished ever to leave Kansas. If among their acquaintances there chanced to be one who, in their presence, referred to his travels, they looked vaguely distressed, and as soon as possible changed the subject.

They brought up their children without any knowledge of geography, and taught them to avoid the mention of travel, as if such a topic were neither wholesome nor polite; so that the children, too, got the habit of looking troubled and changing the subject whenever a neighbor spoke of going away from Topeka. And when any friend of the family did go upon a journey, or perchance accepted a business position in another town, the Smiths would cease to speak of him, except when it was absolutely necessary, and they would walk in silence if they passed the house he had rented while he lived in Topeka. They made no inquiries about him, and in

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every possible way they tried to keep him out of their thoughts. They were through with him if he left Topeka.

The insanest thing about all this was that the Smiths knew that they themselves were going to leave Topeka some day. Mr. Smith was the agent for a harvesting machine; he had to go where the company ordered him, and the company's policy was to move its agents about at indefinite intervals. Mrs. Smith and the children would, of course, have to go wherever Mr. Smith did; yet they never allowed themselves to think of anything outside of Topeka, and they considered people queer and unreliable who spoke unnecessarily of geography.

The harvester company sent Mr. Smith abroad. The order came one day without any previous notification, and it was so imperative that he had no time to pack a trunk. In fact, he was at his office when he received the message, and he was obliged to leave without even going home to tell his family good-by.

Of course, finding him gone, they knew he had obeyed the company's order, and they understood that they must follow him; yet they made no effort to discover to what city abroad he had been ordered. They did not even make inquiries to see if there came a letter from him. He was no longer in Topeka; and that was enough for them. Everything beyond Topeka was the Great Unknown, and they shivered and sorrowed at the thought of it.

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Nevertheless, the whole family had to leave Topeka. The mother went, a year after the father; but the children did not try to learn where she had gone or if she had joined Mr. Smith. Then, one by one, the sons and daughters went; but those who remained in Topeka never tried to discover whither the others had betaken themselves or what were their experiences of travel, or the conditions in the foreign place to which they had gone. The Smith children still in Topeka knew all the time that they, too, would soon be going abroad, but they shiveringly declined to consider learning foreign languages, or even to look at time-tables and ask if anybody knew what to do for seasickness.

Having the journey to make, they revolted at the mere idea of learning anything about what was at the other end of it, because in their hearts they believed that there wouldn't be anything at all at the other end of it. Sometimes one of them would murmur, "But if there should be—" And then he would shudder slightly, and close his mind to the idea, and return to his thought about Topeka.

To this day there are still some Smiths left in Topeka. They know they will not be there long, but they are making no preparations for travel, and they think that people who would like to know something about geography are rather crazy.

That is the "attitude of civilization" toward death and what may lie beyond death. Man, after a million years of the struggle to think, is still refusing

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to recognize as a fit subject for study that subject which most concerns him. Here he remains barbaric; he looks upon death as an ultimate horror which is "unwholesome to dwell upon." Man is still tribal in his attitude toward war because he is still tribal in his attitude toward death.

. . . Savages are somewhat more prejudiced in the matter. They will not mention the dead, fearing to be haunted, and consequently, though they sometimes have legends, the historian can trace fragments of their history only by digging up their burying-grounds—an irony sufficiently grotesque.

Man regards death as so horrible that when he reaches the utmost pitch of his rage he inflicts death upon his enemies. When he feels that life is unendurable he says the worst thing about it that he can think of; he says he prefers death. It is true that individuals, here and there, unbearably anguished by their lives, do long for death; and they think of death as peace, just as in the torrid days of summer we think of January as pleasant; and, seeking peace, they seek it blindly through suicide. But they do not know what they will find. In their utter ignorance they guess; and usually their guess is that they will find nothing. Nevertheless, they may be like one of the Smiths of Topeka who decided finally that city life was not to be borne, and got on a train which landed him in Chicago.

We do not know that death is nothing. If death is nothing, then we still know nothing about noth-

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ing. We know no more about death than prehistoric man knew. We know more than he did about how to postpone it under certain conditions, and about how to alleviate the physical pain of it; and, using words interchangeably, we can make more definitions of it than he could; but our ignorance of death itself is precisely equal to his. This may be because we have preferred to cling through the ages to the superstition that we *could* know nothing about it.

There are minds which wrap themselves with satisfaction about a confusion of words, just as tangled thread loves to knot itself always the more inextricably. "Death is negation," they urge. "Death is merely not life. How can you state positives of a negative? You can know only nothing about nothing, so how can you know something about nothing?" But if they knew that death is nothing, and if they knew that death is not life, they would know more than Moses or Newton or Voltaire knew, and surely that would be knowing something. Enamored of their wanderings with words, they do not even rise to the scientific height of a guess.

In man there is a profound, physical distaste for death which extends itself to become a distaste for the investigation of death; he lets his mystics and priests chant of it vaguely on ceremonial days, but he really does not wish to think about it at all. Therefore, he is naturally inclined to throw discredit upon investigations and investigators; in a

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sense it is his instinct to do so. Moreover, certain thinkers (in their own distaste of the subject) have claimed that this very distaste is the only basis of man's hope of personal survival after death. They wish to dispose of the matter thus briefly, defining the theory of "immortality of the soul" as merely a by-product of man's instinct of self-preservation. And there are others who say that man got the notion that he had a soul through his savage ancestor's dreams; the savage woke from slumber and said: "I have been in strange places, obviously far away from my sleeping body. Therefore there must be two of me—the me of my body, and the me that leaves my body and goes away. Hence, when my body dies, the me that dreamed may still be alive." The civilized man's dream of survival is only a savage's dream, after all, these rationalists say.

Thus they claim to have demolished the theory of survival. But plainly, they may be (for all they know) exactly like the rational argufiers who may have said, in the year 1491 Anno Domini: "The earth is flat. Columbus believes it is round because his grandfather had a passion for round fruit, such as oranges and apples; the love of rotundity is inherent in his blood." To imagine the origin of a desire or a conception is not to prove that the thing desired or conceived has no existence, as any hungry child will demonstrate to a doubter's satisfaction. But the strangest theorist is he who takes the ground that man is actually indifferent to death (because,

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as death approaches, some men and most dogs appear to be indifferent to life) and that therefore, since death amounts to so little, it really amounts to nothing and coincides with nothingness.

There are a hundred other kinds of argufying, and most of the argufiers are Smiths of Topeka; they are superstitious about geography. Many of them are cock-sure, and there is no other superstition so superstitious as cock-sureness. And, as the fundamental thing underneath the Smiths' superstition was their fear of a possible life (supposedly strange and uncomfortable) outside the walls of Topeka, so the fundamental thing underneath the superstition of many "skeptical" theorists is the dread of death as a queer and repellent life. Often they speak with a fierceness that betrays them: "Idiot!" they shout. "Don't you know it's been *proved* that you can't know anything, because there is nothing to know?" They love to make free with the word "proved."

And with these argufiers march the literal-minded spiritualists, the great credulous crowd, profoundly gulled by their own imaginations. These are the people who dismiss investigation summarily when it reports not in accord with their preconceived fancies of what "spirits" would do and say. They say they "don't believe in spirits," but obviously they do—even to the extent of having determined that spirits can never (for instance) be trivial or humorous; and with primitive naïveté they have so

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credulously pictured a heaven, or hell, of their own, that evidence of anything different seems to them nonsense. "Why don't the spirits ever tell us something worth while?" they say. "Why aren't the spirits more dignified? If they communicated with living people, do you suppose they'd be talking about tintypes?" The spirits they believe in, you see, are already constructed out of fancies, imaginary spirits finished in contour, gesture and temperament—and anything purporting to be a spirit, but not fulfilling the ready-made portrait, is dismissed as either fraud or delusion.

Thus the credulous immigrant might decline to take note of Ellis Island because no one met him with platters of money. "This is not America," he might say. "America is paved with gold!"

And there are the other credulous; those who have a strange notion that Nature necessarily works with a kind of snobbishness or aristocracy of gesture. They look for the dramatic and graceful in her, expecting her to show forth something Grecian in great matters; they respect a thirty-knot battleship and forget Watts and his teakettle; they would like to see Ajax defying the lightning, but can not believe that Ajax might better have understood what he was about if he had begun by rubbing a cat's back in the dark of a woodshed. "What!" they cry. "Look for the high dead among 'mediums,' 'psychics,' slate-writers, rappers and trance babblers? Do you expect Moses to be rapping 'I'm

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all right' on a four-dollar table in a back parlor smelling of fried potatoes?" The seeker answers, "I do not expect Moses. I do not expect at all."

An inventor explained why the Wrights made an airplane that would fly. "They weren't graduates," he said. "They hadn't been conventionally educated in mechanics. They hadn't learned that certain things couldn't be done—so they did them!" This explains, incidentally, why genius usually comes from the country, and, pertinently, why it is scientific to keep an open mind.

Probably there is no mind which closes itself with gentler self-satisfaction than that which says, "We weren't meant to know." For thus we manufacture our own religion (frequently upon the spot and to suit the emergency of the minute) setting up a god in our own image and investing it with a wisdom wholly the fabric of our own inclinations and preferred ignorances. "We aren't meant to know." . . . "We can't know." . . . "There isn't anything *to* know." . . . Those who prefer darkness may take their choice of the three "verdicts" still common in the twentieth century.

But many people who say "We aren't meant to know" will deny their love of darkness. "We live by faith," they add. "We believe in the many mansions in His Father's house, and in 'If it were not so I would have told you.'" Yet they hold that there is a kind of impiety in seeking to follow this great hint of Christ's to further understanding of what

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He meant. He did not forbid: it is they who forbid. They say, "We are judged by the extent of our faith," which may easily mean that the harder a thing is to believe, the more credit to him who believes it.

That is, the prophets did not do everything they possibly could to make their followers understand their meaning in so far as the followers' minds were capable, but, on the contrary, the prophets were deliberately puzzling in order to test the faith of the followers and make salvation difficult. Strange, for there are the parables, to show what pains were taken to stir the least imaginative toward comprehension. Mystics always hope that science will some day overtake them.

The rich woman said: "But it wouldn't be right for the world to have no poor. Charity is the greatest of all virtues and there could be no charity if there were no poor." Her thought was not far from that which maintains: "We were not meant to know, because knowing would leave no room for faith; hence efforts to know are irreligious." To live by faith is indeed not to walk in darkness; but it is to walk in only the dream of light.

But there are dreamers enough who think they have found true and actual light in their quest among the mountebanks and "mediums." Sleight-of-hand, cunning guesswork and exhibitions of perfectly honest forms of catalepsy bring their rewards to both the performer and the bereft searchers for

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consolation. It is not strange that eyes swimming in tears fill themselves with watery visions. That is what they want to do, poor things; and the frauds have only the task of suggesting how the stricken souls may deceive themselves. The seeker for the truth about survival (whether the truth be consolation or not) must know that his way lies through a maze, which one enters trying to find a path that will take him out on the opposite side. There are a thousand fraudulent bypaths and he must learn to recognize at their entrances the little marks which show that the way out does not lie there—and yet the true path may be disguised by these same little marks. The seeker's heart must be steady and his head cool; he will see queer things at which he must remember to laugh, and his elbow will be plucked by hands reaching from many a curious cul-de-sac. If he becomes bewildered he will see things that do not exist, and he may begin to babble nonsense. And though he might never find the true path, he must not deny (if he would claim to have remained reasonable) that a true path may exist. For, in a maze, if there are one million paths, and a man, in his lifetime, explore nine-hundred-thousand of them, all leading nowhere, he is entitled to state no more than his experience. That experience may incline him to the opinion that no true path exists, but all opinions have still the right to differ, so long as they are but opinions. And if among the millions of "spirit-messages" received through "mediums" or "psychics,"

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or what-not, by means of "raps," "slate-writing," "automatic writing," "ouija-boards," "clairvoyance," "clairaudience" or any other generally uncredited and widely discredited manifestation—if in all this vast mass of alleged evidence purporting through the ages to reveal the thoughts of "disembodied spirits"—if in all this there be *one* veritable message from a person whose body is dead, then the case for survival is made; this dead person is alive (or was alive after his death) and the possibility of the survival of others is demonstrated. And who could prove that there has never been one such message? Only a person who had investigated and exposed all messages; and he could not prove that a veritable message might not come in the future.

. . . The known is never horrible except as death or pain may come of it, and we begin to see that pain is only a prompting to us to educate ourselves in the law. "Fear is hell"—and we begin to guess that fear is only ignorance. All this horror of an inevitable condition—this fear of death, a fear which is an anguish even to little children—is wrong. The child fears the dark, yet there is nothing in the dark that is not in the light—except the light itself—and so there may be nothing in death that is not in life, if we had the light to see. If death is life, with "progress and problems" like those in what we call life, then we should not fear it. Or, if it were peace, we should not fear it. We fear it because we imagine it is darkness—yet that is one

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thing which it can not be. Nothing is not darkness. For that matter, of course, death can not be nothing, in the literal sense. When we say "Death is annihilation" we mean only that "personal consciousness" does not survive the change called death.

Pain is a hint for better education, and dread of death is a form of pain; it is a revulsion caused by the unfamiliar or the unknown. It is Nature kicking us for not knowing. In other words, horror of death, being in part our revolt against not knowing what death is—our fear of thinking about it—is what ought to make us think about it. So a child, locked in a dark room, will sometimes stretch forth his hand to explore, because his fear of what his hand may touch is so great that he must explore! Fear should be the ancestor of curiosity, and out of the hell of fear may come the good thing, the wish-to-know. That is the most benevolent of all the desires; in obedience to it the boy takes a watch apart, to see what a watch is made of; and a novelist takes life apart to see what life is made of—for artists are only scientists working in intuition instead of in a laboratory. But boys and artists may only suggest things; they do not prove them.

Now, certain men have said that they have evidence of survival, and some of these men are scientists—even scientists by profession. If they have the evidence which they say they have, then it is going to be possible to establish, before very long, the most important fact that can affect mankind. There is

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no doubt that these men believe the evidence; and their critics, unable to assail their sincerity, attack them upon the point of gullibility.

But this leads a person of open mind to suspect the critics of a gullibility of their own; that is, they may be gulled by their prejudices. They are indeed thus gulled if they declare Sir Oliver Lodge to be gullible because Sir Oliver claims to receive messages from a dead person. To show Sir Oliver gullible, the critics must prove the messages to be fraud or delusion. They prove only their own superstition who say, by implication: "But spirits do not do thus and so; and they do not speak thus and so." No doubt serious investigators have been gulled; that means nothing of importance; secret service men have had lead quarters passed "on" them. The question is, whether or not the investigators have ever found true metal—if it were even a centime! Most of them believe they have; and therein is a circumstance of such significance as may give us strangely to think, if we will take leisure to note it: of all the men professionally of science who have seriously and persistently investigated and studied the alleged phenomena of "spiritualism," the overwhelming majority have drawn the conclusion, as a result of their patient researches, that there is personal survival of death.

Only levity sneers at them now—at these patient men who have sought truth in the dust-heap. They have not yet failed; neither have they shown the

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truth—if they have found it—so that all men may see it and know that it is indeed truth. Their task is heavy, but it is the greatest one, for it is the task that must be done before civilization can begin. To lift the burden of the unknown from the human soul—to destroy the great darkness; that is the work which engages them. Men can not be sane in the daylight until the night becomes knowable.

II

I have spoken of Mrs. Sewall's manuscript as a "strange" one; and the adjective may be properly exploited if we pause to consider, as we say, "who Mrs. Sewall is."

She graduated from The Northwestern University in 1872. As a young woman she was Superintendent of Public Schools at Plainwell, Mich.; then Principal of a High School at Franklin, Ind.; then a teacher of German (and, later, of English) in the Indianapolis High School. In 1882 she and her husband founded the Classical School for Girls, at Indianapolis, and this school became a flourishing institution, widely known throughout the country. Mrs. Sewall was its Principal for twenty-five years; and during the time of her residence in Indianapolis the city was in her debt for a great many things, as any old citizen will tell you. Indeed, I think that in company with General Harrison and Mr. Riley, she would necessarily have been chosen

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(in the event of a contest in such a matter) as one of the "three most prominent citizens" of the place.

She founded, or aided to found, the Woman's Club of Indianapolis; and the Contemporary Club of Indianapolis; was President of both; she was an organizer of the General Federation of Women's Clubs; of the Art Association of Indianapolis; of the Propylaeum Association; of the Local Council of Women, and of the local branch of the *Alliance Francaise*. From 1881 to 1888 she was chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Woman's Suffrage Association; she organized the National Council of Women of the United States, and the International Council of Women. She was President of the World's Congress of Representative Women, in the "World's Fair Year"; and was appointed by President McKinley, in 1899, to represent the women of the United States at the series of congresses for *L'Exposition Universelle* at Paris in 1900. She is now Honorary President of the International Council of Women, and of the National Council of Women of the United States; Honorary Vice-President of the International New Thought Alliance; Director of the National League for the Conservation of Childhood; American Commissioner in the International Women's League for Permanent Peace; she is a member of Sorosis; of the Professional Women's Club of Boston; of the National Civic Reform Association; of The Lyceum Club of London; of *La Societe Psychologique* and

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of *L'Union Internationale des Sciences et des Arts* of Paris. My mind refuses to follow her further into clubs, associations, leagues, alliances, offices and commissions—one can give only a bird's-eye or Who's Who view of the accumulated mass of them. But the synopsis is sufficient to sketch the outward Mrs. Sewall; it gives at least a line-drawing of her as we knew her in Indianapolis—a glittering figure dealing with other luminaries in the world beyond Indiana, and every now and then bringing one or two of these great people to her salon on Pennsylvania Street, where she generously asked large numbers of us to take tea with them. We found her always equal to any strain put upon her by her celebrities or by ourselves. She talked “quite wonderfully” (as the phrase goes) and always readily—nearly always smilingly, too; and with an urbane cadence which could, when necessary, produce, without ceasing to be urbane, the effect of spirited vehemence.

She was a very leading citizen, indeed, in those days of her greatest activity in Indianapolis; and the deference shown her was almost undemocratic. Many took her for their ruler and oracle, whether or no she wished them for subjects; and she was undeniably the head of the academy; though I think her own tendency was always more liberal than academic. In fact, as one sees now, she was more than liberal—she was out on the unknown sea, all by herself:

. . . I had not seen Mrs. Sewall for many years

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when, in 1918, she wrote, asking me to come to a corner of Maine, where she was, to talk over a manuscript of hers. In her letter she gave no hint of its nature; and I had the impression of her just sketched; I supposed her book must be "something educational." Altogether, when I found what it was, I simultaneously discovered myself to be in a condition of astonishment which was not abated by a detailed study of the manuscript.

The amazing thing was, first, that it was written by Mrs. Sewall. There is no lack of "messages from the dead" in typewriting and in print, nowadays; we have book on book, perhaps too many; but it was to me dumfounding to find that for more than twenty years this academic-liberal of a thousand human activities, Mrs. Sewall, had been really living not with the living, so to put it. And as I read, it seemed to me that I had never known so strange a story; and at times, dwelling upon her long struggle to cure her malady, and to make herself a proper messenger for those known to us everyday people as dead, it seemed again that these almost grotesquely painful sacrifices of the flesh were recorded, not of a modern lady of the world, but of some medieval penitent, feeding upon snow by day and lying prayerful upon a bed of cinders at night, seeking to become a spirit.

Now, of one thing I think there can be no question: Mrs. Sewall did put away a malady pronounced fatal. Nor will any reader believe that she

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has intentionally deceived herself during the long experience with "supernatural beings" which she has outlined for us. It appears that we have a choice of three explanations, none of which really explains:

1. Mrs. Sewall is laboring under a hallucination, or a series of hallucinations, continuing more than twenty years.

2. The communications purporting to be from the dead are really the work of an inner self of hers, sometimes called a subconsciousness. This is, or is related to, the part of our minds that constructs our dreams; and is capable of far more wonderful performances than most psychologists yet admit to be demonstrated.

3. The communications are, as Mrs. Sewall believes them to be, from people we speak of as dead; but really they live.

The first "explanation" (though doubtless there are some who will prefer it) may be dismissed. The document before us is strange enough. To believe it the record of hallucination would be to make it *too* strange. I think the truth must rest between the second and third. Probably there were professional "mediums," here and there, who imposed upon Mrs. Sewall. Once she had accepted the miracle as fact she may have been too ready to accept anything as another demonstration of the fact; and she has a habit of courtesy that might too much refuse to be destructive or skeptical. But the mention of professional "mediums" is only a trifle in the

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narrative; it is with Mrs. Sewall herself as a "medium" that we are concerned. And either her subconsciousness, her dream-maker, has been up to a dumfounding prodigy of dream-building, or else Mrs. Sewall has been in communication with living people whom we have thought of as dead.

Readers of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* were surprised to come across Beresford's article on "A New Form of Matter" in that conservative fastness. It was a brief account of laboratory experiments with manifesting "mediums"; matter exuded from the "medium"; so it was found. The point is that matter, not spirit, caused raps, levitation and other phenomena of the kind. The experiments of Doctor Crawford in Ireland and other work with such manifestations elsewhere, corroborate the Beresford account. The announcement is confidently made that the accepted theories (believed to be fundamental facts indeed) of physiology are about to be badly upset. On this point we may reserve judgment; but it is a coincidence worth noticing that the remarks of Theodore Lovett Sewall (as given by Mrs. Sewall in the appendix of this book) upon the nature and properties of matter and spirit appear to have anticipated the Beresford and the Crawford revelations and in some measure to have offered an explanation of them. There is a significance in such a coincidence, very suggestive: either we have a veritable Mr. Sewall telling us authoritatively about something upon which he is rightly informed; or

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else Mrs. Sewall's subconsciousness knew about these or similar laboratory experiments and made up a hypothesis for them and revealed it to her.

. . . Whatever a reader may choose as a definition for this most extraordinary book, there is one thing infallibly true of it. In a sense, a deceptive book can not be written: the character of the writer can not be concealed, must inevitably stand forth unsheltered. And the one thing most vivid here is good will—the longing, in all humility, to be of great help to the world. *That* explanation of Mrs. Sewall's book is undeniable.

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

PREFACE

DURING my adult life, to August 10, 1897, my motto had been, "One World at a Time." From that date I have, with more or less persistency, knocked at doors whose existence was then disclosed to me by gleams of light that seemed to proceed from other planes.

That the perceptions, instructions, knowledges, delusions, illusions (call them what you will) recorded in this volume are the debris left on the shores of normal consciousness by an unexpected wave that has swept over them from the ocean of subconsciousness, will undoubtedly be urged as an explanation of the experiences here recorded.

This explanation demands a definition. What is subconsciousness? No definition that I have heard has brought me nearer knowledge. Most definitions substitute for any word under consideration other words whose respective meanings are more obvious. In this instance the definitions either assume what remains to be proved or are themselves not easily definable.

The certainty that capacities hitherto unused by me have been discovered to be my possession, and the equally sure conviction that I possess no capacity not possessed by all humans, lead me to feel the need of a new psychology that will extend man's knowledge of man.

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In nature things are not real, any more than they are strong, any more than they are valuable in proportion to their size and their obtrusiveness.

The most real, the most productive, the most powerful forces are often the finest, the most subtle, the most elusive. Such are ether and magnetism, of which much is said in the following pages.

These I believe to be the subtle material forces, an understanding of which is indispensable to the next forward step of our race; these forces must be acknowledged, studied, caged, analyzed, mastered and directed that human progress may not be hindered by skepticism, by superstition or by inertness.

My personal acquaintance with many recognizable varieties of magnetism and with many manifestations of ether and my conviction of their benefic potency compel me to submit to the public this merely indicative account of an early stage of my subtle experiences with these forms of finer matter. I do this at great sacrifice of that feeling, whether one call it modesty or timidity, which still inclines me to reticence. However, even to date my acquaintance with these finer forms of matter continues and I take the public into my confidence in the hope that among my readers there may be an occasional man or woman trained to scientific investigation who will find in this story some clues which, patiently followed, may lead to the sources of that knowledge which is power. As the growth of man's knowledge of the world has from time to time de-

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manded a new geography, a new physics and a new chemistry, so the growth of man's knowledge of himself even now demands a new physiology and a new psychology.

M. W. S.

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NEITHER DEAD NOR SLEEPING

Part One

The Awakening

Neither Dead Nor Sleeping

CHAPTER I

CONVINCED OF CONTINUED LIFE THROUGH LETTERS
RECEIVED FROM RECENTLY DECEASED HUSBAND

ON DECEMBER 23rd, 1895, there occurred an incident large enough in comparison with the other incidents of my life to be called an event. It was destined to change some of the most important of my fundamental convictions, and to determine the subsequent main purpose of my life. I refer to the death of my husband, Theodore Lovett Sewall.

A fortnight before, referring to the approaching change, Mr. Sewall had said to me: "Listen a moment while I speak about what you refuse to see. You can not believe that I am going; I know it is inevitable. I wish now only to say that if I discover that I survive death, the first thing I shall do will be to ascertain whether or not Jesus ever returned to earth after His crucifixion. You know we have not believed it; but, if I find that He did return to His disciples, I shall do nothing else until I shall have succeeded in returning to you, unless before that time, you have come to me."

My husband was already so weak that to say all

this required some minutes, and the effort quite exhausted him. To the declaration, I made no response and the subject was not again referred to. We had enjoyed nineteen years of happiness as perfect as humans may experience; four years of blissful betrothal, fifteen of incomparably more blissful union.

In church relationship we were of the school known in the United States as "Parker" or "Radical" Unitarians. We desired immortality as most happy people do; we believed in it much as we believed in the indestructibility of matter; but we felt no certainty of the survival of the separate individual entity. Upon this point our creed may be stated thus:

As far as we know, we have no responsibility for our birth into this life; but we have found it so good that we shall never leave it voluntarily. If, when we are removed from this plane, we continue on some other, we shall doubtless find that just as perfectly fitted for our further happy development as this has been adapted to our needs up to date; and if we do not survive death extinction will prevent all sense of loss.

This creed had been rehearsed by us almost daily since our love had so increased the value of life that only immortality could suffice our longings, and after the great event came—after death had wrought his miracle and left me stunned and desolate—it was our daily repeated creed and not that

single strange declaration of intention so unexpectedly made by my husband, that was always in my thoughts; indeed, that declaration dropped entirely from my mind. This may seem as unnatural to the reader as it now seems to me; but it is the fact.

In the months immediately following the event, I was approached by two friends with appeals to visit a local "medium." One of these advisers, whose opinions on serious questions had always seemed to me a curious medley of philosophy and sentiment, is not unknown in literary circles. The other, a familiar friend and an officer in our Unitarian Church from whom suggestions of this nature caused me great surprise, was a lawyer of repute and a citizen highly valued in Indianapolis. Both asserted that they knew that through such mediation I might again see and talk with my husband. The proposal shocked me. It seemed to me grossly to violate both reason and delicacy. I protested that from our first meeting my husband and I had understood each other; that we had never needed a mediator or an intermediary, and that nothing could induce me to seek to reestablish communication with him by such means. Both assured me that they had personal knowledge of the truth they wished me to know, and gave me what they considered convincing testimony. It not only failed to interest me; it repelled. The lady assured me that frequently when she had met me in the street she had seen my husband walking by my side and

knew that he wished me to perceive his presence. This, far from increasing my faith in what she termed her "experience of perception," strengthened my conviction that she was either self-duped or the victim of clever impostors.

Unlike many bereaved, I did not seek to forget my sorrow or him whose removal had caused it; on the contrary, I strove to keep the memory of him always present in my own mind and in the minds of all about me; and I strove also to keep the memory disassociated from grief. Among the countless small means to which I resorted to secure this end, was the following, mentioned here because of its value in connection with later experiences.

Of the numerous last messages and greetings sent by my husband to his friends, that which he dictated to be read to the students of the Girls' Classical School was one of the most significant: "To be well and to be at work is to have the two conditions necessary to happiness."

This brief message I inscribed under large framed photographs of my husband and hung one in each room of the school building, and in each room of our house where such a memorial would not seem inappropriate, little knowing how I was thereby helping to rivet the delicate but insoluble bond. With the effort to keep his memory, I united an endeavor to forget grief in work, of which there was

no lack. As principal of a large private day and boarding school, besides teaching daily from one to three hours, I had the supervision of a corps of twenty-five teachers in the school proper and of the home for students called "The Classical School Residence," as well as of my own home which involved the direction of ten helpers. I also bore my share in the social life of my community, and in compliance with my husband's latest expressed wish maintained in as far as possible the same hospitality which had characterized our home.* At the time I was officially connected with both the National and the International Council of Women, and gave my vacations as well as my leisure during the school year to promoting the interests served by these organizations. Cooperative Internationalism, and the World Peace to be secured only through it, were then, as they still remain, my absorbing ideal. I was therefore much on the platform, and in June of 1897 my engagements took me to Halifax, Nova Scotia.

While there, I received an invitation to be the speaker on "Woman's Day," set for the tenth of the following August at Lily Dale, New York. The literature accompanying the invitation indicated one of the Summer Assemblies, which in the United

*Our home, known as Sewall House, was open not only to many circles in our own city, but to strangers traveling in the United States from all parts of the world.

States under the general titles of "Chautauquas" and "Camp Schools" annually convene thousands of people for recreation and study.

So long ago as 1897 most such assemblies, although continuously attended by more women than men, had a "Woman's Day," when it was the custom to invite some advocate of political enfranchisement to discuss woman suffrage, a topic at the date usually tabooed at those places except on such fixed occasion.

I had not before heard of the place, but accepted the invitation, recorded the date of the engagement and dismissed it from my mind.

Only a few days before the date I learned that the engagement for August tenth would take me into a "Spiritualists' Camp." I had held myself so aloof from all means of information about spiritualists that I did not know there were such camps. The fact, however, seemed indifferent, and when questioned by my informant, I said I did not regret the engagement; that had I known the character of the camp in advance, I should have made it, since spiritualists, not less than other people whose political conditions they share, need correct views on woman suffrage.

When at seven o'clock P. M. on August 9, 1897, I arrived at the Lily Dale Assembly Grounds I was met by Mrs. B., in whom I recognized the efficient Chairman of the Press Committee of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, whom I

had frequently seen at Washington (D. C.) conventions, but whose connection with spiritualism I had never suspected. When she proposed to conduct me on a tour of the grounds and to introduce me to some of the most "famous mediums," I experienced a shock. I had hitherto admired Mrs. B. as a very intelligent and competent suffrage worker—but the discovery of her official connection with this camp and the manner of spending the evening suggested by her, reduced my confidence and respect. I told her that I did not wish to meet any "medium" however "famous"; that to me the word was offensive, being synonymous in my opinion, with the words, deceiver, pretender, charlatan and ignoramus. I frankly asserted that the name and the office assumed by those bearing it were equally obnoxious to delicacy and to intelligence.

The amiable secretary did not seem at all offended. She told me that, although a spiritualist, her interest in phenomena was no longer keen, but that she was a tireless student of its philosophy which would probably command my deeper interest. The suggestion that spiritualism had a philosophy seemed absurd, but I did not discuss the matter.

The next morning, a solitary walk through the camp disclosed numerous signboards bearing legends as repellent as they were novel: "Business," "Test," "Independent Slate-Writing," "Trumpet," "Trance," "Flower" and "Portrait Painting" Mediums. These phrases confirmed a fear that I had

fallen into a company of strangely ignorant and superstitious people.

Although the grounds were attractive and well kept, the people well-dressed, courteous and quite remarkably alert and cheerful; and although later, my audience was attentive, responsive and sympathetic, I was not at all conciliated, but was eager to quit the place as soon as possible. I therefore declined all courteous overtures and repulsed the pressing plea of a friend, who had come from a neighboring town to hear me, to stop over a day or two "to investigate," and urging my engagement on the morrow at Chautauqua, New York, I hastened my preparations for departure.

However, unexpected difficulties arose; a chain of what we ignorantly or irreverently name "accidents." The treasurer had been suddenly called away for two days; the train schedule had been changed; the carriage that, in consequence of the second circumstance, was engaged to drive me over the country, broke down when we were hardly started; a few minutes later a telegram postponed my engagement at Chautauqua by three days.

Interior changes, as unpremeditated as those external incidents were sudden, followed; and, a second after I had peremptorily declined to permit an introduction to a famous "independent slate-writer," following a compelling impulse which I scarcely realized until I had acted upon it, I had, unintro-

duced, eagerly made an engagement with this same person for a private sitting the next day.

In that sitting, quite contrary to my own expectation, and equally so to any conscious desire, I received letters written upon slates which I had carefully selected from a high pile of apparently quite new and empty ones, had carefully sponged off, tied together with my own handkerchief, and held in my own hands, no other hand touching them. These letters, when read later in my hotel, whither I took them with an anxious incredulity which would not have been disappointed had I found them bare instead of covered with clear and legible writing, were found to contain perfectly coherent, intelligent and characteristic replies to questions which I had written upon bits of paper that had not passed out of my hands. The whole transaction had been enacted in broad daylight. I had sat on one side of a small table by an open window that looked out upon a summer landscape where children were playing games, and groups of people were visible among the trees; the medium had sat opposite me, apparently doing nothing.

The whole environment was as normal as possible. I myself was open-eyed and alert, perhaps more so than ever before in my life. But as I read the letters—and considered the conditions under which they had been produced and the time that this experience had occupied (less than one half-

hour had I been in the medium's studio) I knew as clearly as I now know after twenty-two years of constant study and experimentation that I had, so to speak, acquired actual knowledge, if not of immortality, at least of a survival of death—I had learned that the last enemy is destroyed, in that he can destroy neither being nor identity, nor continuity of relationship. I knew that, quite unwittingly and reluctantly following the directions of St. Paul, I had to my small faith "added knowledge" and had acquired a definite certainty of at least one stage of human experience beyond death. Proofs of that degree of immortality I had received.

This interview with the nominally dead, whose one common and dominant quality seemed a degree of vitality seldom encountered in the nominally living was followed by many others, successively conducted by an "independent slate-writer," a "trance reader," a "psychometrist," a "trumpet medium," a "trance interpreter of symbols" and other richly endowed and variously developed psychics.

At the very opening of our interview through the trumpet my husband said to me, "I worked hard to bring you to this camp, and I thought after all I was going to fail and that even after you had come, you would go away without knowing me. I tried hard to impress you to see Mr. K. so that I might write to you."

In my astonishment I interrupted him with a question indicating my incredulity of his interven-

tion. He replied, "You will never know what I have gone through to bring you here, and even after you had received my letter through Mr. K. I feared I should never be able to make an appointment for you with this trumpet. I was almost discouraged when the medium sent word to you that her time was all engaged, but ——— (naming one who then served as his immediate tutor) encouraged me and told me what to do."

This story of effort recalled the purpose conceived by my husband before his death and imparted to me, as told in the opening of this narrative.

Through the agency of these curiously developed people, I had at the end of three days, seen, talked with and received both letters and paintings of flowers from all those nearest to me who had at that time experienced what we call death, as well as from ancestors direct and collateral and from some other friends nearer to me in time than these latter, but more remote in kinship. My husband, my father, my mother, my half-sister, two sisters-in-law, a great grandfather and a little niece had identified themselves unmistakably and indisputably.

I was impelled to treat this series of experiences very seriously. After each, I made a full, accurate record which later I copied in permanent form, still retaining, however, the original of every communication written or otherwise received. As I read and reread this record of my discovery of the continued

and sequented life of the individual nominally dead and the continuance of the individual's interests and relationships, I was most impressed, (1) by the earnest exhortations of my husband to great caution in communicating these experiences; (2) by his repeated emphatic assertions that the experiences were perfectly natural or, as he expressed it, "all in nature"; and (3) by the earnestness of his repeated injunctions to "study science."

That the experiences were perfectly natural, *i. e.*, in harmony with natural law; that all of the powers which I had seen manifested resulted from the development of faculties which all humanity possesses in germ; and that, moreover, these experiences were neither the effect of a peculiar religious belief, nor the necessary cause of a change in the religious belief of any one who, prior to such experiences, had a substantial and satisfying faith in immortality—such convictions were the first fruits of this experience.

The desire to share this new knowledge with friends who, like myself, had been bereaved, was very strong. It had brought me ineffable comfort, a comfort that could proceed only from such knowledge and I wished them to possess it also. I was, however, restrained by the counter-desire of my husband, who told me that others would be as unable to accept my assurances as I had been to credit those of the friends who nearly twenty months before had tried to bring me consolation.

Every medium whom I had met had assured me that I was "naturally very psychic," but all had declared that the germs of my subtle faculties had been chilled by my education, my profession, my religious connection and my general social environment. Each, however, in turn had assured me that if I would pursue the proper means, these faculties—which were not killed, only repressed and devitalized by the materialism of my life—could be quickened into activity. As I reflected on the communications from friends and the comments of mediums, I was much perplexed. Although I found myself much indebted to the latter for the exercise of their gifts in my behalf, I did not feel at all flattered to be told that I was, "by nature, peculiarly psychic." Moreover I did not believe it. I very sincerely believed myself to be singularly obtuse and inaccessible to the approaches of humans who have survived *death*.

In the course of these interviews I learned: (a) that one of the first surprises to the nominally dead is their continued nearness to their conditions in mortal life and to the persons known to them who are still in it; (b) that, however, the same skepticism prevails on the yon as on the hither side of death (though perhaps in less degree) concerning the ability of people here to be brought into connection with those who have passed over; (c) that, to secure this connection, mediums on that side, as on this, serve those who are unable by their own un-

aided efforts to reestablish relations with their friends; (d) that the most enlightened mediums, there as here, believe that all excarnate humans share these endowments, if only in undeveloped germs of faculty; and (e) that the method pursued there to test the ability of independent communication, like that recommended by all the excarnate friends from whom the communications had come to me, and by all the mediums here through whose aid they had reached me (assuming that the *desire* for such power had been kindled) included meditation and concentration.

I was told plainly that by these agencies a magnetic current would be generated, and that when this had been brought to the proper power and had been focused in thought upon the person whose attention was desired, a magnetic connection would be established between seeker and sought. "Meditation," "concentration"—these words were perfectly well known but, employed in connection with these new experiences, were so vague, that it was very difficult to keep the promise which I had made to my husband and to my mother, *viz.*: that I would practise them alone in my room daily.

Before writing the preceding pages, I reread to myself for more than the one hundredth time the seventy folios on which on August 22nd, 1897, I compiled from copious notes written immediately after each sitting, a detailed record of the experiences which had begun eleven days earlier, and had

occupied parts of August eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth of the same month.

From this I copy the concluding paragraph which indicates the effect produced on my mind by these experiences and the purpose which originated in that effect.

“This is the end of the first chapter of my experience with phenomena of this kind. I am sure it is not the last. I am unspeakably grateful for what I have been privileged to see, to hear and to feel with my normal bodily senses of touch, sight and hearing; and, wherever it may lead me, I know it can not mislead me. Therefore, God helping me, it is my deliberate determination, my fixed purpose ‘not to be disobedient to the heavenly vision’ but to ‘follow the gleam.’ ”

CHAPTER II

MATTERS PERTAINING TO ETHERIC PLANE. UN- USUAL EXPERIENCES AND REVELATIONS THROUGH FAMOUS MEDIUMS

ON SEPTEMBER 15th, 1897, there commenced to come to me, through friends (none of them professional psychics), a series of letters which at longer or shorter intervals continued to September, 1916. The first five of these came through the hand of a devoted member of the Episcopal Church, a woman of wide travel, large wealth and conventional life, as far removed as possible in temperament, habits and position from my preconception of a psychic. On the receipt of the first letter, heeding a perception that others would follow, I filed it by itself in a Cyclone file.

Since the receipt of that first letter two Cyclone files have been filled with communications of this kind coming through scribes of many nationalities and post-marked at various points in England, Germany, France, Italy, Australia and China, as well as in the United States. Only one of these scribes was known to me prior to receipt of such letters. Only two of them at the date of their first letters knew that I had had psychic experiences.

Some, entire strangers, when the ocean separated us, sent letters accompanied by notes of introduction from my husband; other strangers presented such letters to me at my own door in Indianapolis. Usually, the letters thus received contained either immediately valuable information, or information which in its bearing on subsequent events, with which my relation was thus communicated in advance, proved to be valuable. These communications I regarded as corroborative to the validity of my own experiences but as subordinate in value to these, from which I have therefore always kept them quite apart, believing experience, in this as in other matters, to be the most reliable, if not indeed, the only source of actual knowledge.

The experiences of those four August days recorded in Chapter I assumed a continually increasing importance as time passed, and, far from fading from my memory, seemed ever present, urging me to attempt a repetition of them; and, as my wedding anniversary approached, the desire to receive my husband in our own home grew into a decision to take the first step by inviting the trumpet medium through whom I had held enlightening conversations with many friends, to spend the day with me. She arrived about noon on Sunday, October 31st, 1897.

I immediately took her to my library where, previously, acting under impulse, I had prepared the

conditions for an interview. Between my library and the adjoining chamber is a passage which I had darkened by drawing the heavy portières and within which, after removing every other article, I had placed two chairs. Setting the aluminum trumpet on the floor between the two chairs which we occupied, the medium asked her control to aid my friends to talk with me. There followed conversations with my husband and other relatives with whom I had enjoyed interviews in August; and in addition to these, with several other relatives whom in life I had not known. The conversations in number, length, content and variety were, except for the fact that they were not the first of their kind known to me, much more remarkable than those I had enjoyed at the camp.

Different relatives called me by the various "pet" names which they had respectively been accustomed to use in life. There were continuous conversations apparently participated in by several simultaneously present, whose characteristic laughter I distinctly heard. Among my visitors was an aunt who had died many years before my birth, but whose partial namesake I am. For convenience I had dropped my second name and when a sweet voice said, "I am your Aunt Eliza, and your name is really May Eliza Wright Sewall," I was startled. My aunt did not chide me for having dropped her name, but seemed amused at my embarrassment

over her knowledge of it. She proved a very intelligent, entertaining visitor, as did a strange clerical gentleman whom my husband presented as his paternal grandfather, whom I mention here because our acquaintance has developed significantly.

I asked my husband's permission to report this interview to a friend much esteemed by him who had for many years been an habitual visitor at our house. This lady had suffered heavy losses by death since my husband's departure, and believing that a knowledge of what I was learning would comfort her, I longed to impart it. Referring to my fruitless recital of my first experiences to our two brothers, to whom, by his direction, I had read their full record in September, my husband again urged me to secrecy, saying that I must postpone my confidence until her understanding should be opened to receive it. To my question, "Will she ever be able to understand?" I quote his exact reply, "Probably not. Miss C. is a fine woman and she will be discreet, but she will be unable to understand it; nor can she, without understanding, accept it; for intellectual, good and serious as she is, she is wholly on the Material Plane."

During this interview the entreaties to "study science" and the assurance that nothing of a supernatural character was involved were repeated with increased urgency. Moreover, I was told that this method of communication between different planes

of life is conditioned by laws destined soon to be understood.

When what my visitors all referred to as "the forces" began to grow faint, my husband explained that he could stay no longer, that he felt "humiliated to come in this mean way" but that he should continue to use this and other similar methods of reaching me until my own "growth in a knowledge of natural law should furnish better facilities."

The interviews occupied several hours; their record, made as nearly as possible with *verbatim* accuracy the night of that same day, required four thousand seven hundred fifty-two words, and my entry of this curious celebration of our anniversary is followed by words which reveal my intention to develop faculties still in germ.

Not until February 19th, 1898, did my next opportunity for meeting my friends come. The Triennial Convention of The National Council had taken me to Washington, where on the date named I had another opportunity to exchange letters with my friends through the aid of the "independent slate-writer." The letters received were considerably longer and more complex, and contained more references to the need of my "earnest study of science" than the earlier ones.

My contemporary record includes a brief note from a friend who had only just passed on. It ran thus:

"My Dear Friend,

"Convey my greeting to the Council and Miss Anthony. I shall continue to work for women.

"Frances E. Willard."

I had not addressed Miss Willard; her note was written across the reply of a friend to whom I had written, and the two were apparently produced simultaneously. Miss Willard's message perplexed me. Should I deliver it to Miss Anthony? I sought the advise of Mrs. Martha Wright Osborne, of Auburn, New York, a good friend of mine, and an intimate of Miss Anthony, who counseled silence.

I record this incident because it was the first message sent through me to any one outside my family—and my treatment of it was that accorded to scores of undelivered messages to numerous persons, not a few of whom are entire strangers to me—whose friends have thus sought to reach them. One of the hardest things I have had to bear is thus to withhold messages entrusted to me, because by experience I have learned that it is still harder to deliver such messages only to have them rejected, and thenceforth to be considered by the friend or the stranger whom I had tried to serve as either a dupe or an impostor.

The contemporaneous entry of this experience closes thus: "I feel my perceptions are being gradually quickened and I await my own unfoldment and

my expanding duty in the light of such unfoldment."

My next subtle experiences were through the trumpet on May fifteenth and May twenty-second, at Buffalo when en route to and from Ottawa in attendance on the National Council of Canada as a guest of its president, Lady Aberdeen.

On May fifteenth I was accompanied to the house of the medium by a friend with whom, until that day, I had never exchanged a word about occult matters.

Our interview, except for its being conducted through the trumpet, was as natural as any social hour could be wherein two friends would be introducing members of their respective families to each other. The occasion was used rather for the benefit of my guest than for my own, as I felt the ordinary solicitude of a hostess to give my guest precedence in opportunity; my friend received much advice in respect to a plan she was then maturing, her acceptance of which the events of the following summer seemed to justify.

Returning from Ottawa on May twenty-second, I was met at the station by the medium's husband, who told me that his wife had been "reserving her strength" for me, and was expecting an unusual demonstration of power. This excited hopes, which were not disappointed. I spent the night and had sittings which aggregated more than six hours. The "forces" seemed uncommonly strong; I not only

had visits with my own dearest friends on that plane, but with several others, who explained their coming on the ground that "they were passing by, and seeing opportunity, used it." Among these was an aunt who had passed on when I was a young lady, who possessed a striking and quite original personality, and a clergyman who had been my tutor in Latin. I welcomed these most unexpected visitors, recognizing their voices and personalities as distinctly as I ever could have done in life; but was surprised by their entrance into my circle. In conversation with my aunt (Mrs. Joseph Warren Brackett, known to her nephews and nieces as "Aunt Lyddy") I told her that I was rather hoping soon to go to Lincoln, Nebraska, to visit her youngest daughter, my favorite cousin, because I was going to Omaha in the early summer to make arrangements for the Annual Executive Session of our National Council which was to meet in that city in the autumn. My aunt instantly replied: "I do not think you will be going to Omaha for that purpose this summer. I understand from Theodore that he prefers you to go to London, and that he will arrange matters so that you can go, and you will prepare for your autumn meetings in Omaha by correspondence. Perhaps you will visit Nettie then."

My acquaintance with Doctor Alexander had ceased before my nineteenth year. He had subsequently become president of Beloit College, and a few years later I had heard of his death. Doctor

Alexander was a man of strong and beautiful personality. He seemed eager to talk with me, and pressed much into a few sentences. He expressed great joy in being able to tell of the indescribable interest of life on his plane—where he said that he had found much to unlearn, had awakened to know that on earth he had taught many errors; that his former conceptions fell far below his present realization of God's goodness—and on retiring he said he would add as a test of his identity, that his wife was with him but that their son (an infant, in my girlhood and of whom I had since never heard) was still in earth life, facts subsequently verified.

At this time several of my friends besides my aunt and Doctor Alexander made statements which they also declared to be "tests."*

Two of these I will give. My sister told me that a favorite nephew then ill would soon pass over, that it was impossible for him to recover, and she begged me not to wish for his recovery as "what is before him is so much better."

My husband told me that I should be going to England in the immediate future. When I protested that I had not the means to go he assented and said that I should not be required to pay any part of the expenses from means that I then knew of, but that it was most important that I should go,

*I had already learned that in the language used by those on the Etheric Plane, a "test" is a provable statement or a statement that will be proved by subsequent experience.

and that a friend would offer to pay what would amount to one-half of the expense and that he should supply the other half by securing me an opportunity to earn this amount before the time for sailing.

This interview dates the introduction of new subjects and of more definite instruction. Prefacing the statements with a declaration of his eagerness to make them, my husband told me that the first instruction he had received after his transition was about the nature and power of Jesus the Christ and added:

"The reason Christ can do so much for us is that He took on all our infirmities; He is the greatest, *i. e.*, the largest and ripest spirit ever humanly incarnated; knowing all life He understands and can help all who live. It is because He was a human being, tested by all human experiences, that He can so help us." These statements concluded thus: "Every one who comes here is taught 'the truth about Christ.'" In this connection my husband expressed his pleasure in my enjoyment of a book that I was reading and quoted some passages which he particularly commended. I expressed great astonishment, for the book was only just published, but he told me that he had read it with me. Finding that he could read with me, I begged him to tell me what he would most enjoy reading, that I might choose books with regard to his preference.

I quote the exact words of his reply. "Of course

I can read with you, and often do when you are reading what interests me, but I wish you to choose books for yourself only, without regard to me, for you must develop your own individuality. When I am interested I read with you; when I am not, and when I find I can do nothing for you, then I work in my studio here, and I am always very busy."

At this interview my husband told me that he talked with me every night and morning, and in reply to questions he told me that "the little tap-pings in my ears" which I reported were caused by the vibrations of the ether awakened by his articulations; that the coolness which I often felt like waves of fresh air when I knew no air was moving about me, and the thrills which I felt frequently, "like the most delicate possible of electric shocks," were all manifestations of his presence.

When I asked him if he could read my thoughts, he answered that he was not yet strong enough to do so; but that he could usually understand my articulate speech, and he asked me to add to my period for meditation time to talk to him and to hear his replies.

During this interview I asked my sister if I could do anything to help a relative on that plane who had come to me and seemed most unhappy. The reply was: "Only by loving him. Poor dear; he can not help it; it is in the influences under which he was born. He must simply work them out: until he has done this, nothing can help him."

Two other references were made to planetary influences as follows: My mother, who was always longing to get into direct communication with her son, Doctor P. B. Wright, in reply to a question, said, in a voice expressive of painful patience, "No, your brother can not accept this yet. Your temperaments are so very different. You must both work out the conditions you were born under. The planetary influences make it impossible for him to accept what you can until he has worked out certain conditions." The other reference to this subject was to me still more amazing. It came from my husband, who concluded a quite long talk on the development of my own psychic powers, which he urged me to make my first object, with a statement that it would be well for me to include in my study of science and of natural law, that of "*the planetary influences which govern one.*" During this day I was told quite casually by my husband's grandfather, with whom I began to feel well acquainted, that while he was talking with me Theodore had gone to Ravenswood (a Chicago suburb, where Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Quincy Sewall then resided) to see his parents, and in his later talk with me, my husband referred to his visit at Ravenswood and told me what the family were discussing when he arrived. On this same occasion, when I inquired for my parents, I was told that they would talk with me later, that they were then with my "brother, the doctor, in Grand Rapids, Michigan."

In their later interview with me, my mother repeated what she had before written, that one of the greatest griefs experienced by those on the Etheric Plane proceeds from trying to awaken friends here to their presence and finding them quite inaccessible. She told me that she and my father always visit my brother on Sunday afternoons, as usually he is then less absorbed in work, and they always go "hoping to find him becoming accessible."

My husband referred to letters recently received by me from him through Mrs. H., confirmed their genuineness, and said in regard to the reliability of such communications that they were more liable to inaccuracy than his communications directly with me, "since our relation and intimate acquaintance permit a more perfect adjustment of our atmospheres, on which depends the reliability of communications passing between planes."

In this interview, although the entreaties to continue in those exercises which are believed to induce the awakening of one's own unused faculties were more urgent than ever before, so were the injunctions to secrecy more serious and more emphatic.

With all the pleas for secrecy were combined incentives to investigation, and when, in response to a question, I asked "What is inspiration?" my husband said: "Inspiration is the response to aspiration. The more you aspire, the more inspiration will come to kindle your mind."

At about this time, as a result of certain reading, I was becoming anxious lest my husband should retard his own spiritual progress and reduce his enjoyment of the larger opportunities for growth on his plane of life by descending from it to help me. I expressed these fears and begged him not to do it, but to devote himself to the enjoyment of conditions on that plane, where his experiences had taken him, and to the exercise there of his freed powers.

Now, as always since, in response to similar pleas, he assured me that he had made his choice, and that by staying with me he aided his own progress; that on the Etheric, as on the Physical Plane, "service is the condition of growth." These assurances he concluded with the significant words: "The trouble with us in our efforts to help you is that we are so tenuous. We can not hold together; we need you to help us get the instruments that we can use."

The feelings induced by the experiences of May 15th and 22nd of 1898 are thus recorded: "These sweet experiences, although mysterious, are beyond a doubt perfectly normal. I sincerely believe that this knowledge will soon be the common property of mankind, and that soon intercommunication of planes will be as universally practised as telegraphy now is on our plane."

These convictions were deepened, as almost immediately on my return home the means for going to London to preside over the executive session of

the International Council of Women came from the two sources* earlier specified by my husband, and letters from Omaha came showing that all the difficulties which the officers of our National Council of Women had thought would require me to go thither had been removed, and that the arrangements for our National Executive to be held there in the following autumn could be made easily by letter.

In June of 1898 I had a new experience. I received a letter from Mrs. H., urging me to see Doctor H., a Chicago physician, and through him to arrange for an interview with a German psychic, of whom I now for the first time heard.

My lecture engagements for this month took me to Winfield, Kansas, which would require my passing through Chicago twice.

Through correspondence it was settled that the interview with the psychic, which Doctor H. kindly undertook to arrange for, should be given on June seventeenth, the evening of my return from Winfield, and as, on account of other engagements for the same date, the hour could not then be stated,

*A friend, not then intimate, most unexpectedly invited me to be her guest for the ocean passage; and, without correspondence or previous acquaintance with the people making them, I received propositions to do some rather drudging literary work for a Cyclopaedia, and also to deliver two commencement addresses at seminaries in a neighboring state, quite unknown by me up to that time.

that a telegram specifying the hour should await my arrival at the Chicago railroad station.

However, no telegram was there. As I knew only the psychic's last name, which was too common to render the directory available, I tried to reach him through telephoning to Doctor H.; but learning that the doctor had been called suddenly from home, there seemed nothing to do but to take the next train for Indianapolis.

While in the act of securing my ticket, I was suddenly moved to abandon this plan and, entirely contrary to my custom, to go, without notification, to spend the night with friends. A similar impulse caused me to abandon taking the morning train to Indianapolis, which I had intended to do, and led me instead to call at Doctor H.'s office.

I found the doctor (an entire stranger) expecting me, because, prevented by his absence from making the engagement with the psychic and sending the promised telegram to meet my train from Winfield, he had repaired to the psychic's home late the night before, and had been told by my husband that I was still waiting at the station, intending to take the midnight train for my home. It had then been arranged that I should be "*impressed* to stay over," to call on the doctor the next morning, and there learn that my husband had engaged the psychic to reserve eleven o'clock of that morning for our interview.

There was just time for Doctor H. to impart this plan, call a cab and give the address, where I arrived on the stroke of eleven, to find both the psychic and my husband awaiting me.

The interview was as unprecedented as were the means of arranging for it. I had a long audible conversation with my husband by independent voice, and shorter similar ones with my sister and the little niece who had sent me the flowers, and whom I shall henceforth in this narrative call by the full name to which she always responds, little Annie Brackett. From my contemporaneous records of the interview I quote some sentences, which show what was at that time my mental attitude toward this subject, and how this was met.

"I have been feeling unhappy of late, fearing that I am very selfish to let you trouble yourself so much about my plans and duties that relate to earth life. I feel as if I ought to ask and take your help only in aiding my spiritual growth."

(Ans.) "That is a mistake. Taking your earth burdens in so far as I can turns them into joys for me. You do not thus retard my progression, you help it."

My feeling was persistent, and I said, "I do not wish to be selfish, and it seems to me that it is selfish to let you have a care about my earth life plans, or even to know them. When you were here you bore all these burdens, and, having passed on

to the next plane, it seems to me you ought to be permitted to bear only whatever burdens may belong to that evidently higher and more beautiful life."

(Ans.) "You are mistaken. I continue to grow in helping you. It is right that I should do it, and it is not selfish in you to permit me to do it. As for knowing your earth life, I *did know it* before I reached you last summer at the camp. I do in general and to a degree vaguely know it independent of your desire and help. Our interviews give me a more satisfactory knowledge of it, and thus, instead of increasing my cares, make me less anxious."

"Well, if this is so, I *must* learn to understand you and to talk with you without the aid of others. Do you think I shall ever be able to understand you when you talk with me at night and in the early morning as you say you now do? I hear sounds now—but I never distinguish a word. Shall I ever do so?"

(Ans.) "I am certain of it."

The reply came with encouraging emphasis.

Then, referring to a subject that was seldom absent from my mind, I said, "I want to ask an explanation of what you said about Christ when we met in Buffalo—I did not quite understand."

(Ans.) "Oh! we are all taught that Christ is the transcendent human being above any other spirit

ever humanly incarnated in goodness and purity. The laws of nature are perfect and sure. They are never broken. Do you understand—never broken. And all things are under law.”

Then came a curious experience which seemed equally physical and mental—it seemed like a sudden expansion of brain tissue to accommodate a sudden expansion in comprehension of the immeasurable bigness and the unbreakable continuity of nature’s laws.

Then I asked for information about life on that next plane, adding: “It must be beautiful.”

(Ans.) “I have very much to tell about life on this side, but can not do it now—you can not yet receive it. It is beautifully natural.”

My husband then said in a very low voice, “I am going; I can not get the force to talk now—but soon, very soon, we shall meet again.”

From my sister I that day learned that not only had all the members of my family on that side been brought together through my husband, but that also through him they had all been brought into communication with the Earth Plane; that each in turn, on dying, had experienced his own ability to continue cognizant of earth life; that each had also been taught the possibility of awakening friends still on earth to the presence of the so-called *dead*;

but that they had been withheld by skepticism and prejudice until Theodore "had held doors open for them."

The significance of these experiences as grasped at the time was summed up thus:

(a) I had felt the power of *Impression* and had unconsciously responded to it.

(b) I realized that it was the subtlest and most reliable form of communication between planes yet made known to me. To acquire the *conscious* and *intentioned* use of it was a new goal.

(c) The proposition that Jesus born at Nazareth had become the Christ and that He is justly the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, the righteous ruler of the earth, passed from an indifferent theory to a personal conviction.

(d) I experienced a new comprehension of the inviolability of natural law, of its all-inclusive domain from which no plane of life known to humans is exempt; and as a corollary to this, I had now gained an unshakable conviction not only of the consecutiveness of human life on all planes, but also of its sequential character.

"Soon, very soon, we shall meet again," were the words with which my husband had concluded our interview on June eighteenth, and five days later I sailed from New York, my goal being London; my object, to preside over the Executive of the International Council of Women convened there in July;

Lady Aberdeen, its president, being unable at the time to go to London, had asked me as the Council's vice-president at large to perform this service, to make the preliminary arrangements for the second quinquennial of the Council, which was to meet in the same metropolis in 1899.

Among the letters of introduction given me by my superior officer was one to Mr. William T. Stead.

Although I knew of Mr. Stead's experiments in telepathy, I did not know of his book, entitled *Letters from Julia*, nor had I ever heard that he possessed or claimed mediumistic powers.

It was on Sunday, July seventeenth, that, having already met Mr. Stead, but not yet having exchanged a word with him on psychic matters, I went by his invitation to Wimbledon.

For some time the conversation was kept close to the Council, and to the progressive movements which I hoped it would promote; but finally it turned upon the subject uppermost in my mind, and in response to his disclosures I told Mr. Stead of my experiences in communicating with my husband; also that since coming to London I had first learned of his interest in this subject; and I asked him if he would introduce me to the best psychic known to him in London.

To my amazement, Mr. Stead replied, "Well, if you want an interview with your husband, perhaps I can help you to one now; I don't know. I never

can tell, but—" he added, taking a tablet and pencil, "you ask your husband anything you wish to— merely asking it mentally; perhaps he can use my hand to answer."

Mentally I proposed a series of questions. At the end of each, Mr. Stead's hand began to move rapidly and as if without his guidance over the paper, and to each was given an intelligent reply.

These pages torn from the tablet and given me by Mr. Stead are before me as I write. There are references to incidents in the past that could have been known only to Mr. Sewall and myself, and there are statements made, my husband said, as "tests," by which I could judge of their validity as time should pass. All this occurred while we were sitting on the balcony, in the open air and in broad daylight.

Although, as before reported, I had already received letters purporting by their senders to be automatically produced, this was the first time I ever witnessed automatic writing, and I observed it with conscientious attention. Whether Mr. Stead had read the questions formed in my mind, but unuttered, and then had intuited my husband's temperament and character so correctly that he could write perfectly intelligent, consistent and characteristic replies; or whether, with no knowledge of either question or answer, he had merely furnished the conditions and force which enabled my husband to read the questions in my mind, and to use Mr.

Stead's hand in replying to them—the phenomenon was curious and suggestive, and besides the personal pleasure which it yielded, it seemed to possess scientific interest and to demand scientific study.

Through the kindness of Mr. Stead, I received two other letters from my husband—more intimate, more important than any hitherto received, urging me never to abandon the study that I had entered upon until the time should have come when we should find ourselves independent of all intermediaries.

At this time Mr. Stead gave me a letter to one whom he commended as the best medium then known to him in Great Britain.

It was noon on July twenty-second that, having engaged this hour by correspondence, I repaired to the house of this psychic.

On my arrival a thunder-storm was impending, the air was charged with electricity, and Mrs. B. said that such electrical conditions were most disturbing and she did not know whether she should be able to serve me.

The appointments of the room and the procedure of the medium were quite like those with which my interviews through the trance medium at Lily Dale had made me familiar. Seating herself by a table near me, Mrs. B. made the passes over herself which magnetists affect, but failing to induce the trance state, she asked me if I had anything with me that had belonged to or been worn by the person with

whom I particularly wished to communicate. I had in my hand-bag my husband's photograph, and a French testament that he used frequently to read. Mrs. B. held these in her hands and in a moment the trance state was evident. Presently she began describing the persons whom she saw "crowding about me," and concluded by saying that "a gentleman, pale, with very refined features and with dark hair and dark eyes," was the most solicitous of my visitors. "He says he is your husband, that he wishes to talk with you by the direct method, and thinks he can do so, but that the conditions to-day are unfavorable." The rain had been pouring in torrents from almost the moment of our retiring to the inner room, and the roar of the thunder was accompanied by lightnings which penetrated closed shutters and drawn draperies. The entranced medium seemed disturbed, and presently, returning to normality, said that in such conditions she could not remain entranced long enough to secure a satisfying interview.

She told me that she would try to have "Vigo," her "control," get acquainted with my friends on the next plane before Friday, July twenty-ninth, the date we had agreed upon for a second trial.

From this interview I had gleaned one additional fact, *viz.*: that the force used for communications between planes of life is, while necessarily more powerful than electricity, at the same time more delicate and can be disturbed by it.

A week later, 5 P. M. July twenty-ninth (having in the meantime been to Holland to assist in the organization of a National Council of Women), I again visited Mrs. B.'s apartment. The weather was fine, the conditions were pronounced favorable, and I had the following, to me, unprecedented experience.

Preparations were made as before, *i. e.*, I myself examined the room in which I was to receive my guests. With the exception of a few framed photographs on the walls and a few small ornaments on the mantel, there was nothing in it but a small table, with bare legs, and two chairs, one on either side of the table, and in one corner a wash-stand holding a basin, a pitcher of water and a towel. After darkening the windows, as on the previous visit, by lowering the shades and drawing the draperies (which now on a fine day I found reduced the light only to a soft twilight), Mrs. B. directed me to take one chair, seated herself opposite me, and taking my hands, held them in hers for a few seconds only, when there passed through her frame the slight shudder which seems to precede the entranced state. Instantly through Mrs. B.'s lips, not her voice, but that of her chief "control,"* with whose tone and

*I early learned that "control" is the inappropriate name given to the medium or assistant on the Etheric Plane. I find the name inappropriate because no more control is exercised by the medium on that plane than on this. The two are, so to speak, respectively the transmitter and receiver, of messages for the users of the wireless magnetic current.

accents I had become familiar on my first visit, addressed me.

She told me that during the week she had met my husband, and it had been arranged that to-day he should try to take possession of the medium's organism and talk with me independently of any aid. She added that as he had never before done this, the effort would probably be made with some difficulty, and it might be some minutes before he would be able to "use this organism comfortably." Vigo added: "Our medium may experience convulsions as this personality, your husband, takes possession of her organism for the first time; if this should happen, do not be alarmed; it is all in accordance with law—your husband wishes me to say *'with natural law not yet generally known, but perfectly natural.'*"

Having given this warning, Vigo retired, a slight shudder passing through Mrs. B.'s frame as she did so. I did not *see* Vigo retire, but I, so to speak, *heard* her go. For an instant Mrs. B.'s frame became convulsed—a moment of rigidity being followed by contortions; presently relative serenity returned, and as a rapturous smile overspread the features of the medium, my husband's own voice—low, gentle, but eager and firm, entirely natural and unmistakable, addressed me. *His* voice—not Mrs. B.'s voice, not Vigo's, but *his*, filled with emotion; his whole manner betrayed excitement. He spoke eagerly, telling me what pleasure he had in this

manifestation. He said that as it was his first experience of using another person's physical organism, he found it difficult; but thought it a "satisfactory way to effect a return." I was so surprised and awed that I found it difficult at first to act on my husband's invitation to ask questions. Naturally, however, when I had adjusted myself to the situation, I asked him to explain this manner of manifesting. I quote his exact reply, written down at the time:

"Why, all there is about it is this: The medium has retired from her body and has loaned her organism to me that I may talk with you all alone without the intervention of a third person; I never have had such an opportunity before, but I am getting used to it and shall get on very well. I am told that I shall not be able to remain long the first time, and I feel this is true, so we must talk as fast as possible and about the things that most immediately *concern* you."

To my next question, which referred to a recent rather unusual incident, my husband replied: "Certainly I know about it. You hardly seem to believe what I have now several times told you, that we are practically always together, *i. e.*, that I am always with you except when you are with me."

"I must be very stupid, Theodore, but I don't know what you mean by my being with you."

"Nevertheless, what I say is true, that practically we are together all the time, for during the daytime and when you are awake I am with you on the Earth Plane, and when you are asleep—when your body and mind are resting on your bed—then you, or perhaps one should say your soul, is brought to this plane and has many experiences, the refreshment of which is communicated to body and mind when your soul returns to them."

"But, Theodore, it seems dreadful to me to have such experiences, and not be conscious of them! Shall I ever grow into a condition where I shall be conscious of my or of my soul's experiences?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "you are growing into that condition. *You* now are conscious of your soul's experiences while these are in progress and *you* now retain them: but you are not yet able to impart them to your mind and your body, *i. e.*, to become mentally and physically conscious of them, so to speak. As body and mind both have many experiences which are unshared by either your real self or by your soul, although through them your real self gets more effective instruments—so the soul has many experiences that in their nature can not be shared by the mind and body, although the value or net product of such experiences may be and often is communicated to the body and to the mind; to each in just the degree that each is able to appropriate such product. You will grow mentally and physically conscious. As you become so,

do not be surprised—do not be alarmed by whatever may happen. Wait patiently; remember that all this knowledge, new to you, is natural—is according to law. *Study natural science, study nature's laws.*"

Later in the interview my husband said: "When you go home, sit for writing, sit in the library—not with slates; that is too elementary for your present condition—but sit with tablet and pencil. I will come and write through your hand as I did through Mr. Stead's."

Again my husband enjoined caution. "I do not wish your interest to become public yet. The time may come—I think will come, but not now."

In this conversation I learned that my husband was acquainted with the "Julia" who, in correspondence with Mr. Stead, had expressed a desire to establish a Bureau of Communication between the two planes of life which border either side of the experience we name death.

When my husband retired, I *felt*, rather than saw, his departure, and the return of Mrs. B. to her body was as evident to me and apparently as easily accomplished by her as would have been her return to a room or to a chair which she had temporarily vacated for another's use.

Mrs. B. confirmed my husband's instruction as to the method of acquiring automatic writing, and said that Vigo had just told her that, if permitted, she would help me.

The reader will observe that this interview enabled me to witness quite new, and what one might call more complex and surprising, phenomena than have before been recorded.

On New Year's Eve of 1899 and the following day I had three sittings with the trumpet medium in Buffalo, which aggregated eight and one-half hours of conversation with nine persons, three of whom had not before approached me; one of these was introduced by my husband as one of his "new guides."

All the remarks of former visitors indicated progression on their part and continued effort to help me to become more susceptible to subtle influence.

These made frequent reference to matters discussed in former interviews and to incidents of the intervening period—which furnished indisputable evidence of their cognizance of my life and also indicated in several of them varying degrees of prescience. Although all disclaimed the possession of any degree of the prophetic faculty, they assumed its well-known possession by many on the next plane and its definite cultivatableness. These interviews were much too long to reproduce and I select from the contemporary record those passages that to me then seemed most significant, and others, the importance of which succeeding events revealed.

My husband referred to a luncheon in Rochester at the home of Reverend William C. Gannett, where

Miss Anthony and I had been guests. He spoke with much appreciation of the kindness that had been shown me and of the interest manifested in the Council, and then, quoting a reference to an historical statement made by another person at the luncheon which I had not particularly regarded, he told me to look it up and I should find the statement erroneous. This I did and discovered that my husband was correct.

Referring to communications recently received through the independent slater-writer, I asked for an explanation of a passage, which, while not directly saying so, implied that my father and mother were no longer in the same sphere.* Approving my inference, my husband said that my father felt it his duty to progress and that he had gone on to the next plane, but that my mother was now living with him (that is, with my husband), as she chose to remain in the lower sphere, where she could more easily be helpful to my brother and to myself and to _____ (another relative).

My husband said, "Your mother spends much time with the doctor, trying to make him more receptive."

Later, to my great astonishment, came _____, the relative above referred to, who, in response to _____

*I will bring together all the information received at this time bearing on the progressive states and the ability to choose one's place (always within the limits of one's character and one's attainment).

questions, told me that he was much with my mother, who was helping him, and that Theresa, my sister, came often to see him and also to help him—that he had not seen my husband, who was in a higher sphere than his and had not been to see him, and, he added, “I do not wish him to come.”

—— spoke with mingled irritation and resentment, and when I essayed, just as I certainly should have done in a similar conversation in earth life, to soothe him and to induce a kindlier feeling,

—— replied: “Well, I can’t help it. I’ve got to work out my own conditions and they are entirely different from yours—entirely different.

I asked, “Just what do you mean? I do not understand you.”

“Why, my planetary conditions; you know every one must work out his own.”

I asked: “Did you know that I went to Altamont?”*

“Oh, yes! I knew it and was glad you came, but I wished you had come earlier, when I could have received you.”

Then followed a conversation (the record of which took five hundred words) which is too intimate to reproduce, but which proved beyond a doubt the ability of the so-called dead to be cognizant of

*It was after this relative’s death, which had occurred in the previous summer, that I first went to his home. At that time his daughter had telegraphed asking me to attend his funeral.

minutest details of life still going on on earth, and also to have only a less quick perception of the feelings of survivors than of themselves.

When my father came he confirmed what I had already been told by saying in reply to my inquiries, "I am with mother often, but not all the time just now. I thought I ought to progress, and so I have passed on to the next sphere. You must remember that I have been over here much longer than your mother has, and, besides, she wants to help the doctor and you and ———— (naming the relative before referred to), whom I can do nothing for at present."

Questioning my father about my sister's present life, he told me that he saw her frequently, but was not in her sphere, "because she, too, chooses to stay behind and help others all she can; particularly she is just now working hard to help ————" (the same relative).

When my mother came I asked, probably rather abruptly, for I had hardly been able to wait to get her view, "Mother, how is it that you and father are not living together now?"

"Why, my child, we can not be together all the time just now, for we both have duties. Father is trying to progress, and I am staying by choice in this sphere, where I can have more chances to be helpful to you and your brother, and particularly to ————."

I reminded my mother of her early promise to

come and write for me if I would sit in my room with slates, and added, perhaps reproachfully, that she had never done so. "That is true, my child, but your husband did not wish me to. He feared that if you sat with slates, your efforts might be discovered and might be used to your injury; also he feared that should this power be developed now, you might become too much absorbed by it. Besides, you know that it is less satisfactory than writing on paper, which we believe you are to learn. But you know in the present state of ignorance of this power, were it known that you were using it, it would diminish the esteem in which you are held and injure your work, and that we can not bear."

"Mother, have you spoken to father yet about _____?"

"Not yet; it would do no good yet. Poor _____! He must work out his conditions. You know those conditions are very unfortunate, but I shall help him all I can, and Theresa will help him, too."

When Theresa came, I asked questions about her present life. Among other replies was this: "I am very busy, but my work would be hard to describe. I meet many who come over. It is very sad to see how many people here seem to have no one to love them. I try to do what I can for people of this class, and, besides, I am trying to help _____."

Expressing a wish that I might also do something

to help him, I added, "I do want to help, and I pray for him every night."

Theresa replied, "Yes, I know it. But, my dear sister, one loving thought is more helpful than many prayers."

Again I followed up this lead: "Just how, then, can I help? I certainly could not make the prayer if I did not entertain the loving thoughts."

The reply came: "Every day say, 'Dear sister Theresa, I do love you,' and add, 'I do love ———.' There is nothing so powerful as thought, and loving thought is the most powerful kind; and to put this thought into articulate speech strengthens it."

In this interview, I asked my mother about Grandfather Weeks*, whose failure to arrive surprised me. My mother said, "I think he will talk to you to-day, but there are so many who wish to talk with you that I do not know. He is now on the Celestial Plane."

"Mother, what is the Celestial Plane?"

"It is the plane entirely above the Etheric, where the Ancients are."

"The Ancients? Whom do you mean by the 'Ancients'?"

"People who passed over a long time ago, many centuries ago. People like Mary and Jesus and

* Whom, in his first post-mortem interview with me, my husband had introduced to me as his "first tutor on the Etheric Plane."

other great guides. Theodore's present guide, Lamonti, who was a wise Italian, a sage on earth hundreds of years ago, lives on the Celestial Plane."

"Well, is it possible that your Grandfather Weeks was such a sage that he can be on the same plane with those you name?"

In a hushed and reverent voice, my mother replied, "On the same plane, but not in the same sphere. On the Celestial, as on the Etheric Plane, are many spheres."

"How many?"

"I do not know."

"Mother, you used a curious phrase. You said 'People like Mary and Jesus.' In your sphere is it supposed there are any like Jesus? Is He not thought there to be a God, or to be One with God?"

Very solemnly and emphatically came the reply: "No! my child, there is no God but One. Jesus is the greatest ever humanly incarnated, but not God."

Grandfather Weeks came, and in a long conversation that followed gave me much information about my mother's family, certainly entirely unknown to me at that time, which subsequent reference to the Brackett genealogy when published, six years later, confirmed.

During this visit I said, "Grandfather, do you teach Theodore now?"

"Oh, no. Sometime since I introduced him to Professor Lamonti, who is his present immediate guide."

"How did you come to do that?"

"Lamonti was once my guide; he is a fine man and a fine linguist, and I knew Theodore would enjoy him and be helped by him."

"Where is Theodore now, grandfather? Is he where he was when he first introduced you to me?"

"No! He has gone to a higher sphere."

"Well, grandfather, I do not wish to hinder his progress, but I hope he will not get so far beyond me that, when I pass over, we can not go on together."

"Oh, never fear! So far as I can see, you are always together now. Theodore chose to stay with you, or he might now be on the Celestial Plane."

I remarked on the happiness, the consolation that I had experienced in even my imperfect knowledge of the possibility of this companionship, and Grandfather Weeks replied, "Yes—times have changed since I was on earth."

"In what respect, grandfather?"

"Why, in regard to just what you and I are now doing; talking with each other across the River of Death. I should have jeered at this or have called it witchcraft."

Much more informing talk by Grandfather Weeks was concluded thus: "Theodore must have most of the time, and Professor Lamonti, who has just come, wishes to speak with you."

As Grandfather Weeks withdrew, a peculiar voice with a foreign accent greeted me. Granting

its possibility, the brief interview following the greeting was very natural and held only one intimation of singular significance. This was in Professor Lamonti's assurance that he had wished the meeting because thus to establish the magnetic connection with one so closely associated with his pupil would enable him to be a more helpful guide to his "new disciple, your husband, for whom I feel affectionate admiration."

I had determined in advance of this interview not to be so absorbed in the enjoyment of it as to allow the time to slip by without my putting some questions that had begun to press heavily on me; and almost immediately upon my husband's coming, I told him of this resolution. He expressed great interest in hearing my questions, saying, however, that if they related to his present plane of life, he should not be able to make it very intelligible to me, but would do his best.

"Theodore, do you know what Mrs. B.* meant by her recent letter to me? She wrote that her 'control' has 'lost the chord,' and therefore can not reach you and get letters from you to send me, as she promised. What is the 'chord' and what does 'losing the chord' mean?"

"This is rather difficult to explain; but the 'chord' may be compared to the wire that connects one telephone with another through an exchange. Several

*The London medium.

people may be thus connected; but should one wire be broken, communication would be interrupted. Vigo has lost the key. We shall try to find it for her."

"Theodore, often I feel as if a current—sometimes a very gentle and sometimes a strong current—were flowing suddenly through various portions of my body? Are you present at such times, and does your approach cause the sensation?"

"Yes. This is caused by certain etheric vibrations set in motion by my presence."

"One thing more! Do you know that Mrs. H. sent me a ouija-board and that I have been trying to use it? Will it help me in my efforts to learn automatic writing?"

"I of course knew that she had sent it, but I have not wished you to use it. Your magnetism is not adapted to it. You will succeed best by simply holding pencil and paper. Sit regularly for writing and I will try to help you, and I will also try to get help for you."

"Please explain more fully just what you mean when you tell me so emphatically to 'study science.' I hardly know how or where to begin. You know I have always been more interested in literature than in philosophy, and more interested in philosophy than in science, and I hardly know how to set about science."

"I know that; but I will try to help you, and I am sure you will grow to understand how to study

it. I think your perceptions are becoming quicker. Science is the one subject to study. Science is based on nature's laws, and a knowledge of these laws and of their applications constitute wisdom." Then my husband abruptly added, "Tell the lady who was talking with you at luncheon that she is mistaken; that the propositions of the highest philosophy all rest on *natural law*."

"Yes! I think I realize that all knowledge is one; that the evolutionary process is universal and obtains on all planes, but I am very ignorant of science, and hardly know how to begin. Will you help me?"

"Yes, I will help you, and will try to get others, more experienced in teaching pupils still on earth, to help you."

"I long to talk about your life, but I hardly know how to ask intelligent questions about it. I am so ignorant of its conditions."

"I can not explain about my life yet, and I like to talk about yours, which we can talk about profitably, because both of us know its conditions and its language; but you are being subtly trained to perceive the conditions 'on this plane,' and by and by we shall be able to discuss them."

Theodore again exhorted me to prudence, finally adding with a most characteristic laugh, "That's my rôle again—to hold you back," and then eagerly, as if fearful that I might have misunderstood, he added, "I do not wish you to think that I want to

rein you in and keep you from exercising your free will; I only wish that you shall say nothing publicly until the time comes when you can prove everything and maintain yourself against inevitable criticism. In three years that time may come, for *some* change—some very important change—is coming in about three years.”

Then I gave the following promise, which I have tried to keep inviolate: “I promise never to speak in public on this subject nor to make any public avowal through writing until I have your full approval. I willingly shall work at my development three years—I wish to know my ground before I speak.”

Let it be observed that this conversation took place on January 1st, 1899. What change came “in about three years” a later chapter of this volume tells.

During this conversation my husband told me: “The year you are now entering on will be much more successful than the past year has been, because the conditions are more favorable—I mean your own planetary conditions are much better and your efforts in all directions will secure larger success—but not so much as you would have were general conditions more settled.”

“You mean the state of the country? Was it not horrible for us to have war?”

“Yes! and the end is not yet. There will be more trouble before there is less.”

Being very eager to have the International Coun-

could promote peace, I asked my husband if anything could be done through it to promote harmony among the nations.

"Not just now. While so much hate and anger exist, nothing can be done. Our people have been guilty of great folly and arrogance and have stirred up great animosity. Not only in Spain, but in other Latin countries hate is aroused. I am very sorry for McKinley. He did not wish war. He was forced into it, and, being in, can only go on. I am very sorry for him."

In a conversation that held many references to the manifestation, *i. e.*, the direct communication which my husband had made the previous summer through Mrs. B., I asked the following questions:

"Have you seen Mr. Stead's friend, Julia, since the summer?"

"Oh! yes, I see her often."

"Is she still trying to get a Bureau of Communication opened between the two planes?"

"I think she is."

"Do you think they will succeed?"

"I think such a bureau will be established, but not quite yet."

I interrupted, saying, "You mean not a publicly acknowledged agency; for private bureaus like this must be numerous now?"

"Numerous, but not conducted by a definite system as an acknowledged public agency must be. *Study science, May, study science!*"

At the end of this visit, when the control came

as usual to close the interview, he expressed an earnest wish that I would "stay by the trumpet a little longer" to talk with him. I did so, and in the conversation that followed I told him how solicitous I was to comply with my husband's oft-repeated desire that I should study science. I added, "Apparently the independent development of the subtle powers can come only through the study of natural science. How and where shall I begin?"

"Why you *have* begun; you began some time ago; but, I heard a little girl telling you to-day that in her kindergarten the children are studying the animal kingdom.* That is what you must do. Animal life is the foundation. You must study its development."

"Then, there really are animals on that plane?"

"Certainly; no life is ever wasted. Everything that has life on the Earth Plane has another life on this plane."

Before our conversation closed I thanked the control for his aid in securing for me so many delightful conversations with my friends during the past twenty-four hours.

With the greatest eagerness, the control replied, "Just think what a pleasure it is for us to find some one willing to listen to us and to talk with us. How many millions are on this plane, and how few com-

*This was a direct reference to what my small niece had told me in a charming account of her new condition, *i. e.*, the condition into which she had progressed or been promoted since our last meeting.

paratively whose friends *recognize* them: fewer still are they whose friends *acknowledge* them, even when they *recognize*. It is terrible!"

This reply recalled what my mother and sister repeatedly had told me in reference to the loneliness of many new arrivals on that other plane, and what my husband and little Annie also had said of the disappointment of visitors from that plane who vainly try to win the recognition of friends on this.

Saying, "We shall meet again this year, when it is warm and pleasant," the control retired and I was left to reflect on the experiences of the most interesting New Year's Day I had, up to that date, lived through.

Pondering on its experiences, only a few of which are given here, my determination to find out the law under the operation of which these experiences had been enjoyed grew stronger, and the injunction, "*Study science*," seemed always ringing in my ears.

The following propositions present the inferences then deduced, as written down at the time.

First: While every one after passing out of the flesh realizes the continuance of life, the vividness of the realization varies with different people.

Second: Although all perceive that life is continuous, not all realize that it is sequential.

Third: Large numbers of people, realizing the continuance of love, as well as of life, and finding that they possess the power of unfettered movement from place to place, often do visit the Earth Plane

and persistently endeavor to induce in their friends a consciousness of their presence.

Fourth: The majority of those who have passed on are, without aid, as unable to reach the friends who remain on earth as these are, unaided, to reach those who have experienced death; and they suffer from inaccessibility of surviving friends as these suffer from bereavement. It seems probable, however, that their grief is mitigated by their knowledge.

Fifth: The deceased can obtain assistance through unusually developed excarnates, as we on this plane can get help from similarly unusually developed humans still incarnate. The two such unusually developed beings serving their respective patrons may be compared to the "transmitter" and "receiver" employed in wireless telegraphy, each being in turn both transmitter and receiver.

The term "control" applied to the assistant on the Etheric Plane I think inappropriate, since I do not observe that he does in any sense control either his patrons on the other side, or myself or my assistant on this side. I think the name "medium" much more indicative of the actual service rendered by these assistants on both sides, but the charlatanism charged against such assistants indiscriminately by ignorant, prejudiced persons has rendered the title "medium" obnoxious. I should like to see the term "*interpreter*," applied to both.

Sixth: The power of these curiously developed

beings on both sides to serve their respective clients seems to be due to their ability to adjust their respective atmospheres to harmonious vibrations. This ability is apparently owing to some property of the ether which, I understand, constitutes the atmosphere of the next plane, and I perceive that it could not vibrate in harmony with the atmosphere of our plane unless the same property entered into the latter. I am also certain that this adjustment of the two atmospheres would not result in enabling the denizens of both planes to communicate unless into the constitution of the persons on both planes there also entered this same element, whatever it may be, which is called ether.

The formulation of these six propositions from my reflections upon observations indisputably made when I myself was as normal as I am capable of being seemed to me *almost like fruits* of scientific study, and, at least, served to give me *definite subjects of thought*. This, to a positive mind like my own, which resents the nebulous, was a comfort.

I had really drawn another inference which I could not yet shape into a definite proposition; but it seemed pretty clear that life on the next plane is systematically progressive, and more carefully ordered even than on this plane, but that each individual human's progress is determined by his own *capacity* and especially by his *own will*.

However, as I read, reread and pondered the contemporary notes of this New Year Day's experi-

ence, one suggestion frequently made with equal matter-of-courseness and with evidently equal credence by people of different ages, of opposite temperaments and of evidently various degrees of native ability and culture perplexed me sorely. If earth life is succeeded by another, that other must in the nature of things be the higher—and yet, were my friends in that higher life adopting superstitions that none of them would have entertained here for a single moment? They had spoken of their own, of one another's and of my "planetary conditions," and even of the "planetary conditions of our country as a whole," as what I *then* regarded that most obsolete of charlatans, the astrologer, might have spoken. I could hardly credit it, but I knew it to be a fact. Being confused and puzzled by it, I tried to dismiss it from my mind until an opportunity should arrive for me to consult my husband on this vexing anomaly.

CHAPTER III

INTERESTING COMMUNICATIONS FROM PEOPLE WHO,
PRIOR TO DEATH, DID NOT BELIEVE IN SURVIVAL.
ETHERIC MAGNETISM AND OTHER FORCES

ON February 19th, 1899, I visited the independent slate-writing medium. The arrangements and conditions of this interview were identical with those already described, except that here the uncurtained window by which we sat commanded an urban winter, instead of a rural summer landscape. On six slates closely filled with legible writing in different hands I received replies to three short notes to my husband and one each to my father, my mother, Grandfather Weeks and Frances E. Willard. In some instances the writing, *much* more rapid than formerly, was audible; in others, not a sound reached my ear; but on this occasion I first experienced a sensation—a sensation difficult to describe—which indicates that a writing is finished. Besides replies from all the persons addressed, I received letters from two others.

One of these communications, signed by a friend whose skepticism regarding individual survival of

death had been well-known to me, closed thus: "I always rejoice when I can come back and give an assurance that all life is eternal and does not stop at the material gate. I am going right along, just as much myself as ever I was; and independent of the cumbersome material body. I have positively learned one thing. When I was in the mortal environment, not believing in Heaven, I still had it in mind that if existing at all, Heaven was a location, and that simply to get into that place would secure happiness. I now know that Heaven is not a place to which we go, but a *condition which comes to us*. The conditions we are in, that is, our natural characters, our aspirations make us variously happy. 'One man's meat is another man's poison' here as on earth. Were Hell a veritable place and Satan a real being, would Satan be happy out of Hell? Yet—no one else would be happy there."

The other friend whom I had not addressed wrote: "If I ever knew anything at all, I know that I am here, myself, and that I see you and that life of the spirit and its power to return to earth are facts. I had my doubts and my fears about futurity when I was in the mortal world—but these are all removed by experience."

On June sixth, en route to New York, whither I was going to embark for Southampton, I visited a psychic in Buffalo, where I witnessed a new mani-

festation. This psychic, an artist by profession, received me in her studio. Her attitude was that of intent listening. She seemed perfectly normal and occasionally interrupted the conversation between myself and the invisibles with remarks of her own. I can compare this kind of communication only to that carried on by the aid of a telephone through an intermediary for one either unable or unwilling to use the instrument directly. The parallel is imperfect only because in this case intermediary and instrument seem one. But, when the medium interjected remarks, there was just the same evidence that she was speaking for herself as there is when the telephone operator turns from the instrument, ceases to transmit communications and addresses one directly. Two interviews, thus conducted, lasted five hours; the substance was as follows:

My husband told me that the control who had been speaking to me was a Grecian philosopher of much renown in his own time, who had long been on the Celestial Plane, but had within the last few years been often and much on the Etheric Plane, because, being desirous of continuing his profession of philosopher and teacher, and being very anxious to enlighten the world by explaining the laws governing "spirit return," he was seeking an adequate transmitter, through whose agency he could command the attention of the world. This, it was hoped, he had found in this artist, but she was

transmitter simply, without any study or knowledge of philosophy, and without influence or acquaintance with influential people.

My husband further said that he had brought me there to talk with the control in order that if I became interested I might get some man who was an authority in philosophy, metaphysics and psychology to read what the Greek wished to transmit and decide on the best time and manner of bringing it before the world.

Although I felt very incompetent to ask philosophic questions and utterly unable to criticize his replies, I enjoyed conversing with the control, named Hermes. In the midst of our talk it suddenly occurred to me to ask if he knew Doctor William T. Harris, our great Hegelian. Hermes replied that he knew Doctor Harris, and if I felt like reporting this interview to him I might do so; but added: "Although Doctor Harris is a very kind, very reasonable and very wise man, and although he has long known this truth, he is not yet ready to acknowledge it."

When I asked Hermes just what he meant by "this truth," he said he meant "personal immortality, the existence of progressive spheres of life on the Etheric and Celestial Planes, their relation to corresponding spheres on the Earth Plane, and the power of the nominally dead to return to earth life."

My husband advised me to defer placing this

matter before Doctor Harris, saying that it might "in time come about naturally and in a way which would not expose my own interest or relation to the matter so clearly as would be inevitable at this time."

Here for the first time I heard of what my husband called my "band," which he said was slowly forming; that it was yet too soon for me to know who composed it; but, he assured me that my own growing susceptibility was due in almost equal measure to my own efforts and to the "band's" aid. He added that my "band" had been much interested in the work for peace* that I had recently done. I was startled by this reference to my work, for the subject ordinarily so dear to me had been quite excluded from my mind by the absorbing nature of the day's experience; but I expressed an ardent wish to aid in creating a public sentiment which would make impossible such wars as were being waged in the Philippines. The reply was: "Our country and the whole world will have much to suffer before this comes about."

During this interview it was that my husband gave me my first lesson in concentration. During the afternoon I was frequently almost overcome by a peculiar drowsiness, quite new to me. As I then

*This was the year in which the First Peace Conference had been convened at The Hague, and I had organized a demonstration under National Council auspices which had convened several hundred meetings, simultaneously in all parts of our country.

knew of no drowsiness except that whose synonym is sleepiness, and as I had never before within my memory either slept or felt sleepy in the daytime, I was both astonished and annoyed.

Expressing my perplexity, I was told that the feeling was induced by currents of etheric magnetism, and I was also instructed how to relieve myself of its pressure.

It will be observed that this experience yielded five distinct additions to my former perceptions:

First: A quite new method of communication.

Second: A new, very important and interesting personality.

Third: A definite advanced lesson in concentration.

Fourth: A definite name, *etheric magnetism*, for that vital element of the atmosphere of the Etheric Plane which I had recognized in its function and influence in former interviews, and

Fifth: I had been brought into the knowledge of a "band" of workers on the Etheric Plane, said to be devoted to my service.

On arriving in London, my first care was to communicate with Mrs. B., with whom I secured an engagement for July sixth.

The room, its furnishings and the preparations for the interview were those described on previous pages.

Saying that the conditions seemed to her very good, Mrs. B. became entranced almost instantly.

Vigo greeted me; showed much pleasure in my return, apologized for her failure to keep her promise to help me, and expressed the hope that in future she should be able to retain her connection with my "band," which she assured me was the sole condition of her helping me at all, except when I was present physically with Mrs. B.

Upon assuming Mrs. B.'s organism, Vigo said, "I seem to see a building being constructed, under your direction. I should say it is for education, yet it does not seem altogether like a school. Is it not true that you are interested in the construction of some building at this time?"

I assented, but without explanation, for an addition to the Girls' Classical School was being put up, and although it was "for education," it was "not altogether like a school," for it was being built to shelter the new department of "Household Science," and one of its chief features was a model kitchen. Vigo apologized for postponing Mr. Sewall's arrival by assuring me that it was a part of her office "to adjust atmospheres," which "sometimes is a long process, especially when, as to-day, many are to use this organism successively."

Mr. Sewall used Mrs. B.'s organism with much greater ease than on the former occasion. He confirmed the validity of the communication that had just been made to me, to which he had listened while awaiting his turn at the instrument. Then followed the most remarkable conversation with my

husband that since his first return I had up to that date enjoyed; but much of it was personal and related to many people whom I do not feel at liberty to involve in this narrative, and of whose existence I feel sure Mrs. B. could have had no knowledge. I may, however, say that these very features of the interview afforded me as time went by a new proof of its validity and a new measure of the keener perceptions secured by the conditions of the Etheric Plane.

During the strenuous weeks of that summer I had repeatedly experienced quite novel sensations, which I could describe only as being like currents of electricity coursing through my veins. I now asked my husband to explain to me the source and the purpose of such sensations.

His reply was: "You have been working very hard and I have tried to revive you from the Etheric Plane, where the atmosphere is charged with vitality. I have known that you have felt the influx of strength, but I have not known whether you yet were realizing its source."

I explained my inability to keep my appointments with him regularly either on shipboard or since my arrival in London, but said I had tried to talk with him every night.

His reply was: "Yes! I know it. I always hear you when you speak; but I now often understand you better when you do not speak, for when you

“speak aloud, the vibrations are so strong as to be almost painful.”

I further complained that, although with more or less regularity I had “sat passively for writing during the past year,” I had not achieved it; but he assured me that my development had begun and that I should get writing. He further expressed the conviction that the effect of the interviews which I was to have with denizens of the Etheric and the Celestial Planes would quicken my development after I was at home again, and he gave me the following directions as an aid:

“At night, when you go to bed, place a glass of water on the little table by your bed. I shall use it to help me in the demonstrations of my presence. In the morning do not throw the water away, but pour it around the roots of some plant or put it in a vase of cut flowers. It will make plants grow and will keep cut flowers from withering, because it will be charged with etheric magnetism.”*

*I followed this direction and I have kept flowers in water thus charged with etheric magnetism for three and even four weeks, which, with the same care in all other respects, I have never been able to keep more than ten days or rarely two weeks. By applying such water to their roots I have also been able to keep maidenhair fern and other delicate table ferns proportionately as much longer than with the same care in all other respects they could bear the dry hot air of my dining-room.

Vigo explained that Mrs. B.'s inability to remain longer away from her tenement was due to the fact that "the anxiety caused by her husband's illness has diminished her psychic force," but promised that both of them would try to have the conditions more perfect for my next interview, which was set for July eighteenth. Vigo retired: Mrs. B. reappeared in a perfectly normal state, and when I asked if she knew whom my visitors had been, she answered in the negative, explaining that when she was in what was termed her "entranced state," she was apparently "quite absent" and knew nothing of what went on—but that on her return she usually "sensed conditions" as having been "harmonious or otherwise."

On Thursday, July eighteenth, Mrs. B. was almost instantly entranced, and Vigo, while preparing the organism for its temporary occupant, said that she expected a satisfactory interview for me; for she explained that, although Mrs. B. was much overworked, the conditions which they had together "worked hard to make favorable" seemed to be so.

She hurriedly added: "Here comes Mr. Sewall, and I shall give him possession. I shall do all I can to give him strength."

Mr. Sewall easily took control of the organism and through it spoke to me at length, but chiefly on quite personal matters. Finally he warned me that the "force" which enabled him to use this instrument was growing weak and he asked me to remain

that he might continue the conversation by aid of Vigo, who would speak for him. He added that, in this atmosphere, he should hear and understand every word that I might say. Vigo came and, through her, the interview was prolonged by half an hour. At its end, upon my husband's withdrawal, she repeated the information that had been imparted at the end of the last previous interview in a slightly different form, and with this addition: "You know, Mr. Sewall is a very advanced soul. He belongs to the ——— type; indeed, he is really the last in this direct line. You are not of this type, but you are related to it, and this is why your union is so close and why your husband can help you so much. The end of this type and of this cycle approaches."

Vigo left the organism, and co-instantly, one might say, Mrs. B. sat there in normal consciousness. Her first remark was charged with new intimations of knowledge. She said, "You must have had a very beautiful interview, for the room is still full of rare, colored ethers, and your own aura is distinctly visible."

I exclaimed, "Do you mean to say, Mrs. B., that you see color in the air here, now?"

"Yes! It is full of ——— color. I have been told, I do not know, but I have been told that this color indicates and identifies the ——— type and that it emanates only from persons belonging to

that line. I often see colors, but this is the second time in my life that I have seen this."

I told Mrs. B. the date of my departure for America, and she said she would try to secure some message from Mr. Sewall to meet me at the boat when I should embark for New York.

When the tender was taking me out from the harbor of Southampton to board the *Bremen*, among the letters I received were two from my husband enclosed in a brief note from Mrs. B., explaining that one of the enclosures had been dictated directly to her by Mr. Sewall, and that the other had been given to her by Vigo, speaking for him.

The first was wholly personal and gave me some late news from home, which, on my arrival there, bore the test of a comparison of dates and incidents.

The second was longer, and contained two paragraphs which seemed to give further hints of how to "study science."

"Mr. Sewall wishes me to say that the chord of communication between himself and his wife is strengthening; that she will hear a sound like the chirping of a nestling in her ear; this sound he will make to denote his presence; when she hears the little twittering, she is to place her hand on her forehead and try to understand, for this is the code by which he will communicate.

"Mr. Sewall says that the use of such codes will become general by bringing forward the possibilities

of the human brain. He says there are certain organs in the brain which the surgeons have not yet discovered, and this fact will be demonstrated to his wife during the next year."

This was done.

From New York I proceeded to Lily Dale, anxious to celebrate the second anniversary of my first psychic experience where it had occurred. As soon as I was seated with the trumpet, the control's strong voice rang out in hearty greeting: "Well, Mrs. Sewall, how do you do? I am glad to see you so soon again; I expected to see you this summer, but I was not sure just when it would be." Thus was I reminded of the control's assurance that we should "meet in the warm weather."

My husband at once referred to some of my experiences in England that had occurred after our late interview, and of which I had not communicated a word to any one, and he gave an interpretation quite opposite to that which I had placed on them, which at the time I could not credit, but which subsequent events sustained.

My mother explained the disappointing failure of my father to talk with me by saying that he was with my brother, who was not well, and my father "felt constrained to go to him and try to help him."*

———, the relative before referred to, came

*Two days later a letter came telling me of my brother's illness.

and eagerly thanked me for the help I had given him, and when I expressed my surprise, he reproached me with undervaluing my help,* saying that he experienced great benefit from it.

When I called on Mr. J. C. W., he received me in his normal state, but presently said, "Perhaps you remember that I am dependent on John Shaw to put me in a trance state, in which my organism is either occupied or controlled by George Rushton. "John," added Mr. W., "is a rough fellow without cultivation, but with a good heart and willingly does his part in this service."

Mr. W. then experienced the usual convulsion, and "John Shaw," as different a personality from Mr. W. as one can well imagine, in a half-bantering way said a few words preparatory to the arrival of George Rushton. There was a marked difference in the countenance, the attitude and the entire bearing of Mr. W. the instant that Rushton took possession of his organism.

The impression produced on my mind was exactly that which would be occasioned were a jolly, heavy peasant to withdraw from the room and a graceful, courteous, dignified, cultured gentleman enter it and occupy the chair just vacated by the peasant.

A conversation of more than an hour followed,

*I had followed the directions of my sister and frequently had asserted my affection for him but not till he reminded me of this fact did I recall it.

in which I tried to get from Mr. Rushton a clearer understanding of the injunction to "study science." I say from Mr. Rushton, because my friends did not approach me through his agency, and apparently he expressed only his own views.

By Mr. Rushton, and also later by Hermes, Lamonti and my husband, in long conversations conducted through the artist by her peculiar method (already described), I was told that it is through the mediation of the magnetisms which pervade the etheric and the physical atmospheres that the mediums—those whom I think may better be called the interpreters of the two planes—are rendered intelligible to each other. This quite new fact I also learned, *viz.*: that the generation of etheric magnetism is the special and sole function of many people on the Etheric Plane who, though unlearned and mentally undeveloped when they passed to that plane, have vigorous, kindly and sympathetic natures and are moved by the instinct of helpfulness.

It was at this time that my husband's appeals to "*study science*" were first clearly understood by me to indicate his desire that I should study this subject; that is, the relation between planes of conscious human life, scientifically. These injunctions were now confirmed with the most emphatic deprecation of connecting any superstitious or religious feeling with my experiences, and I was earnestly

assured that there is no such thing as "supernatural" phenomena or experience.

With these instructions my own opinions and habits of thought were perfectly harmonious. I had long been accustomed to discriminating between the *supernatural* and the *super-comprehended*.

As my own knowledge of the reality of phenomena, and the reliability of experience increased, my husband's cautions to maintain secrecy also increased, and at this time he told me that thus far I had been brought into contact with no interpreter on the Earth Plane whose introduction to me had not been secured and pre-arranged by himself.

He also told me that as the knowledge of "*new open doors*" between planes spreads in the etheric realm, the desire to return to earth by every such new door increases, and that herein is the *only danger connected with this investigation*. At the same time he emphatically declared that the danger of indiscriminating or promiscuous association with those on the other side could hardly be exaggerated; he promised that he would protect me against intrusion, and I, in accordance with his request, promised to continue the strictest observance of the rule long ago laid down, *never* to receive a visit from that side, or to consult an interpreter on this, not introduced by himself.

As the reader can hardly fail to perceive the progress made or indicated in these interviews, I regard a formal summary as superfluous.

On September twenty-seventh I received a note signed by an unknown name. The writer said he was to be in Indianapolis for a month and, believing that we might have some common interests, desired to call. I named a convenient hour and received a visitor whose bearing and conversation were those of an intelligent, cultivated gentleman.

I learned that my guest had been a Unitarian clergyman; that early in his ministerial career he had become interested in the investigation of the claims of modern spiritualism; that this had resulted in the conviction that it was his duty to replace the inculcation of faith by the more cogent arguments derived from direct personal knowledge; that, to do this, he had resigned his pastorate and that his studies had developed his psychic powers beyond those of the average professional. Mr. G. said that he had been "influenced from the Etheric Plane" to seek my acquaintance, and the validity of his impression was confirmed by the fact that in his presence I experienced a marked increase of those sensations already described which I had come to associate with my husband's presence.

Of what Mr. G. communicated to me I shall mention only two items, both of which he called "tests." One of them reproduced an incident of the past summer which I was certain was known to no one in earth life but myself, and which was revealed to Mr. G. by my husband, whose knowledge of it could only be explained on the theory that he had

been, as he asserted, an invisible witness of the incident.

The other was an automatic letter dictated by my husband, who assured me that I should go abroad the following summer, and that I should have an important work to do in Paris. I protested that this was impossible, because, were all other conditions favorable, means were wanting. My husband assured me that I would find myself unprepared to do important work that it was my privilege to do unless through the winter I should direct all my efforts in Council work on the assumption that I was to spend the summer in Paris. My husband assured me that plans for this were being made on the Etheric Plane, which would later be presented for my approval and execution; and that he had taken this means of reaching me and had revealed his knowledge of a recent past experience in order to receive my credence for something to be communicated later.

Mr. G. gave me a note of introduction to a lady* of whom I had never heard, saying that he felt himself moved to give it in the same way that he had felt moved to seek my acquaintance, and that while he had received nothing from any source that one would call a communication and had nothing but his "feelings" to rely upon, he believed this

*Miss Bangs, of Chicago.

introduction was "impulsed" and would lead to a significant experience.*

The week following those incidents, accompanied by a teacher in the Shortridge High School of Indianapolis, I went to Chicago to attend the annual meeting of The Association of Collegiate Alumnae. We stopped at the Grand Pacific Hotel.

The second day after my arrival I separated myself from my friend, and presenting the letter of introduction furnished by Mr. G. arranged for a professional interview with its recipient at four thirty P. M. the next day. When the hour arrived rain was falling heavily and the wind was violent. Miss B. said that the conditions were unfavorable. To my inquiry how the storm could affect the conditions, her reply was that she did not know *how*, but that as a fact "the electrical conditions of the atmosphere do modify the vibrations, and they say everything depends on vibrations." In assertions of fact, Miss B. was as positive as other psychics I had questioned, apparently more vague in explanation, and even more ignorant of the causes of phenomena. She said she had always from her childhood "been accompanied by phenomena," but that of its causes she knew nothing; had never thought about cause; it did not interest her. I gained no new knowledge of principles, but I added

*This experience is related farther on.

two new facts to my accumulation of material for reflection. For the first time I received "independent writing on paper," and also carried on a long coherent, satisfactory conversation by means of a "private telegraphic code." As this was my first experience of them I shall describe both processes.

Miss B. and myself sat on opposite sides of a small table which with our two chairs, a carpet, a few framed photographs on the wall, and a few trifles on the mantel above a small fireplace, constituted the sole furniture of a small back parlor. I think its dimensions were not more than eight by ten. On top of the table were two slates and a bottle of ink.

As the process mentioned last was the first employed I describe it first. I propounded questions to my husband exactly as if he had been present in the flesh, and his replies were made as if by telegraph; the tick, tick, coming to the ear exactly as if clicked on the machine at a telegraphic office, was read by Miss B. as an arriving telegram would be read by a telegraph operator. The answers and comments, like my questions, pertained to subjects, persons, places and events which in the nature of things must have been utterly unknown to the operator; but there was not an instant's hesitation nor was there an irrelevant word; and, as events proved, where the conduct of persons in relation to matters not yet matured was involved there was not one mistaken opinion uttered.

My husband told me that he had never before used this method of communication, but reminded me that this was what he was trying to awaken my auditory nerves to by the tapping in my ears, and expressed the hope that this experience would help us both "in perfecting our private code, as this would be the quickest, most accurate and least obtrusive external method" by which he could reach me.

I next wrote a letter containing numerous questions, folded it with several sheets of blank paper and sealed it in an envelope addressed to my husband. Having washed off two slates, I placed the sealed letter between them, tied them fast with my own handkerchief, and held them firmly in my hands. Miss B. then dropped some ordinary black ink on a small bit of ordinary blotting paper, and placed it on the upper surface of the top slate, I holding the slates firmly all the time, and I alone touching them. In a few minutes Miss B. said that my letter was answered. I thereupon untied the slates and on opening the envelope found that the paper which I had put *in blank* was covered with clear script in black ink in a writing resembling but not duplicating that of my husband. There were six pages, which when read proved to be an orderly, coherent, categorical reply to my letter. The *answers* were numbered to correspond with numbered questions. I was too astonished to have any wish but to withdraw to reread this novel communication.

As I expressed this feeling and rose to go the *click* of telegraphy began and Miss B., interpreting it, said: "Your husband wishes to know if you have not some other desire." I replied that I was always wishing for the long-ago promised portrait of himself and wished that in some way he could contrive to give it to me for our anniversary, or at least for my next Christmas gift.

His reply was: "I'll give it to you at once."

Miss B. asked if it were possible for me to have another sitting with her before I should go home.

Regretfully I explained that I was obliged to return to Indianapolis on the next day.

"Click! Click!" louder and more determined than any of the previous sounds, and Miss B. said: "Your husband wishes me to give you the portrait tonight," but added: "That is impossible, I have worked all day and am very tired; besides my portraits are painted by daylight. It is impossible to do such work after dark, and it is dark now."

There was loud, rapid, telegraphic remonstrance, and Miss B. interpreted the eager ticks of the invisible instrument thus: "Your husband insists that the conditions are favorable, that he wishes to sit for his portrait this evening; that he will tell us both exactly what to do, and that if we obey, he is certain of results."

Telegraphically, as before described, I received directions, which, as I obeyed them to the letter, may be inferred from the following recital.

From my hand-bag I removed a photograph case

containing two photographs of my husband, and placed it closed and clasped between the two slates already mentioned; tied them fast with my handkerchief and wrapped them in heavy paper supplied me from another room by Miss B.* Then I returned to my hotel, placed the parcel tied as it was in my trunk and left it there until after dinner; when I unfastened the slates, removed the enclosure and left it, (that is, the photograph case with the photographs) in my trunk. Wrapping the slates in the paper, I tied them fast and with them returned to the residence of Miss B., where I had been promised that if all the conditions were obeyed, the portrait should be painted that very evening.

At half past eight o'clock that evening I was re-entering the room already described, with the empty slates wrapped and tied in my hand.

The aspect of the room was exactly as described on page 82, except that now resting on the floor

*I think this is a good place to narrate a trifling incident of the conversation which took place when the instructions, complied with as above described, were given. Tick! Tick! and Miss B. reported in a surprised and irritated tone that my husband promised to give me his miniature also at some future time. The psychic through whose instrumentality a portrait had just been promised evidently resented the promise of a miniature; she had "never heard of such a thing as getting a miniature of some one on the other side" and said, "The proposal is absurd." But the click, click, interrupted her protest, and saying, "Well, it's very strange, but he insists," she apparently yielded the point as possible, saying, "I have found that they always know what they want, and that they never promise anything without finding a way of making the promise good." I was eager to have the time for my receiving the miniature fixed at once, but my husband said that he could not do this, but I might depend on getting it sometime.

and leaning against the wall, there were a dozen or two stretched canvases apparently ready for the easel. These varied in size from the "quarter" usually chosen for a head, to the "eighteen by twenty-four inch," generally used for life-size bust portraits. Except the articles already named nothing else was visible in the room. My senses all seemed sharpened to their keenest as I examined every detail. I opened each of the three doors—one led from the entrance hall through which I had just passed; one from the parlor in which I had been first received at my afternoon visit and the third from an adjacent sitting-room. The room had but one window; this was screened by an ordinary green shade and an equally ordinary lace curtain; the only light was from a single gas-jet in a wall bracket in one corner of the room.

Miss B. met me cordially and said that, although she had never been instrumental in producing and had never seen produced what she called "a spirit portrait" by artificial light, she had received from her guides such cheerful and pleasant impressions of success that she believed a great pleasure was in store for me.

I asked what was to be done and was told that the first step was for me to select a canvas from among those resting on the floor. I was urged to look them all over carefully and take the size preferred. As I turned over those blank white canvases, holding each in turn against and under the light, hope failed; no paint, no brushes, no artist

in the room; how was it possible to obtain a portrait of any one? How, indeed, of an invisible subject who, if present, belonged to another plane of life?

At that moment I was almost overcome by doubt and the fear of disappointment; however, I finished my examination of the canvases by choosing one suitable to receive a bust life size, and awaited further instructions.

Following Miss B.'s directions, I placed the canvas on top of the two heavy slates tied together by my own handkerchief as I had brought them from the hotel, and seated myself in one of the two chairs, Miss B. occupying the chair opposite. I then placed my hands on the upper surface of one end of the canvas, while she, placing her hands similarly on the other remarked that this would assist in magnetizing the canvas. In a few moments she said, "I think it is ready now;" and in reply to my query, "What next?" she said, "I've always held canvases when I was working for a picture in front of a window. I suppose this must be held in front of the gas-light." We pushed the table toward the light and, holding the canvas before the gas-light with both hands, I waited. Presently Miss B. said that it would tire me to hold it alone and that if I would simply hold it by one side she would hold it by the other; she added that I looked tired, that my "magnetism was being drawn on too strongly." I was not conscious of any fatigue; but I was startled, for already I had seen an outline of my

husband's face and form shaping itself on the canvas on which my eyes had been fixed from the first moment of my taking it in my hands. I could hardly credit my vision, but the outline grew more distinct; color was added to form; it assumed an aspect of warm life and seemed to smile. The psychic called her sister to come to help us. The lady came, but saying, "There is power enough here without me," withdrew in an instant. I continued to hold the canvas by one side, Miss B. by the other, while the portrait continued to perfect itself before my eyes.

Presently, I realized it to be finished and taking it wholly in my own hands examined it as closely as possible. It was a beautiful portrait, a perfect replica of my husband's features and coloring, delicate and refined, but vigorous and wearing the aspect of perfect health. Consulting my watch I found that less than a half-hour had passed since I selected the canvas.

Miss B. said that it was the most rapid work she had ever witnessed, and added, "The conditions have been extraordinarily harmonious."

I asked, "But *who* painted it?"

The reply was, "I do not know. You'll have to ask the subject or some one else who was present from the other side."

I asked the portrait—if it were not by Raphael, as to my eyes it had the tone and coloring associated with the Italian master's work. As quick as thought

the invisible telegraph began to click! Miss B. interpreted: "Not by the great Master, but by a pupil of Raphael."

I then had a short sitting for communication and my husband expressed great pleasure in my satisfaction with the portrait.

My next perplexity was what to do with my new treasure. I could not take it to my room at the hotel without attracting the notice of my friend; moreover the trunk I had with me was too small to receive it.

Miss B. assured me that she would pack it and send it by express on Monday. (This was Saturday night.) She said she was constantly sending portraits to all parts of the country, but repeated that she had never before painted one at night. I disliked to be separated from my new possession, but as in almost every interview with my husband I had been urged to secrecy, and as I could think of no other way to secure it, I returned to my hotel, reaching it after less than an hour's absence.

Had the canvas never reached me, or had it been blank when it arrived, I believe my surprise would have been far less than it was when on opening the parcel delivered by the express company on Tuesday morning I found the canvas perfect as a portrait and beautiful as a picture, but with an indescribable intangible expression of life, distinguishing it from every other portrait I had up to that time seen.

From an entry in my diary made fourteen months after this incident I quote the following: "The portrait hangs over the mantel in my bedroom; for the first few weeks I used to run down from my work* at intervals daily to take a look at it to make sure that it had not vanished by a process as mysterious as that by which it had been produced, but it stays, it is a delicate glorious piece of work. I have shown it to no one, but the room where it hangs is sometimes used as a dressing-room, where at receptions my friends remove their wraps, and a number of them have commented on the portrait, asking where I had it done and by whom. I always say that it was the gift of a friend. Most who mention it speak with warm admiration, but some of the closest observers say, 'It is a beautiful portrait and very lifelike, but there is something peculiar in the expression.' I know that these words are an unconscious recognition of that subtle indescribable something which attaches to it and distinguishes it from paintings produced by ordinary methods; there is something peculiar about it, for at times, under my gaze, its expression changes even to a living smile. I *know* this is *not* a fancy. From the first hour of my conviction that it would stay, it has been a complete cure for my insistent incredulity."

After the incident of the portrait I maintained

*In the Girls' Classical School.

an irregular correspondence with my husband through Miss B. I placed with my own letter to him several sheets of blank paper for his reply in an envelope addressed to myself and so sealed that it would be impossible for one to open the envelope without leaving marks of tampering. This envelope I enclosed in another addressed to Miss B. In due time my letter was always returned with intelligent characteristic replies germane to the subjects broached by me, which usually pertained to matters quite personal of which no one else could be cognizant.

Getting the portrait was a great mental experience to me. The process afforded material for *scientific study*.

In November of this year (1899) being in Chicago on business, I visited the psychic already several times referred to, taking with me a letter from my nephew, Mr. Max Goethe Wright, then visiting me, to whom I had confided some of my unusual experiences.

This nephew, a young man of fine intellect and generous nature, who on account of tuberculosis of the lungs had been obliged to give up his work as assistant in the Romance Languages Department of Leland Stanford Jr. University, was steeped in modern scientific materialism and at this time quite bound by the spell of Hæckel. I knew that those who had already experienced the transition which he was rapidly approaching were eager to have him

know the fact of continued existence before that crisis should arrive.*

He, therefore, incredulous of any response, at my request, wrote a letter whose contents were quite unknown to me, added some blank sheets of paper, sealed it with unusual precaution in a way which he was sure would betray the slightest tampering and gave it to me to send as I had already sent similarly prepared letters of my own. This letter, however, I kept in my hand-bag which was retained on my arm during a conversation with my husband, whose part in it was maintained apparently through the use of what I have called the telegraphic code.

During this conversation there occurred two singular incidents.

Between one of my oral questions and the reply there was heard a very loud, heavy, labored breathing. This, startling to me, and apparently so to the psychic, continued some minutes. Then came, to my question about it, the reply that this foreshadowed the inevitable end; that I should be in the room when I should hear my nephew breathe thus, and that I should then know that the end was at hand, but I should not witness it.**

*It is the assumption of all my friends and teachers on other planes and the direct instruction of many of them, that knowledge of certain fundamental facts prior to death will facilitate one's progress as well as enhance one's happiness after it.

**This singularly happened. When advised by his father that the young man's end was near I made with his sister a hurried journey from Indianapolis to Grand Rapids, Mich.,

Again there was clicked off as information, not as a reply to any question of mine: "You are expecting that Max* will leave Indianapolis before you return, but he will not."

The first part of the sentence accorded with my nephew's plans and I said, "Well, then, if he does not leave the city, he will be at his sister's."

"No! You will find when you reach home that he has left his sister's but is still in the city, although neither at your house nor hers."

This seemed unlikely to me, for my nephew had never lived in Indianapolis; had visited only in the house of his sister and in my own, and I regarded it as improbable that he should stay in the city elsewhere.

In spite of all past experiences I was incredulous. But on my return I found that facts exactly as described had been induced by a sudden and unexpected change in conditions which resulted in plans thought of by no one when I went to Chicago.

When the letter referred to above, which unknown to me was addressed to his mother, came back to him he reluctantly admitted that he could discover

hoping for some hours of conversation with, or of service to, this dear relative. After our arrival he was unable to give any but half certain signs of consciousness. My own duties were such that I was obliged to return home before the end came—but I heard the loud heavy, labored breathing, which seemed the replica of what I had heard in that small back room in Chicago. It indeed indicated that the end which I could not stay to witness was at hand.

*This name had never before been mentioned in the psychic's presence.

no evidence of tampering; that he was sure it had not been opened since it had left his hands; and that the blank pages which he had enclosed with his letter were covered by coherent, sequential replies to his questions.

CHAPTER IV

AT SPIRITUALISTS' CAMP. HUSBAND ETHEREALIZES.
MOTHER TELLS OF HER HOME IN OTHER
WORLD. REAL MANSIONS.

THE YEAR 1900 was crowded with work on the External Plane; professional and domestic labors filling every hour of a working day which, beginning at seven-thirty A. M., lasted until ten P. M.

Time thus doubly filled left no margin for silence, for concentration, and for that regular and definite study of science which I longed for and which in spite of adverse conditions I resolved to pursue. This resolution, firmly taken, coveted interviews with the physically absent came with increasing frequency and at most unexpected times and places by hitherto unheard-of agencies and methods.

On January eighth the artist living in Buffalo, already referred to, came to visit me, and instead of the "few days" which had been planned, she remained with me three months.

Many interesting incidents, two of which seem germane to the purpose of this book, marked this visit; of these the first will carry the reader back to a reference in a former chapter, to Doctor

William T. Harris, then United States Commission of Education.

To assist at the celebration of Miss Susan B. Anthony's eightieth birthday, which fell on February 15th, 1900, I went to Washington. I took with me some manuscripts which my guest had just written (essays which she believed to have been dictated to her by an ancient Greek sage) to submit to Doctor Harris for his opinion of their value. I not only revered Doctor Harris for his great knowledge and his acumen as a philosopher, but as a personal friend* and as a frequent visitor in our house whose unfailing kindness in directing my private studies I had enjoyed for nearly a quarter of a century, I regarded him with grateful affection.

I asked, and immediately received, his attention to the manuscripts, without saying one word about their authorship. His verdict was that they held "internal evidence of having been produced by hypnotic influence."

After receiving this judgment I made a full statement of the process used by the writer and of her belief concerning their source.

Doctor Harris said he felt it "more probable that the writer was sensitive to impressions to a degree

*Between the years 1876, when I first met him, and 1900, Doctor Harris had made us a score of visits and in our own and other drawing-rooms had delivered under my management fourteen courses of lectures on philosophy and the philosophic interpretation of the arts.

which would enable her to write these discussions under a roof whose walls have heard so much philosophical discourse." I felt this view quite as extraordinary and as incredible as the artist's and said so. Doctor Harris's reply was that thirty years before he had investigated what was then called "spiritualistic phenomena" pretty thoroughly; had witnessed much that was quite inexplicable, but had abandoned it as at that time fruitless of helpful results.

The second episode referred to enriched my life by a new friendship.

About the first of March, I received a letter by which the writer introduced herself as a young woman desiring to get a place on the stage; she wrote that she had received a letter from an actress long since dead directing her to ask me to introduce her to the public. At first I could not recall the name signed to this strange epistle, but finally remembered having heard it in connection with an actress of Shakespearian rôles whom I had never seen.

In reply I explained my inability to do what she wished; but there followed a correspondence which resulted in my inviting Miss G. to make me a week's visit. During this visit she gave a dramatic recital in my drawing-room which was witnessed by over two hundred guests chosen from my friends as those most interested in the dramatic art, most familiar with the theater and therefore best quali-

fied to judge her work. With no stage accessories this remarkable woman recited successively the climaxes of five great dramas, producing upon her auditors an amazing effect.

During the week of this great actress's visit no reference was made by either of us to the curious authority which she had quoted in the letters by which she had introduced herself, but on next to the last evening before her departure, asking if I would go with her to the library, she there told me that she had been directed by her friends "to have a sitting" with me, and referring to the letter from the deceased actress* through which she had been directed to come to me, she confessed it had been received through her own hand and told me of her psychic development, which I then saw manifested on a truly great scale.

The only examples of "automatic writing" I had hitherto seen were those given by Mr. Stead and by Mr. G. as described in early chapters.

Miss G. that night wrote many pages which, as they followed one after another from her tireless hand, were found to bear the signatures of a large number of playwrights and actors covering the period since and including Shakespeare's time. Each seemed in perfect keeping with the character and the period of the writer. She also wrote for my

*Charlotte Cushman.

husband a characteristic and significant letter which included comments on circumstances that I had discussed with no one, and which Miss G. could not have known.

The atmosphere seemed charged with a subtle vitality. I asked my guest if she could not recite for me. A shiver passed through her frame resembling what I had witnessed in Mrs. W., Mr. J. C. W., and Mrs. B., the only persons I had ever seen in a trance, and instantly she arose and went through the Dagger Scene from *Macbeth* with a power and finish which I have never seen surpassed although I have seen it rendered many times by the world's most famous actors, including Edwin Booth, Sir Henry Irving and Salvini.

Miss G. told me that, according to her conviction, she acts always under the direct inspiration of some great actor already on the next plane; that having begun as a child to commit to memory Shakespearian tragedies all of the instruction in regard to gesture, literary interpretation and the use of the instrument her voice which she has ever known has come to her from the same source.

During the years that have passed since I wrote an account of this episode in my note-book, the acquaintance thus curiously begun has ripened into a warm friendship; my appreciation of the mental powers, moral qualities and self-sacrificing life of Miss G. has continuously increased. Of a dis-

tinctly different type from most of the other psychics I have known, belonging by birth, breeding and education to the best social circles, and by endowment and aspiration to that still more exclusive class whose members serve the world by simply living in it, I regard her close friendship as one of the choicest gifts that these years of investigation have brought me.

From this time opportunities for studying psychic phenomena, scientifically, *i. e.*, for observing it under a great variety of conditions, times and places, always (except at long intervals, by arrangement with one or another of the instruments already mentioned whose methods have been fully described) through new agencies quite unknown to me, with whom the connection seemed to be fortuitously established, increased. Sometimes opportunities came in distant cities in my own and other countries; sometimes in my own house and sometimes on railroad trains; sometimes by strangers bringing letters of introduction from other strangers who had "felt moved" to write them. These were apparently all provided through the tireless efforts of my husband to induct me into this new science, a knowledge of which I had by this time concluded must inevitably expand and ennoble human life.

To illustrate some new methods, and to show the growth of power and the continuity of purpose in my friends on the next plane, as revealed by mediums and methods already described, I submit from

hundreds a few typical incidents. It will be recalled that my husband had urged me to prepare to spend the summer of 1900 in Paris.

Receiving a commission from President McKinley to represent the organized work of American women at a series of congresses to be held in the French capital, coincident with and under the auspices of *L'Exposition Universelle* of 1900, I spent five months of that year abroad, most of it in Paris, and in the main occupied with work calculated to extend the influence of The International Council of Women.

As one means of extending "the Council idea" I continued to observe my Wednesday "at homes" as had for many years been my custom wherever I might be.

One Wednesday afternoon, my rooms at 63 Rue Galilée Champs Elysées being quite full of visitors, a stranger entered so unobtrusively that I did not at once observe her. When I did, I felt drawn by a peculiar glance, at once eager and cautious, and as I approached, greeting her in French, she replied in English, explaining in a low tone that she used it that she might not be understood by surrounding guests. She said that she had come to see me by command and for a very particular reason, but that she was in no hurry, and with my permission would stay until after all other guests should have gone.

She did so and when we were alone explained

that she had come, having been impressed with the necessity of my "receiving an important communication from the other life plane." In spite of former experiences, to be thus addressed by a total stranger was startling; she gave me cards and official letters which identified her as the widow of a gentleman who had represented France in a high diplomatic position in the Orient. She told me that it was through the death of her husband in this service that she had herself been taught the truth of continuous existence and continuing relationship, as I through the death of my husband had been taught the same blessed facts.

She explained that she had obtained this knowledge through Madame — "the medium who had served Lady Caithness and Madame de Morsier when the latter was editing for Lady Caithness the *Revue Psychologique*," and that she had now been instructed by Madame de Morsier to introduce her medium to me, that through her I might meet the friends who were endeavoring to send me an important message. This seemed very curious, but I knew from former experience that it was not impossible. The lady's dress, manner and speech bore the stamp of refined culture, and her countenance and free, frank, sincere look confirmed all other indications of her veracity and reenforced the documents which she showed me. She was not at all acquainted with the Council or interested in any part of the feminist movement, and had not her-

self known Madame de Morsier "until after her death." I had become acquainted with Madame de Morsier in 1889 when I was a delegate from the National Council of U. S. A. to the *Congress Universel des Femmes* convened that year in Paris, over which she ably presided. I had known that Madame de Morsier was the editor of the *Revue Psychologique*, but had never seen a copy of it and had not known its character. Madame de Morsier I had believed to be possessed not only of very remarkable intellectual powers, but of an exalted character. Of none of the other persons named had I ever heard, collusion seemed improbable, and the opportunity not to be refused.

Accordingly, by appointment, on the following Friday afternoon the French medium came. She spoke no English and seemed a sweet, simple, ordinary person; when asked what conditions she required, she said, "Nothing but a small table between us, and silence."

We therefore seated ourselves on opposite sides of a little table in my room; she took from her pocket a bit of linen on which the alphabet was wrought; it much resembled the old-fashioned sampler worked by little girls of my grandmother's generation. Spreading this on the table, she directed me to ask whatever questions I wished, first distinctly calling the person from whom I wished the reply. When I perceived that she expected the answers to be spelled out from the sampler I ob-

jected that this would be a very tedious process; she asserted that she knew no other. I repeated my objections and the table immediately became agitated, whereupon I exclaimed to her: "*Voilà! Mon nari est impatient; il n' est-pas accountume' a cela.*"

At that the table rose from the floor and pressed heavily, almost violently against my chest. The little woman seemed as astonished as I truly was, and when the table resumed its place on the floor between us, she assured me that she had never before witnessed such a manifestation, but that all her work for Madame de Morsier which had continued through years, at regular and frequent intervals, had been done by the aid of the sampler; that she had never spoken as an agent of those whom she served "on the other side" and that she was very sure she could not. Instantly through her own lips, but in a strong strange voice, came the words, "*Vous le pouvez et vous le ferrez et par cet effort vous experimenterez un grand progres.*"

There followed a long conversation between my husband and myself, in the first part of which French only was used by us both; in the second part I spoke English and my husband French through this agent who knew no language but French. My husband explained that this was a "test" to give me confidence. My husband also told me the difficulties he had encountered in finding some means of reaching me; he said that at last

this help had come through Madame de Morsier whom he was in the way of seeing occasionally and who had made these arrangements, "circuitous and awkward surely, but effective."

My husband told me that the reason for his making such extraordinary efforts to reach me was that he had only recently and very suddenly seen an impending difficulty which he said "has forced me to come to urge you to be watchful and prudent." He seemed very anxious and repeatedly exhorted me to prudence and discretion. I promised increased care supposing that he meant prudence in regard to any exposure of my interest in or knowledge of what in my own mind was assuming definiteness as "The New Psychology." This interview of more than an hour's duration was unsatisfactory, but very interesting, because of the novel circumstances and conditions that had attended it.

The following week I received a letter from Mrs. H., which she said was written "in compliance with Mr. Sewall's recent entreaty that she should warn me of an approaching difficulty, and urge me to be prudent and discreet." To my husband's message she added her own interpretation, which was the same that I had given to it on receiving it through the French transmitter. Only a few days later the "approaching difficulty" arrived and would have been disastrous but for this warning, which enabled me at once to understand and overcome it.

I arrived at my home in Indianapolis on September fourteenth and the following week my friend Miss G. paid me a visit.

One evening as we sat in the library in ordinary conversation, with the expectation that later her gift of automatic writing might be used in my service, I told her of the scenes I had witnessed at Oberammergau in August, and showed her some photographs of the chief actors. Holding out to her a photograph of Judas I asked her to look at it and compare it with another face that we had been analyzing. Reaching out her hand she said, "Where is it?"

I replied, "Why you took it from my hand."

"No, I took nothing; I extended my hand to take it, but although I saw the photograph in your hand there was nothing for me to take."

This seemed incredible to us, for it was for both the first experience of "instantaneous disintegration."*

We were alone in the room of which neither door nor window was open. I had held the photograph studying and discussing it before and while I passed it to my friend, who, seeing it in my hands, found nothing there when her hand reached mine! We looked everywhere, removing every paper from the

*The name of this phenomenon was not given to me until two years later when I became familiar with it, and I had never heard of anything resembling this incident except in the sleight-of-hand performances of traveling wonder-workers like Hermann and Keller, with whose clever tricks I had never associated psychic science nor had I ever heard this association hinted at.

desk by which we sat, going over and over again the basket holding my summer's harvest of photographs. It was nowhere to be found. When very late, the automatic writing began, my husband's first sentence was, "It is useless for you to look for the photograph of Judas; —— took it."

In amazement, I cried, "——! How can that be? What does he want with it?"

My husband replied, "It was a singular thing for —— to do; but he wished to show it to Judas; he has done so and Judas is not at all pleased with it."

In reply to further expression of incredulity, protests and questions, my husband said, "—— promises to return the photograph when you least expect it."

In May, 1901, while in New York attending a conference of the officers of the National Council of Women, I spent an evening with my friend Miss G. who produced automatically a dictation from my husband for me. On this occasion I had made no reference to the incident narrated above, but my husband wrote: "—— has been prevented from returning the photograph of Judas by the fact that the latter feels deeply offended by its production and is unwilling that a photograph which he regards as a caricature, shall be restored and preserved."

During the summer of 1901 I spent much time in Buffalo, where under the auspices of the Pan-American Exposition and through the hospitality of its Board of Lady Managers, the International

Council of Women maintained a headquarters of which I had charge.

On the morning of August ninth I went from Buffalo to the camp where four years previous the revelations concerning the triumph of life over death had been received. My first interview was through the aluminum trumpet.

When I entered the room, already fully described on page nine, I observed one change in its furnishings. A curtain hung across one corner, and dropping to the floor formed what might be called a dark closet. I examined this and asked an explanation; Mrs. W. told me that "Now people sometimes etherealize, and if one wishes to do so this little retreat is a help." By the trumpet in a vase on the floor were some sweet-peas.

As usual we sat in chairs opposite each other, the trumpet between us, but now placed nearer me. When Mrs. W.'s control came and I asked an explanation of this slight change in the position of the trumpet, he said that as my powers were now increased, I could furnish more of the strength required by returning friends than formerly and therefore Mrs. W.'s forces were less drawn on. In the conversation that followed were some very significant utterances by my husband. For example he called my attention to the sweet-peas, saying:*

*It was true that on the preceding Sunday I had gone to Crown Hill and had dressed the mound beneath which my husband's coat of clay had been buried, with sweet-peas, but I

"Mrs. W. does not know it, but we moved her to place them there to show my appreciation of those you gave me Sunday."

My husband told me that he was in the Fifth Sphere of the Etheric Plane; that he remained there by his own desire as it enabled him to be in easier communication with me. When I again expressed regret that his advancement should be retarded by me, he assured me that his development came by this service. At this time I confessed my deep disappointment that I had myself acquired no use of my subtle power and was still as dependent as ever on intermediaries. I said it seemed to me certain that whatever powers they possessed must be possessed in undeveloped embryo by every one, and that if such powers were a part of the universal human equipment they must, like other powers, be susceptible of cultivation, and I complained that notwithstanding my continuous efforts I got no results. He replied that in this rather more than in other forms of growth it is "impossible to serve two masters"; but assured me that I was growing interiorly as fast as was possible while occupied by so many external interests. He also said that slow growth of the powers I desired to develop was the best and he counseled me to patience, to steadfastness, to continuous effort, to concentration and secrecy, and to *persistence in the study of science.*

had told no one and at this time no reference had been made to it.

In the midst of this appeal my husband suddenly ceased to speak; presently a light appeared between the two parts of the curtain before described; the light gradually assumed the form of a human head and instantly after the head was fully formed appeared my husband's face—every feature perfect to the life, but transcendently refined and beautiful. He bowed several times and saluting me with a peculiar gesture used by him in his life, suddenly vanished. Instantly he again apparently became a voice, for the conversation was resumed at the point where it had been interrupted, and when his appeal that I should "continue to study this science" was ended he expressed pleasure in my satisfaction at his "appearing to me." He told me that he had "etherealized" and not "materialized,"* but he complained of exhaustion and, his voice growing weak, I begged him to draw on my strength. He declined, saying I should need it all for what was before me. He added, "While the others are speaking I will retire and accumulate the force necessary to resume the interview."

From long and interesting conversations held that day with numerous friends, I quote a few passages which in the light of preceding incidents and of subsequent observations seem most significant.

My mother said, "I am now with father in the

*He has frequently explained that while these are the technical terms, the latter should be physicalized since ether also is matter.

Sixth Sphere," and when I asked, "What is the Sixth Sphere?" she answered, "It is next to the Celestial Plane and your father and I could both now be on that plane did we choose."

I asked, "Why do you not go to the Celestial Plane, if it is higher and is accessible to you?"

"It would be more difficult to reach you and the Doctor, so we have decided to stay here until you come over and we can all go to the Celestial Plane together."

"Is Theodore with you in the Sixth Sphere?"

"Oh, no,—Theodore could have been in the Celestial Plane long ago, had he wished. He was ready for the Celestial long before your father and I were, but he chooses to be in the Fifth Sphere of the Etheric because he wishes to be with you all the time."

"Mother, what is the Fifth Sphere?"

"Why, the Fifth Sphere on the Etheric Plane is the sphere of human service and Theodore will never leave it until you come over."

"Mother, is ——— with you now, or are you with him? You remember that at the time of our last interview you were with him trying to help him."

"I'm with him no longer. I've come home to your father again. We have discharged our whole duty to ———. He has seen the light and now his progress depends on himself. He is in the Third Sphere and is doing very well."

"I wish, mother, you would tell me more about the Third Sphere."

"I can not explain it very well; but as nearly as I can express it in your language, it is the sphere where one sees the light and where one's independent growth begins."

Later, my mother having several times referred to her "home" in the Sixth Sphere, I asked several questions about it, and at last she said, "I can't explain it very well to you because of having no language and because you are not yet prepared to understand it—but, it is simply true, that 'In our Father's house are many mansions' and every one of us can have one."

The longest interview I had with my sister Theresa prior to 1902 was on this day, and in reply to questions induced by her remarks she said, "When I first came over here my own mother and my grandmother (not her mother but our father's mother) met me and cared for me, and since I learned my mission as a guide I am pretty busy meeting poor people who come over having no special friends of their own ready to care for them."

My husband's grandfather concluded his talk by congratulating me on "the advantages in growth you will enjoy on the next planes by having become *scientifically acquainted* with these truths on the Earth Plane."

Little 'Annie Brackett came with laughter and kisses bringing with her the very atmosphere of

gay girlhood. In the midst of her gleeful narrative she became silent and soon the curtain before referred to parted; a nucleus of light appeared which seemed to gather to itself more light and presently it assumed the form of a young girl with fair hair, blue eyes and a countenance of hardly less than supernatural brightness. Except that again and again during the manifestation a little white hand threw me kisses, only head and shoulders appeared.

I cried out, "Oh, Annie, I want to hold you, at least to touch you."

The light vanished and the voice returned preluded by gay laughter, "I haven't anything to touch, Auntie May, but I want to give you my portrait like the one you have of Uncle Theodore."

At the end of a long conversation with my father whose part in it was sustained, significant and characteristic, but too personal and involving too many people (some of whom I do not yet know) to be reproduced, he said: "When I first came over here, and when mother, who, like myself, had had many cares in earth life, came, we were obliged to take a long rest; but now we are working hard to progress all we can this side of the Celestial Plane, to which we've decided not to go to stay until you come over."

I observed that while the conversations were longer than ever before enjoyed at a single sitting, all the voices were weaker, and I also *felt* the cause of this weakness. I therefore said, "Commonly

when we use the trumpet I feel as if you were drawing strength from me when you speak, but to-day I do not have this sensation at all," and I added, "I wish you would use my strength to talk longer, clearer and louder."

It was little Annie who replied, "You are right, Auntie May, we did formerly use your strength when we talked, but Uncle Theodore will not let us draw on it one bit."

"But I want you to draw on it, Annie. I do not see what harm it can do, and the talks give me so much pleasure."

"But, Auntie May, Uncle Theodore will not allow it. He says you need all of your strength for your own work, and Uncle Theodore knows best."

That day many friends came unsummoned, some of them unknown. Among these was a great-uncle of distinction in his profession, Doctor Calvin Montague, who had passed from this life nearly eighty years before, who made an important statement about his branch of the family, unknown to me but confirmed by reference to the Montague genealogy. Miss Frances E. Willard also made some very characteristic comments on my recent public work and in referring to an incident connected with it used the name of a person who so far as I then knew had no relation to it. I protested, but afterward discovered that Miss Willard had been quite right. Several other friends similarly made statements of

facts quite unknown to me, which were sustained by subsequent investigation.

When, after other interviews were finished, my husband came for his final talk with me, he was full of solicitude.

He told me that to develop my powers in all the ways I desired and to work on two planes at once as I wished was impossible. He assured me that my guides and teachers on the Etheric and Celestial Planes were helping me all they could, but that even they could not secure the simultaneous development of different subtle faculties, while I was so occupied by material or external interests.

My husband also urged me to guard my health; he expressed great anxiety lest I was not properly nourished; he said he observed an abatement of vitality and that for this reason he had forbidden the use of my strength in the interviews. I was astonished at this and assured him of my perfect physical soundness, but events showed his superior knowledge.

When the control came to bring my interview to a close or, to use the phrase which seems best to express what appeared to be his function as chairman of the conference "to adjourn the meeting," he urged me to see a psychic then on the camp grounds of whom I had never heard, and also to have an interview with one whose "trance readings" have been earlier described. He assured me that it was

by my husband's desire that he made these suggestions, which I therefore followed.

Mr. N., the psychic until then unknown, warned me to care for my health; said that I was quite unconscious of the strain that I had been under for the past two years, that my vitality had been greatly overdrawn and that I did not feel this was due to the unremitting efforts of my friends on the Etheric Plane to renew my forces by generating magnetism for me.

To the perceptions, inferences and conclusions induced by previous experiences, I now added the following propositions:

First: Coming events on this plane of life cast their advance shadows on the Etheric Plane.

Second: An influence similar to what we know as mesmeric or hypnotic can be exerted by some of the residents on other planes of life upon those living here.

Third: The force best described in our language by the word vitality may be drawn upon by humans in the Etheric to enable them to gravitate toward the Earth Plane.

Fourth: The corresponding force, serving the inhabitants of advanced planes as vitality serves those of the physical plane, may be drawn on by us to aid our levitation toward them.

Fifth: The life on the advanced planes is progressive and very regularly ordered. The organization of society there is systematic and definite, and

yet an individual's capacities and volition determine his plane and even his sphere within the plane of his free choice.

Sixth: The law of growth there continues to involve the principle of sacrifice and the motive of service which are known to be indispensable to character growth here.

Seventh: It is evident that as the human body has retained, in a rudimentary form, organs which, in its present stage of evolution and under present conditions have been useless, so the human mind contains in embryo and in partial development faculties and powers destined by changing conditions to become developed and active.

Eighth: The process of developing the subtle abilities is slow and difficult, exacting sustained effort. This process is retarded by a division of interests and doubtless may be interrupted by remission of effort.

CHAPTER V

ATTACKED BY DISEASE PRONOUNCED INCURABLE.
REFUSES MEDICAL AID. RUBINSTEIN AND PERE
CONDE INTRODUCED BY HUSBAND

IN NOVEMBER (1901) I was surprised by a sudden severe attack of what, from descriptions I had heard given by sufferers, I diagnosed as lumbago.

I was reluctant to call a physician. All the small faith I had ever possessed *in materia medica* I had lost, and, although very sympathetic with Christian Science, I am not a follower of that cult. I had thought that a discreet mode of life, including useful work and the maintenance of a serene spirit, ought to secure health, but I began to realize that there is a limit to the application of this rule.

A friend told me of a physician of a new school, a "magnetist" who gave no medicines. To this physician I applied; his treatment was immediately effective, but the relief was not permanent, and with each recurrence of the malady I was compelled to resort to his aid.

The winter of 1901-2 was marked by heavy work and increased care. My two great central interests were the Girls' Classical School and the International Council of Women. In these I was so ab-

sorbed that, except when suffering pain, I did not think of my health, which had always been perfect, but with spring there came a sudden knowledge of financial loss and a no less sudden consciousness of abated vigor.

This glimpse into my life during the winter of 1901-2 will prevent my readers from experiencing surprise that the complete absorption of my time and strength in externals had prevented the continuance of the daily periods of concentration and introspection which require both regularity and calm. I had therefore abandoned them and in so doing unconsciously had closed many of the avenues through which previously unrecognized help had been coming to me.

I was in a sad state, and the evidence of my failing health drew that solicitous attention of friends which I was most anxious to avoid.

One Sunday in March I was surprised by a visit from Doctor R. R. G., a homeopathist whom I much esteemed, who explained that in violation of professional etiquette and of her established habit, she had come unsummoned, compelled to do so by her affectionate interest in me; she said that she and many of my friends were greatly shocked by my changed aspect which clearly indicated serious illness; she told me that I had every appearance of a victim of Bright's Disease, but that, without a thorough examination, which would include the chemical analysis of many samples of different excretions,

reliable diagnosis could not be made. Doctor G. assured me that through her agency, this examination could be made without the knowledge of any one else. Deeply appreciating her kindness I consented to an inspection which, including the chemical tests, covered several weeks; when over, I was informed that the disease, which was incurable, had already reached an advanced stage. I was urged to discontinue, or at least diminish, my work; to place myself under medical treatment; to comply with the regimen and to take the remedies, which admittedly could not cure the disease, but which, I was told, "could abate its pace, diminish discomfort and prolong life."

I did not wish my life prolonged unless I could have perfect health; nothing appeared to me so unreasonable as to consult further or obey any physician when my malady was at the outset pronounced incurable by the whole profession. To do so could only add to the financial anxiety which to me seemed one of the causes of my condition, and I therefore repelled the further attention of this kind physician and refused to consult any other.*

*I did, however, later consult my brother, Doctor F. B. Wright, a physician of long experience and of widely reputed exceptional knowledge, skill and success. To him I made a complete and painstakingly accurate statement of the revealed conditions, (attributing them to an imaginary friend,) and was assured by him, that granting that the chemical test had been carefully made and the results correctly reported, the history of Therapeutics held no record of cure; that this

I however declared my conviction that in the nature of things there can be no incurable disease, though there may be many diseases for which the cure has not been found by any physician up to date.

Before the tests were finished, the diagnosis made and my decision given, June had come and with it the pressure of the commencement season always requiring much social activity, and this year because of circumstances already referred to, charged with uncommon cares and with unprecedented, grave responsibilities. The annual session of the Executive of the International Council was to convene in Copenhagen, and although I had confidently looked forward to attending it, my business obligations rendering this unwise, it was necessary for me to send out a circular to Council workers and to prepare in much haste a memorandum to submit to the meeting.

My program shows that, assailed by a disease nominally incurable, the daily average of hours devoted to actual work during this hard season had been sixteen, and now, at its end instead of the anticipated invigorating sea voyage and the stimulating association of my comrades in the Council, I was facing a summer in our hot inland city divided between superintending extensive repairs on both the

malady was universally declared incurable; that conditions might be ameliorated by treatment but that one never could be delivered from this disease except by death.

school and residential buildings, and carrying on a correspondence in connection with my professional and my official labors which kept two secretaries busy.

The only entry regarding my health which I find in my diary between the date of my last conversation with Doctor G. already cited and August twelfth, runs as follows:

“It is very curious—I am again feeling perfectly well, lively and vigorous as I have not felt for nearly a year. Bright’s Disease must be a very insidious malady to be able to bring its victim face to face with death, as I am said to be, and yet to allow one not only a release from discomfort, pain and all sense of weakness, but to permit the doomed victim to experience a sense of buoyancy. Sometimes, in spite of my efforts to correct my fancy by my judgment, it seems to me that this sensation of buoyancy follows what I can only describe to myself as a very gentle ministration of electricity—this sensation is frequent but so sudden, so fleeting and so subtle that before I am quite sure of its presence it has ceased. This really seems the only reminder of the etheric experiences of recent years—but for the recurrence of this sensation, all avenues to the subtle world seem closed. I often wonder whether they were ever opened; my memory of them all is clear; I have been lately rereading my contemporary records of them. They were real. Why

have they ceased? Is the cause to be found in mental perturbation or in physical depletion or in both? How I wish I knew. It seems to me that I have been unable for months to get still enough to hear or see or feel. May the approaching vacation bring me repose of spirit and perception and, in some way, reestablish my connection with my husband on what they call the 'Etheric Plane.' After commencement is over I must try to find some psychic who can reopen the door for me."

Such was my state of mind as recorded on my anniversary, May 27th, 1902.

Eleven days later the school had closed—the students had scattered to their homes—my vacation program had begun. I devoted the mornings to interviews with business men, with past and prospective supporters of the school, and to supervising workmen of all sorts who, either singly or in squads in daily aggregates of from three to forty-seven, were occupied from June fifteenth to September fifteenth in the repairs before alluded to. The afternoons were spent in my office dictating alternately to my two stenographers letters relating to business and to Council propaganda.

A circumstance which quite changed my feelings about spending the summer at home was the unexpected arrival on June fifth of Miss G., who, with the intention of spending only a few days, remained as my guest until August thirteenth.

Miss G. was at the time employed in writing a play. Both of us were unceasingly occupied during the day; although we met at breakfast and luncheon, our leisure for real conversation came only with the six o'clock dinner, after which we took an hour or so for receiving friends, who like myself, were spending the summer in the city, or for reading aloud. The two or three hours before retiring for the night were spent by me in serious study and in efforts to reestablish periods of concentration. About the middle of July, Miss G. told me that she was receiving automatic communications of importance and that she had been directed to read to me one in which she had been instructed by my husband to send for a ouija-board and to sit with me for automatic writing. The letter explained that her own plans had been curiously interrupted to secure her society for me whom her "mere presence in the house was aiding to a higher degree of sensitiveness." She was further told that her teachers and my own on the Etheric Plane had united to assist me to the practical development and efficient use of my latent psychic powers.

This was amazing and to me incredible, for while my hopes to achieve the quality which would enable my consciousness to be accessible to friends on the Etheric Plane had been more or less strong and constant for the four years following what I call my first knowledge of the continuity of life on post-mortem planes, not only all capacity but all

courage had been reduced to nearly the point of extinction during the hard fifth year now coming to an end, apparently in a total eclipse of that light which had revealed to me higher planes on which further evolved humans were strenuously active.

It will be recalled that I had received such a writing machine from Mrs. H. as was mentioned in Miss G.'s letter and that my husband had discouraged its use. This fact made its recommendation now seem improbable if not puerile and unscientific, and for the first time since August 11th, 1897, I felt repelled by the attempt of my friends to reach me. However, desire to communicate directly with them and enter into immediate relation with the subtler planes of life overcame my repugnance; my friend obeyed the directions given her, sent for the ouija-board and induced me to try to learn to use it. The process was very simple; except when directed for some reason always carefully stated and explained through my automatic letter to Miss G. to omit an exercise, we repaired to the library at nine o'clock each evening and drawing our chairs near to each other, we concentrated in silence a few minutes; then I would ask questions and on ouija held by my friend would slowly be spelled out intelligent replies. After a little I was directed to "hold the board, to rub it and thus to fill it with magnetism," and lo! answers came when held in only my own hands. So soon as this step was gained, through an automatic communication pro-

duced by Miss G.'s hand, I was directed to put the ouija-board away and never use it again unless particularly instructed to do so.*

I was told that my use of the board was preliminary to automatic writing and was given most minute directions about the tablets and pencils to be used in producing the latter. Those materials I purchased at a certain shop by specific instructions, magnetized them, and holding the pencil on the page—lo! it began to move, first describing circles and ellipses, then combining these figures with fantastic but harmonious and evidently intentioned intricacy. Two tablets were filled with these figures and then, suddenly faster than thought, there was traced on the page a greeting, an expression of triumph, of joy, of gratitude—followed by this most surprising sentence, which I copy from the page on which it appeared before my astonished eyes.

“To-night, May, I wish to introduce to you two friends of mine who are to be your first teachers—May, this is Rubinstein.”

I was so startled that I dropped the pencil, exclaiming, “But, Theodore, the only Rubinstein of

*The explanation given was that the ouija-board is an open door around which many unpurified and undeveloped humans are wont to crowd eager for entrance into any mind that can be used by them to effect a return to earth; and that to be thus used by such undeveloped beings is most injurious and even dangerous. I, of course, promised obedience to this warning which I have carefully observed.

whom I have ever heard was a great musician. You can not be presenting him?"

Miss G. took the pencil and through her hand came the reply, "Yes! I mean Anton Rubinstein, the famous pianist, who is to be your teacher."

"Theodore, that is quite impossible. You know—you must remember that I am not at all musical."

"I know you neither sing nor play on any instrument but the deepest element in your character is love of harmony, and harmony is the foundation of music, as it is its first product. It is your love of harmony which makes you always reconcile the different. It is this which enabled you to conceive of 'the Council Idea,' and which has given you your success as an organizer. You have always been a harmonizer and now your reward is to be instructed by the Master of Harmony."

As these last words were written, I felt the cool air blow suddenly across my face and simultaneously felt the thrill of the magnetic current passing through my body. These sensations ceased in an instant, and my husband continued: "Mr. Rubinstein has a very strong personality. He says he considers his connection with his new pupil established and he is pleased. He will soon write to you; he now bids you good night and withdraws."

My husband then, through Miss G.'s hand, directed her to return the pencil to me, adding that

he should now be able to use my hand to make an important communication.

I took the pencil and with much more ease than I, of my own volition and with previous knowledge of what I shall now write, can pen these words, there was traced by my pencil with incomparable speed the following paragraphs:

“You were right, May, perfectly right. ‘There is no “incurable disease,” only diseases which physicians have not yet learned to cure.’ I shall say which physicians on the Earth Plane have not yet learned to cure, for knowledge of all the things found on all the planes exists on some plane. One of my friends here knows how to restore you to perfect health. He is here to be presented to you. Let me introduce to you, May, a distinguished physician, Père Condé, who, if you will be obedient to his directions, will restore you to perfect health,—I do not say will *cure* you, for although you are full of disease, you have not been allowed to become sick. You have always been kept feeling well and have been enabled to carry on excessive labors. Is this not so? And since you repudiated the aid that could only enable you to die comfortably you have really been kept feeling strong and buoyant. Is it not so?”

I could only exclaim, “It is true,” and my friend cried, “That explains it! I have wondered all sum-

mer how you could endure all your work and other burdens and apparently feel so well!"

My husband, through my hand resumed, "May, you have not greeted Père Condé, who stands here saluting you."

I said, "I do not know how to salute him. I do not know what to think—I only know you would bring no one who is not sincere and worthy. I need help; I shall be grateful to any one who will help me; but if he is a physician, why do you call him Père?"

Through my own hand came, "Père Condé is both priest and physician. He can minister to both soul and body; he retires now but will write to you soon, perhaps to-morrow night."

It seemed impossible, but I *knew* that I *felt the Père's withdrawal*—and at the same moment experienced what I have before described as a very gentle electric shock—accompanied by the touch of a zephyr.

Can any one who has not enjoyed a similar experience imagine either my delight or my eagerness? I wished to write more. Questions multiplied on my lips, but my husband through a brief letter to Miss G. asserted that no more could be given me at that time, but that if I could sleep calmly and bear without fatigue the experience of this evening, I should receive another letter the next night. Then, directing Miss G. to pass the pencil to me, he wrote through my hand the date, *August 11, 1902*, thus

calling my attention to the fact that we were celebrating the fifth anniversary of our reunion after the separation by death, and he also reminded me that I had at different times received the promise that some *latent psychic power should become active at this time.*

My friend and scribe—my instructor in this strange system of penmanship—was quite overcome; when at last she could speak it was to say that although she had herself possessed this gift of automatic writing for many years, she had never witnessed a similar demonstration. My own feelings can not well be described, but the next morning I awoke refreshed by unbroken slumber, and as I began the daily routine, I felt that although apparently unchanged, my world had been made new; that even my inconstant following of the gleam of which I had caught the first glimpse on August 11, 1897, had at the end of five years brought me to an open gate leading into a wider path, above which the gleam had become a ray. I knew that, however long, or steep or rocky the way might be, I should follow it so long as the light should beckon me on.

And so it is that the end of Part I of this story dates the beginning of Part II.

Part Two

A Promise Fulfilled—The Story of My Novitiate

NOTE

On August twelfth Miss G. told me that the work for which she had been sent having been accomplished she must bring her visit to a close. I was conscious that the solitude in which her departure would leave me would be salutary. She left me on August thirteenth and that evening I began to practice my new accomplishment alone.

Eager as I was to know whether the inferences I had already drawn from experiences through mediums were correct, I was still more anxious to cultivate the acquaintance of the two men who had been presented as my "first teachers," and I begged my husband to establish rapport for me with them. He assured me that I was to have the privilege of an intimate friendship with both; but that as their instruction would be in "strict conformity to psychic law" it had been decided that before their work should begin, he must transmit a brief exposition of the elementary principles of this law, with a few of its corollaries. He said that he had obtained permission from a celebrated scientist, whose lectures he had attended, to communicate to me such as I was now capable of understanding. The work thus suggested was immediately begun, and not to interrupt by personal story by inserting at this point I place these three lectures on PSYCHIC LAW as an appendix to the story. They may help my readers to understand what follows, as they helped me to continue this arduous though fascinating work.

M. W. S.,

CHAPTER VI

RUBINSTEIN SELECTS PIANO AND DIRECTS EXERCISE
AND PRACTISE. GREAT MASTER'S LIFE AND
WORK ON ETHERIC PLANE. PÈRE CONDÉ

MY CONTEMPORARY notes show that the lectures and the discussions with my husband resulting from them occupied all night of August thirteenth, and that after the continuous labors of the next day were finished, I repaired to the library, where my husband had advised me I should hear from many friends.

It may be of interest to note that, although all of the letters came through my husband's agency, I felt the changing personalities of those who approached before one word of each of more than a dozen communications had been recorded by my hand. Among these were characteristic messages from my father and mother and astonishing requests from Rubinstein and Père Condé.

The former urged me to the immediate purchase of a piano, and the latter to the instant engagement of a masseuse. To both I gave emphatic assurances of the impossibility of gratifying their respective desires. My husband supported their demands, reminded me of my eager welcome of these teachers on the eleventh inst., and assured me that no unnecessary requirement would be made of me, and

that lack of means could not be urged for two reasons: First, each had assured him that he should ask nothing involving expenditure for equipment for his work with me, beyond what he was himself able to secure the means of paying for; and second, that the means which would be provided for such equipment could not safely be diverted to any other use.

My reply was, that if I could believe all that was said, I should doubtless comply with the requests, but credence was impossible to me. My husband told me that if I had the spirit of obedience to my teachers, circumstances on the External Plane would justify it.

I told Père Condé that I not only knew no competent masseuse, but being unwilling to expose my physical condition and needs, I hesitated to make inquiries for one. The Père said that he should endeavor at once to find one suited to his treatment of me, and added that this would require "a very skilful manipulator and also a very honest and sensitive woman."

A few hours later I was summoned by telephone by Miss H—— (a friend with whom I had never exchanged a word about my physical state), who asked me if I did not know of some one needing a masseuse. She said that a Danish woman, a stranger, was seeking work, and she asked permission to send Miss F. to me. As a result of the interview granted, I made a trial engagement of this

masseuse, whose devoted services continued for nearly a year and justified Père Condé's judgment of both her personal and professional qualifications.

To some curious reader's question, "Did Père Condé find the funds to pay for the masseuse?" I must reply that he dictated the terms of the contract; prescribed the length and the character of each treatment and apparently secured from time to time the literary engagements of kinds quite new to me, with persons apparently introduced by himself, by which funds were provided outside of the income from my profession, sufficient to pay the cost, which was not inconsiderable, since, in connection with the massage, vapor baths were ordered, which required the purchase of a vapor bath cabinet, a convenience of which I had never heard until I was directed to purchase one. I may add, that the opportunity to purchase was given me by an agent at my door the morning after I had most reluctantly agreed to try to find one.

Rubinstein resented the engagement of a masseuse prior to the purchase of a piano; but the latter was so much more foreign to my own possible perception of need, that it was difficult for him, supported though he was by the urgent appeals of Père Condé and the confident assurances of my husband, to overcome my objections to an investment so large and apparently so unreasonable. The Master's method of convincing me of his determination and the existence of its basis in my own char-

acter was unexpected; I suddenly experienced an impulse to drum, as on a piano, on every article of furniture that I approached, and I, who had never danced a step, began improvising and executing complicated dances, experiencing simultaneously the exquisite blending of sensation and emotion which I have since learned can be produced only by communicating strains of harmony to a harmonized being, *i. e.*, to "one whose mind and body are consciously correlated."

It must be understood that my automatic writing and all of the exercises, physical and mental, resulting from it, including the bathing, the massage and the curious music, were confined to the night—the daytime being most peremptorily required by domestic, professional and business affairs.

My desire to know the conditions of life on the next plane, and to become acquainted with the characters and interests of my two new friends had grown eager. To all applications for information my husband's reply was that those who have passed from the experiences of the mortal life to higher planes still know the conditions and the vocabulary of earth's denizens and can be helpful to such as are able to receive them; but that, owing to three circumstances, great difficulty exists in explaining the conditions of life on subsequent planes to those still incarnate.

First: Time and space *as conditions* do not exist on those planes.

Second: This single fact compels a difference in the vocabularies of the two planes which makes it very difficult to describe in the language used on the mortal plane the conditions of life on the post-mortem.

Third: Moreover, life on subsequent planes is so analogous to life on earth—so accurately sequential to it—that its very reasonableness disappoints expectations and awakens incredulity; and the resemblances of post-mortem to earth life are inevitably exaggerated by the ante-mortem vocabulary which is the sole means of communication at command.

Probably the most direct means of giving the reader some perception of the vistas of life that opened before me during the first few days following my awakening will be found in extracts from replies to my questions. For brevity, I shall omit the questions and comments, whenever the drift of these can be inferred from the responses, which are verbatim reports.

“No, I shall probably be unable to dictate the entire course to you, because the later and more advanced lectures discuss matters to which your mind is not yet opened; but I think you will derive great benefit as well as pleasure from those you have taken; and now I shall try to gratify your curiosity about your new friends, each of whom is, after his own manner, a towering personality.

"Rubinstein, who came over a little later than I did, is still on the Etheric Plane, where he conducts large enterprises. He has a great conservatory of music; he is indeed charged with the music of this particular sphere or plane of being. He is a tireless worker; always composing anthems, training large choirs, arranging recitals and devising means for causing music to enter more largely into life on both the Earth and the Etheric Plane."

During these first weeks of experience of an awakening brain when I distinctly felt its expansion in response to the necessities of an opening mind, I was often so astonished that wonder passed into a very definite though subdued form of fright—a kind of paralyzing timidity. Observing this, my husband not infrequently reproached or rallied me, urging a more courageous attitude. In the most confident language he assured me that there was no occasion for fear.

"You will never be misled. You may, and I think must, sometimes be misinformed as to times and seasons, for as far as my experience and observation on this plane go, not only for myself, but for all incarnate humans, the most difficult condition of the incarnate state to retain a recollection of and to reckon with is Time. It is not, we believe, impossible, but it is difficult. To construct the equation which will enable us to allow for it is our

hardest task. You must, therefore, not rely too absolutely on our time statements, but I believe you will never be misinformed as to facts.

"Yes, I know you are a little anxious about your headache this morning. You are afraid that the severe exercises to which Rubinstein subjects you may be injurious. Have no fear. This practice will in the end be as invigorating for your body as it will be stimulating to the germs of musical perception. I do not understand the entire plan for your musical education; but one feature of it is to awaken to vibratory appeal and response every section of your body, as well as every cell of your brain. I am told that your love of color and your keen perception of a possible basis of harmony for the apparently most different and irreconcilable elements—your love of essential harmony and your instinctive recoil from discord—are great aids to this work. You need not hesitate to do everything that this master commands, for he is recognized on this plane as a great leader. He is a wise man; a sage as well as a musician. He is a great admirer of the Czar; and in your small place, in your humble way, you have, so to speak, stood by the Czar; *i. e.*, you have recognized in his call for the Hague Conference, a great idea, and you have many times publicly asserted your conviction that this idea originated in the Czar's own mind, while the military preparations which seem to contradict and annul it proceed not from his desire, but from circum-

stance in which he, although a czar, is as powerless as any peasant. Now, you are given a Russian master not only because a Russian chances to be the greatest available master, but because the greatest step in the cause to which you are personally called has been taken by the Czar, himself a Russian, an accomplished musician and a great admirer of Rubinstein. We here are taught that the laws of magnetic attraction are universal, that they obtain in all spheres where being manifests in action and that they are as unerring as the fluid under their control is subtle. All that I have just told you and all that you are experiencing results from the operation of these laws."

Every night without a thought I wrote with a facility and speed which thought would have impeded, scores, sometimes hundreds, of pages—none less interesting than those here reproduced—but of which the subject-matter was often more foreign to my untaught mind, and thus still less probably the product of my imagination. It came so easily, however, that often I was afraid that I might be its real though unconscious author.

"I know you are surprised by the apparent ease with which you write and that sometimes you think you may be doing it without aid. This is an utter mistake. You do lend yourself to our instruction with marvelous ease, but you know you have been

in training *for over five years*; this training has been continuous, though your consciousness of it has been only occasional. This training is supplemented by our love, another name for *rapport*, which explains a part of our success, and by your habit of mental discipline, which explains the rest."

To a fear that I expressed lest I should be unduly elated by all that I was enjoying through my new friends, my husband replied:

"Do not fear. Enjoy every new conquest of knowledge that you make. *Apply it to the improvement of your own life. You will have disappointments enough to temper every triumph.*"

The date of this conversation (August 15, 1902) is important because it is that of my first independent clairaudience. The preceding paragraph was accompanied by deep sighs indicative of the writer's anxiety and sympathy. Then to my exclamation, "What shall I think of this!" with great speed and vigor came the following:

"Think what is true; *viz.*: that you are only beginning to know the resources of your own nature; and that these are being revealed to you because you have been always so zealous for health and for the perpetuity of physical and mental faculty. Nothing that you are told to do by either Père Condé or

Rubinstein is impossible, though many of their commands are very heavy—not to be obeyed without great effort and much sacrifice; but the results promised justify all the sacrifice and all the labor. The results are not *impossible*, only *remote*. I have often heard you say: ‘We are God’s children, holding in germ all God’s faculties.’ Some of these faculties are now germinating in you remarkably; but *not* miraculously at all; simply according to Psychic Law which it is to be your felicity to expound.

“Rubinstein says that your finely balanced physical organism is indispensable to the success of his experiment; that to perfect this is his first task; therefore you must not shrink from any exercise he directs.

“Rubinstein, although a musician, is practically Père Condé’s partner in the latter’s care of you; for the most part Rubinstein will control hands, arms and head, but the immediate purpose of his work is hygienic rather than musical.”

I had executed a long and complicated series of most difficult and fatiguing exercises under Rubinstein’s instruction just before the hour that had been appointed for my husband to transmit a lecture whose fascinating title made me impatient for it. My husband exhorted as follows:

“Do not think of the lecture at all; think of

those already received if you like; but do not speculate on what is to follow. Empty your mind of all thought. This will be the best condition for receiving exactly what I wish to say in a quite unmodified form."

I have thus tried first to indicate Rubinstein's relation to me, because, contrary to my expectation, it was consciously established earlier than was that of Père Condé, whom I then regarded for two reasons as of prior importance—first, my desire for restoration to health was incomparably stronger than my desire to become sensitive to music, a purpose never until after August 11th, 1902, conceived of; second, my conviction that health was a possible attainment was at this time hardly stronger than that music was an impossible one. I had, therefore, been eager for Père Condé's work to begin; and was curious about the personality and the life on the Etheric Plane of the priest-physician. However, after having installed my masseuse and secured my vapor bath cabinet, he did not for six days go beyond transmitting formal directions for their daily use; but on August twentieth he gave his first instructions about food:

"Tell your wife to eat only cereals and fruit, *not any* vegetable, whether grown above or below the ground, certainly none grown below. Tell her to take the unfermented juices of fruits with bread

and nuts and to eat always less and less. If she will eat less and assimilate what she eats she will be much stronger. When she has had a month of this stiff regimen she may try what she now thinks a simple diet, and if she enjoys it, she may resume it; but one month of what I now prescribe will have done so much for her that she will no more go back to the fish pots or to roots, on any account, than she will to the flesh pots which she abandoned nearly six years ago, as she still supposes, of her own accord, *but, as you know, because of suggestion from this plane.* Tell her on alternate nights when the masseuse is here to take a quick bath of hot water, followed by a cold bath, followed by the massage; with much stretching, much rubbing and also much deep breathing. Tell her to commit herself to my manipulation after our prayers every night. In this will be little manipulation, but on this plane much concentration, during which she is to yield always to any physical impulse she may have. Tell her during these exercises to contemplate herself as well and strong."

My husband added:

"These baths and exercises will, I am assured, expel from your system the poison with which it is now charged.

"Père Condé says that it is most important that you be very careful and abstemious during this transformation of the atoms of your body which

is now in progress. The Père adds that after this period of transformation and of cell opening is over you can return to your usual diet or even to a more abundant one without injury, but that this period is very critical; that to take you through it successfully will help you all the remainder of your life, so the sacrifice is not too great for what will result from it. . .

"If you could only drop the burden of care about the business, it would help much. This task requires an unoccupied mind. To receive and to transmit make a great draft on that part of your structure which is more delicate and more complex even than the nervous system, *viz.*: on the magnetic centers.

"As soon as this heavy discipline is over, I will see that many friends talk with you, or write to you directly; for one of its results will be your increased receptivity and your ability to establish *rapport* at will. Just now forces that you do not realize at all are about you helping to prepare you for this."

To an incredulous protest which this last remark drew from me came this response:

"Death is larger life; but it is a difficult thing to realize at the high tide of mortal vigor, and really every one who comes and every one that each comes leaves behind has to solve the problem of continuing

existing relations; but there are those connected with us prior to our birth who continue their services to us on whatever plane we may be until all of their obligations to us are discharged; and our unconsciousness of their ministrations does not diminish their effort, although its efficiency would be increased by our consciousness."

The foregoing indicates the character and the essential content of my psychic experience between August fourteenth and August twenty-eighth, when a change came.

There suddenly arose in my consciousness one who announced himself as my first helper in psychic matters. He warned me not to expect him to discuss philosophy only; said that when on earth he had been obliged to discuss many small matters of the kind in regard to which he hoped to be helpful to me. With this introduction, he abruptly asked my intentions concerning a certain pupil. As if in answer to my surprise at this unexpected turn in his discourse, he added:

"That is very personal, but are you not a person? Is she not a person? 'What is a person?' you ask; a very wise inquiry. A person is that kind of aggregation of matter which combined with substance and organized in a unit leaves nothing to be given to mass. 'What is mass?' Ask a potter who handles clay in mass when he moulds a vessel. Yes, like

every mortal, you have a guide who has attended you since birth and even before. We never know who our particular guides are, so long as we are on earth; *i. e.*, we do not know them by name. We may know their characters and may indeed be conscious of their presence, as you were conscious of my arrival when without announcement I came to-night. The guide's office is to lead his charge into the assigned path and help him accomplish his highest possible destiny. *A part of one's destiny is indeed the helper whose appointment before his disciple's birth makes him responsible for much in his disciple's life."*

At the time that this helper entered my consciousness and made the foregoing communication, his words seemed to me irrelevant; his existence doubtful (although his personality was striking, powerful and clearly perceived); and the whole incident purposeless if not bizarre. I recount it because the passing years have interpreted and confirmed every remark—have revealed the contemporary significance and permanent value of the instructions and have established the speaker in my list of permanent, vigilant and patient friends.

For two nights I felt rather than heard the instructions of my most lately perceived helper; and simultaneously I executed unprecedentedly severe exercises under Rubinstein's direction and submitted to the vigorous but reluctantly administered mas-

sage which, at Père Condé's command, I exacted from my attendant. Finally I realized that these extraordinary experiences presaged a crisis.

On August thirty-first, as I prepared to receive a letter from my husband, he said:

"Take a pencil that will require less strength. The words must flow like water, and they will when the channel is cut a little deeper. You must not pause, you must not think. Thought will kill expression. Think beforehand and between times if you will, but when you write for us let your mind be as empty as possible. You meet with us to get filled. If you bring your mind already filled, we can pour nothing in."

My pencil faltered.

"Handle your pencil without hesitation. You are to write thousands, nay millions, of pages, and there must be no halting for a word or for an idea.

"Take the magnetized board and press it on your head. Then observe, follow and describe the impulses that seem to be communicated. These experiments are made by our best magnetists under the most careful guidance and to the highest ends."

I did as directed and my mind was thus taken through a great number of unrelated exercises and many non-consecutive repetitions of them. The *rapport* established at last was such that I seemed to feel my husband's thoughts as if impressed di-

rectly on my brain with indescribable rapidity and with an accuracy which made my verbal (vocal) report entirely satisfactory. I was now told that the immediate purpose of all these unusual exercises was to secure a condition in which I could receive a letter of instruction from Père Condé directly, *i. e.*, without my husband's agency.

The advantage of such direct communication was thus explained:

"If Père Condé can write directly, instead of through me, you will find enough difference between his method and mine—if I may use the expression between his hand and mine, though I do not refer to the physical formation of the letters, but to the felt difference between his influence and mine—to establish our separate entities, and this will confirm my identity. If, after making an effort, he can neither control your mind to receive his directions, nor your hand to write independent of your own mind's guidance, then he will dictate to my mind and I shall write for him until we have by further experiment established *rapport* between you.

"‘Now, Père Condé,’ added my husband, ‘my wife will be glad to receive a letter from you.’”

After several pages of illegible scrawls there appeared these words:

"I wish if possible to write in French."

The pencil glided rapidly over the paper, leaving in French not what I had expected to receive—directions relating to the care of my health—but an analysis of my husband's character, and an outline of the plan that they had together matured for aiding each other in my instruction and my development. One statement made by the Père in this connection I felt so impossible that my mind involuntarily opposed it. This unintended resistance caused me to withdraw my hand. With what seemed a gentle but compelling pressure the Père resumed its use, saying that what I had denied as incredible would soon be proved true (an assertion supported by subsequent experience). Then he dropped the subject and wrote in French* two pages of directions about the care of my health.

This important date, August thirty-first, was marked by an equally significant change in my relations to Rubinstein, who wrote:

“The piano must be purchased at once without a single day's further delay; it must be placed in your own room, by that one of the west windows which is nearest your bed. It is important that you have a good instrument. When you go to the music rooms to purchase, I shall help you select it.”

*I know French well enough to read with facility and to write a letter on any subject with whose matter I am familiar, but Père Condé then and since through a voluminous correspondence used many terms unfamiliar to me, but whose meanings always came with the word.

My husband confirmed these directions, but my skepticism yielded slowly to his urgency and finally he made this concession:

"Yes, you may ask the advice of Mrs. Hunter,* who does of course know what is good for a beginner to practise on, one who must play by herself several hours every day until her fingers are perfectly flexible; you may ask her advice, but I am sure you will find that Rubinstein selects your instrument."

In reply to my objections to purchasing a piano on account of its heavy cost, my husband again assured me that he had perfect confidence in Rubinstein's ability to help me make a very favorable contract with the dealers in pianos and also in his ability to put in my way unexpected opportunities for meeting the payments as they should fall due.

At this point I will say that all came about as implied in the foregoing paragraph. I made the purchase very conscious of Rubinstein's dominating presence and of his controlling influence in the whole transaction, but the story of purchase and payment will be told in a supplement to this chapter.

This incident stimulated my desire to know more of Rubinstein and of my husband's acquaintance with him, and I refused to wait longer for information often promised but always postponed. I had

*One of the teachers of piano in the Classical School.

naturally supposed that Rubinstein's interest in me had been awakened by my husband, but now I received a long letter, from which I quote those paragraphs which either at the time interested me most or have since been proved the most significant.

"September 1st, 1902, 10 P. M.

"The Library.

"I date this letter carefully, for I regard it an important one. Soon after you had begun under my direction to sit with Miss G. in the hope of acquiring the art of automatic writing, Rubinstein approached me with a petition to be permitted to control your hands with a view to directing your piano practise. I assured him that you were not musical and that you never indulge in piano practise, whereupon he told me that he had for a long time been trying to find some one through whom he could demonstrate the possibility of the exercise of a controlling influence from the *Après-mort* Plane on one still living on the *Avant-mort* Plane; that he had for some time been drawn to observe you, and that since he had been able to observe your mind in periods of quiet concentration, he had become convinced that he can produce music either through the control of your physical organism or through teaching you to produce music with intelligent purpose yourself. . . .

"Well, I also was much astonished, but I have witnessed so much experimentation through the

medium of etheric magnetism that I consented, after stipulating certain conditions, to introduce Rubinstein to you. . . .

"The conditions are two: that he shall never exhaust you by practise, and that always at the close of every lesson he shall replenish your forces. Rubinstein is a great psychic and I understand that no one is more skilled than he in the art of manifestation through the use of ether. He has a wonderful personality; you will be curiously sympathetic with him as you know him better. You are really much alike; although your expression has been along lines which he scorns; and his in music, of which you know nothing. This experiment has already attracted much attention on this plane, for temporarily Rubinstein has abandoned his other work to devote himself exclusively to you. Whenever you can give the time, he will teach you, give you physical exercises and direct your piano practise. When you can not give the time, he will be generating and transmitting magnetism for your use. . . .

"Rubinstein was of Jewish extraction on his mother's side; ————. Consult a cyclopedia, you will find this to be true; and he tells me what I had not before realized, but what I think true, that you are curiously open to the influences of his race."

I was moved by all this information and I felt a

deep sympathy with this master which has never suffered ebb; never have I been so situated that I could meet any but the smallest fraction of his demands, but, in the years, I have grown to feel that acquaintance with this great soul is a high privilege and to know that contact with his personality is as energizing as contact with an electric dynamo.

When my husband ceased writing of this master, I expressed regret that the hour set for me to retire had arrived, and was instantly told:

"You will not retire to-night. We shall magnetize you so that you will not need sleep, *i. e.*, so that you will lose sleep without feeling it; but afterward we must make it up; for sleep is now one condition particularly indispensable to the development of concentration. The generators have poured magnetism upon you in streams. You have such absorbent power that you seem never to get all you could use, but you will be perfectly sustained and must be wide awake, for an important decision is to be made to-night."

It transpired that "the important decision" was in what condition I should receive the instructions and ministrations of Père Condé and Rubinstein. I was told that the work of both could be done much better and more rapidly, were I willing to pass into "a state of trance" to receive and to execute orders—that by this method the physical restoration could be as complete, possibly more so,

than if treatment were given when I was awake and in my usual state; but, in the latter condition, although I should "experience much difficulty and what will seem to you hardship," instructions would accompany treatment, and I should be able largely to increase my intelligence about the body and its care. I was assured that if Rubinstein's services were received while I was in a trance state music would be an almost immediate attainment; that, if I received his help in my normal condition, music would become a conscious achievement, requiring much time, almost infinite labor and the severest preliminary exercises long continued for the preparation of my body.

For me there was but one answer to this proposition. Always I had refused to shirk pain by invoking unconsciousness even by the mild measure of taking laughing gas to lull the torture of a tooth's extraction. The possibility of being overcome in a trance was inexpressibly repulsive. I already loved and revered my new friends. My confidence in my husband was absolute. They all apparently favored the trance and I was grieved to disappoint them; but the integrity of my own personality was to me even more important; perhaps it was foolish to think that the retention of consciousness through whatever experience might come to one was essential to such integrity, but to me it seemed so. Moreover, I wanted to have the benefit in every-day normal life of whatever I might learn through my great

masters, to whom, granted the retention of normal consciousness, I agreed to yield as perfect an obedience as the limitations of my own powers, my circumstances and my occupations would permit.

My decision was accepted, and, as I subsequently learned, with deep satisfaction on the part of my teachers. Continuing the night's work, my husband wrote :

"Only three weeks ago and we were rejoicing in this new method of communication that had just been given us; now we must commence working for another which will make this seem slow and prosaic. . . .

"You must hold yourself sacred for this complex work. To be sacred you must be consecrated. No evil thought must find an instant's lodging in the mind that seeks growth. You must *love, love, love, love*, the world even as Christ loved it and gave Himself for it; like Him you must be willing to give yourself for it. Père Condé, Rubinstein and I shall all unite in praying for you. This for Rubinstein is almost a new experience. He is not very religious, but his service to you is helping him."

I resented this; for five years I had been urged to study science, and now that some result from my feeble efforts to do so seemed at hand, it appeared that my new helpers and my first adviser were lapsing from science into superstition. All this and much more I said, confessing that I had

been greatly bewildered by the frequent references to prayer with which Père Condé's instruction had been garnished. To these protests my husband replied:

"I still say study science, but I add that the relation of the soul to spirit and the relation of the detached excarnate spirit to its origin, *i. e.*, to what is commonly named God, which is the whole subject-matter of religion, is also within the domain of science; but instruction in nominal religion is not our present task. The next step in your double task of becoming possessed of health and of music, and one that will promote equally both efforts is to replace writing by hearing. We have so much to say to you that to write, (even with speed made possible by the magnetic etheric current,) is intolerable. *You must acquire clairaudience.*

"We shall all unite in magnetizing you. You are to close your eyes, open your ears and listen as hard as you can. We shall continue to write all matters needed for record, but the new method is to be opened up and *speech* is to supersede writing, because quicker, safer, more certainly accurate and certainly more convenient."

From this date forward Rubinstein was constantly entreating me to *listen*, a process which he thus explained:

"Listening is the pressing of the soul against

the button that rings the call-bell on the Etheric Plane whence comes all music."

On that and immediately succeeding nights I had many prescribed exercises in both listening and looking; my husband was very anxious that I should hear his voice without the aid of a trumpet or any other mechanical device for conveying vibrations; and in all the exercises in looking he was particular to urge me to distinguish between his face as I remembered it and as it would be communicated to my vision from the Etheric Plane. When I began to hear I was afraid that the sounds were fancied—conjured by my own mind.

"It is in one sense your own mind; it is through your mind enlightened by the knowledge I have brought."

Miss G., who had experienced great disappointments in her relations with the Etheric Plane, had warned me against putting too much confidence in my new helpers. Noting this, my husband urged me to resist fear as "the most paralyzing of all emotions," and to put aside suspicion, "which would deprive labor of fruitage," but at the same time he added:

"Observe most carefully every experience and use all the intelligence you can command, remembering, however, that fear and suspicion are never intelligent. Do not allow fear to come between you and

those who would help you to a larger knowledge of yourself. Do not become skeptical; faith is the food of the soul; if this sounds too religious, I can add with equal truth, faith is the indispensable attitude of mind of all who promote the progress of the material world through scientific discovery."

I was much more anxious lest I might deceive myself than that I might be deceived by those on the Etheric Plane. I often feared that the thoughts that I wrote down might after all have originated in my own mind—in vanity, pride, egotism or ambition. Those doubts, whenever expressed to the three who had now become my constant companions, were put aside by all with equal firmness, with the reminder that my own mind, far from originating these ideas, did not credit them, but persistently questioned their validity.

After Condé's first direct letter, my husband wrote that just as the writing which a month before had been impossible to me now seemed not only perfectly natural but so indispensable that neither of us could realize how we had ever supported our separation without it, so the music, whenever it should arrive, would seem to be my native and necessary mode of expression.

He further assured me that music and health would both result from the *expert application and use of the same element upon which automatic writing depends*, and added:

"The greater difficulty of music over writing is largely due to the almost immeasurably larger task of magnetizing a piano as compared with that of magnetizing a pencil and a sheet of paper. The tasks undertaken by both Condé and Rubinstein are Herculean, but they will both be accomplished. Trust both implicitly."

The first week in September my piano was duly installed and placed in exact accord with the curious directions received. I say curious, for at least any one of three large rooms, my drawing-room, living-room or library, would have seemed to afford more suitable as well as more commodious quarters.

My utter ignorance of a piano was manifested when, thinking that something was wrong with my instrument, I sent to the firm of whom I had purchased it for an inspector. I knew this gentleman very well, having had frequent occasion to consult him about pianos used in the school.

The complaint I now made and the questions I asked exposed my ignorance to a degree that mortified me, although I had said frankly, when purchasing the instrument, that I knew nothing about it, having never before touched the keys of one.

Later when I told my husband how embarrassed I had been, he replied that he and Rubinstein had both been present and had been much amused; that they could have prevented the incident, but it suited

their purpose to have the novelty of my new interest and my utter ignorance of music known.

On the morning of September ninth, at the end of my first all-night vigil, my husband wrote:

"The experiments made thus far are but faintly indicative of the regimen that will be prescribed when the work under your contract begins; you know Père Condé's treatment will continue until either entire cure followed by perfect health, or death arrives. Health of mind—*normality*, which does not mean the *general average* of human condition as most people suppose, but a really enlightened consciousness of what constitutes being, such normality, *i. e.*, such an awakened mind, will accompany your physical healing; and physical healing must come if the *real you* is to stay on earth much longer.

"It will be a hard struggle to get the time to take the piano practise and the physical exercises, and equally hard to submit to the severe discipline which will be necessary if you use the help that alone will permit you to finish your earthly work—but how do you feel this morning?"

The night had gone with the speed of thought—like a dream. Perhaps I should have thought it had been spent in dreaming but for the several octavo tablets covered with records of what had filled its hours. I felt perfectly well and ready for the day's work.

It was a heavily burdened day with several hours of close office work and a business trip by rail of seventy miles from which I did not return until midnight. Then, through my husband, I received advice from Père Condé that included directions for a magnetic bath which was followed by very strenuous physical exercises that could not have been impelled by a lesser motor than Rubinstein, who concluded his work at five A. M. by an hour of finger exercises without sound on the piano.

That night many communications were received through my tireless husband, and at last came these words:

"On Sept. 10th, 1902. This is the last night—No, *not* of your novitiate, you are too impatient; it is the last night of our month of direct restoration to each other, which has been an introduction to your *novitiate* which will commence *to-morrow* night. You thought you were through? You were going to be well now? I tried to prevent your thinking so. I have told you that there is nothing *supernatural*, nothing *miraculous* in what has been or in what is to be. Your experience will continue to mean *growth*. In your case it is *upon this growth* that health depends. In your case it is upon this growth and its resulting health that music depends, and growth implies effort; it implies scientific knowledge and the application of this knowledge to personal needs. I am not presiding at a miracle,

but am superintending or (it would be more exact to say) observing a further step in your education. To grow means to struggle. Persevere in the discipline, which will, I think, be very rigid. Be faithful to obey every direction that will be given you by Père Condé whom you know well enough to trust, and perform every exercise that will be set by Rubinstein. You find us almost palpable tonight. The veil between us is getting very thin and will soon be rent by a perfected perception.

"After this your three chief present helpers—myself, Père Condé and Rubinstein—will each demand a separate book for his letters and thus your private tuition under each one of us will begin.

"We shall all require of you as a basis for our respective instructions, six exercises. What are these?

"WORK. WAIT. LOVE. PRAY. SERVE. TRUST.

"Remember, the novitate begins *to-morrow night*."

The Purchase of the Piano

My disinclination to increasing my obligations by the purchase of what I regarded as for me a perfectly useless luxury continued and having persuaded my husband to allow me to use one of the school pianos for a month at least in testing my musical abilities, whose existence I did not credit, I arranged that a piano should be removed from the school gymnasium to my residence on August seventeenth.

On the evening of August sixteenth, I felt a per-

turbed atmosphere in the library. The first letter was from Rubinstein:

"Madam, you must purchase a piano and not compel me to waste time and strength in magnetizing an old instrument that is to be used for only a month."

I felt distinctly the emotion of grieved indignation which accompanied the words; for a few moments it seemed to interrupt his communication, which presently concluded thus:

"Change your order to-morrow morning. Buy the piano I have indicated and to-morrow night I will give you a lesson on it."

My husband then wrote:

"I ask you at once to countermand the directions you gave yesterday for the removal of the piano from the gymnasium and buy the one at the dealer's in light mahogany case described by Rubinstein. You will see the wisdom of this within twenty-four hours."

The next day I visited the music store and looked at pianos—but could not decide to purchase. That evening Rubinstein wrote:

"I want to speak of the piano we saw to-day. To-morrow morning, when you must visit the store

again, the gentleman will show you another superior to the best one he showed to-day. That better one, already described by me, is the one which I wish placed in your room for these reasons: the case is more harmonious with your room; the tone is better and the keys respond a little more easily to the touch."

In response to a question concerning the comparative merit of two instruments which had been referred to by a salesman, of which the one in oak case was cheaper by over one hundred dollars, and which on that account I wished to take if I were obliged to purchase at all, Rubinstein wrote:

"I do not know whether the instrument I have directed you to get is better in itself than the one in the oak case; but it is *better for you*. A ———, a new ———, is the best that you can get now; and about the price? That, as the saying is, will pay for itself. I shall select it, *i. e.*, shall identify to you the exact one I have described; for I have *selected* it, as you know.

"Your husband has promised to pay for it, *i. e.*, to enable you to have the means of meeting the conditions of the instrument of purchase which stipulates them, as the terms mature quite outside the income of the school.

"This is indeed the first severe test of your confidence in us, *i. e.*, in the validity of our relations;

in the reliability of our promises; and in the wisdom of our decisions."

I followed these directions. The contract of purchase was generous as to time, and although the later installments were not promptly paid, they all finally were and from the proceeds of unexpected engagements, quite foreign to my profession or to my previous public interests. For example; one installment was paid by the fee received for a magazine article on "Music as a Factor of Education," and another by an article on "Modern Mechanical Music" (such as is furnished by the pianola, etc.).

CHAPTER VII

MASTERS UNMAKE AND BEGIN REMAKING PHYSICAL
ORGANISM. EATS AND SLEEPS LITTLE, BUT
GROWS CONSTANTLY STRONGER

AS I CONSIDERED the experiences of the month, I realized that my perceptions had been sharpened on the Physical as well as on the Etheric Plane. The proof of this improvement on the latter rested chiefly in my clear differentiation of the following methods of receiving communications which constitute an ascending series:

(a) Dictations transmitted by my husband,—1st, through his use of my hand; 2nd, through the direct influence of his mind on mine—my hand in this case being guided by my own mind.

(b) Dictations made directly to me by my helpers,—1st, by their guidance of my hand; 2nd, by their felt guidance of my mind.

Père Condé's first long letter communicated independent of my husband's aid (except as he was always present to assist the magnetic conditions) seemed to have been suggested by complaints I had made to my husband which he had evidently overheard. Of the major part of this letter in French, dated September first, I give a translation.

"My child, you ought to have a peculiar sensation for you are permitted to have an exceptional

experience; now I beg you to listen to me while I make an important communication regarding your health.

"In these days you are experiencing extraordinary conditions and you ought to follow an equally extraordinary method of life. It is necessary that you eat very little and that you sleep very profoundly during the few hours when sleep can be permitted. We desire to fill you with magnetisms. The other evening when your friend was here we made a good beginning, but to complete this task we must have the best possible conditions; your body must become as supple and soft as that of an infant while your muscles become as strong as those of an athlete. We are working to unmake you and to remake you—and that we may unmake you it is necessary that you fast much of the time."

To my protest that it would be utterly impossible for me to be more abstemious than I had already become and continue to work at all, the Père replied:

"I assure you that if my advice should be perfectly followed you would find your body growing perceptibly stronger and your mind becoming clearer from day to day."

I urged that I was surrounded by friends and should soon be in daily association with colleagues

who would watch me closely, and that I could not fast without exciting comment.

“You are correct in thinking that it is better to excite the curiosity of no one unnecessarily; consequently I shall permit you to eat all you wish when you dine with your niece this evening; but from this time until the beginning of your school, discontinue the early breakfast; and for the second breakfast take the same kinds of food which you have been accustomed to take for your first but not nearly so much. At dinner eat moderately—only vegetables and fruits—no bread and no desserts except fruit.”

I expressed fear lest my strength might be reduced by so slim a diet.

“You have no need to fear. You are not so strong as you must become; but strength will come after the elements of your body are changed. You must continue your baths; and you must take much exercise under the direction of the energetic Master; walk daily in the open air; and when in the house remain in your own room as much as possible clad in the lightest garments; this is very important; you must also habituate yourself to deep breathing.

“The task of bringing your health to a condition of absolute perfection is very important and—not

so difficult. You have by nature a well built body not but its present condition must be enormously improved. You will become more sensitive in all respects; hence more sensitive to pain, but you will also be much stronger. Your nerves will be like iron and such healthy nerves never suffer."

I remarked: "Strength is derived from food, and I must have food."

"You are right; but now for a season you should be relatively abstinent; after this is over you will never desire the same food that you have hitherto taken; you will again enjoy a generous diet; but for a few weeks it is necessary to guard you at every point; for the task of your restoration is enormous."

Again incredulity assailed me, and the fears I expressed as Père Condé enumerated the specific improvements in my condition which he had undertaken to secure, may be inferred from his reply:

"No, these thoughts that I have communicated are mine, not yours. You imagine neither them nor me. They are facts. I am a man of experience, and I assure you that I am astonished when I consider what is being done for you and my part in it. You are my patient; and I? I am your physician, and at the same time your nurse. You have been very obedient; and already you are much better.

"As your priest, every night, every morning and many times each day, I pray for you and with you. . . . Now I bless you and you can give your attention to Rubinstein."

From the Père's second direct letter, dated September second, I quote only the most important paragraphs:

"Eat nothing at present that is matured below the ground. Every morsel of such food that you eat retards your progress. Your progress in spiritual knowledge is your present most important interest. . . .

"You have need of as much magnetism as you can retain and the flow of etheric magnetism into your body is impeded by dark clothing which is a non-conductor of such magnetism and by heavy garments even although white."

I expressed anxiety lest I should take cold if I sat so lightly clothed.

"It is impossible for you to take cold while we are giving you these magnetisms. Perfect health is an indispensable condition for your success in the double task of securing clear perception and music. These you will have if you have the strength to resist the temptations of the flesh. This

is the sole reason why I have undertaken to give you these counsels from day to day. You must sleep undisturbed by anxieties and I undertake to give you calm, sound slumber."

Père Condé confirmed my husband's assurances that this was a most important day, dating my birth into a higher plane of consciousness. Père Condé urged abstinence as a condition of this event, and said that he had an army of over one thousand people generating magnetism for me.

"This magnetism is being poured out upon you; you will be bathed in it; transformed by it."

September fourth the Père wrote:

"The magnetisms that we are giving you contain all the elements of your body but so well blended that their resultant is the essence of life itself; that is to say of vitality; and while you take these you have no need of the same quantities of food that you have ordinarily taken—if you will eat very, very little during next week you will find yourself much more open to the influence of these invisible (*i. e.*, to the physical vision invisible) beings who surround you. I desire to instruct you in the laws of health as well as to restore you to its state—because it is necessary for you not only to become

well but to become very vigorous, and to *remain* so."

On September eleventh Père Condé directed me to drop breakfasts entirely until after the opening of the Classical School on September seventeenth. From the way in which this order was given I inferred that after that date breakfasts would be resumed. Instead of this, however, on September eighteenth, I was directed to drop luncheons also. I dined daily (the kinds and quantities of foods to be taken being definitely prescribed) until October tenth, when I was directed thereafter until further orders to dine only on alternate days, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays being specified; and to take no other food between dinners.

During this time and throughout the subsequent months of what I call my "fast," Sunday was a feast day; *i. e.*, on each Sunday I was directed to take three meals; each definitely prescribed and, in comparison with what I had been accustomed to, very spare repasts.

From September eleventh Père Condé met me every morning in my own room immediately upon my going thither which was never earlier than half past nine o'clock, nor later than half past ten. Up to that hour I worked in my office preparing for the next day's class-room requirements. To nine-thirty I was subject to interruption by any residence pupil who desired to see me.

By saying "Père Condé met me," I mean that from September eleventh as soon as I seated myself at my writing table in my chamber, Père Condé placed himself at my left hand; his head and face were clearly visible, but his figure though sometimes dimly outlined, was usually quite concealed. I took his book and pencil and wrote at his careful verbal dictation the directions for my physical care during the next twenty-four hours. These directions concerned food, drink, exercise, baths, massage and sleep; and they invariably concluded with an exhortation to prayer. Père Condé presented a noble head topped with a skull-cap of the kind worn by priests to cover the tonsure. His face was very intellectual and refined; his ordinarily grave expression was occasionally softened by a smile. If I made a mistake in recording his directions, he would correct it instantly and with a precise care. During the first month of my formal fast his communications were always in French and usually limited to the subjects above indicated. Sometimes at the conclusion of the prescription there would be added a paragraph of explanation or encouragement. The latter consisted of assurances that I should never be requested or induced to do anything that would not contribute to my well being; united with promises that the nutrition which I sacrificed by abstemiousness should be more than supplied by magnetisms generated expressly to meet my exact needs.

All communications from Père Condé concerning other matters during this first month came through my husband who was present during the Père's visits, and from whom at the end of the first month, *i. e.*, on October eleventh, I learned that the Père, having now concluded his general observation of me, would the next day proceed to a professional examination and report its results.

From the long letter received directly from Père Condé October twelfth, I quote:

"I have to-day examined your body; not only its parts, members and interior organs as they appear when united in your fleshly mantle—but as these would appear were your body dissected, and I find it sound throughout; somewhat time-stained and here and there scarred by some labor or accident, but on the whole sound."

This was good news indeed, and I, always impatient of being ill and eager to prove the doctors and the chemist in the wrong in their diagnosis, said: "Then I never have had that disease!" but Père Condé restrained me:

"All of the statements and the fears of the physicians and the chemists were more than well founded. You were filled with poison: your system is still charged with poison, but by the regimen followed for two months now, a regimen which you

can support only because of the steady supplies of magnetism that are generated for you, you have arrived at a point where I can predicate soundness. Your ability to bear the regimen and to appropriate safely these powerful magnetisms has been tested,—to this is due your progress to this date. Medicine as ordinarily practised on earth is an attempt to prevent consequences from following certain wrong actions and habits of life. Your progress will be proportioned with mathematical nicety to your efforts to cease from such actions and to change such habits. In proportion to these and to your capacity to absorb and assimilate them you will receive a great access of magnetisms; magnetisms will flow in uninterrupted streams.”

On October eighteenth I was told by Père Condé to record his statement that he should not much longer dictate words to my mind, only ideas; knowledge which I should record in my own phraseology in French. I was incredulous; protesting that the subject was new, the ideas foreign to my mind and to my experience; but he assured me that he had determined on this plan and that I would find myself able to cooperate with him in its execution. He added that he should always reserve the liberty to change his orders suddenly and without notice; adding:

“This will finally cure your skepticism because

it will give you a continuous series of proofs that my thoughts are not your thoughts; *i. e.*, that these directions do not proceed from your mind. I promise you that you will attain a remarkable health and ultimately complete control of your body."

To my great satisfaction with this promise the Père replied:

"You desire the end; but to this end it is necessary that you gain the ability to subsist without a morsel of nourishment except water during an entire week and that during that time you work continuously. Now I recede to give place to Rubinstein, whose intention it is to continue his instructions two hours this night."

At this time I was greatly disappointed by the fact that my husband's letters became few and brief. On asking Père Condé for the explanation of this which my husband declined to give, he told me that the latter had fixed his desire on oral communication and that he would thenceforth as he had himself previously told me, write only what he wished recorded with verbal exactness; that personal conversations with him would be by exchange of impressions and of spoken words; the latter "being addressed to my outer ear, through my inner ear, a procedure reversing the ordinary method." Père Condé, moreover, told me that my husband's con-

tinuous efforts to secure this had fatigued him much more than my own new mode of life had exhausted me.

I asked Père Condé to give me directions about food for a longer time in advance as I felt that such knowledge would enable me to fortify my mind to endurance.

"I can just now give you directions for food only for the next twenty-four hours; but as to some other matters my vision is clearer and my directions will cover a longer period. There must be provision for more prayer, for fasting and prayer go always together; and without the latter the former will be fruitless of its best results. 'Pray without ceasing,' *i. e.*, let your heart be fixed on the source of strength and strength will come."

At the beginning of November the nights grew cool, and in the gossamer clothing which I was directed to wear during dictations, lessons, exercises, etc., I felt chilled and fearing the effect, I asked permission to wear heavier clothing.

"We wish your only warmth to be that which flows from the center of vitality. It is the fear of cold of which you must be cured."

At about the same period I petitioned for a little food. In granting permission Père Condé said:

"I shall, however, at the same time suppress your appetite so that you may eat it without pleasure. You have really been ill a long time without knowing it; you have in the language of your physicians on earth not only the 'incurable' disease which they diagnosed, but you have another equally 'incurable' by their methods, that you know as catarrh, which is debilitating and which is one cause of your poor eyesight. These and other disorders are the results of long years of overwork, anxiety, wrong habits in respect to diet, neglect of exercise and of other forms of personal neglect—these results are all through your system in a diffused ——— poison, whose presence is manifested at certain centers of the body—not only in this disease which condemned you to die—but in periodically recurrent attacks of what you call *la grippe* and *nervous headache*. *The accumulated poisons causing these disorders must be expelled.*"

What interested me most in the foregoing paragraph was the *intimation* that my sadly impaired eyesight was due to catarrhal conditions; and I asked if my eyes would ever be improved.

"Certainly. With health will come vision. We are working for vision."

On November first Père Condé directed me to eat nothing for three days. I felt this hard and on November second he wrote:

"The way before you is long, narrow and difficult. My task is to help you conquer the weakness of the flesh."

Early in November, before the eleventh, which in each month indicated some departure, I seemed to sense the approach of new influences; these disturbed me; concentration was difficult; and the Père finding it impossible to cause me to write correctly in French thus summed up my duties:

"You must receive instruction in French, in music and in the culture and training of every member of your body, three labors almost equally difficult; but the music of which you know nothing depends absolutely upon, or perhaps it were better to say it includes, the bodily exercises; for a perfectly harmonious body conditions the music for which *you* are in training."

Again and again in terminating a lesson which invariably included a prescription of the specific character already described, Père Condé urged me to the most perfect obedience to Rubinstein, repeatedly declaring:

"I long for his success as for mine; for his success will be a proof of mine and of much more."

Another evening prior to November eleventh, having finished a letter from Père Condé, I asked him if it would not help me and make me more ac-

cessible to the influences proceeding from the Eth-
 eric Plane and to the instructions of my various
 masters on the Etheric and on higher Planes, should
 I read some books of experienced psychics. I con-
 fessed that I had never read such books; that I had
 never found literature dealing with psychism or
 with any form of occultism attractive; but that I
 was now ready to read anything that he should
 recommend.

“Both your husband and I know that you are un-
 familiar with these subjects and we are glad of it.
 We both know that you have felt an instinctive re-
 coil from such literature and that it has cost you
 nothing to obey your husband’s request to abstain
 entirely from reading spiritualist and psychic re-
 search publications. Now I may tell you that the
 spirit of antagonism to these matters which you
 entertained prior to your own experiences, and the
 spirit of indifference to other people’s experiences
 which you still have, have been induced by your
original guides, who, at least from your birth into
 this period of *earth life*, knew that this attitude
which is quite foreign to your real nature and in-
consistent with your habitual open-mindedness and
readiness to read in all lines, would make the inde-
pendent experiences which they knew were reserved
for you more valuable.”

After some conversation on this, to me, quite new
 aspect of the causes of my attitude which had often

seemed singular and contradictory to myself, the Père added :

“After your physical recuperation has been experienced and perfected, this will lead to other still more interesting experiences. These you will describe, and the book thus produced will be more fresh and more instructive if you read nothing until after you have written it.”

As November eleventh approached, Père Condé indicated the change which would mark the beginning of another month thus :

“Now, we three, your husband, Rubinstein and I have united our magnetism in a very vitalizing compound whose influence you may describe to me when you first perceive it.”

My description was accompanied by illustrations in exercises performed in response to impulse. I had been informed that such exercises would be probably somewhat erratic and surprising, but those directing my movements promised that no one should be permitted which was either inexplicable or unnecessary for the purpose in hand.

I was sometimes kept working so continuously, and under such strain that I dropped into a sound sleep just where I chanced to be, sitting or standing as the case might be; and when I awoke in

either position, refreshed and eager to resume exercises that were so vitalizing, it was always with a distinct consciousness or recollection of my period of repose and of the sensation of exhaustion that had preceded it.

On one of these occasions Père Condé told me that I had been kept awake and at work "*to the danger point of fatigue but not beyond it*"; that each such severe test of my endurance would increase this quality; and that the immediate proof of this was that I should go through the work of the following day and the exercises, instructions and labors of the succeeding night "uninterruptedly active for twenty-four hours with my sense of fatigue." A statement that was perfectly realized.

On November eleventh I begged Père Condé to tell me the length of my fast.

"I do not myself know; but I know it will be shorter or longer according to the degree of your obedience to the smallest detail of my prescriptions. There is no caprice in my instructions; only a perfect knowledge of the condition of your entire organism and of its need in every part."

I had experienced so many interior premonitions of an impending change that when the eleventh passed unmarked by any new experience, I was disappointed. On November twelfth, as I was recording Père Condé's directions in the usual manner,

I became suddenly conscious that the dictation had ceased and that my writing was continuing; that I was in fact recording a prescription which seemed to proceed from my own mind. Instantly dropping the pencil I told Père Condé what had happened. His reply was that he and his most intimate helpers were aware of this; that it was a goal toward which they had directed their efforts; that it meant that I had attained a receptivity which would make me quite accessible to their directions without the use of words; and he reminded me that he had advised me of this goal in October.

The next evening Père Condé told me that having given proof of my comprehension of the situation and of my ability to receive from their minds directly, the responsibility would now be shared by me, and the restraint which my teachers had thus far exercised for me must henceforth be exerted by my own will.

Early in November I had begun to have a perception of rich and delicate perfumes quite new to me. Of this I spoke to no one. By November twelfth these had become very strong, and having failed by repeated inspection of my external surroundings to discover their source, I described them as clearly as possible and asked for their identification.

Père Condé explained that one proceeded from a magnetism supplied by my husband which was an equivalent for food; that the other accompanied

a magnetism furnished by himself which was the substitute for repose, and that it was the regularly increasing supply of these which explained my diminishing need of food and sleep.

I was assured that by the *conscious use* of these and other magnetisms which in due time would be generated, administered and explained in turn, I should acquire "eyes that see" and "ears that hear," and that I might by intelligent use of these attain a state of mind wherein I should "be able to discern the co-existence of events." I demanded an explanation of this curious phrase and was told:

"This means that all events already are—but not yet precipitated into Time."

The Père added:

"When these powers are possessed and under control of your own will, you will receive new tests; for the labors demanded of you in this task of rehabilitation in health will be proportioned to the aid given you; to the gifts bestowed."

Late in November on a Saturday afternoon, I had a half-hour of sudden extreme weakness; I was overcome by a terrible sense of exhaustion accompanied by a depressing fear that this might be the result of my abstinence; that I might after all, as many of my friends were insistently assuring me,

be injuring myself permanently; in short that I might be self-deluded. It was a terrible half-hour—but it passed as suddenly as it had come and a half-hour later, feeling perfectly well, strong and buoyant, I was on my way to Cincinnati—where I was to spend Sunday with Madame Fredin, the head of the *Alliance Francaise* in that city, whose officers I had been invited to meet.

At my first opportunity, which did not occur until Monday evening, I asked Père Condé to explain the experience. He replied:

“Record my answer; it marks the end of the first half of the *disciplinary period* of your fast; it was a display of what your physical condition would be at this time without the support of forces constantly generated and imparted by your helpers. This condition was revealed to you as a test of your faith in these helpers and of your fixed determination to persevere in the practises they recommend. You bore the test. Now what is to follow will be much more severe than what has been experienced.

“The strength to sustain a long and severe fast and meantime to continue and to increase severe labor does not proceed from the plane called mortal, but from the spiritual plane; and for one still incarnated to function even for a few successive hours, not to say for a few successive months, on this plane it is necessary to control the tongue, the thoughts, and to hold one’s self continually in an elevated at-

mosphere. To do this prayer, devout, sincere and continuous is one indispensable factor."

I knew well that it was in respect to prayer that I failed most frequently and conspicuously, for, while as a means of securing the benefits of a concentrated aspiration I had always respected prayer and, under stress, had occasionally resorted to it and had realized its calming influence, I had never recovered from the surprise, the definite shock, that I had experienced on learning that religious exercises were, if the expression may be pardoned, to be a part of my regimen; but such was the fact; and on December fourth Père Condé dictated for record the following which indicates the substance of the paragraph with which his nightly prescriptions from this date closed:

"Now to your bath, which will be followed by the attention of your masseuse; then to your physical exercises followed by your lesson on the piano, both under the direction of your Master, Rubinstein. Then, it will probably be about three o'clock of to-morrow morning. Then, before you go to bed for a little while, we shall together offer our supplications that the Grace of God may accompany our labors, helping them to produce the fruits of success."

On the same date he wrote:

"Your vigils and fastings have only begun. Before they are finished you will pass many successive nights without sleep; many successive days without food. Henceforth, every moment of your time when you are not actually at work in your office or your recitation room will be used for training."

For the next five months this promise was fulfilled to the letter, and whenever I was alone for a moment, there came the impulse to exercise; usually the movements were unmistakably dictated by Rubinstein, a consciousness of whose vigorous and striking personality was simultaneously communicated. Finger exercises, placing and exercising the shoulders, arms and wrists, and the movements of knee, ankle and foot in working the pedals of the piano were thus taught and time was so conscientiously economized by my helpers that frequently before the door was closed upon a retiring class, I was performing one of these exercises in musical gymnastics; finally this Master's *rapport* became so perfect that I dictated business letters to my secretary by the hour while pacing the office floor, meanwhile responding to his silent but always instantly felt commands.

I insert one example of the Père's reproofs, of which I regret being obliged to confess I find more than a score in the records of this period, which bear permanent witness either to a weak yielding to appetite or to a feeble intelligence, which not grasp-

ing the significance of what seemed trifling details, disobeyed through forgetfulness.

“December 4th, 1902, at 3:24 A. M.

“This night it is my privilege to depart from established habit and to talk a little more than I ordinarily do of our relations. I find it necessary to do this because I find you do not understand why it is important for you to obey my smallest, most trifling orders. Without doubt it seems to you arbitrary and ridiculous that I should decide on what days you may eat bread and indeed the exact hours of those days; but in a very exact sense this is not arbitrary for it is not an expression of my will but my interpretation of your duty if you would obtain a certain result which in its turn becomes an indispensable condition of that physical restoration which we have always in view. . . .

“I am a physician. It was my principle rôle in distant time, in a country whose people are celebrated for brilliance and for splendid manifestations of power. I have collected the experiences of that epoch of my existence, have matured them in the light of my experience on the planes of life that I have known since death, and of my observation of incarnate humanity from this plane.

“I am the instrument appointed to help you procure perfect health of body which is impossible without an equal health of mind. It is upon trifles that both depend. There is no large result that does not proceed from the observation of trifles.

"Now, what are you to drink to-morrow? At the usual hour for breakfast three glasses of water, very hot and well salted; and, upon your return from school at noon, one cup of the same temperature and seasoning. During the afternoon you should drink two glasses of cold water, one well salted, the other without salt; after the dinner hour drink two glasses of cold water quite pure, *i. e.*, without salt, without medication or flavor of any kind.

"What shall you eat to-morrow? Nothing at the ordinary breakfast hour. When you return from school a little bread with cheese, or bread and a small quantity of any one of the fruits on your permitted list.

"For dinner you may eat sparingly of two permitted vegetables, and of a salad of fruit dressed with oil, lemon and salt. For dessert you may have either a baked apple or a few nuts; but *not both*.

"These two good meals are sufficient until Friday when probably you may have a share in the dinner. It is now Monday, or rather, although Tuesday morning we reckon it as still Monday, because your Monday's work is not over, and to-day you have had no food. You think that these two slight meals on Tuesday will hardly sustain you until Friday night for the work that is before you.

"I will now once for all renew a promise in substance often made. This promise holds good until, in professional language, I shall have 'dismissed

your case.' I will furnish you with a force that will enable you to abstain from food without difficulty and without any sensations of weakness or distress; with a force more than substituting the strength that would under ordinary conditions be derived from the ordinary quantity of food. This I shall supply in exact proportion as by my orders and by your obedience to them, you are deprived of ordinary nourishment.

"Now, do not tell others a word about this period of fasting; you are under the eyes of a large household of many colleagues and of many keen-eyed children. They will all see you wasting away from day to day, and your household observes the cause. You may be sure that these do not preserve silence about a course and a resulting condition that excite curiosity and occasion anxiety; but if you tell your friends the particulars of your abstinence and maintain that in spite of this you feel perfectly well and experience no weakness, they will be unable to believe it; because you can not yet tell them how in the absence of food and sleep, nutrition and rest are provided. Thus your assertions will have the air of boasting and every boastful word about it must be atoned for by discomfort if not by suffering. You perceive what importance I attach to trifles."

CHAPTER VIII

UNEXPECTED AND SENSATIONAL INTRODUCTION OF MESMER. HYPNOTISM,—HOW TO DETECT AND RESIST IT. CURED OF INCREDULITY

THE preceding chapters of Part II cover the first half of the experience of which I am trying to give an accurate history. During its second half, there was much repetition of both instructions and demonstrations.

My husband continued to interpret what I did not understand as presented by my other teachers; introduced all but one of my new helpers, and dictated "for record" during the second half of my fast more than two thousand pages. From these I select a few that contribute information, suggest efforts and desires, or state, imply or assume facts and principles not given up to this point, or which to my mind elucidate those previously noted.

Early in December, in explanation of a request, he wrote:

"So long as you hold the pencil in your hand the incredulity of the human heart can resist the testimony and can persuade itself that if what you write is not the fruit of your own volition it is at least the fruit of subconsciousness or of the subliminal self.

"If, on the contrary, the paper lie on the table in front of you with no pencil near it, and writing appears on that paper, then it will be impossible for you to think that you produced it either consciously or unconsciously."

In this way many of the pages used in preparing the rest of this volume were produced before my eyes.

In December I received through the post a letter from the Buffalo artist mentioned in Part I, enclosing a letter which she thought had been written through her hand by my husband, and which was signed by his name. The communication seemed to me fraudulent. My husband confirmed this impression saying he had not written it, that it had been written by Mrs. B. herself under hypnotic influence exerted from the Etheric Plane. He added:

"I may have been in her atmosphere a moment for we are interested in those who at different stages of our groping to put ourselves into communication with our earth friends have helped us; just as you are interested in all the mediums who, during the last five years, have served as a path for us to meet. You, however, now would never think of going to any one of them unless it might be to test some special communication received from one of us. We, who have no need of such tests, lack that motive

and I shall never again approach you through any medium unless moved to do so by your desire."

In reply to my question as to how hypnotic influences could be detected and resisted, he replied:

"The same differences of ability as to accuracy, precision and reliability that characterize workers in ordinary occupations on the Earth Plane obtain among those who do these unusual kinds of work. The body purified and cleansed by fasting, the mind disciplined by concentration and moved by only noble purpose are the sole guarantees of mediumistic reliability. . . .

"Your own facility in transmitting with perfect correctness tempts you to incredulity of your own work. Your brain has become so susceptible that you do not perceive the difference between recipient and source, and you are always creating incredulity of my existence by thinking that my communications originate in your own mind. Your various masters will, however, finally cure you of this incredulity by your obedience to orders that you will know never could have originated in your desire or in your will."

A few days later this cure of incredulity began. I noticed that no sooner did I express or even feel a doubt of the validity of some order, than I found myself doing the impossible; like suddenly stand-

ing on one foot on top of my small writing table; or leaping from the top of one piece of furniture to that of another. I did not like to feel that any power in the universe could thus move me like a puppet and I protested; whereupon I was told by each of my three chief helpers that if my prayers were sincere these manifestations were not arbitrarily imposed but came in direct obedience to my will, for I had repeatedly prayed for indisputable evidence that thoughts, words and actions originated outside of my own mind. This was quite true and this prayer, *i. e.*, that I might not be misled, either by skepticism on the one hand or by credulity on the other, I continued to offer.

Such experiences and the redemption of his or her promise by the satisfactory completion of the task undertaken or by continued work on it to this date (June, 1919), by each of my helpers has finally lifted these tutors out of the realm of question, and my acquaintance with these friends seems more intimate and reciprocally comprehending than do my relations with any equal number of friends still incarnate selected from my entire list of acquaintances; their personalities also are more sharply differentiated to my perceptions.

Although the labors of Rubinstein and Père Condé constitute the chief subject-matter of this volume, these were from the outset aided by invisible generators of the magnetisms they required, and in November my husband introduced two women

and two men to each of whom a definite service in my behalf was assigned.

In January, 1903, before entering on the regimen of the second half of my fast (the severity of which made the first half seem like indulgence), and in its early stages, my staff of direct helpers received nine accessions with each of whom I thenceforth frequently had short interviews, receiving from each many letters "for record." These friends were introduced separately, suddenly and usually without prior announcement of even their existence.

Their modes of approach had only one element in common; when introduced I realized instantly that he or she had been invisibly helping me for a long time and each seemed simply to advance from that distance which had made him invisible, and to come within the range of my normal vision. It was on the approach of these friends that I first realized that the near-sightedness, which is a defect of my physical vision, also characterizes my etheric sight; (*i. e.*, my clairvoyance). Not only am I indebted to each of these helpers for expert instruction in some particular subject, but also for some distinct service on the Physical Plane. Two of these retired from my acquaintance at the end of the year; but not until a stronger worker in their department had been found for me. Three others appeared at irregular intervals during the fourteen years that followed their first respective visits; the remaining four have continued to come frequently and at times

have given constant attendance for months. I shall, however, introduce to my readers only two of these subordinates; one of whom came to assist Père Condé directly and Rubinstein incidentally only; while the other was Rubinstein's assistant, the secondary effect of whose services was gratefully acknowledged by Père Condé. The first of these helpers is the only one who came unattended, introducing himself; the only one, too, who, in coming, ignored what may be called my reception hours for visitors from the Etheric Plane. This gentleman came on January 24th, 1903, at 10:30 A. M., in my English class room at the school. I was conducting a recitation. He stood at my left side until the class was dismissed and then apparently realizing that I had instantly recognized him, said:

"Yes, I am Mesmer, who, in his own time was by many regarded a great, and by some, a dangerous magician, but whom all the world now knows as a man of science. The race is now sufficiently developed to profit by the science to which my name attaches and as your mind is particularly open to this knowledge and as your body particularly needs its application, I have been asked to come and to stay with you until your recovery is complete. The care of the membranes that envelop organs and line passages and orifices is assigned to me."

[This was told me in excellent French which fell

so clearly upon my auditory nerves that I felt as if my whole body had become as an ear. Saying that, although he should probably be invisible to all who would enter my class room, his presence might embarrass me and he would therefore withdraw until my morning's work was over, he suited his action to the word and retired as the door opened to admit my next class.

I do not know that I had ever seen a portrait of Mesmer; but I have never seen any one in the flesh who has left a clearer or more lasting impression.

I shall describe him as he stood that half-hour by my side as visible as the young girls sitting before me. A rather slight, very strong and alert figure in black clothes and gaiters—a fine, but unusually long head, a keen face that seemed as alive as a flame, black eyes and eyebrows very distinctly marked; open dilating nostrils, gray hair in a short cue tied with a black ribbon.

In the many interviews I have had with him since, he has been variously garbed, but this first picture is the one I most vividly retain, although I can compare his appearance, look and costume on one occasion with those worn at another, as we all can do in the case of an incarnate friend.

I think Mesmer's first visit is the only one I have had from advanced planes since I got used to the daily association of Condé and Rubinstein, which has excited me. This did; I felt his personality so strongly that it conveyed his mission and although

no word relating to this subject was uttered, I knew instantly that he had come to cure my catarrh. *In his presence* I understood a recent instruction which had been meaningless.

“Mediumistic power is entirely dependent on the quantity and kinds of magnetism that one generates and that one can absorb.”

For the first time I realized that I was absorbing magnetism and also felt the enormous and peculiar power to generate magnetism possessed by my visitor.

Very severe abstinence had begun with the new year: *i. e.*, between Sundays I had but one dinner, no other meal; and even that was reduced both in quantity and substance; and on Mesmer's approach I realized that it was because of these severe measures that Condé needed his aid.

I will state here what I learned from Mesmer about magnetism during the next few months.

During his earthly career he had known magnetism only *en masse*, *i. e.*, had known only its general properties and powers. He had devoted himself during his post-mortem life (one can hardly express one's self on this subject without apparent paradoxes) to the discovery of its myriad particular qualities and differentiations; to the production of many new species and to devising new means for its generation; to the study of its sources and to

experiments in applications of it for the promotion of human welfare and progress.

As a result of his labors he had found not only that race and nationality modify one's magnetism, but that to one whose senses are fully awakened and who is keenly conscious of their testimony, the magnetism generated by a person will be a more accurate and reliable indicator of his nationality and his remote racial origins than the best kept records of a genealogical society; so that should the testimony of such records support a claim, and the odor of one's magnetism refute it, it is the latter that may be relied upon as infallible.

Before my catarrhal difficulty had become confirmed, odors had been to me the occasion of the keenest pleasure or discomfort, and the pleasure in delicious perfumes had so greatly exceeded the irritation arising from disagreeable ones that I had regarded the loss of this pleasure as the worst consequence of the ailment. Many of my acquaintances suffered varying degrees of this malady, and I had frequently observed that although on the average their olfactory nerves seemed much more obtuse than my own, generally they were indifferent to the reduced keenness of the sense of smell, and unless subject to the annual crisis in catarrh, called "hay-fever," seemed to disregard this disease. Annual visitations of la grippe had aggravated my catarrh to a state which I thought beyond remedy.

The perfume of that magnetism which substitutes food is very rich and at the same time delicate and exhilarating. In weight or density I compare it to the perfume of the tuberose, in delicacy to that of the white water-lily; but the third element in this perfume, which I call exhilaration, I can compare to no other fragrance.

Mesmer told me that not only does every magnetism have its distinctive perfume, but that the differentiating quality of each magnetism expresses itself in odor; that not only each race and each nation within a race generates a distinctive magnetism, but that each individual thus announces that quality which we call personality, which separates each from all others of the same nation, or of even the same family. Going further he assured me that temperament and permanent characteristics manifest in one's magnetism, which is also affected by every shifting mood.

The perception of perfumes depends on the condition of the mucous membrane which lines all the passages of the body; according as it is healthy and untorn will one perceive odors with accuracy.

From the first treatment administered by Mesmer, I experienced improvement of the conditions indicated; but quite apart from his personal service I have found the society and instruction of this savant fascinating.

The first week of February was the first total

fast unbroken by a single meal between successive Sundays; and from that time the Sunday repasts were reduced; exercises were increased in amount and vigor, while sleep was reduced to a scant two hours. Meanwhile the assurances of my husband that if I should practise perfect obedience to Père Condé and supplement obedience by prayer, I should find myself sated without food and rested without sleep, seemed justified; for, although this was a month of increased activity, I felt equal to whatever came and was easily able to meet new conditions and to do unusual tasks.

I, however, observed that while communications from all others on higher planes with whom I was now in touch increased, I was receiving fewer communications from my husband. Demanding the reason, he told me that I was in need of all the magnetism that could be generated up to the very limit of my powers of absorption, which they had not yet reached; that our *rappport* was such that his effective ministration of magnetism could continue should all communication between us cease; while in the case of many others their ministrations of magnetism became impossible when communication was long suspended.

One night when I awakened from my brief permitted sleep I experienced a quite new elation, a conscious vitality, novel and delightful. I asked for the cause and was directed to "write for record":

"Feb. 9th, 1903.

"You have often asked me: 'What is a trance?' It was a natural question; but as I never experienced one and you have just risen from your first one should I not now ask you 'What is a trance'? I shall not tease; but as well as I can shall explain the cause of your elated state. A trance is sometimes defined to be a deep sleep. Some people when inducing in another the trance state, describe the process by the phrase 'putting down.' This is employed by those who suppose that a trance removes the soul from the ordinary to what is called the subliminal consciousness, *i. e.*, to a consciousness *sub-normal* instead of *super-normal*; a consciousness in which the soul is simply undisturbed by any earthly condition or circumstance. If this state is a trance at all, it is the lowest form.

"In what your Masters call an actual, a perfect trance, there is a temporary but entire separation of the soul from the body. During such a separation the body gets an absolute repose; the only such repose it can ever know since the body is worn by the tenancy of an active soul. It is not so much contact with externals that tires the body as it is the agitation that it suffers from its restless, eager tenant.

"To a healthy body a short trance is equal in recuperative power to a very long slumber."

I had been forced to write this so rapidly that not

until this point could I interrupt with my accusation:

"But you all promised that I should not be entranced; that I should have all experiences consciously; I would never have believed you could deceive me!"

The reply in a tone of grieved reproach was:

"Write for record. We have not deceived you, for during this trance you have had no experience. We have all watched your body while it took a rest, not to be induced in any other way, which is indispensable to its bearing the regimen and the ministrations which in their turn are indispensable to your recovery of health and your achievement of music.

"So far as objective results in these and in all other directions are concerned we could have gone much more rapidly had the trance state been allowed to us by the terms of our contract.

"I have now become convinced that the symmetrical development which will eventuate on the Earth Plane in health and awakened faculties must be a conscious development; *i. e.*, a development of which the soul is conscious on the Earth Plane; conscious of each successive step in each stage of its progress. The whole band of workers have unitedly and sincerely yielded to this plan, abided by it and have, so to speak, done everything under your own eyes; *i. e.*,

you know, as far as one still embodied in the flesh can know, the processes, the instrumentalities and the stages of physical recovery and of the development of latent powers. This is the most difficult, laborious and tedious of all methods; not only for those who teach and minister to one, but for the pupil and patient; and in spite of all our care, you were worn to the danger point. What else could I do but ask and assist in securing the trance that would so rest your body as to give it the sense of buoyance that you find so delightful?

"No one of us now wishes to entrance you while at work with you or while you are doing anything under our direction, but, now having had this experience of one trance *for repose only*, your band under the direction of Père Condé, himself, always guided by his exalted superior, wish with your permission to accustom you to this substitute of trance for slumber and thereby to lengthen your working day to twenty-three hours. Now, being acquainted with a trance and with this full knowledge of our desires, we shall hereafter notify you when we think you need a trance *for repose only*, and we shall abide by your decision, but we believe you will permit it."

I was told that although the trance had been perfect, it was only next to the lowest form of perfect trance; the highest, being a condition wherein the soul, to whatever plane removed, remains perfectly

conscious of its experiences on any plane or planes where it has been and by such consciousness brings the planes of life nearer together.

On February tenth, I experienced by my own desire another trance from which instead of passing into a state of awakening after a two hours' separation from my body, I passed into a deep natural slumber which lasted three hours. Thus I obtained a knowledge clear and direct of the difference between trance and slumber; and derived a restoration so complete that it seemed to me that I never could again be weary. This experience increased the *rapport* with all my helpers.

Two days later, I enjoyed a reverse of this experience, passing from a very brief natural sleep into a trance of an hour and from the trance into natural waking; with a dimly remembered perception of each transition.

I was assured that these experiences though rare, were in strict accordance with law. This being the case it seemed singular to my helpers that humans are so slow to learn the laws that govern the development of their own being; the natural laws, whereby ante- and post-mortem life are connected.

On February twenty-third, I enjoyed a striking experience of clairvoyance.

I have already described Père Condé as from September 11, 1902, I had to this date nightly perceived him. Now, suddenly I saw not only his face but

his slender towering form in a cardinal's robes enriched with the insignia of divers evidently exalted offices, which I did not understand.

At this time I received a new definition of prayer and also a clear perception of its correctness. "Prayer is the recognition, usually the quite unconscious, but, at best, a conscious and intelligent recognition of a universal natural law, *viz.*: the law of demand and supply, which we chiefly hear discussed as if limited to the world of commerce and industry."

I attributed to Mesmer the increasing facility which I was enjoying in all my work; but I was much mortified by a sudden interruption of my complacency by an attack of la grippe whose annual seizure I had confidently expected to escape. This occurred on February twenty-seventh, and in my distress I really forgot my helpers until February twenty-eighth, at 4:20 A. M., when I called on Mesmer to come and give my throat a treatment.

He was instantly at my side and dictating the exact date as given above, continued as follows:

"You have no right to be ill like this. You have no right to be ill at all. You have a very strong body and now have and long have had the highest knowledge and the best advice that can be transmitted to an incarnate human concerning all topics bound up in the great subject of hygiene. You ought at this moment to be perfectly well but so

'far as my orders are concerned you have been guilty of a double disobedience. You have done what I forbade; and have refused to act on impulses communicated by me for the definite treatment of both nose and throat.'

Knowing that all he said was true, I was dumb with mortification. My silent acquiescence in his condemnation seemed to satisfy him; he continued:

"Now we have attained a perfect *rapport* and I think I can give you a magnetism that will cure you entirely before eight o'clock so that you can go to school and attend to all your work with ease; but to continue well, you must be obedient to my instructions both of prohibition and command. A dozen people are here now, eager to write you, and Rubinstein whose work has been interrupted by this bad night must have an hour's exercises; so I retire, but I shall stay near you to administer the magnetism, the promised effects of which will be rapid."

I recovered almost instantly; did an unusual amount of work that day and not until March first had I an opportunity to ask Mesmer why he did not see my distress on February twenty-seventh and come to me before I called him. His reply was:

"Giving from this plane is impossible unless one on your plane is ready to receive. The voice awak-

ens vibrations which in turn strengthen our *rapport*."

On March third I called Mesmer and asked whether the recent attack could have been avoided. His reply was:

"It is the privilege of Père Condé alone to know that. In my eyes it was quite unnecessary; but such a multitude of different conditions and interests enter into your case that I am quite unable to see all, or to understand all that I see. Monsieur Condé understands all the conditions and he can tell you whether it would have been possible for you to escape an attack full of pain and also of humiliation.

"An interruption like this offers a good opportunity to cultivate faith, and faith bears the same relation to other spiritual forces that magnetism bears to other physical forces. Each is the finest and most powerful force on its own plane. The batteries for the generation of magnetism are in the human body whether we speak of the physical, the etheric or the celestial body; while faith is generated in the soul, instead of the body, on all these planes. Both these two subtle forces interpenetrate life on all planes and each is at its highest efficiency when it meets and cooperates with the other."

I was not satisfied with what Mesmer had said

of the value of the voice in aiding *rapport* and asked for a further elucidation of his theory.

"It starts vibrations in your atmosphere which move ours and also it gives us a sense of your faith in us; and faith of one in any other increases that other's power."

When Mesmer retired, Père Condé came and expressed his satisfaction in my revived courage. The attack of la grippe had been not only physically debilitating but it had been a great moral shock. As an exhibit of Père Condé's tenderness and wisdom, I reproduce his brief letter:

"All incarnate humans are very feeble and perhaps I have expected more than it is possible for you to be or to do. I know that all you say of the conditions is true; but I also know that the divine purpose is never beaten by the spirit or by the conditions of a mortal; and without attempting to convince you of your ability to do what you now think impossible, I shall content myself with your good will to do and shall continue the task assigned me—which is your perfect cure; your development to all wellness. You wish me to define that? In a completely sound and healthy person there is an exact balance of powers; *i. e.*, psychic and physical, whether few or many, whether large or small, are commensurate.

"Now to answer the questions which Mesmer referred to me:—There have been three causes for your recent illness and depression.

"First: You had become too proud of your success and had forgotten that all had proceeded from the Grace of God. Second: On the days when food was allowed, although it is true that the absolute quantity was small, it was augmented in effect by the greed with which it was taken. Third: You have cherished a critical attitude toward those relatives and friends who have criticized your present mode of life. Their criticisms, in view of their ignorance of all the facts, are natural. Your secret resentment of their criticisms, in view of your large interior knowledge of the facts, is inexcusable. It was this spirit of criticism carried into your relations with Mesmer, which led you to violate his instructions. Thus culminated your malady. I hope you will now be able to find in hot water well seasoned, alternating with cold water unseasoned, a sufficing sustenance. . . .

"Now let fall from your mind all thought of food."

On December seventh my husband had told me that unless he should forfeit it, it was to be his privilege to present to me all the persons whom I am henceforth to know on the Etheric Plane before I go thither, except that occasionally I

should be asked to describe orally or in writing personalities permitted to enter my circle without introduction. He told me that some of these, coming only to test my quickened perceptions, would neither linger nor return and therefore would never be formally introduced; that as I described them I should be told whenever I made erroneous statements concerning their aspects or qualities. Several such test visitors came whom I described satisfactorily.

My husband then said he was about to introduce two gentlemen of whose admission to my circle on the Etheric Plane I had already been informed by both himself and Père Condé.

As the test that followed was the first of the kind applied to me, and is one to which I have since submitted unnumbered times with success, I reproduce my husband's exact words in preparing me for it.

"The two gentlemen are here at this moment. I stand at your left; they stand at my left, facing the east, but looking at you. After I introduce each, in order to be sure that you really feel his presence and his personality, I wish you to describe him to me, and also to write your description for record. I have the honor to introduce Mr. George Brewster."

At the utterance of the name there was clearly presented to my perceptions, rather as if he entered

my consciousness than as if he entered the room, a gentleman whom I instantly described as follows:

"I see that Mr. George Brewster is fair, one might say blond; with yellow hair worn in a cue, tied with a black ribbon; he has shrewd, blue-gray eyes, clear and intelligent; a rosy rather than a florid face; teeth rather yellow; a long chin. He has on a blue coat, light rather than dark; a white waistcoat, rising above which is a ruffled shirt; it seems to me that the ruffles are not only in the bosom of the shirt, but they rise above the neck. He wears black knee breeches, black stockings and low shoes with buckles. I am impressed that he is dressed as he would have been to go to dinner."

I saw Mr. Brewster plainly, but I knew that I saw him directly with my intelligence, not through the agency of my eyes either physical or etheric. My husband's comment was:

"It is a more accurate description than your eyes would be likely to yield of any visitor on earth in so short a time. Mr. Brewster feels much relieved; he interprets this quick and correct perception of his personality to indicate that he will be able to come very near you and to help you; there would seem to be no temperamental barriers. Mr. Brewster, however, wishes me to present his associate, Mr. Heinrich Hahn, before he begins a conversation with you.

"Now, you will kindly describe Mr. Hahn, that we may know whether you have really perceived him and received him into your present life as an influence. I have the pleasure of presenting to you a very particular friend of your benefactor, Monsieur le Père Condé, Mr. Heinrich Hahn."

It is unnecessary to reproduce in detail my description of Herr Hahn as he came within my intelligence. He was dark, had black hair and eyes and a Jewish type of countenance, softened by a very kind and friendly, almost benevolent, smile.

These two gentlemen were frequently visitors for two years following their admission to my circle, from which they did not retire until replaced by one whom they, as well as my chief helpers, regarded more competent, or rather more advanced in their departments of service. I often felt their atmosphere so strong and sustaining that I might call it *solid*, if *solid magnetism* did not seem like a contradiction of terms.

I asked Mesmer the value of that magnetism, which seems to be of no particular variety, *i. e.*, which, as one receives it, has neither flavor, perfume nor other perceptible quality which separates it from the all of magnetism that interpenetrates all ether even as electricity interpenetrates all air. He told me that it diminished the strain of my mind and body and that, because of this, I could turn off vast quantities of work without exhaus-

tion. He said my own magnetism was of a very sturdy quality and that I generated large quantities; that by sustaining any one's own, with *neutral* magnetism, *i. e.*, with magnetism generated on the Etheric Plane, unmodified by any purpose besides sustaining strength, that the productivity of one's mind was increased and the fatigue of one's body lessened in direct ratio to the amount of the foreign magnetism appropriated.

To what extent this can be carried I do not know, but I have been told to far beyond the extreme limits of my experience, and I have worked literally night and day for months on an average of three hours per twenty-four, for repose. When susceptible to their respective magnetisms, the qualities of persons became tangible and visible; and I realized the significance of our symbolic language; "robed in dignity," *e. g.*, is not a figure of speech. Dignity is a protecting garment for whomsoever it fits, *i. e.*, for any one who generates a magnetism producing it.

CHAPTER IX

SURPRISING ANSWERS TO PRAYERS WHEN RUBIN-
STEIN CONTROLS. WORKS WITHOUT MEAS-
URING EFFORT

FROM the day that the new piano was placed in my room, up to September seventeenth, exercises on it had been dictated for from one to three hours each night. The evident purpose of some of these was the magnetism of the instrument; of others the harmonization of my organism with the instrument; besides these were finger exercises more comparable in appearance to the ordinary practise of the beginner. From the seventeenth, although my facility in the execution of merely physical exercises was steadily increasing, I had experienced an inability to respond with accustomed ease to the Master's musical instruction.

On September thirtieth my husband told me that Rubinstein wished me to provide a separate book in which to record his independent instructions.

From his first formal letter I quote some paragraphs which indicate his personality, his method and his intentions respecting his novel task, and also reveal his pupil's weakness.

"September 30th, 1902.

"Madam, I do indeed wish to write, for, since you ceased daily practise on the instrument, much

has accumulated in my mind that must be discharged from it. You have made a great mistake to place any one in the room above your own whom you fear; but, the fear having been aroused, must be conquered and you must become quite independent of it.

"I must play with your body—one might say on it, in it, through it, until it is, at the union of our two wills, altogether mine as respects those exercises which will harmonize the body and those piano exercises which will harmonize the harmonized body with that instrument.

"It, your body, must for these two purposes be as much the instrument of my soul as was my own body when I walked the earth clothed upon in mortal flesh.

"This acquisition of perfect occupancy or of perfect direction requires severe regimen, and although I hate to see you fast, I know your abstinence must yet be much more continuous as well as more complete. This regimen in respect to food and drink I leave to Condé, who, as physician, knows the theory, and, as priest, the practise of abstinence; but *the exercise and the manipulation of members and organs must be quite mine.*

"Every part, member, organ and function of the body must be perfectly controlled. This requires severe labor, but while absolutely its severity will increase, relatively it will diminish as the regimen grows severe, for it is this regimen that alone makes

my work possible to you. On the other hand, my work will complete the work of renovation and cleansing; so, really, you, the Père and I are partners, and I grant it is an odd partnership.

"My work will require many hours of physical exercise every night; and each night I shall teach you new movements; many of them perhaps fantastic, certainly unprecedented in your experience or observation; but only so can your own complete control of your body be secured, and *your control of the piano* proceeds from and depends on *your control of your body.*"

Replying to my avowed pleasure in my conscious physical facility, the Master continued:

"Yes, you are becoming more mobile; but you still are rigid as a rock compared to what you must become if your work goes on.

"Resist no impulse, however unexpected, absurd and silly it may seem. I shall write no more now until at the end of your exercises you fall limp and breathless to the floor. You will receive no injury from such falls. The sensation accompanying such a fall will pervade your whole organism and will be delicious.

"I shall as usual continue to hold the magnetic conditions while you sleep. You ask what I intend to do with your body? My intention is to make it like wax that can be poured into any mould; like strings that can be tied into an infinitude of knots."

I questioned the Master respecting an event which he had told me would transpire at a certain time, but which did not then arrive. He replied:

"The events are exactly as I described them; they are not yet matured to the point of precipitation in time. Time seems to be an element that we can not fully measure, if, indeed, it be an element at all. We, on this plane, are often deceived regarding the time of events on yours; but, never, I believe, are we deceived as to the events. Here we have prophets and seers whose function is to locate events in time. Some who confine their observations to earth conditions are experts; but our task does not concern prophecy; our business is to make your body supple, pliant, sensitive, responsive, obedient.

"The first principle which has occupied me since August tenth might be called: *Control of the body through magnetic force.*

"Your body is now fairly subject to my magnetism; your feet, which were very obstinate last night, are more docile to-day.

"The second principle is: *The control of a mind in a perfectly magnetized body by the generator of that particular magnetism.*

"The second principle is not taught you of necessity, because for the control of the piano, the control of the body is alone necessary; but control of your mind, which involves your knowledge and

practise of the second principle, will give you that appreciation of music and that joy in your own work which we wish you to feel.

"Now prove that your feet can submit to this control and then celebrate the first entrance of my mind into your mind. The invasion will not be that of an enemy to forage and ravage, but the invasion into the larder of a friend by one who brings some delicacies lacking to its supplies."

Rubinstein was impatient to have his photograph framed and hung. He told me to send for a photograph of Dahn's portrait of him—but from no picture dealer to whom I applied could I obtain either such a photograph or any knowledge of a portrait-painter named Dahn. I therefore ordered through a local art store the best obtainable photograph and framed and hung it according to his directions.

This photograph represented him as he had appeared at the celebration of his jubilee in 1889. Referring to it, he said:

"I am glad you have brought this photograph to your room, but it is not the best one for our purpose. Adjust it so that when you stand before it, its eyes will be just opposite your own. I still wish you to have a photograph of Dahn's painting of me. However, the presence of this in the room will be a great help, not only in your piano practise, but

in your physical exercises which I shall often communicate to you through it.”*

The exercises that occupied me for hours every night for many weeks may be inferred from the foregoing quotations, and perhaps from them and from extracts of subsequent communications the reader will get an impression of the simple but strong and profound nature that already commanded my perfect confidence.

From thousands of pages received “for record” prior to February, 1903, I give, almost at random, passages expressing this master’s personality, variety, wit and nobility.

The application of each remark was apt and immediate. Not one hint of changed method, or of quite new directions, appears in these disconnected paragraphs that was not wrought in tireless detail. Every theory here implied was demonstrated in mental lessons, physical exercises and practise on the instrument. Space forbids my reporting every verification, but I think the passages self-illuminating.

“Now you know I am trying to fill you full of etheric magnetism, through which all clear com-

*This was frequently done and continued to June, 1908, and when I was obliged to put both piano and framed photograph in storage I could as easily perceive whether this master addressed me directly or through his photograph or his portrait, as I could whether a flesh-clad friend speaks to me in the room where I sit or calls me from an upper or a lower room.

munications are transmitted. As ships sail on water, as birds fly in the air and as electricity clings to the wire—so, thought moves unobstructed in this element. The plan or law of revelation you will also receive through the same medium. Now, full height, full length and full inspiration. Communicate this vibration to your body by resting this board on your chest; yes, there is an occult significance, but I am not your master in occult philosophy, only in physical development. . . .

“Sit upright, but with eyes closed, one half-hour. Then lie down—your head on the exercise board—and act on impulse, making no effort either to restrain or direct. New exercises, determined by my success in this, will follow.

“Your whole body must be rhythmical; therefore every part of it must become conscious of its relation to the great nerve centers.

“Remember the ends we have in view—the little selfish ends. . . . Greatest of all we are to demonstrate beyond possibility of cavil—immortality—the survival of identity—and the interpenetration, hence interdependence of the two planes, indeed of all planes of life. To attain such ends we can afford to drop all conventions and work without measuring effort.

“Now—place your hand upon your head, and take such exercises as impulse dictates. These finished, place your hands upon the board and give

one hour's uninterrupted obedience to me. This is to set in motion a thousand cells that have never felt a vibratory impulse, through which you are to become susceptible to accords and discords.

"All this means work, such work as even you have never known. Give me your hands and let me show you how they are to be made pliable, flexible, limp like rags, strong like hammers, harmonious like birds' notes. *Now, now, NOW.* . . .

"Press the hands hard against the sides of the head; the mouth in form of *o* long; sound, vibrating as long as you can; I might aid you to make perfect tone, but I wish you to work consciously—I wonder if you realize that you are being magnetized—the board and indeed the room must also be magnetized.

"As your hands rest on the board think of nothing. When they begin to move try to let your thought keep time. When the physical movements cease, mental harmony will be established and you will then hear distinctly the voices on this plane. Your husband's voice will be the first to reach you thus. This is the reward of his fidelity and of yours. It is equally remarkable on both planes that six years of separation have not divided you."

Referring to my desire to study his life:

"I am glad you will order both books; there are anecdotes in the *Biography* that are rather discredit-

able, which I would not have told you myself, but you must remember that I have had years here to improve in, and I am quite worthy to be your friend. Were I not, your husband would not sanction our acquaintance, for he is very punctilious about the moralities, small and large. Now, place your hands on the board and obey every impulse without hesitation.

"I shall play on your hands for one hour.

"You must be very lightly and loosely clothed, for Père Condé and I wish to magnetize every cell in your body and I am to fill every interstice between cells, every pore with musical sounds."

I thought I had been at the piano but a few minutes when by the clock I had played constantly one hour and a half. Rubinstein assured me that my response had been perfect. He was much pleased and said:

"You have made great magnetic progress. Now you are to have some new exercises. Place your exercise cloth on the floor and stretch at full length on it.

"As you lie down, wear the loose gown in which you play and cover yourself with the exercise sheet; these are drenched with magnetism; you will fall instantly into a magnetic slumber. You are to sleep one hour, and wake on the minute.

"Now, after unprecedented and peculiar exer-

cises, which you will probably think violent, I shall conduct you to the piano and give you a lesson."

Rubinstein advised me that the early lesson would be practised, so to speak, on my body, whose movements would all be directed to secure flexibility and harmony.

During this lesson I felt a strain upon my wrists, accompanied by sharp pain and a tension of the muscles of the upper arm, though I was not moving these members at all, nor was there any external sign that they were being exercised.

I described what I felt. My description was approved and I was assured that I must exercise shoulders and wrists until the exercises occasioned no uncomfortable sensation.

"I shall stay right here magnetizing this room; whenever you can leave your work for ten minutes, come and I will give you directions for their use."

Later:

"All the poisons are to be drained out of your body, but with that I've nothing to do. My part is to develop and train your muscles through music, and I shall do it.

"Follow impulse for ten minutes, then go to the piano and play. I will help you."

Up to this time my practise had been in the sub-

duced light which I had arranged in accordance with first instructions. Now in the seventh week of our acquaintance, Rubinstein explained that he must work for a degree of control that would enable him to direct my music in the presence of other people in daylight or artificial light of the most intense character; which simply meant that *I* must gain power to *resist* and *he* to *cancel* distracting influences. In answer to a question:

"I have a new exercise for you to-night. Sit on the floor on the exercise board and follow every impulse. Remember our task is to awaken, to vitalize, to recreate, almost to etherize every particle of matter in your body, and we must have your ungrudging and uncritical help in this.

"At these meetings no one but Père Condé, your husband, myself and your original guide are allowed. We are the most interior of your helpers and you need not hesitate to obey any command that I give. I shall not give a wrong one, but if I did, it could not be promulgated in the presence of this group of noble spirits, all engaged in your tuition. Now begin the new exercise. It will interest you and it will also do you great physical good.

"Be quick. Your whole body must grow supple and responsive. Do not have a moment's anxiety. It is timidity that paralyzes. Courage is to be your salvation."

At this time Rubinstein told me that I was more

relaxed during the bath and massage than at any other time, and that he was going to try to communicate a sense of rhythm to me at that time. He added:

“Water is a good element for the harmonious development of the atoms that constitute your present garb. Place a flat dish of water on the piano before you play. It helps to concentrate the magnetism; we shall fill you with magnetism until it runs out of your pores like perspiration.”

After a lesson which was commended, Rubinstein told me that after Père Condé, who had arranged for a long talk with me, was through, I might return to him and he would answer fully, as far as his knowledge enabled him to do so, all questions I might desire to ask. He said it would be a better test of our *rappport* and of his intimate acquaintance with my thoughts if I would ask the questions mentally and let him write the answers:

“You may speak if you prefer, and in any case, if you follow my suggestions and propound your questions mentally, if my answer does not fit—does not seem reasonable—then you may speak aloud to test my hearing and see if it is more acute than my perception of unsymbolized thoughts. . . .

“Now listen to Père Condé, who has been very patient and who is more important to you in many

ways than I am, as what I do must depend largely on him; and what he does depends on no one unless we say that his acquaintance with you and his chance to try his great experiment depends on your husband."

One evening when Rubinstein gave me an exercise for the feet, he directed me to place them on the pedals of the piano following impulse and then to try to remove them.

"You will find them as tight to the pedals as if glued. You must be more passive. Pray to have all *active will*, all *positiveness* taken away.

"The perfect polarization of all your powers will secure you immunity from all illnesses, great and small, and this polarization means harmony, as harmony means musical climax."

Whenever I felt that I did and said all of myself, Rubinstein, instantly feeling these attacks of skepticism, would give me what he called "a corrective." Here is an illustration:

"Go to the piano for just one half-hour and I will simply give you exercises for your fingers, hands and feet. They will be very complicated, difficult and fatiguing; and you will probably not think them a result of auto-suggestion. After that you may rest one half-hour lying down on your exercise rug and receive magnetism.

"I think you know that your fingers are being lifted one by one quite independent of your will or of your knowledge as to where they will strike."

Often during these exercises which accompanied lessons on subjects quite new to me I would experience a singular sense of strain followed by a sudden drowsiness. Whenever I had these successive sensations I was ordered to bed, Rubinstein assuring me that he should stay to help magnetize both myself and the room in order to promote clair-audience.

"October 6th, 1902.

"Madam, we now have two hours of hard work before us; work, however, that shall not weary, but on the contrary, invigorate."

In explanation of some extraordinary directions, he added:

"These are to equalize the circulation and to harmonize members. These exercises do not particularly affect organs, only parts. After these exercises your perception will be quickened and will both record and execute my next instructions more accurately.

"By our contract you are always to retain a perfectly clear consciousness of what you are doing, which means that your nominally normal conscious-

ness is always to be sitting in judgment on our commands and instructions and on your own acts and actions. (Note the difference.) Hence, so far as moral quality is concerned, you have entire responsibility, hence there must always be a reservation in all your promises to us, since you never surrender full obedience. You do, however, surrender completely your judgment about physical development, piano practise and the development of the musical faculty to my judgment; and you are to surrender your taste in music to my taste.

"Now, make your promise thus conditioned and defined and then yield ten minutes absolutely to impulses imparted by me."

I did so, but when the impulse ceased, I exclaimed, "It was twenty minutes."

"Yes, I doubled the time because ten minutes had not accomplished the result which was to give you a final sense of freedom.

"Stand before your husband's portrait and concentrate on the sense of hearing following the impulses that we have agreed on imparting by our joint effort. Clairaudience is the almost indispensable next step toward your goal. Many of your faculties are in the bud. We are not permitted to open any one and leave the others. We must bring all on at the same time."

There followed an abrupt command to tense all members and parts of the body successively and then to relax them. These alternating exercises were described and felt to be both mental and physical, and were continued until mind and body had attained conscious rhythmical relation.

Rubinstein then said: "The exercises that will follow will be exaggerated."

As I commenced to execute them, I exclaimed, "Ridiculous."

"Yes, 'ridiculous,' but a necessary step in your unfoldment. Next, let us have a song—with the body, the whole body, as its voice. Stand before the mirror and you will render it. Sit on the music bench; first take a physical exercise on the keys, then a mental; the latter will be an attempt to work on the second principle.

"You will remember, Madam, that there are three principles to which during this period of your development all of our work must conform."

I reminded the Master that he had already given me two of these three.

"I wish you to remember them as I give them now in their expanded form, with explanations, and not in the elementary form in which I gave them September thirtieth.

"First: My mind, my spirit, occupies and uses

your body as its very own; your spirit, however, remaining in your body an observing and comprehending tenant.

"Second: My mind dominates and possesses yours so that you use your body just as I would, were it my own instrument.

"The first principle ignores your mind—while I occupy, you must be either absent or dormant; you are not willing to quit nor to be drugged; I am not willing either to evict or to bind.

"The second principle again compels at least the temporary abandonment of selfhood by self. Myself possesses and dominates not your body, but *yourself*. Your ego is independent as is my own. Your ego is not willing to be enslaved nor to be effaced; nor is my ego so ignoble that it would if it could enslave or efface your ego.

"What do these corollaries of our first two principles clearly indicate? The need of a third principle. It is a lofty and God-like principle. It will be the basis of our later work; emanating from Deity, arising out of our origin in Deity; difficult to conform to, but necessary. It, however, can not be applied to our lives and conformed to by us, until after the first two principles have been practised to a degree which makes them automatic whenever our united wills demand their exercise."

My books of notes show that during these months I often exercised all night with short intervals of

rest (that best rest, lying prone on the floor) which aggregated never more than three hours and more frequently less than two hours. At the end of exercises of a remarkable character :

“Dear Madam, are you satisfied that some power outside of yourself guides and controls you?”

Restating the three principles, he said :

“Now I shall practise them in order—I shall control your body, leaving your mind quite unaffected. Next, I shall control your mind, reaching your body only through your own mind. And, last, I shall reside in your mind and clothe myself with your personality, and while doing the third I will give you a nut to crack, *viz.* : To play without producing a sound; to feel the music to place your fingers correctly just above each key; to exert the proper amount of force to produce the correct sound if they touched the keys.”

After having been subjected to the demonstration of the three principles and to the execution of soundless music, of which I had an acute perception, I felt strangely fatigued. The Master said :

“Music demands the ripeness of all powers and faculties; and it requires more physical strength than is needed by a wood-chopper. It demands, before all things, exuberance of physical life. One

can not play and garner one's strength. One must let herself go—let herself out—and that self must be inexhaustible. The pianist must have strength; but strength without feeling were like dead matter; a burden of coarseness. Feeling, various, tumultuous, yet harmonious—feeling, the basic principle of music, were violated if not restrained and held in leash by perfect sense of proportion.”

The next evening the instruction began thus :

“I am about to project a sentiment into your subconsciousness and then we three are to watch the phenomenon of its working up into your ordinary consciousness, into what one may call your superficial mind. Then your mind shall call to your body and every muscle shall respond, every organ shall be in accord.

“This is what you must be able to do at the instrument. You must feel every sentiment and then express it through the piano, which must become just as subject to your will, your thought or your feeling as is your own body.”

Once when an experiment along the lines indicated had failed, I asked the reason.

“There are three reasons. First, you were so conscious, so curious, about what sentiment was to be communicated to you that you were not relaxed

enough to receive suggestion. Second, the room is too warm and this makes the atmosphere, magnetically speaking, unfavorable. A third is: I am too careful to preserve your individuality; ordinarily I wish to be scrupulous about this, but your husband and Père Condé have just now agreed that I may attack your individuality; set it quite free, if I can, and to a certain measure inhabit your mind. You need not fear; you are not to be entranced at all; not to lose consciousness, but to surrender your will as active cause, and for that purpose or office take mine."

Rubinstein seemed as constitutionally opposed to the fast as was my father, whose disapproval was frequently and strongly expressed; yet the Master admitted its necessity, often closing a long denunciation of its severity by declaring:

"After all, abstinence is necessary to crystal clear perception."

During October the exercises were so severe that when, at the end of several hours, the magnetic support was removed, I fell into a deep slumber; this by the time card never exceeded thirty minutes, but yielded the refreshment formerly resulting from an unbroken stretch of eight hours.

On one of these occasions, to an exclamation of surprise, the Master responded:

"I shall try constantly to awaken your consciousness to the fact that you are receiving suggestions that have the force of commands and that you are simultaneously receiving that element which enables you to obey these commands in a manner which, left to yourself, would be quite outside of your power."

Having been for four days without the least particle of food, and with sleep diminished to a total of ten hours in those four days, feeling neither weak nor weary, I asked Rubinstein for the cause:

"With your magnetic support it is not strange at all that you do not feel enfeebled. The power of etheric magnetism is yet quite unrealized, indeed, its existence is denied by many scientists, but it is one of the most powerful elements known."

On November ninth Rubinstein suddenly commanded in the midst of a physical exercise which he had told me was the preface to the night's piano practise:

"Write for record.

"I appreciate your self-control better than your physician does. Condé had such training in abstinence on earth and has been so long removed from earth that he does not know what it is for a woman of your habits and your temperament to

go eighty-five hours without a morsel of food but water; to have her sleep reduced to seven hours in all these eighty-five and to be kept at hard work for the other seventy-eight. Of course, it were impossible but for the Grace of God, which permits primarily the support of your husband, and secondarily the support of the various magnetic forces we can command.

"Now, two such spirits as Condé and your husband can not know what it is for one of your temperament and, I must add, so far as food appetite is concerned, self-indulgent tendencies, to fast so long; while I, whose fasts were caused by poverty and were never voluntary and intentional, and who still remember with pleasure certain foods, I *do* know."

Toward the end of November I felt keen hunger and begged Père Condé for a dinner the next day. On his refusal, I felt deep mortification, and also a curious condition of conflict about me, which was as curiously explained the next day by Rubinstein:

"You did not understand the situation last night, when the Père refused your petition to dine to-day. Here are the facts: There is strenuous work ahead of us, and I feel we must now begin to add strength to suppleness, and so I wished you to have dinner to-day. I therefore withdrew my magnetic support and prevailed on your husband to withdraw the

magnetism which he supplies, and which the Père has often told us is the best substitute for food. So you need not attribute it to your own fleshliness and be so ashamed that you begged for a dinner. We compelled you to do it by the course we pursued. I see that instead of being grateful to me, you reproach me in your mind with disrespect to your priest-physician. I am not so in my thought; my manners are not always as gentle as they should be; sometimes, too, my spirits effervesce to the injury of my manners."

At about this time I received a rebuke for my timidity, which by his calculation had so diminished the value of my practise that a double amount of time was prescribed. I protested, whereupon he said:

"I have asked Condé to furnish you a very strong current during your practise, and I am sure the generous old fellow will do it, so I dare say we shall get on capitally in spite of the drawback occasioned by your fears.

"We must yield to Condé's judgment, for he alone sees all of the conditions. I see only all that pertain to my art and to its expression. He sees all that indirectly bear upon your development in all directions. Having the fuller view, to him must be granted the imperative voice. I did resent the Père's severity. I often disapprove this terrible

regimen, but I afterward almost always discover that its effects have been most beneficial."

Early in December Rubinstein announced that he wished to aid the work for clairaudience and clairvoyance and that he should thenceforth address all his music orders to sight and hearing, which would more than double my work:

"To impulses originating in my will you are amenable to an extraordinary degree, and it must be admitted that this is the subtlest and most elusive of all forms of influence. That you are thus tractable proves that on the interior plane you are highly developed. But what we seek to accomplish on the sense plane is so very uncommon that for it an extraordinary preparation is essential. . . .

"You are not praying enough. This is a queer remark from me, but I verily believe I am growing religious in my observation of your experiences and in my association with your other helpers. I thought it ridiculous of your husband to speak of religion as 'the most exact of the sciences,' but I am not sure but it will be proved to be so. . . .

"Genuflections—contortions. Why do I change the movements so often? Because by the repetition of the same movements they might become practically automatic and neither of us could know then whether you responded to my voice or to your memory. If I secure new unknown movements,

you will know that they emanate in a source outside your volition or intention. You shall now become my agent in a new interpretation of the word 'possessed.' "

December fifth Rubinstein announced that he saw my "faculty of private instruction was to be augmented" and that I should need record books for six instead of three instructors. This proved to be correct. On the same date he told me he had just obtained permission to apply a fine magnetism to my joints. Experiencing the good effect of this experiment, I asked for his magnetic help in regard to my nostrils, the mucous lining of which for years had been almost continuously irritated and frequently painfully sore. His reply was:

"The division of labor is so sharp among us here that I can not comply with that request. I have to do only with joints, tendons and muscles; you see these are all employed in exercise on the instrument. So far as my work is concerned, it is a matter of perfect indifference to my art whether you perceive odors or not; and therefore I can do nothing for the nostrils; indeed membranes and tissues are not under my control.

"I wish to lubricate your joints with a special magnetism that can best be applied when you are entirely relaxed. This happens only when you are asleep. Since I have learned my own ability to

generate a fine magnetism of lubricative power I am less distressed by your insufficient exercise, which can thus to a degree be substituted."

On January seventh Rubinstein told me he was to begin shaping my hands; that their manipulation had been assigned to my husband, and that the first part of every lesson would apparently be devoted to hand shaping. He added: "They are to be shaped not to beauty, but to music." This struck me as so curious that I interrupted by saying, "I do not understand that at all."

"Of course you don't understand it. What part of this process do you understand? You only know the fact that through your hand, in your own house, a Russian who died, let us say, seven years ago, more or less, is now writing you a letter, he having become one of the most important and permanent influences in your life. This is a fact. Probably only God fully understands such facts. We simply know them and enjoy the benefits flowing from the developing consciousness which makes us know them.

"Your husband will shape your hands, but will do this as my agent, since he possesses neither the peculiar quality of magnetism nor the peculiar facility of manipulation which would enable him to do this work alone.

"Hence the necessity for my getting as near him as possible. Hence my need of using his pencil.

Hence many trifles which you will have an opportunity to observe in the next few months. Now I wish to get in a full hour's work in a half-hour's time by doubling operations, *i. e.*, by simultaneously conducting two sets of exercises."

He used to tell me that if I would inhale his magnetism consciously, *i. e.*, learn to discriminate between it and the magnetism emanating from other personalities and objects, I would be sooner freed by it and my movements would demonstrate its power. This was attained in the second half of the tearing down period of my fast. Often after a terribly severe night of this, Rubinstein would dismiss me with these words or their equivalent:

"Have no anxiety about the effect of this, for tomorrow you will feel lighter of mind, lighter of heart and stronger of will, as well as of body, than in long years. Do not be so astonished by new exercises and never fear one. This is as natural as being, as natural as breathing; but I admit *the most unnatural thing one could, apriori, think of, is breathing.*

"Yes, the photograph you have framed and hung up here is a good one, but not so good as the one I meant from the portrait by my friend Dahn. My friend Dahn* painted a portrait of me while I was

*I have just become acquainted with a contemporary and intimate friend of Rubinstein, who tells me that "an artist in Dresden, named Dahn, was an intimate of Anton and probably painted him, as all artists sought to do, at that period."

in Dresden; I do not understand the difficulty in getting it. I was happier then, and therefore better looking than at any other period of my life, and I was dressed in a more youthful costume than this photograph represents. I was in evening dress, and I think you would like it better.

"I wish sometime to give you a portrait* as I am now and also some as I have been at different periods of my earth life, for I hear the latter is also possible."

I insert here extracts from characteristic letters received from Rubinstein during the second half of my fast:

"January 11th, 1903.

"Well, Madam, I am perfectly rejoiced that to-day you are to be allowed to eat what you wish. I

I certainly expect from past confirmation of the Master's statements to get absolute proof of Dahn's having painted his portrait as here described.

*Two years later, in February of 1905, Rubinstein succeeded in giving me in my own library, a beautiful portrait of himself as a youth of nineteen. In April, 1912, I had the privilege of showing a photograph of this portrait to Mr. Felix Moscheles of London, who had been intimately acquainted with Rubinstein from the latter's early boyhood until his death. As soon as Mr. Moscheles saw the photograph (knowing nothing of the circumstances under which I had obtained it) he exclaimed: "Why, that is Anton, perfect, as he was as a youth of from 17 to 19. Where did you get it? I did not know that he was ever painted at so early an age. Later, all artists wanted to paint him, but who painted him as a youth?" To Mr. Moscheles I made no reply, except that the picture was a gift. In a later volume in which my acquaintance with Rubinstein as a Master of Music may be given, I hope to tell the story of the portrait.

shall enjoy it as much as you will. I believe that your present period of fasting is an indispensable part of your novitiate, but notwithstanding it is hard, and I am so constituted that I believe I have felt the sacrifice involved more than any one. If Condé could feel it, he could not prescribe it, but in the first place he was an ascetic in his earthly career, and, in the second, he has been removed from your sphere long enough to have forgotten the force of physical appetite. This is well for all of us, for the success of all the rest depends on his securing for you a perfectly well body. His orders often seem so hard to me that my impulse is to counsel disobedience, but I abstain from that folly and rejoice in your loyalty."

"January 13, 12:19 A. M.

"Well, Madam, after this splendid period of exercise, you are a different being, considered as a receiver of thought, and having got you in such good condition, I naturally want to write something about music; but there are so many hands reaching for the pencil, that were they not all directed by such nice people, I should say I was being interrupted by a mob."

"January 18th, 5:55 A. M.

"Now we have an hour of wonderful exercise, and as I see you jumping, skipping and panting

through this hour, I can hardly restrain my laughter sufficiently to give you directions."

"January 19th, 6:13 A. M.

"Well, Madam, your next period of total fasting begins to-day, and how glad I am, for when you eat you must sleep, and when you sleep there is not time for the work that secures our progress. The only consolation I have is in the knowledge that your experience of the past week has proven you to be already in a condition wherein nutrition and rest are both obtained in maximum amount from minimum investment. You actually drew from your seven slim meals as much nutrition as one ordinarily obtains from twenty-one heavier ones, and you get always as much refreshment in your three or four hours of sleep as is ordinarily derived from eight or ten hours. This is by actual mathematical calculation. These rare results may be ascribed to two causes—first, to your own physical condition, and, second, to the magnetisms with which you are constantly fed and sustained. These together lift you out of ordinary law and place your nutrition and repose, which together constitute the normal means of restoration, under a law seemingly your own. Not so. It is a law of universal application, *i. e.*, given the conditions, the result would be inevitable; only at the present time you are the only mortal *whom I know* who is supplying the conditions."

"January 25th.

"Now, for one hour, follow impulse. It is just midnight.

"I A. M.

"Madam, it has been equivalent to two good hours; because of the large proportion of double and triple action introduced.

"Now, sleep, and while your body rests (you know it is the only thing that can ever be tired) we shall continue the instruction of the spirit. . . .

"This curious episode has a double end. First our *rapport* is to be perfected; second, Condé must use the exercise which I inspire as his remedies for all your maladies. Well, that is absurd, I admit. When I say 'all your maladies,' it is as if they would fill a hospital ward with groaning patients; and so far as I have been able to discover, you have no illness whatever, and Condé's treatment is preventive rather than curative.

"Condé interrupts to tell me that there was a malady that gave you much anxiety, which, to good mortal doctors seemed of the class 'incurable,' which is now almost eradicated.

"Now, you will salute me, your husband, Condé and Don Silva. Then pose as usual and the—well, you will behave in a very unusual manner."

An hour later, when I fell gasping to the floor, exclaiming "Wonderful," Rubinstein said:

"Madam, you have spoken the true word; the wonders of a few weeks ago have become ordinary by repetition and exaggeration, and so I did something new.

"Pray, exercise, fast, work in all directions unceasingly. To help you follow these orders is to be my service. The time for exercise is so limited that it must express great force. To-day return my photograph to its place; but now pose before that section of the wall where you feel my force concentrated, and then——"

"February 8th, 6:10 A. M.

"Madam, it is long since I have written and forty-eight hours since I have directed your exercises; but on my side there has been no cessation of effort to reach you and to aid you.

"During your hours of sleep I have given you exercises of position, and now, resuming exercises of action, I am sure you will find yourself doing some that you will know to have been quite impossible before this date.

"What is an exercise of position? The question is quite proper, though I may not be able to frame an answer intelligible to your present stage of development.

"All exercises may first be divided into two classes—active and passive. In active exercises one *does*; in passive one *simply receives*. It is true ~~that~~

in your active exercises under my direction you receive both the impulse that determines the exercise and the power to do it; but in spite of that you really make the movements and are conscious of them.

"In passive exercises you receive magnetism, but in a way that arranges you in position with slight gentle movements, that would be almost imperceptible to the physical vision of an ordinary observer; movements of which you are entirely unconscious, and which hold you in one position after another; their object being strength and symmetry. Now, having explained my relation to you during sleep, I long to see you curveting about like a colt under rein and lash. . . .

"Well, Madam, I fancy that your imagination never pictured the performance you have just completed. You see agility and flexibility are worked for at the same time now, by different organs and members being used simultaneously and by each working for the two ends alternately.

"Well, I do congratulate you on your growth in knowledge and I congratulate your master on the new interest in earth life which his relation to you as pupil gives him."

"February 11th, 3:30 A. M.

"Yesterday we got more than an hour's exercise out of a scant half-hour. This morning my purpose is to get three hours out of an hour. No, this

is not a figure of speech to indicate good work; it is literal and states the exact result mathematically speaking for which I shall work. Whenever I can keep three sets of exercises going simultaneously, that means that results are to time as three is to one."

"February 13th, 3 A. M.

"Although these days belong to me, your husband and Père Condé must use them, and I must get my work in as I can. This results in your increased susceptibility and responsiveness, qualities just as necessary for my work as for theirs; but qualities that result from their work, not mine. You must have a short walk this morning. I will go with you and give you exercises in breathing, and perhaps in stepping, and indeed, keeping beside you, I will insert a gymnastic wherever it is possible."

"March 13th, 4:57 A. M.

"What is a mystery? A state revealed only to experience. All mysteries are to be revealed to humanity—mysteries of life and death and of the life to come."

"March 23rd.

"I shall accompany you to New Orleans, because I can not afford to lose one atom of *rappor*t already gained.

"Besides, this journey will afford me an opportunity of making some interesting tests."

"March 24th, 2:35 A. M.

"Madam, this is of all nights since that August evening when I first met you, and when our ultimate relation was revealed, the most interesting you have experienced.

"I am glad you are to take food this week. You have from time to time slashed off so much dead tissue that we need a little new material for the new tissue that must be made to keep you in the body any longer."

"April 1st, 11:45 P. M.

"Madam, more than a week and but for my certain knowledge of how all this is to eventuate, I could not myself have borne what you have suffered. It seems a cruel week, but it was not so. As Condé has told me, you made a great stride in both physical strength and spiritual power.

"Now, for one hour, I am to control your exercises in a way that will prove how our *rapport* has been strengthened during a period when I know you thought me inactive and when you believed yourself to be losing ground."

"April 2nd, 1:10.

"Madam, the hour we had was really equal to three, and so must every hour of exercise for the next ten days be, and I shall try to have from two to three hours by the clock each day, for your body still contains refuse to be rejected. This is a most

marvelous example of tearing down and building up simultaneously. Now——”

Apropos of a meaningless sentence with which this communication closed, when at 5:45 P. M. on April 3rd, Rubinstein took my pencil, his first words were:

“Madam, at the time you wrote that last sentence, you were so far gone in fatigue that I could neither control your hand nor instruct your mind. As you would say of a telephone, ‘the wires were crossed,’ *i. e.*, another magnetic current became confused with mine, hence the nonsense.”

“April 7th, 12:15 A. M.

“Madam, you perceive how stringent is the exercise we give you this week. We want you to get every atom of dead matter expelled by Easter and to have nothing left on your bones that is not new and vital.”

“April 11th, 5:23 A. M.

“Madam, our labors during this passing, almost past, week have been very severe. You have responded to my demands better than I believed you could. What we aimed to attain we shall attain by Easter morn. What we aimed to do we shall have done. Practically there will be no atom of dead tissue on or within your frame.”

"April 15, 5:45 A. M.

"Madam, it is indeed time for me to bear a hand in these instructions, for our exercises must needs be preceded by some explanatory statements.

"For seven months I have directed your exercises to this end, that dead, poisoned, excessive or mis-applied tissue might be destroyed.

"These seven months have made you reasonably responsive to my impulses. But before you, lacking three days, there stretch the two months during which I must direct you into creative exercises; this is so much more severe because more interior, more subtle, more closely related to the vital force. Such exercise is more remote from consciousness and more exhausting in the first instance, but its second effect is always *Life, Life, Life*.

"Life is our goal, and commencing now (your husband must first present some new helpers), you will for one week give us from one to three hours a day for creative exercises.

"The *rapport* for this is difficult for all, impossible to most at the earth stage of being. You are to glide into it as if your native spontaneous form of expression; and from this first hour of creative exercise you will begin to feel the tide of renewal sweep through you. The current, at first gentle, hardly credible, will grow stronger and stronger until it ravishes you with its ecstasy."

On April eighteenth Rubinstein expressed dis-

satisfaction with the amount of time assigned to him, saying:

"The amount of food you now take daily, which is necessary, which you must take, will accumulate as mere adipose, unprofitable and cumbersome tissue, unless by creative exercise you are able to have it seized upon by the different forces and by them applied wherever in recent years death has conquered life in your form."

"April 19th, 7:20 A. M.

"Madam, what you have just read is true; add to it what Condé has communicated and you have the outline of your method of being rebuilt.

"Condé is to furnish a quite new magnetism to a certain end. This is to be administered while you eat your food and, if necessary, at intervals between your repasts. You will perceive it, for already are your mucous linings restored to a point where they respond to nervous impact. . . .

"The helpers just named will be with you and aid you as I try to direct you from destructive to creative gymnastics."

"April 25th, 2:50 A. M.

"Madam, you are astonished to find that you have written nothing at my dictation for nearly a week. In spite of this, I never directed you more constantly or more efficiently.

"Our *rapport* is so perfect that you respond to me wherever you are. Yes, I heard your talk to your young girls of me. You did it in response to my desire.

"You do not know enough about me yet. You must learn more; and I think I shall presently be able to communicate anecdotes as well as instruction without a word. I'm going to try it. To-morrow night I'll dictate a story* for you to tell your girls just as I dictate it to your thought.

"You have had a very hard night, and you need stimulant. The Père, your husband and I will administer magnetic restoratives to you as soon as you sleep."

"April 26th, 10 P. M.

"Madam, now listen and see if you can take a dictation instantaneously from my thought. If you can, you shall then write it from memory. For this our *rapport* must be perfect."

The "creative gymnastics" continued daily to June 11th, 1903. Then they were intermittently directed—perhaps one should say of these interior exercises, communicated—until September eleventh, when Père Condé announced:

*This was done, and when I told the story, my youthful auditors were much amused. They asked me a hundred questions which I answered instantly at R's silent dictation.

"Again the *end* is but the *beginning*."

The statement was apparently more true of Rubinstein than of any other helper except my husband.

Although prior to the experience I should have supposed myself more incapable of a sympathetic and intelligent, intellectual and social intimacy with a great musician than with any other type of human distinction, it is a fact that from Rubinstein's first appearance to present date (a period of nearly seventeen years), the sense of congeniality almost immediately felt has increased and has become the apparent basis for one of the most delightful and most continuously and rarely helpful friendships with which my life has been blessed. Whether it will be my happy destiny to demonstrate the continuance on earth of his supremacy in his own art, I do not know. That rests with the same power that initiated this acquaintance. But to him I owe much for indefatigable labor that was, I believe, as indispensable to the success of Père Condé in his task of healing as were the devoted care and instruction of the revered Père himself. Moreover, to this distinguished friend I owe the joy of a relatively intelligent appreciation of one art entirely unknown to me prior to August 11th, 1902.

The time I could give to music, compared with that the Master desired, was limited, and only a small proportion of this limited time was spent at

the piano, of which circumstances prevented any use from August of 1903 to August 1st, 1905. Then there followed one year when, with few exceptions, I practised under the Master's instructions on Sunday mornings for from one to two hours; and within this period, *viz.*: from August 12th, 1905, to and including Christmas night of the same year, I took in the evenings enough oral instructions in theory, directions for practise, etc., etc., to result in a record of six hundred quarto pages in fine longhand script—*reproduced from the shorthand notes of a critical observer** who was apparently sent from the other side of the world to do this service for me, and in whose presence it was all given and executed.

From Christmas, 1905, to January of 1908, my piano was untouched by me save at long intervals, and since the latter date has been in storage.

It is therefore quite evident that my dear Master has never had the opportunity to give me the practise on the instrument anticipated by him always from our first meeting; and now for a long time ardently longed for by me; but his instructions in divers lines have continued, being imparted in divers ways to June, 1919, and his visits have not been entirely suspended to date (December, 1919).

*Miss Wilhelmina Sheriffe Bain (now Mrs. Elliott) of Fortrose, Southland, New Zealand.

CHAPTER X

CULMINATION OF EXPERIENCES AT EASTERTIDE. PHYSICIAN WHO HAD PRONOUNCED CASE HOPELESS ADMITS CURE

“MY child, in reply to your questions, you have slept because your need of sleep was great. All of your teachers and guides have the power to advance your growth during sleep. As a recompense for your abstinence and your obedience of yesterday, we shall give you some information concerning your experiences during the night: There is not one member of your group who has not done something to advance your progress, and now, each one of us, commencing with myself, will tell you his own part in this service.

“For myself, I gave you a great quantity of the magnetism of repose, in consequence of which you have received the same refreshment and the same recuperation of energy that one quite exhausted would ordinarily receive from twenty-four hours of uninterrupted sleep.

“Here the law of proportion is always maintained; and a novitiate achieves results in exact accord with his own efforts. There is not time now to explain everything; and although each member of the group wishes to explain his or her part in your support and instruction, each will have to await an opportunity, for it is more than usually necessary to give you the day's orders at once.

"First, this is a day filled with labors of all kinds; but you will have the strength to meet and to accomplish them all.

"Your breakfast will be water only, *i. e.*, water without sugar; water well salted if you like, but nothing more.

"I perceive that at your school there is a festival* and that young girls are serving luncheon to their mothers at a long table, over which you preside. There you are to eat everything, the meat included."

As I had not tasted meat for five years, I was repelled by the suggestion. Apparently in response to this feeling, for I had said nothing, Père Condé repeated:

"Yes, the meat also. It is as necessary to know how to partake as to know how to abstain. This food so unusual will give you a kind of exaltation. The society of your friends will augment this; you will talk much—that is well—but do not speak of yourself, nor allow any reference to your winter's fast nor to your changed aspect; prevent such reference if possible; otherwise ignore it and talk of other subjects."

I asked if I were to sleep or to work that night.

"If one may not obey two masters, neither may a *master give two orders for the same day that are*

*This was the mid-year examination of a class in cookery which took the form of a luncheon to the mothers of the pupils who prepared it.

contradictory. You are given not permission, but direction to dine comfortably, then surely you will not be expected to abstain from sleep which will be needed for the assimilation of the food you will have taken; for calm of spirit and repose of body furnish the conditions for changing food into strength.

"To assimilate food without fatiguing the body it is necessary to sleep while the final processes of digestion are in progress.

"During your sleep, you have had a spiritual experience of which you are not conscious, but the significance of which will be opened to you after a time."

"February 16th.

"You are perplexed; you wonder why if it was necessary for you to sleep all of night before last, when you are perfectly satisfied with your few hours' sleep of last night after a similar dinner.

"The question is natural and reasonable. Your bath and the passive exercise you receive from your masseuse is equivalent to one, even to two, hours of sleep.

"To-morrow, at that dinner* which it is a part of your duty to attend, eat and drink the menu prepared for your guests, including the meat and the

*This was the mid-year examination of a more advanced class in cookery which took the form of a dinner at which the fathers of the pupils who prepared and served it, were the guests,

coffee. I know you do not wish the meat, but it is better; strangers can neither know nor understand your position; they will judge what they have heard you are doing by your social habits and by apparent physical results. Neither meat nor coffee is good for you, but I shall give you an antidoting magnetism which will prevent evil consequences."

I now was told to prepare to exercise for the benefit of two guests in my home (relatives) the talents of an interpreter or medium, which even in November I had been told were matured, but which prior to this date I had practised for no one.

"This is for you a new phase—a phase that imposes grave responsibility. Whether it is best for you to have the power to hear, see and feel for others is a question that has been seriously considered by your husband, Rubinstein and myself, and also by the less important members of your group of helpers.

"At the beginning it was our intention to limit your power of writing and of clairaudience to receiving messages for yourself in order to protect you from the very great and curiously interior fatigue of writing for others; but after much consideration we have decided to place no such limit on your power by withholding our instructions. It is necessary for you to know, to understand and to practise all phases of this work, necessary for you

to be trained to endure all fatigues and all privations.

"Why is it so much more difficult to receive for others than for one's self?

"A moment's reflection will show you that mathematically it is three times as difficult; for the medium between two planes must herself be *en rapport* with the medium on the Etheric Plane, with the incarnate humans on the Earth Plane whom she serves, and with the excarnate humans on the Etheric Plane, outside of her own group, whom she also serves."

My duties on both Earth and Etheric Plane were heavily increased in the first quite dinnerless weeks. House guests compelled entertaining in their honor. My office in "The Indiana Union of Literary Clubs" led to my convening in my home its Executive (a dozen or more of the men and women of our state foremost in efforts for its cultural progress), where an executive session was followed by a dinner.

Mid-year examinations just over were as usual followed by extra work caused by marking test papers, reorganizing classes, admitting new pupils, etc., etc.

On February fourteenth two of the officers of our National Council of Women paid me a visit to confer about preparations for the executive session which the Council had been invited to hold in New Orleans.

All of these most agreeable incidents meant increased work, and in directing my preparations for it, Père Condé said:

"You have enormous labors before you. Taste not one morsel of food. You have not one atom of strength to spend in assimilating food, nor one moment of time to spend in sleep, when only assimilation can be carried on with no draft on the strength."

It was at this time that Père Condé requested my husband to allow him to present to me the helper summoned by Rubinstein, already referred to.

I saw this vigorous young man before the Père pronounced his name. He had German features, blue eyes, golden hair, and a particularly beautiful throat. Père Condé's statement, "He is a German and a chorus master," was unnecessary, but I did not know his name until the Père pronounced it, "Johann Raimond."

For the first time, as Raimond advanced to receive my greeting, like a flash came the perception of the double odor of German and French magnetism, and I knew, before learning his history, that in Raimond the qualities of both races were mixed.

After introducing many persons by name, by description, and by taking my spoken descriptions of them as their aspects and qualities came before my eyes, in response to my inquiry as to why my group was being so enlarged, Père Condé replied:

"The work we have undertaken with you is very difficult. With a very skeptical mind and a very stubborn body poisoned by a disease pronounced incurable, we have to make a well strong body attuned to a mind open to all the several planes of life now accessible to incarnate humans. Such a labor demands a large number of laborers; and our method of cultivating union and harmony is by the employment of many different workers, to each of whom is assigned a small part."

On February twenty-fourth Père Condé told me that I was about to enter on the most difficult part of that portion of my fast, which was devoted to the destruction and removal of diseased tissues and of poisonous fluids; that it was so severe that my whole nature would be in revolt, but that its severity could not be abated with safety. The Père gave me the most serious warnings against the danger of any reaction, which on February twenty-seventh were repeated with still greater emphasis.

On March fourteenth Père Condé wrote:

"The dinner that you were allowed yesterday has yielded you both less pleasure and less benefit than other permitted repasts, for three reasons:

"First, you were too insistent in regard to having it.

"Second, you ate too much; and

"Third, you attach too much importance to physical things. But it is my duty to prevent as far as

possible bad results; for this to you is not only a period of fasting, but a period of instruction. You are at the same time receiving revelations of unknown abilities within yourself and of hitherto unknown powers outside of yourself. Both have really the same origin, or rather manifest through the same medium. Your hitherto unknown abilities are due to your possession of an etheric body. The hitherto unknown powers proceed from the hitherto unknown Etheric Plane of life."

The middle of March, when total fast was to be extended to eight days, Père Condé began his prescriptions in English, explaining that this was helpful to *rapport*; and adding that my preparation for the next stage demanded that my ordinary work for the day should cease at six o'clock; and I should that evening neither work in my office, nor receive communications from the Etheric Plane; but that I should relax utterly and consciously receive the magnetisms, which would give me the strength to take the next step. He advised me that as the abstinences became more absolute and extended to a longer period, sleep would be reduced to one hour in every twenty-four and that exercises would be proportionately increased in number, duration, complexity and severity.

March fifteenth Père Condé told me that he had held a council of all my helpers, and it had been decided that what hindered their immediate progress

must be stopped before clairvoyance would come, and that clairvoyance *must precede* further manifestations of health.

At New Orleans the situation was very difficult because of the division of feeling about the admission to the Executive of the representatives of "The National League of Colored Women," which was a member of the National Council of Women.

The labors of the week were not only heavy and continuous, but delicate, and every hour from nine A. M. until midnight not occupied by the formal sessions was filled with interviews and private conferences.

During all the time I was suffering a depleting attack which I supposed to be caused by the change in drinking water; and it disturbed me to feel that I could be affected by such a change.

Before I left Indianapolis Père Condé had assured me that I was entering on the severest period of my fast, but I had received no notion of what was before me.

I was much perplexed, almost as perplexed, because during the day I seemed free from this attack, as distressed, that during all of every night I suffered from it.

Again the fear came that during the past months I might have been self-deceived; but this was overcome by my consciousness of the presence of these strong personalities to whose ceaseless instructions I owed so much. In my most skeptical moment I

could not yield my conviction of the reality of these friends, from whom I wished to hide my fears, since, assuming their reality, every fear was an accusation against them of ignorance or treason. In my bewilderment and embarrassment, Père Condé spoke:

“My child, I pity you; I see all your misgivings, your agitations, which you seek to hide, if you can not conquer. They grieve us; but we try to remember the difficulty of the test you are bearing. We can only say that *we are we*; not creatures of your fancy; not decoys projected from a world of *illusion* for the pleasure of involving still incarnate mortals in *delusions*. We are more consciously ourselves, real entities, than you are; because we, our entities, have a more developed power of manifestation than when incarnated, we, therefore, feel more deeply wounded by having our entities repudiated and by being assailed as shadows, than you would under the same imputation; but you will return to yourself and call your helpers back to you when you arrive at your home; for there you will find that the helpers that stayed in your home and your school while we accompanied you to New Orleans have effected undeniable results, which with your knowledge of the real condition of affairs you can contribute only to them; though onlookers will call it ‘good luck’ and ‘fortunate circumstances,’ etc.

"To believe what I tell you is not credulity; it is faith; and faith is the bread of eternal life."

Arriving at home, Père Condé explained:

"What apparently was an illness at New Orleans was a purification of the body; it was like a bath of the entire circulatory system; all impurities of the blood were expelled and you have thus been put in condition to experience a growth of quite new and pure flesh, as soon as the upbuilding which is near at hand begins."

I was reminded that my helpers were obliged to take me through a fast "without interrupting or lessening work on what is called the normal plane," and that, while it would perhaps have been easier for them as well as for me, to have had this crisis of purification occur when I was at home, it was not compatible with the terms of their contract to keep me at home.

"It was really best that this should occur when you were in the midst of exacting and imperative duties, which you could not retire from without mortification. Your responsibility to attend to those duties, each as it came, caused a continuous pre-occupation of your own thoughts that gave an accessibility to our aid which otherwise had been impossible.

"The end of the seven months assigned for the novitiate approaches, and you have entered on the final fast. There remain eleven days before the arrival of Easter. During this time you will touch no morsel of food except on Sunday morning when, in your effort to maintain all domestic customs, you will breakfast with your niece, where it is better to take food and avoid criticism than to take none and incur criticism or even comment."

I protested that in my reduced condition I could not endure eleven more days of total abstinence from food except one slight breakfast. Père Condé replied:

"Except for superhuman efforts your growth would have been suspended during your absence in New Orleans; you know it was not. With the magnetisms which we shall furnish you, you will have not the smallest need of food; and if you are obedient, normal habits, at least in respect to food, will be resumed on Easter Day."

I asked about a magnetism in which for several days I had felt a new influence. The Père assured me that it came from the Celestial Plane through the Etheric; that on the Celestial Plane it was the food of power and that when transmitted to an incarnate on earth it prevented both hunger and thirst.

"With this magnetism you will be filled, and you will be perfectly satisfied. You will feel stronger instead of weaker during all these days—clairvoyance and clairaudience will both be sharpened by it."

In discussing the cleansing process to which I was being subjected, Condé often said:

"Such renewal is costly but you will find it worth the price."

On April ninth Père Condé declared his satisfaction in my maintenance of strength for labors continuing day and night without food, but added:

"There remains much to be done before we can pronounce you cured; but if you continue your efforts, the results are as certain as that dawn succeeds night."

On April tenth, at 5:50 A. M., after I had worked all night in performing some severe physical exercises, Condé urged me to perform others to which I objected because dictated by detailed description, they seemed difficult beyond the possibility of execution. He begged me thus to prove my affectionate gratitude to Rubinstein "who has grown spiritually almost as much as you have changed corporeally."

Père Condé then blessed me, placing his hands on my head and I saw him clearly, in the simple black robe of an ordinary priest.

It was on the eve of Good Friday that I experienced a recurrence of the exhaustion and depression the first and only other attack of which had occurred in November, as described in an earlier chapter. Like the former it lasted only a half-hour and was dispelled by what seemed like a forcible entrance of Père Condé into my consciousness with these words, which appeared so suddenly on the paper that I do not clearly know whether I held the pencil while they were written or not:

"April tenth. Oh, my child, your condition is pitiable. You have been so filled with faith, with efficacious faith, with faith that gave you strength and wisdom; and now? why, now you actually doubt that *I exist*. But you are not deceived. Every promise made will be fulfilled a thousand times—but *you must drink the cup*."

On April eleventh, at 5:50 A. M., Père Condé wrote:

"This day will be very difficult and you will be tempted to take a little food and to drink a little too much water. I wish to protect you by this announcement. You must continue perfectly abstinent because it is true that a great crisis draws near.

"The work of this night will finish the labor begun now seven months ago, and to-morrow you will have all the pleasures and privileges of a bountiful Easter table.

"Moderation is always well but you will be perfectly free and no limit will be set to your indulgence in three repasts except those set by your own judgment; with to-morrow the work of rebuilding you from head to foot begins; and as we must first gather in the material for this rebuilding you must again have vapor baths at least four times a week each followed by an hour's massage.

"There are still many hard days, many trying experiences before you, but danger has passed and for the present you shall be happy. Easter will bring you many gifts*—I see them coming and see your pleasure in them.

"Pray, love, work: Be honest and simple. You will not be misled as you have not been hitherto."

On April thirteenth, Easter Monday, I awoke at 5:30 A. M., after more than six hours of sleep. As this was six times what I had for weeks been permitted to have, it was with a feeling of deep shame and penitence that I realized my self-indulgence;

*On Easter Day the expectation excited by this reference to presents was more than realized in numerous remembrances from anxious friends, who testified to their pleasure in my continued life by gifts, that turned my whole house into a bower. Many of these gifts were accompanied by notes confessing that their writers had not believed I could live until Easter.

but instantly from Père Condé came the vocal words, later repeated for record:

"All is well. Remember the Law; the more one has eaten the more sleep does he need.

"Henceforth I shall for two months continue my daily prescriptions, but I now indicate a choice that will be yours, *viz.*, eat a little at each of the three regular meals, or a little more at each of any two, or heartily at one, taking the one you most enjoy."

The day following Easter I received a very long letter with general directions for the building-up period ending with the statement:

"In your case there are such a multitude of objects involved that one must see from day to day almost from hour to hour, which is the most important and prescribe accordingly.

"From this time I shall commence to speak regularly instead of writing, though you may afterward write out for record what you have received clair-audiently."

On April fourteenth, Père Condé said:

"My own success at this moment is perfect. Your attitude of mind and the conditions of your body are exactly what I have desired."

This remark came in reply to my deep disappointment, for now perfect liberty being restored I found myself almost indifferent to food; the anticipated pleasure in such freedom was lacking. To my complaints, Père Condé replied:

"If your appetite were as gratified by food as formerly you would eat too much; and if you regarded food with the same pleasure as formerly the spiritual experiences of the last hard seven months would be lost."

During the upbuilding, when taking food, I had the most curious sensations. Hardly had it reached my throat before I felt it seized by thousands of greedy atoms competing for it. I questioned Père Condé.

"You are quite right; the processes of digestion have all been so rapid and so perfect that you actually have felt the process of growth, which is a process as difficult to feel as to understand.

"To build is much more difficult than to destroy.

"To rebuild your mind, or rather to reshape your attitude of mind, is far more difficult than to rebuild your body. To hold your body pure, no epicurean desire can accompany the food; nor may fear of any evil consequence be associated with it.

"The most difficult part of our remaining task is to reline all your nasal passages, and all the cavities

and passages connected therewith, with perfectly new membrane."

The varieties of magnetism increased. They were distinguished by their odors and I frequently perceived these so clearly that I feared others would perceive them and inquire concerning their source; but I soon discovered that they were perceptible only to clair-sentients.

I began to be alarmed. To myself I looked more ill than I had ever looked before. My eyes looked dull, my voice grew husky, and I felt heavy and miserable. After a day of these sensations and observations, I demanded an explanation. Condé agreed that these symptoms all existed but said they were temporary, and resulted from my being compelled to take great quantities of food because his need of building materials was so great.

On April twenty-third Père Condé told me that my perception of odors which was increasing in keenness was what enabled me to perceive the route I was going and that I certainly knew I should publish the history of my unusual experience.

On that night I received from more than a dozen of its participants interesting reports of a council that had been convened by Condé to discuss my case. After each had written concerning what most interested himself, Père Condé resumed:

"It is impossible for you to understand all this at once, but gradually as your condition improves

your perceptions will open to understand and to demonstrate all that we have indicated.

"The *hardest part* remains though the most *dangerous* has been passed. Hardest because it will more and more grow interior from day to day; until at last you will have joined the body with the spirit in each remote part and the harmony of the machine shall have become perfect.

"Your order now is to continue the present regimen a little exaggerated; *i. e.*, take the three repasts daily and, if convenient, four. Eat much; drink much, particularly of black coffee. On the first of May your diet will be much refined. You will continue to take three daily meals, but no fish and no vegetables except those absolutely fresh and newly grown; cereals, fruits and dishes most delicately made. You will continue to drink coffee but not so frequently, not so strong; you will add tea to your dietary. You will need this delicate stimulation. After June tenth, I hope you will be very moderate in all the exercises of your life."

All that Père Condé had said of the ill effects of coffee and tea led me to protest. He assured me that I then needed the stimulants, that he should counteract the poisonous element they contained, by effective magnetisms. He added:

"Yes, it is curious, but true; and only slowly will you be able to perceive, to retain, and to understand what I say of magnetism.

"Remain a long time in the bath this evening, and to-morrow remain one hour in the vapor cabinet."

Beginning May fifth my hours for sleep were increased in order, as Condé explained, that "the three great batteries" (himself, my husband and Rubinstein) might pour out their magnetisms when I was perfectly relaxed and therefore receptive.

"The necessity for sleep is measured by the quantity of food and this last month, from May tenth to June eleventh, will in respect to food be very severe. During this month you should sleep for even five hours consecutively, not *more*. We are giving you a great quantity of magnetism of many varieties, including that of repose, but even the large quantity of this that I shall give you does not substitute all the sleep you need at present."

During this period what I learned to call magnetic slumber was often indulged in; and I was told that Père Condé, who alone could induce it, would use every moment not otherwise well employed in such sleep. Sometimes it was induced when I did not wish it; and once after sleeping through a long essay read at a club by one of my friends I protested that I had not wished to sleep then. But the Père assured me that not one thought had been presented with which I was not perfectly familiar,

and promised that, while I was so pressed for time, although he must use in magnetic sleep every moment that could be spared, he would never induce such sleep to my loss of anything either trifling or important which I did not already know. I believe that that promise was faithfully kept, but I was often mortified by unintentional sleep. I, however, became gradually conscious that even occasional minutes of solitude that occurred during the day, and interims between classes (which seldom exceeded five minutes) were utilized to secure refreshing sleep; although, very seldom during this period was I conscious of desiring sleep.

From the same letter I quote:

“From the beginning of time, always the spirit has preceded the body, and there is not simply one spirit in one body in a mortal, but every morsel, every atom of what you call a person, possesses a spirit and a body.

“Having denuded your skeleton of its old garments you must clothe it anew and this new robe is to be partly constructed of food. When your new robe is created and adjusted, a prescription will be given for keeping it in repair.”

I was really much more frightened by the quantity and stimulating character of the food prescribed for me after Easter Monday than I had been by the severest stipulations of abstinence; and

I quote these words from my constant observer and critic as they disclose my mental attitude better than any direct statement of mine could.

"I *do* think it amusing that at the end of a seven months' fast of almost unprecedented severity, one day's eating should fill you with anxiety and disgust."

The day following Easter I was told that a new corps of helpers would be presented to me, the division of labor on the Etheric Plane being so exact that those who would aid my rebuilding must be entirely different from those who had participated in the destruction of my body:

"Just as different as on the plane of manual labor are the scavengers and wagoners who haul away the old materials, from the architects, masons and carpenters who put up a new structure on the cleared off old site.

"To continue the simile: You do not expect to know by name the day laborers who cart off débris; but the architect and contractor have an individual claim on the acquaintance of their employer. As many nameless ones have wrought for you during the seven months devoted to destruction, now many important upbuilders enter your sphere and establish themselves in your service for the rest of your term, whose names, personality and indi-

vidual share in the work, you must know; so, only, can these serve.

“Among these, one of the most important is being installed as an assistant to Mesmer; his one service will be to supply a magnetism that will restore to its highest vigor mucous membrane. It is to him and to Mesmer that you will owe your restored sense of smell, since it is upon this membrane that the ends of myriads of nerves impinge through which this peculiar sense of smell is communicated to the physical consciousness.”

I was assured that more than a score of expert upbuilders were working with me constantly and double that number for me; and it is quite true that their presence was much more disturbing than had been that of the destroyers. Sometimes I felt reduced to the limit of my endurance by the draught which their labors seemed to make on my strength; but when I complained and asked that their work might be temporarily suspended I was told repeatedly orally—the substance of what was phrased for record, thus:

“The process of building is much finer and of necessity a much greater strain on its subject than the process of tearing down. Indeed the latter which your experience for the last seven months leads you to regard as seriously difficult, is, by comparison, easy.”

During this period the magnetic sleep given me while in the long hot baths was one of my greatest luxuries, though it was a great test of the nerves and also of the fidelity of my masseuse, who had never heard of baths an hour long, neither of a patient's sleeping during a bath; but on awakening perfectly well and rested, I met her protests by assuring her that I was following as strictly as possible the advice of the wisest physician of my acquaintance, whose prescriptions were most carefully written out in full. I partially overcame her fears by repeating this assurance at least once a week during her long and faithful service. I here gratefully acknowledge that she controlled her curiosity as to the identity of this wise physician better than any one else who ever questioned me about him at all.

Rapport with my great teachers and with my husband seemed to diminish toward the end of April; and I complained that I was less sure than formerly whether the ideas new to me, and ideas on subjects not formerly considered by me at all, proceeded from my own mind or from theirs. My husband explained the situation thus:

"As *rapport* increases it will become more difficult for you to distinguish between your thoughts and our suggestions. There will all the time be fewer obstructions to prevent their inflow.

"In a certain sense all thought is one, and when

you have received a thought it is yours; and when you receive it without difficulty it seems to have originated in your mind. We do not wish the credit of originating or communicating your ideas but we do not wish this very circumstance which should increase your faith in us to be turned into an occasion of skepticism."

This statement was followed by numerous tests of my ability to receive impressions about food, drink, bathing, exercise, music, magnetism, etc., without the intervention of a word or of any perceptible passage of time.

A few days later came explanations of newly arrived sensations.

"You feel us working with your hands because we work with those last and waken you just as we withdraw.

"The sensations you describe are caused by the efforts of Rubinstein who has called to his aid other masters. These have united their forces to fill every cell and every interstice between cells in your body with harmonic magnetism.

"Yes, if we accomplish our purpose your eyes will become better than they ever were at their very best and you will dispense with spectacles entirely.*"

*Ten years previous our reputed best oculist had equipped me with *five pairs* of glasses for various uses, one for reading *only very fine print*; and had assured me that partial if not total blindness was inevitable on account of what he called a

The Saturday before Easter after the weekly weighing and measuring which had been directed at the beginning of Père Condé's treatment in September, I compared the record not as usual with that of the previous Saturday, but with that of September 11th, 1902. On the latter date I had weighed one hundred eighty-nine pounds and had a waist measure of thirty-six inches. I now, at one hundred eleven pounds weight and a measure of twenty-five inches, rejoiced over the loss of seventy-eight pounds of flesh and eleven inches of girth. The Saturday following Easter showed a gain of six pounds. Discussing this with Père Condé I was disappointed by what was implied in these words:

"Within these two months you will be upbuilt only to the extent that the new material will be gathered and stored within your body for the use of the builders who have its entire réparation in charge."

curious construction of the eye for which "there is no remedy," which would in time make all spectacles next to useless. Already four pairs of my glasses had become useless; and I used the lenses that had been made for fine print *on coarse print only, being unable to read fine print at all*. It was therefore with not much hope that I received this statement.

The recovery of my eyes is quite a separate story; but as a matter of fact, the restoration of vision was undertaken and from 1905 I have read coarse print without lenses. For two years I continued the use of my coarse-print spectacles for fine print only; but in 1907 all artificial aids were abandoned having become unnecessary, and during these last twelve years my eyes, quite without glasses of any sort, have been subjected to the hardest as well as the most continuous use they have ever known, on all kinds of print and script in various languages.

On June tenth I was told by Père Condé that the material had been gathered, but owing to some hindrances caused by preoccupations and by some instances of disobedience, that it had not been well stored and that practically three weeks had been lost. This information was softened by these words:

“Although this period of upbuilding has experienced some vicissitudes, it has on the whole been characterized by remarkable conformity to indications from this plane.”

On June twenty-second I was told by my husband that I should receive no more communications from the Etheric Plane until July first.

“We shall all be serving you on this plane, but in ways that render this form of communication difficult and inadvisable.

“The letters you will receive for the next few months are written at great cost not only to their respective writers but to the entire group of your helpers; and will be written only when, in spite of this, Père Condé has the conviction that, on the whole, it is better to write for exact record.”

To my protest against such severe efforts the reply was:

“You need not feel badly over our effort; over

the cost to us; it is an investment we choose to make."

July was marked by some important changes in the severe exactions. On July tenth Père Condé wrote:

"Our specific work will continue until September tenth. We really gave ourselves a full year for recreating a diseased human body and for so instructing a human soul, that by virtue of its new development in a knowledge of the fine forces of nature, its now habitable tenement will be kept in repair. We therefore shall continue our specific work for two months."

On August eleventh there was a celebration of the anniversary of the introduction of my great masters, by important and numerous letters; from one of these I quote:

"You have thought that your regimen would be continued until August eleventh. Even until September eleventh shall we work, even until our work is accomplished. . . .

"Mesmer has still much to do; as have —; and our dear Père, who has assembled all these assistants,* will retain a special coterie of generators of

*New workers were enumerated, some of whom were presented, but their names will adorn a subsequent story as their labors have enriched subsequent years,

magnetism and will devote his energies, augmented by theirs, to putting you into possession of your present possible maximum of force creative and resistive; for you must know how, by a skilful use of constructive magnetism, to create beneficent conditions for yourself and through an equally skilful use of destructive magnetism you must learn to apply such to the destruction and conquest of evil limitations."

During this period my work in what my readers would regard the normal world was increasingly difficult. I had kept one secretary steadily employed in Council work for weeks prior to the close of the school on the first Wednesday in June, 1903. From that date I directed two secretaries in this work at the same time that I was busy with the usual preparations for the next school year.

As a meeting of the Executive of the International Council of Women had been convened in Dresden for the third week of August of that year, I sailed for Europe early in that month, returning the middle of September to enter upon a year of continuous twofold activity.

What must have been my physical condition that such double labor for school and Council could be performed without fatigue? To whom and to what did I owe this restoration? In the enjoyment of a constantly improving health I was satisfied until a critical friend reminded me that "only a physician

could really know whether the disease had been cured."

Then my condition was subjected to the same kind of inspection by the same chemist through the same physician whose report of his analytical tests had condemned me as the victim of an "incurable malady." To him of course my identity with the condemned patient was not disclosed; but when to the same physician who had brought me the first verdict he sent reports of "perfect normality" the only remark of the good physician and kind friend was that the "diagnosis in the first instance must have been incorrect. But," she added, "you looked the malady."

This kind and able woman doctor did express a deep interest in the agencies which had been employed to secure what she called my "apparent restoration"; but I was not then prepared to reveal what this volume discloses.

On September eleventh, I held a large and memorable reception for my great teachers, which lasted all night, during which I received many letters "for record." The last sentence in Père Condé's "letter for record" of that date, is:

"You have passed another great crisis, but again: THE END is but a BEGINNING."

Having tested the reality of my teachers and the validity of their instructions by the continued con-

scious experience of more than seventeen difficult years since the restoration of my health by their patient skill, I now submit the story of the first year of my conscious intimacy with them with the hope that it will not pass without beneficent influence on its readers.

THE END

Appendix

Psychic Law

LECTURE I

SPIRIT RETURN

“**T**HIS is the beginning of a series of lessons on Psychic Law and reveals the mystery of what is commonly known as ‘Spirit Return.’ Here am I, who died nearly seven years ago, talking to you just as a deaf mute who knew how to write would talk, for death has removed me to a plane where I miss the atmosphere that conveys sounds. This atmosphere being absent, a mortal voice and mortal ears are no longer useful; but a new atmosphere, the etheric, is susceptible to vibrations from both your plane and mine. Therefore when you speak in a voice and manner that awaken ether I can catch it; and when I can put an etheric wave in motion, I am audible to you. Now lay aside this book and take a new one dedicated to this subject.

“You will be inspired, *i. e.*, moved, to say the fitting word. I am merely your interpreter. Your teacher is the greatest expounder of Psychic Law on this plane, nameless yet to you. I am his pupil; and by interpreting his instructions I become your teacher by proxy.”

After some work that was unsatisfactory to me; in response to my complaint and my incredulity, my husband wrote:

"You are getting the main ideas correctly; but the truth is I tried to give you the thoughts and leave the words to you; and you are not yet quite ready for that. You yet desire 'verbal inspiration'; what many people, you included, have deemed impossible. I think *impression*—by which I mean *inspiration* of thought only—is the most desirable form of communication; but your fear that you will misunderstand the thought compels me to resort to verbal dictation."

Beginning of Lecture Proper

"The world has grown skeptical of immortality or holds the doctrine in such superstitious regard that any intelligent attempt to prove it is deemed blasphemous.

"I shall assume that you know that good and simple souls, devout and God-fearing, have from the beginning of historic time claimed a knowledge of immortality. How has such knowledge been gained? Exactly as any knowledge of a foreign country has been gained, *viz.*: by going thither or by receiving thence intelligent guests capable of giving an accurate account of what they have witnessed and experienced.

"Just as one who has been to another country has usually much to say that is of little interest, so much of little interest has been reported from the next plane of life.

"It does not reduce the fascination of the courts,

cathedrals, galleries, museums and scenery of Europe that many returned travelers tell you only of its restaurants, prisons and slums and that many of its natives who come hither have apparently been blind and deaf to the historic associations and the artistic treasures of the lands whence they have come.

"If many people who claim in a trance state to have gotten a foretaste of the land that lies on the other side of death seem not much to have profited by the experience and as many mortals who claim to have returned thence bring information of small value, this no more discounts the facts of continuity of life and of the wealth of the resources of its next plane than does the ignorance of immigrants or the frivolity of summer tourists discount to the minds of intelligent Americans the existence and the resources of Europe and the Orient.

"The important thing is to learn the route by which to reach Europe and the Orient that we may see and hear for ourselves. So the important thing is that we shall know the law by which one may enter and explore the life beyond the grave.

"A spirit after the dissolution of the bond that confines it within the body experiences no change of essence or of character. The only changes are in its environment and in its capacity for movement and for communication. It finds itself unclothed of flesh but clothed upon with as real a body of finer texture which we may name *ether*.

This word, a few years ago unknown and more lately uncomprehended, we now know names a stuff capable of analysis and description and adapted to as definite a use in the unfolding of humanity as is the physical atmosphere, some elements of which have now for centuries been known to man.

"*Ether* is a fluid that interpenetrates the air; it is indeed that element in air which has escaped the analytical chemist; it is a compound substance whose elements are not yet discernible or tangible to mortal comprehension. It is a finer atmosphere surrounding as well as interpenetrating the atmosphere which we breathe and in which we find the elements that sustain our mortal bodies. It is the inhalation of the ether within the atmosphere by the mind within the body that keeps the mind in vital relation with its fleshly encasement.

"Death is the severing of the etheric bond. Death separates the triune tenant from the body by the fact that the tenant is thus cut off from its connection with the ether within the atmosphere. The triune tenant is sometimes called spirit, sometimes soul by those who, without knowledge, believe in soul as the permanent substance of the human. It is usually called mind by those who realize the tenant only through its ability to acquire knowledge and who further believe that the mind's only source of knowledge or the sole mediums of its acquisition are the bodily senses.

"The tenant thus disembodied (unhoused) finds

itself to be still itself, moved by the same emotions, passions and aspirations as when incarnated. It finds every mental emotional and spiritual aptitude quickened by its release from the flesh. It soon realizes that the flesh which, while it remained on earth, was its chief instrument, was also its chief obstruction. Relieved of this impediment, that is of this body with its carnal passions, which must always be distinguished from the passions of the soul, the tenant naturally sets about the task of learning all that is learnable about its new conditions, and if it has strong ties with those who still remain on earth, it sets about the task of readjusting its relationships. This, disembodied spirits have been trying to do for countless ages, and, just as on earth, there is at least no historic age that has not produced illuminated men and women who have solved the question of the origin and the destiny of man, vaguely perhaps, but nobly still, so in the life on the other side of the grave also since death first was, the law of evolution has been working and severed souls have sought return and again and again have done so successfully; but just as with inventions and discoveries on earth, one age has sought out and another age has availed itself of discovery or applied the invention; so, here what the independent seekers found, what the gigantic inventors have made, have remained necessarily inoperative until, in fulness of time, an age should come, a day, *this* day, when in increasing numbers

those who have experienced death try to return to earth.

"Desire always precedes attainment. A desire must be approximately universal before an attainment can be reached by numbers of appreciable consequence.

"Human affection is as subject to evolutionary law as is any other human quality. The germs of affections exist in all created beings, human and subhuman; but their development and their intensity depend upon the stage of evolution reached. Only within recent centuries have human affections approximated maturity; so only within the same period have human affections, with any degree of universality, survived death and sent thoughts of longing back to earth. As the numbers feeling these longings have increased and as they have united to concentrate upon the Earth Plane, where loved ones have been left, the *Magnetic Force of Mass*, which is a law equally effective on all planes, has operated to draw the longings of survivors to the plane immediately reached through death, where ether, as an atmosphere and a life-sustaining element, takes the place of air as an atmosphere and as the life sustaining factor in mortal environment.

"We have said that it is through ether's being inhaled by the mind, so to speak, that the mind is held in the body at all. After death, connection with the air, the atmosphere, is quite relinquished, because that air is used only by the mortal body, but

the mind still is sustained by ether, and consequently the mind has the power to relate the pure ether in the realm which succeeds death to the ether, which exists on this plane of life only as an envelope of our atmosphere and as an interpenetrating fluid, still unrecognized by most incarnate humans, and still not analyzed by any. Thus the mind, after death, by long series of experimentations, finds itself capable of returning to the Earth Plane, so to speak, by the etheric route. On this plane we have great volumes of accumulated proof that ex-carnate humans for ages have, in increasing numbers, tried to find the return route to earth. Not until those left on earth were far enough developed affectionally and spiritually to respond in proportionate numbers to that longing, was the discovery, which was known to Socrates and which antedates his time, made available for the common use of humanity. Let me introduce a simile: Long before the age of Columbus the eyes of many a dauntless explorer had been turned to the world beyond the seas. In prehistoric times the way had been found, as we now know, by the prehistoric remains of lofty ancient civilizations which prove them to be allied with Aryan civilizations of antiquity, but not yet was this Western World the property of the world as a whole. Ages passed by and the Phœnicians found these shores; but, at such expense of suffering and of treasure that it paid them better to confine their expeditions to nearer territory.

More ages passed; and the sturdy Northmen came. Little cared those hardy adventurers for suffering; less still for cost, for they had no luxurious uses for their wealth; but still the shores were too remote, too unknown and too destitute of immediate return to serve as a lure for either Europe or the East; and the Western World slumbered for centuries longer—until Columbus came; and even then, so futile compared to his effort seemed his labors, that another century rolled by before Europe as a whole was awakened to the fact that half of the world was yet untrod by her sons and that the hour had struck which should mark her awakening to the existence and the availability of this New World beyond the Western Seas.

“Similar to this is the story of the Conquest of Earth by departed spirits and the Conquest of Death by surviving friends.

“Socrates knew that death did not of necessity divide two realms. The Immortality he taught was an immortality that gave the soul of man the promise of conscious possession of prenatal realms, and also of earth after death as well as before it. Socrates also knew as a theory what has been here said of ether. Ages passed and Swedenborg, following Socrates even as Columbus followed the Norsemen, and as the Norsemen followed the Phœnicians, began to make available the discoveries of a prior age. Swedenborg knew that his was no discovery in the sense of uncovering a hitherto concealed fact. His

was a re-discovery for the benefit of the common mind of what Socrates had discovered only to philosophers.

"Three centuries passed and what Swedenborg had brought within the knowledge of the learned men of Europe a little band of unintentional investigators brought within the vision of a wider but less cultivated circle in America. Because so uncultivated, so crude, so simple, the world refused its credence, but nevertheless the discovery created interest; it gained adherents, and at last the effort to know has become at least respectable through the establishment of The Society for Psychic Research.

"This society has wrought a good work, but so great has been the desire of its members to guard against delusions that its energies have to a degree been paralyzed by a caution which is not far removed from fear.

"At last, many simple people, investigating only for the solace of their wounded hearts, have experienced an unanticipated illumination of intellect and they know the Etheric Plane exactly as others know the existence of the Atlantic—because they have crossed it. They know the land, the realm, the plane, the condition beyond death exactly—to continue the parallel—as others know the lands that border the eastern shore of the Atlantic; because they have visited them, or because they have held close converse with those whose home is there and who are wonted to its conditions, its occupations,

its views, its current thought. Just as the Atlantic, which once was only a name in human ears signifying something vast and vague, and indicating a barrier, an eternal separation, has become familiar to our youngest children, who alone, without mother or nurse, can cross it safely in any good captain's care—so ether, still to many a name given, as they suppose, by the overwrought fancy to a non-existing element, has, to other many, become not only a real but as definite a cognomen as oxygen itself, with which it is indeed most closely related. Ether, the atmosphere which the mind inhales so long as it needs to inhale anything to sustain its relation with the physical body—ether, which is the envelope and the interpenetrating vitality of the earth's atmospheric envelope—the existence of this ether as a condition of mental life on the Mortal Plane and as the body of the mind on the next plane, and hence as the medium of communication between the two spheres: This is the first lesson to be learned concerning PSYCHIC LAW."

I had interrupted this dictation by a hundred questions which practically the lecture answers. At its close, my husband said, "You are to take two more lectures immediately, *for record*. They will be transmitted very rapidly on what may be called the high tide of the etheric sea. The title of the second lecture is 'Recognition.' "

LECTURE II

RECOGNITION

“**R**ECOGNITION depends on continuous identity. In its normal state the mind is robed in ether. Its fleshly encasement is abnormal to mind, and also the being that the *self* knows as *self* even while residing in the fleshly body. Therefore, death, which to the flesh body and to the earth-bound spirit is revolting and repugnant, is to the mind, as also to the Self, disrobed of flesh, only a pleasant transition. Even in its mortal encasement, the mind always knows itself to be different from the carnal instrument which it uses in the accomplishment of its earthly purposes. So soon as the mind discovers that the etheric realm to which it has gone is one in substance with that element within the earth's atmosphere on which it subsisted when in the body, and which is its own element, it knows that it can move out of the etheric realm and descend to its former home by virtue of this unity of elemental character.

“The next desire of the mind, of the entity, of the ego, is to be recognized when it returns.

“One of the most painful experiences of the human soul is to seek out its own, either only to find that they were not its own, that the relation

was but temporary and easily dispensed with, or to find its own oblivious to its persistent presence and inaccessible to its solicitations.

"Earth is sometimes densely covered with visiting spirits, who can not gain admission to their former homes, who find indeed the heart of the very nearest one locked and bolted against their possible intrusion.

"The etheric path makes return possible. What shall secure recognition?

"If the returned spirits find that friends have grown inconstant, the particular circumstances will dictate their course. If really faithless because of inherent shallowness of feeling, then, if the returned spirit is also shallow, a sense of pique or disgust, such as under similar circumstances he would in his own mortal state have felt, is all. He returns to the Etheric Plane rather relieved than otherwise to feel quite free to forget the past, and 'to seek fresh fields and pastures new.' If, however, he discerns that the apparent infidelity is produced by an honest skepticism of his own continued existence, continued identity and consequent continuing affection, he is filled with pity for the pain born of ignorance and sets about trying to remove the pain by imparting new knowledge.

"During the last decade hundreds of books, which the writers very honestly consider original, have been written by men and women on suggestions

from returned spirit who desire to increase the knowledge of the world about the nature, the environment, the capacities and the habits of its *tenant* after the death of its mortal body. The sum total of influence exerted by such books has been very great and has affected the attitude of the common mind through three classes of people.

“(a) Scientists have begun to seek by scientific investigation a knowledge of spirit.

“(b) Religious people of divers creeds are reminding one another that angel visitations, communications made by the dead to the living through dreams and visions, are assumed and related in all sacred books and constitute a part of the evangelistic record of the Apostles.

“(c) The human heart has profited as much by civilization and progress as has any other part of the human being; and the human heart, grown more tender, refined and sensitive, is more susceptible to the presence of spirit than it has been in any preceding age.

“The first condition of personal, individual recognition is of course the acknowledgment in one or another way of a spirit's presence.

“This acknowledgment being received, the next thing is to arrest the attention of the friend still in mortal encasement long enough to make him *realize* his (*i. e.*, the returned spirit's) presence.

“This is the crucial point and the difficulty lies

in the different rates of speed with which thought is generated by the incarnate and the excarnate entity.

"Fifty million miles per second is the rate at which disembodied thought travels, while thought embodied travels with any definite perception of what lies along its route at less than one-twentieth of this speed. Now, recognition between two people always depends on their being at the same place at the same time, and it consists in each one's being conscious that the other one is there.

"As it is almost invariably the excarnate spirit that is first familiar with the fact of the spirit's ability to return to earth, it is the excarnate, too, that must solve the problems of recognition. Practically this means that the excarnate spirit must retard his natural pace until it is reduced to one-twentieth of his normal speed; a feat just as difficult as it would be on the Earth Plane to devise a means of raising any given rate of speed to its twentieth power. Thus far this problem has been solved in but two ways.

"One is in traveling over many times the distance to be traversed so that the excarnate soul, granted that it start at the same moment with the incarnate, may meet at the definite point fixed on by the former.

"Here you must recall that the returning spirit has been endeavoring for a long time to obtain recognition. He first attempts to command it by

referring to trivial personal incidents, because these are the most likely to arrest the interest of the friend whom he is trying to awaken to his presence. Often the result is exactly the opposite of what he had anticipated. As what he says is personal, it is probably trivial and is therefore repudiated with an assertion like 'one would not return from the grave to talk about old clothes or a fishing excursion.'

"This repudiation of the most natural method of establishing one's identity arises from the vague, but utterly unreasonable assumption that death has quite transformed its victims; that, having passed through that experience, one no longer retains knowledge of trifling mundane experiences. Sometimes a soul filled with the sense of the freedom that results from dropping the body seeks to tell something of its present state and occupations. These are of necessity so harmonious with his tastes while on earth that again what he says is rejected for the same reason that reference to incidents in his earthly career were unconvincing. Many people insist on supposing that death equalizes all souls; gives all similar tastes and similar conditions providing they were, while here, God-fearing and humanity-serving souls. This is as untrue as any one with a little independent reflection would see it to be absurd.

"Men's bodies are much more alike than their minds; so in reality death robs men of that organ through which their resemblance was most easily

established. Souls, being so dissimilar, when they commence, after getting recognition, to tell of their present state, will give very diverse testimony, and this upsets many people.

"However, gaining recognition, although difficult, is not impossible; and it is most easily done, by what, prior to experience, would seem the most difficult of all methods, *viz.*: by quickening the consciousness of the friends remaining on earth. This process is very long and trying, involving great patience and painstaking, but in the end it is the most satisfactory. The returned spirit approaches his still incarnate friend, and, if possible, gets, so to speak, within the friend's atmosphere, and, once there, the visitor concentrates on the aura of his friend until the latter feels something unusual. The person approached does not understand or at first can not explain his sensations; he only perceives that he feels peculiar, and by and by he finds his thoughts dwelling on his departed friend. The returned friend is instantly conscious when he becomes the subject of reflection and he lingers near and appeals by a thousand cunning devices to his friend until the latter will say he is conscious of the visitor's presence. Usually this recognition is only grudgingly acknowledged, if at all. For example, you will hear one say, 'If I did not know it to be impossible, I should think my brother was here last night.'

"The assumption that return is impossible of

course retards recognition after the return has been accomplished.

"A curious fact is that *consciousness* is hardly realized by one who is really awakened. This is due to the fact that spirit, being as independent of time as of space, moves so quickly that what, measured by time, would take an hour, perhaps two hours, to occur, has happened really in an instant.

"The spirit still embodied can not catch more than *one million vibrations a minute*, while the disembodied spirit will execute or create *fifty million vibrations a second*. Hence the difference between the production of the one and the appreciation of the other is so great that a recognition actually experienced is often doubted the moment after one has been clearly conscious of it. The consciousness, in itself perfect, was for so brief a period that when past it is easier for the average mind to doubt and to deny than it is for it to credit, retain and examine.

"Perhaps this is not clear; but it may be illustrated by the experiences of travel.

"When on a train which is going at the rate of sixty miles per hour a hundred objects are practically unseen, which would be individually perceived if on a train moving at twenty miles per hour. We know they are seen, *i. e.*, that they passed or were passed before the eyes, but they were not grasped by the mind, *i. e.*, by the real observer, because the mind so long as it is encased in

flesh can not keep up with the express train. The mind is, however, really much fleetier than any train, and to the degree that it can concentrate, it is practically disembodied and will therefore apprehend or become conscious of the presence of a spirit because, in concentration, it is freed to a degree from the thralldom of physical matter.

"There is no magic in darkness; none in silence and none in solitude—except that under these conditions, *i. e., alone, quiet and in the dark*, it is easier to *concentrate*.

"A spirit can walk in the light, but, clad in ether, which has many qualities of light, it can not be seen in the light. A spirit can speak in any noise, but noise, *i. e., loud or discordant sound*, breaks the etheric current so that its voice can not be distinguished. A spirit can walk by a friend's side in a crowd; but the crowd so emphasizes itself upon the attention of one who is yet seeing through the bodily eye that the spirit can neither be seen nor felt. Now, you will understand why one, in studying this subject and investigating its phenomena, must work *alone, in subdued light and in silence*.

"There is nothing uncanny, nothing *in any sense* unnatural about this any more than there is in the laws that govern investigation in any other field.

"Even in the physical world, when we are all on the same plane, we take pains to arrange the conditions so that we can receive our friends in the

way that will enable us to get and to give the most satisfaction during their visits.

"One friend likes to go with us to market; another likes best to meet her friends when she and they are in elegant costumes, all aiding the radiance of a brilliant party; another likes to meet his friends in a game; another to read aloud or to be read to; still others like best to come into some retreat—a library, a study, a studio, a sewing-room, a den, where in the conditions best suited to each, each will disclose her own nature and study that of her host or hostess.

"Excaruates, if refined, conservative and retiring, like to see their friends in solitude, silence and twilight; but there are excarnate humans that visit their friends only at seances, public camps or places where crowds congregate, or in smaller but still miscellaneous assemblies.

"The laws that govern individuality are much better obeyed on the Etheric than on the Physical Plane, and here the law that 'like attracts like' holds good."

LECTURE III

COMMUNICATION BY VIBRATION

“THE third lecture is entitled: ‘The Vibratory System of Communication Between the Two Planes, *viz.*: Earth and Ether,’ but as this is too long a title, I shall abbreviate it thus:

COMMUNICATION BY VIBRATION

“Now, take a new book, write the title and hold yourself quite passive while I dictate an explanation of this marvelous system, which may be compared to the nervous system of the human body, since as the nerves connect every portion of the body, both to its great centers and to its tenant, so the *vibratory system* connects all parts of the Solar System, of which it is a part, with one another and with their common center, which may be called the *Cosmic tenant*.

“This lecture you will find newer to your thoughts, more surprising and interesting than the others. Please be quick. Why do I hurry you so? Because we tenants of etheric bodies can not wait near you very well, as we have nothing to hold us down, and, besides, Rubinstein and Père Condé are almost as anxious to get acquainted with you as you are with them, and it has been decided that neither may speak a word to you until your ability to receive has been tested by one more lecture.”

Beginning of Lecture Proper

“Communication between spheres is made possible by the fact that ether, which is common to both the ante- and the post-mortem planes, and which is believed to be common to all spheres within the Solar System, has the quality which enables it to receive and transmit vibrations of all kinds, no matter on what plane or in what source they originate.

“Vibrations depend on threads of connection. These threads are furnished by means of memory on the one side and of hope on the other, so long as memory and hope continue to affect both the spirits who have departed from earth and those that remain on it. By these sentiments souls that are physically separated by death are brought together.

“Memory and hope, and all other sentiments, passions and emotions have each a material covering so very delicate that it is invisible and intangible to those still embodied in flesh. One of the first pleasant discoveries made by the departed human (who may be called soul, spirit, mind, ego, as you will) is that, although the flesh body was left on earth, he is not without a body, *i. e.*, a covering for all his faculties and functions—*i. e.*, for himself. One of the qualities of this covering of the sentiments is that, when active, it is projected in the direction of the object of its desire.

“People who are reciprocally sympathetic, congenial as we say, are bound together by the senti-

ments we have mentioned. Those who love think of each other after death has separated them physically. Their thoughts, clothed in a substance as real as granite, but so delicate that a cobweb is *gross* by comparison, send this substance out like feelers. Such sentiments on the part of each act as magnets to the corresponding sentiments of the other; and being projected in the ether (which is the only atmosphere of the post-mortem state and also the intercellular matter and the envelope of the earth's atmosphere), and being reciprocally attractive, they find each other. A junction of this fine matter which constitutes the clothing of the affections and sentiments follows; and when this junction is effected the soul in the post-mortem sphere will know that such junction has taken place, and the joy which in consequence of this consciousness will agitate his whole being, will cause a vibration of this thread of connection which often results in a semi-consciousness and sometimes in entire consciousness on the part of the spirit still flesh embodied. Then the still flesh embodied person will often say, 'I feel as if ————— were here.' 'I am conscious of his presence,' and he will sometimes add, 'I really could almost believe I felt his touch.'

"Who that has lost any dearly beloved friend has not had this experience?

"The mother feels as if the lost child were really once more pillowed on her bosom. The wife feels almost certain that her husband is present, trying

to advise, aid and protect her. The simple fact is that the nominally dead and supposedly absent friend really is present.

"Sometimes, probably often, perhaps usually, when people die they do depart from their accustomed places; but when they do so, it is not death that compels or causes their departure. Death makes the occasion for them to depart if there is no permanent tie between them and those from whom death physically separates them.

"In cases where the death of the flesh body has not been seized upon as an opportunity to escape from uncongenial relationship, the soul, finding that it can reach its mourning loved ones by these thread-like garments of its emotions, which possess the curious qualities of expansion and contraction and of extension and withdrawal, works arduously, through these qualities, to awaken consciousness in those whom his death has bereaved.

"Love is the most vital, *i. e.*, the most powerful of all the emotions, but it is not the only one that seeks to reach those still left on earth. Revenge, envy, hatred and all the evil passions have also this attenuated garment of finer matter, and souls that feel these passions are goaded by them into activity. They all seek their victims with the same result of effecting a juncture through the emotion, whatever it may be, that binds two souls together.

"Each of these fine threads of connection may be charged with the whole force of the soul experienc-

ing it; hence the strength and consequent length of any vibration will be determined by the strength of the soul producing it.

"These vibrations are sometimes so delicate that their only expression, *i. e.*, their only communicated appreciable influence, is a slightly reduced temperature that may be likened to the passing of the lightest of cool soft breezes over the face or hands. Again the breeze expressing the presence may be so strong, definite and pronounced that it would not be unlike an electric shock.

"The vibratory theory of the emotional connection of the two planes of being, here expounded, is comparable with and related to the vibratory theory of light, heat, motion and other qualities which either belong to physical matter or are expressed through it.

"Ether, almost infinitely more delicate than the earth's atmosphere, is of course proportionally more sensitive and more fluid.

"As a word uttered, even in a whisper, causes the atmosphere to vibrate and through this vibration carries the word to the ear, so a thought affects ether, causes a vibration in the etheric realm and is conveyed to the ear of the listener by a series of etheric waves which are set in motion by this vibration.

"There are many degrees of acuteness in the senses of hearing and seeing on the earth, or what we may here for convenience call the *Atmospheric*

Plane, and whatever degree of acuteness one may seem naturally to possess may be cultivated or diminished according to its use.

"We know that much of nominal deafness is inattention arising from indifference; and we also know that a veritable impairment of the hearing may be retarded, reduced and almost defied by an alert attention and by that determined will to hear as much as possible which results in the habitual listening attitude.

"If the bereaved person who suddenly feels as if the departed loved one were present, instead of denying the possibility of such a manifestation, would assume the listening attitude, the receptive condition, whatever degree of sensitiveness to etheric conditions he may possess, would be augmented, and, moreover, such thoughts, desires, anticipations would continue the vibrations originating in the etheric realm; cause new vibrations responding to the former like an echo; and consequently would create gradually through the use of these vibrations a pathway for the planned, intentional interchange of thoughts, feelings, etc., between the Etheric and the Atmospheric Planes.

"This is so simple that it will be rejected by 'the wise in their own conceit,' but the really simple-minded wise will consider and test; they will apply the scientific method, for this is a matter entirely within the *realm of science, not affecting religion at all*, except as all increased knowledge of the mys-

teries of the universe and all new perception of the significance of the phrase that 'man is fearfully and wonderfully made' may naturally increase reverence and awe for the Power thus revealed through works, which man knows are not his works.

"This is not a question of faith in any other sense than planting a seed, manning a ship, firing an engine, etc., etc., is a question of faith. As has often been remarked, faith is the basis of all human relations and is at the bottom of all human operations. Thus faith in the universal operation of law-faith, that the same causes, under like conditions, will be followed by the same effects, which indeed may be called *scientific faith*—bases both inductive and deductive reasoning.

"If one can imagine the very first farmer, one who had seen neither seed-time nor harvest, or rather one who, born at harvest, knew nothing of seed-time, one will see that it would require as much faith to see the oak tree in the acorn, the loaf of bread in the grass-like blade of wheat as it requires to realize communication between the post-mortem and ante-mortem planes of life by one who has never experienced it. However, this illustration is used to justify the assertion that this is a matter to be investigated by the scientific method.

"Science observes phenomena, discerns conditions and circumstances, classifies facts, draws inferences, and finally states a theory. *The theory that bears*

the test of application finally comes to be regarded as a law.

"This is what is demanded by the theory of the vibratory connection of the two worlds. Shall it be found to bear the test of experience, it will have no effect on Methodism, Presbyterianism or any other form of religious belief. Science can and will prove one of the fundamental principles of Christianity, *viz.*: Immortality, which depends on the existence of soul, of mind (the intelligent tenant, under whatever name one pleases to indicate it) apart from matter as those still on earth know matter—*i. e.*, apart from the flesh tenement.

"This method of communication has been known to great psychics of different lands for several centuries; but nowadays progress is tested by the distribution of its benefits rather than by distinct additions to them; and the time is at hand when this communication between the ante- and the post-mortem states will be the privilege of all, and it will become as general as communication by the use of written and printed symbols now is.

"You say that it will be quite impossible for any but that small section of the cultured who are given to reflection either to understand or to acquire the use of this method.

"In reply, I will ask: How many people who use the telephone and the telegraph really understand the nature of electricity, the construction of

the machines employed or the principles involved in their use?

"This general ignorance of substance and of *modus operandi* does not interfere with the use of those means of communication between people at different points of space on earth, nor will the general ignorance of psychology prevent people from receiving the benefits of this system of communication between people in different states and conditions of being.

"As there must be some who understand to some degree the nature of electricity, in order that they may manipulate telegraphic and telephonic instruments—so there must be some who to some degree understand the nature of ether and the qualities of etheric magnetism, in order that there may be intelligent mediums for communicating between the two sections of human life—for one who *has* died is just as human as one *who is* to die; I may say he is just as mortal—since neither is in himself mortal at all.

"Magnetism is the essence or substance next to electricity, when one regards their relative degrees of subtlety—and beyond magnetism, above it in subtlety, is thought.

"Thought is ultimately as independent of magnetism as electricity already is of wires. Now etheric magnetism is the wire on which thought travels between flesh-encased and unfleshed souls. This proves that this, *i. e.*, etheric magnetism, is not

properly identified with *animal magnetism*. A prejudice against magnetism exists in the minds of many who associate its generation with unpleasant personalities.

"That prejudice is akin to the feeling against the above-ground wires which in all large cities are so unsightly, inconvenient and even dangerous. The parallel may go further for the corpulent gross physiques which are regarded as the generators of physical magnetism are unsightly, disagreeable and inconvenient and their magnetic product is dangerous.

"What is etheric magnetism? It is the principle of vitality in that finer atmosphere which not only surrounds the earth planet and its atmosphere, but surrounds every individual like an envelope, isolating each in some degree from all the rest. We have the phrases, 'So and so has a pleasant atmosphere,' 'an agreeable atmosphere,' 'an harmonious atmosphere.' This is a literal statement of fact, just as real, just as provable as any other physical fact that can be stated about a person. Reduced to the scientific form, the assertion that you like or dislike a person means that you are affected agreeably or disagreeably by the magnetism that he generates, which is the expression of his personality.

"The envelope of the individual which is the extension beyond the physical form, (*i. e.*, beyond the flesh encasement of the soul) is the ether which interpenetrates all the tissue of the flesh body, hav-

ing the same form that the flesh has. This survives death, and is the body with which the mind, the entity, finds itself clothed after death. The element which is the life and power of ether is etheric magnetism.

"This élement will be used continually by Père Condé, Rubinstein and myself as we minister to you, instruct and guide you. In all our work we shall be consciously demonstrating not only the vibratory theory which this lecture expounds, but also all of the principles of Psychic Law given in the first two lectures."



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