

Patience Worth's Magazine



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The Reason and the Purpose

Patience Worth's Magazine is something new under the sun. Never before has there been a publication devoted to the interests of a single personality, and that personality one who is invisible and intangible. Patience Worth cannot be seen, nor heard, nor felt, and yet in a brief time she has become a power to be respected, although a power with no other purpose than the good of humanity. Her words have been spread across the English speaking world, and they and she have been discussed in many lands. Since the first publication there has been a continuous demand for more about her, more of her, more of her writings. Two books have now been published, one about her and one by her, and more are on the way, but such is the tremendous and unceasing outpouring of her words that books, however voluminous, cannot contain them, and it has become necessary to find a medium of publicity for her minor productions and for the conversations that are the continuous delight of her numerous admirers. Out of this demand and this necessity has grown the conception now embodied in Patience Worth's Magazine.

This publication has but one purpose, to present the words of Patience Worth, to "scatter the grain," to "feed the bread," as she would say. It has no controversial intent. It will print the facts in relation to this phenomenon, it will permit discussion of it in its columns, but this will be incidental and subordinate to the primary purpose, the publication of her words. For, while the problem of what she is is interesting and important, it is, in her estimation, and in ours, far less important than what she says. And, anyway, the evidence of what she is lies in what she says, so that the problem and the message are united. In publishing her words we are contributing to the solution of the one while we are giving circulation to the other.

For those who are unacquainted with this phenomenon it may be well to present a brief statement of the facts. Mrs. John H. Curran, of St. Louis, and a friend were amusing themselves on an evening in July, 1913, with the well known psychical instrument called the Ouija board, when they received a message in quaint old English purporting to come from one who said her name was Patience Worth and that she had lived long ago. Seemingly she took up her residence in the Curran household and from that day to this she has been pouring out a continuous stream of words whose literary quality and intellectual depth have amazed and baffled the world. She has said that she was an Englishwoman, born about the middle of the seventeenth century (1649), came to New England after reaching maturity, and died there. But of the cir-

cumstances of her life she has revealed little. However, she displays a wonderful knowledge of the life and speech of old England, not only of the seventeenth century but of earlier periods, and not only the life of England but that of Rome and Palestine 2,000 years ago, as shown in her recently published book, "The Sorry Tale." Most of her works are in archaic forms of English that taken as a whole have no exact counterpart in the records of English speech, and yet in their elements are purely and correctly dialectal English, with a remarkable preponderance of words of Anglo-Saxon origin. The strange character of the language used by her in these works and in her conversations is one of the evidences of her independent personality, evidence which she has deliberately formed for that purpose. Yet she has recently shown that she can, if she chooses, write absolutely perfect English at the present time, for she is now writing a long story, modern in its setting and in its language.

The friends of Patience Worth and the admirers of her work are now numbered by thousands. From the modest beginning of four years ago the knowledge of her and her words has spread until there are few places of importance in this country where she is not known, and they are beginning to hear of her and to talk about her in Great Britain and its provinces. It is but little more than two years ago that the first article about her appeared in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. Previous to that publication she was known only to a little circle of intimate friends of the Currans. But from that initial narrative of the facts her fame has grown with great rapidity. The book about her has had an extraordinarily large sale for a work of its nature, and apparently each book has had many readers. But there is quite evidently a strong desire from very many people for more, and still more. This magazine will help to satisfy that hunger, giving continuous information that will be supplemental, as it were, to her books.

The words of Patience Worth have a reason and a meaning, and hold within them a message. She often refers to her words as grain or bread, food for the heart and soul. "Say ye so," she says, "that he who eateth of this bread shall fill up of love. For look ye, hath a man sorrow, within the words is an comfort. Hath a man joy, within the words be the laughter that shall join his. Hath he a sighin' heavy, behold there be a hand o' soothin' within the words. Be the day grey, look ye unto the light o' Him gleamin' in the words, builded up to hold Him close unto thee. Come thou therein and know ye Him as thine, and receive His love. Forget the cup thou suppeth from, but remember Him within the wine."

What Patience Worth Means to Me

By Mrs. John H. Curran

To answer the scores of questions directed at me daily as to my personal relations with Patience Worth would be impossible. To tell in a few words what she means to me is a task I can only attempt, not complete, either to my satisfaction or to yours.

That Patience came to me rather than to another of the countless other souls, is as much a wonder now to me as it was four years ago when first her soul met mine. But as the days have passed she has meant more and more to me in every way that a friend might grow into one's heart, and I have loved her more each day. This love is mingled with a vast respect for her wisdom, which seems boundless, for her sweetness and sympathy, and for her work, which has come in an unending stream.

She came to me in an atmosphere charged only with idle curiosity. She came unsought, and I recall with pain the patient toil and unremitting sweetness she showed in breaking through my skepticism and the unthinking levity of the household.

The purpose of her coming did not at first appear, and there was only the charm of her companionship and the beauty of her poems to attract. The persistence displayed, the beauty of the thoughts and the religious fervor of her words that were streaming from beneath my hands, the absolute separateness of what was coming from any likeness to my being or my experience, soon brought to us all a sense of the reality of the person of Patience Worth.

"I be me," she would say to all comers, and as time went on she parried with scientists, philosophers, occultists, critics, preachers, and men of every walk of life, holding her own and even leading the way in every discussion. My admiration grew with her unfolding, and as her intellect was revealed I seemed more and more to be as one standing aloof and listening instead of myself being the transmitter of her words.

Her influence upon my character has been so strong that the me I remember before I met Patience seems strange to me now. Physically I have no means of knowing what effect her coming has had. I have put on twenty pounds of flesh since the beginning of "The Sorry Tale," two years ago, but barring a certain settled manner which has come to me I see no other physical difference since the advent of Patience in my life.

In the usual happenings of life, its sorrows and woes, she has helped me to an understanding which has taken out much of the sting of my own and others' pains. More than this, I find myself, instead of dodging the hard things, the work and woe, as I used to, willing to meet them as a strong and bracing wind that swells the heart, sets the head high and gives strength to the soul. And with all this I have found the greatest joy in love-service. I am thinking of one instance now: of my baby, my Patience Wee, who has brought the smile of God into our household, though there are those who would refuse, because of the care and trouble it might bring, to adopt one of their own.

I hope, too, that Patience has given me, for my own use, some of her wisdom. Hers is the homely wisdom, usable even before breakfast and in the mid-hours or evening. Simple, yet thereby profound, her wisdom is for every day's use, in the smallest yet greatest of life's problems; strong medicine at times, but oh, so comfortable "after taking." She has totally removed the fretting I once had for many things that now seem so poor and valueless that I wonder why I ever cared to have them.

On account of one lonely experience of my life among far hills, I had an antipathy to nature out-of-doors. Patience has re-revealed all this to me. She has shown me the soul of every leaf and flower, and the beauty of even a grain of dust in the path. Surely no poet, no philosopher, no singer of any time, so completely gave himself up to the loving of God's creation, as she has done. Her poetry is drawn from many things we pass by unnoticed. Her words clothe God's material world with His love. It would be hard for me to say which has been sweeter, to know Patience Worth, or to know God as she has shown Him for me, though I know her unselfish wish would be first for Him.

I am still trying to absorb at least part of the sublime unselfishness of Patience Worth, yet she is selfish for God and much of her teaching has been to show how to be selfish through unselfishness. I have gone this far: that it matters little to me if I shall be understood or not in the giving over of my life to the receiving and transmitting of the message which Patience Worth has given me through God's goodness. It matters little that there shall be those who mistake and misjudge my motives, but it matters much that I shall give it honestly to the world as it has been given to me, for I have the sure faith that time will unlock the hearts of unbelievers and they *shall* know, not Patience Worth, not myself, but a new light on God's wonders.

One of the greatest things I have learned from Patience Worth is that better than fame or fortune or ease is the joy of feeding the hungry hearts of earth, better than any worldly attainment is the soothing of the sorrows and woes of men. Literary or musical fame or the plaudits of the multitude might bring but a few days of glory, but surely there is no attainment so great as the attainment of the Kingdom of Love in which, through Patience Worth, I have found a haven, and which I offer to you by the gladly-given sacrifice of a few days of toil which I might have used chasing some worldly phantom or ephemeral pleasure. All that is mine has come through the fount of Patience Worth's love, the waters of which are her words. These I offer to you with the full faith that you can find all that I have found within them. Her wish for me I pass on with love to you:

"That ye shall weary, thereby knowing His labour, for this is the fullness of all things."

The Industry of Patience Worth

Patience Worth is a hard worker. She uses every moment of the time given her constructively. When the opportunity comes for her to communicate she loses no time but sets at her task. To understand what she accomplishes with the means at her disposal it is necessary to present some figures.

During the last year, since July 1, 1916, Patience Worth has written approximately 425,000 words. Of this 178,000 words were on "The Sorry Tale," a little more than the last half of the book. Shortly after "The Sorry Tale" was finished she began, in March, a modern story in present day English, of which she had written, up to the first of July, 75,000 words. Upon another unfinished story, "The Merry Tale," she wrote 11,000 words. There were miscellaneous communications, discourses and conversations amounting to 135,000, and no less than 120 poems aggregating some 25,000 words.

That is to say, in addition to over 250,000 words of prose composition of a literary nature, intended for book publication, she has written an average of more than two poems a week, and a vast amount of other matter. All this is done at sittings of not more than two hours each week and not more frequent than three or four times a week. To be exact, there have been during the year 150 sittings which, at an average of two hours, would be a total of 300 hours given to her work. This is equivalent to less than 38 working days of eight hours each. In this brief time therefore she has turned out the vast amount of literary productions itemized above. This would be at the rate of 11,000 words a day, or a continuous production of nearly 1,400 words an hour.

As a matter of fact she has written many evenings on her story at the rate of 2,000 words an hour. In five successive sittings she turned out 16,000 words of literary matter. The crucifixion scene in "The Sorry Tale," containing about 5,000 words, was dictated by her in two and a half hours actual writing time. Her work for the year would be equivalent to five ordinary novels of 75,000 words each and a volume of poems. But she never seems to tire.

It has been a little more than four years since she began her communications and the volume of her production has increased progressively year by year. The first year the total was not more than 20,000 words; in the second it was approximately 150,000 words; in the third about 300,000 words; in the fourth, as has been stated, about 430,000. This increase is the result of the increasing facility of transmission and growing skill in the work. At first Mrs. Curran had to grope for the letters laboriously. Gradually the power developed and so, too, the mechanical quickness of movement. At the beginning, and for a long time, there was no mental impression, and each letter had to be touched with the pointer before it was known. Then she discovered that the letters were coming into her consciousness now and then, and this impress upon the conscious-

ness grew in power until the letters on the board were rarely touched. Now Mrs. Curran simply circles the pointer upon the board and calls out the letters as rapidly as the tongue can speak them, without, as a rule, any pause between words, or any pronunciation of the words. Often she gets an entire word at once, and then, of course, she speaks it, and occasionally she gets a group of two or three words. But usually it is a swift and continuous succession of letters that must be grouped into words and put down as she proceeds. This, too, is a task that cannot be done without practice and experience, and Mr. Curran, who is always her amanuensis, has greatly developed this ability. The pointer, now, seems to be of service merely as a device to draw Mrs. Curran's attention from other things, and permit the uninterrupted impress of the letters upon her consciousness. If a noise or movement momentarily distracts her mind she will touch a few letters with the pointer before getting back to her usual state of mental receptivity. It is this conscious impression of the letters that makes it possible for her to record this work with such remarkable speed, and enables Patience Worth to produce such a volume of literature.

THE sole purpose of this publication is to spread and to interpret the words of Patience Worth. It is not a medium of occultism nor of psychical research. It will not concern itself with kindred phenomena of any character. It is not related to nor associated with any cult or society, nor has it any theories to present other than those based upon the words and the personality of Patience Worth. It is, in short, Patience Worth's Magazine, nothing more, nothing less.

It should be clearly understood that Patience Worth is not a "fortune-teller." She does not "read the future." She does not find lost lovers, lost relatives or lost property. She does not give advice upon business. She does not pretend to be a physical healer. It is, therefore, utterly useless to ask her service in any such matters, and it is worse than useless to send money to this publication, or to anyone associated with her, for such purposes.

Poems by Patience Worth

The Seekers

Dost hear the day to rock?
 'Tis filled o' seekers, ever.
 Aye, for He doth ever send
 A one to seek the Earth.
 For e'en the stillest spot
 There be a wind, to seek.
 For e'en the dusts o' earth
 There ever seeketh drop.
 For all the earth's dark day
 Doth sun and moon and star to seek,
 And light with every tint
 O' gold and silvered tone,
 The deep and darksome hours.

Afar upon the sod,
 No drop that sheddeth there
 But that 'tis supped to stain
 Some blossom o' the Spring.
 No smile that fadeth,
 As that dread touch of earth doth fall,
 But that the even's hush shall sweeter be.
 No touch o' loving hands
 That falleth 'pon the bruise,
 But scattereth the seed athin the hearts o' men,
 That springeth up amid the tare
 And flowereth o'er the wounds.

No prayer is murmured vain.
 Ah, nay, for hearken thee!
 At eve's soft hour shall He to speak in answering.
 For soft upon the leaves
 The sun's kiss falleth ever,
 As tho' the sun would seek out
 E'en each bud and stem.
 And o'er the hill's dark brow,
 Where plumed tree tops wave,
 A song breaks forth and singeth unto thee.
 And at thy heart the knocking cometh then,
 And at its touching warmeth and doth melt.
 Wilt thou, then, leave Him in?

A Prayer

O Lord, do hark unto this word.
 Hark Thou, O Brother of this Vale.
 For naught I fear.
 And prithee, hear this plea.
 Of Earth, 'tis naught I beg.
 Of flesh, a-naught a-too.
 Of bounty of thy lands
 There be a-naught I'd seek.
 And yet, O Lord,
 Do hark unto this song.
 A fearing setteth me, ayea,
 And yet I fear me not,
 For of this flesh there be
 A voice to sing to thee.
 Ah, reft me not o' this, O Lord,
 Though Earth shall pass away.

A Wry Day

Day hath a frown,
 And sheddeth tears from 'neath her brow.
 The path hath briared her edge,
 And stoned her stepping place.
 The men o' earth do harken not
 And wry word filleth up the hour.
 The ayle hath soured and bittered much,
 Yea, and pence o' me,
 The brother o' my day hath sought.
 I've drunk o' wines and ayles and brews,
 And day but sorried more!

I turned me then unto the dame,
 The dealer at Ye Inne,
 And set a kiss upon her bloom,
 And Day but dealt me of her blow!
 I set me then upon a path,
 A one I ne'er had trod,
 And sought me out the huts and cots
 That threaded 'long the way.
 And lawk! I seed a goodman, frocked,
 At spark o' Betsy Green!
 Aye, and Dominic atripping with the dame
 Who goeth for the kine!

I sought me then the Sabboth House,
 And made me word o' prayer.
 And lo, they were but twiddle dum,
 And little tweedle dee!
 And I did flee me out again
 Unto the roadway wide
 And met the toll-watch 'pon a nag
 And circling 'bout his bride!
 And lo, the nag wert tail to front!
 And then—alawk, I woke!

My Ship

Where hath my ship agone?
 I set it out, and watched it sink to naught.
 And lo, I stand astrain in wonder where it be.
 Yea, where hath the ship agone?

With loving did I set asail the craft
 And wait and wait and wait for word to come to me.
 For unto harbors I know not it saileth on,
 And though the wraths of storm do wash it from its course,
 Still doth it sail, to where—ah me!—to where?

Will its frail masts hold strong?
 Hath the course been laid aright?
 Will it come back to me a broken toy—
 Beat, broken, and its store alost?

Ah, where hath the ship agone?
 Can I then wait me here?
 Yea, for though its mast may snap,
 And though the course be lost,
 What care, what care have I?

For it were builded strong as love o' me might build,
 And saileth unto Him.

Eternal Spring

The soft, warm breath of life
 Woke 'pon the sun-warmed day,
 When Spring, like to a maiden young,
 Arose from off her snow-white couch,
 And shook her mantle strewn o' flowers
 And decked the earth.
 The rushes, standing deep within the pool
 Drank wine-warmth from the depth,
 And sent their tassels forth to wave unto the day.
 The birds sought out the sheltered niche
 To hang the nests of them. The herds
 Stood breathing deep the sweet breath of the wood
 That scented o' the breeze. The sun arose
 And blushed to see the stark Spring striding o'er the earth.
 And lo, the Spring did care-free dance,
 And strip her robe o' bloom and cast aside,
 Till earth stood decked e'en as a bride.
 And sun shone warm, and lo, the Spring
 Stood stripped and burned,
 Her mantle shrunk and earth did brown,
 And then the ice-breath o' the Winter's sprite
 Did tell the coming o' the snows. And Spring
 Stood stark, and shook her, freezing there,
 And then the trees did see, and sent their leaves
 As kisses unto her, to warm and clothe her quaking.
 But Spring did sigh and lay her down
 Within her seared, brown robe, and lo, her heart did warm
 Aneath the snows and her hands did fashion garlands
 For the sun's greet at the going o' the winter's gloom.

The Break of Cloud

Ah, woe hath set my day,
 And darked this heart o' me.
 The Earth hath cast but hollow smile
 To sweet the hour.
 The fields have robed in brown
 And ceased their smiling unto me.
 The trees stand stark
 And frown them 'pon my loneliness.
 The river casteth up her foam-rift smile,
 To lose it at the flowing on.
 The moss is sodden 'neath these feet
 That fain would seek their softed balm.
 The weary, dreary winds do sob
 And wring a sorry from the day.
 The mists have hung them o'er the sky
 And deep them to a darksome cloud.
 And lo, athin their murky robe,
 Hath this the heart o' me awrapped.
 Ah, woe hath set my day,
 And sorrow wrapped my hours.
 When lo, o'erhead the heaven's cloak of mist
 Doth part to show the deep, deep blue
 That flasheth bright and sendeth me His smile!

Oh Thou My All

Oh, Thou, my All!
 What word do I to put
 That reacheth unto Thee and asketh naught;
 That filleth up this song
 And sweeteth e'en the airs it falleth 'pon;
 That emptieth this heart
 That it doth fill 'pon Thee?

The lute o' me doth snap its strings
 In fulling o' the chord!
 Take thou this heart, aye,
 And fill this breast
 With Thee.

Mother

Dark hung and shadowed path o' me,
 Whereon these tired feet do plod,
 Thy stony track doth cut adeep,
 Thy shadowed way doth weary sore.

Will not the light then shine?
 Do I to track me ever 'mid the dark?
 Can these eyes shut thee from their sight
 And coax a bright to show?

The waters of my tears have washed
 The green away, and but the stone doth show.
 Then did these tears to do this thing,
 And shall this heart to cast thy gloom
 And look not 'pon the dark?

Aye, from out the dead days, stored athin my heart,
 Shall I to draw me forth a golden cloth—
 The brightest web that hangeth o'er the day o' me—
 And show it here upon thy dark,
 And flaunt its sheen and glint,
 And lo, the sun shall rise it through the gloom
 And leap to catch its bright.

For lo, it be but love—
 The love o' One that shed for me ahere.
 This then shall be my cloak
 And it be Him, and lo, the sun doth shine,
 For it doth ever seek Him out
 And spring unto the love that be o' Him.

Yea, this then my cloak shall be
 The love o' her that wove abright my day.

Song of My Heart

Sing, sing, my heart,
 Sing, sing out unto the deep draped night!
 Sing, sing, my heart,
 Sing out the tears that wash mine eyes!
 Sing, sing out, my heart,
 Flood dreary wastes o' earth with love!
 Sing, sing out my heart,
 E'en though thy song hath purpled wing!
 Sing, sing out my heart,
 Unto my land, and bathe her woes in love!
 Sing, sing out, my heart,
 To them who be aneed o' song—
 Bathe them with tears, and wash the crimson white!
 Sing, sing out, my heart,
 And steal this soul, and fling its best
 Unto the Earth, that it be borne
 'Pon breeze that beareth on and on!
 Sing, sing out, my heart,
 For land, and love, and *Him!*

A Weary Song

(Given at the end of a sitting and the "weary" lines were spelled out slowly as if there were a yawn between each letter. "Weary asetteth me" means "weariness sets upon me.")

'Tis a-song I'd be,
 But w-e-a-r-y a-s-e-t-t-e-t-h m-e.
 'Tis at the doings o' the day I'd be,
 But w-e-a-r-y a-s-e-t-t-e-t-h m-e.
 I'd up and build o' castles rare
 But w-e-a-r-y a-s-e-t-t-e-t-h m-e!
 I'd harvest o' the grain that rusteth there,
 But w-e-a-r-y a-s-e-t-t-e-t-h m-e!
 I'd finish o' this song, ye see,
 But w-e-a-r-y a-s-e-t-t-e-t-h m-e!

The Patience Wee

On Wednesday evening, August 16, 1916, the Curran family started their usual tri-weekly sitting with Patience Worth, expecting her to continue her narration of the Sorry Tale. Patience, however, had other plans. She began by saying that she was going to tell them something "close, yea close." "Ye see," she continued, "I be a weaver of cloths. And this cloth be not for him who hath. Look, at a time a-later the purse shall fatten, and ye shall seek ye a one, a wee bit one who hath naught. Aye, this be close, close."

It dawned upon them that she wanted to adopt a baby. Patience went on: "Thou shalt deliver o' the goods o' me unto the hands o' this one, and shall speak its name 'Patience Worth.' Look, look ye, this one shall be a one that needeth sore, mind ye! Ye shall whisper sweets unto this bit; e'en within the sma' ear that heareth not the full wordin' (even before it could understand). Yea, and unto this one thou shalt speak o' a fairie damie (Patience) who ministereth; and of' Him who hath sent her."

"Why a girl instead of a boy?" was asked.

"Ye see, a man laddie hath man's cunnin,' but the damies, ah, I be aknowin'!"

She then went on to lay the responsibility on all her friends by saying: "Nay one shall take unto him the all. Nay; this one shall be the flesh o' all who love o' me, and shall smile sweets unto them." Thus anyone who loves Patience, automatically becomes part owner of her babe.

"Ye shall seek the path (hunt). Out the first grain's shellin' (first moneys received) ye shall shoon o' it (shoon (shoes) used figuratively to express clothes). See ye! e'en now the wee be awaitin'." There was a feeling that somewhere the babe was waiting to be taken.

"Wait ye! when thine eyes fall 'pon it, thy heart shall leap."

The subject came up of the parentage of the child and she said:

"Mind ye not o' Earth's laws, but His. See ye full be wickeds 'pon the path, yet look ye, the grandsire's shadow need not fall 'pon it."

She began to tell how she wanted her dressed, saying:

"Ye shall set her spinster-prim. Look, ye, look ye, and bonneted o' white like unto thy damie (herself). Yea, and a wee, wee kerchief; and ye shall set it gray caped. Yea, and ye shall see that about the wee neck hangeth the sign o' Him (cross). Ye shall speak then the word 'Patience' full oft. Yea, and when ye see the wee armies raised unto thee, 'tis thy handmaid raisin'."

These were all the instructions they had regarding what they should do and where they should seek for the wee one. Assisted by friends they industriously hunted in many directions without any encouragement, but the search continued from day to day. One night she told them that they must not look for a baby that was "whole" (perfect) for did they it would be "like a wolf that seeketh the fat fowl that he feed him well," meaning that it would be



Patience Worth Wee

merely gratifying themselves. "Seek not that it fall not short, but that it send forth one pure beam o' His light."

The search continued until by the merest accident Mrs. Curran received information of a woman who was about to give birth to a child, and the circumstances made adoption possible. The father of the expected child had been killed by a mill accident. The mother, who has since died, was poor. She was in charge of a mere acquaintance and facing a future of poverty with her child. On the chance that it would prove to be a girl full preparation was made and many of the friends of Patience spent hours sewing on the little garments for the wee Patience Worth.

At last, upon an evening, the Currans were again writing on the Sorry Tale and at exactly nine o'clock Patience stopped the narrative and said: "This be nuff." She would not say whether she wanted to write later in the evening or whether she wanted to wait until the next day.

It had been arranged to call at ten o'clock to see if the baby was born, and at that hour a message was received over the 'phone saying the baby had been born at nine o'clock, the moment that Patience ceased her writing. She explained it later by saying: "Think ye I be astirrin' o' brew and this thing bein'?"

Mr. and Mrs. Curran went out and returned with the baby. It weighed less than four pounds, which was certainly as wee as Patience might desire, and by a coincidence, the baby had red hair. Patience Worth, her invisible foster mother, has said that she had red hair.

Though it is small, the baby is physically perfect and the refinement of her features is shown in the picture here printed. She weighs over fourteen pounds at this writing. She has been legally adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Curran, and she has also been adopted figuratively by all the lovers of Patience Worth, just as Patience asked that she should be.

She was christened on November 26, 1916, Rev. George W. King officiating in place of Dr. McKittrick, who was too ill to serve but who sent a prayer which was read by Rev. King. Mrs. Charles H. McKee is her Godmother

and Casper S. Yost her Godfather, while Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Woodruff are the sponsors.

"I say me that she be e'en amore than a sign," said Patience, "for she hath the key within her sma' hand that openeth the heart e'en o' the great God, and this be the key o' love.

"Behold, the paths o' earth be fulfilled up o' such as this babe o' mine. Wastes, lost loves, lost 'pon the torrent-swept sea o' Earth's day, and not one beam that may bear up their frailness.

"Love is the fire that fueleth the labor o' His tasks. I ha'e set up the sign. It be a beauteous sign before the face o' men, not a sorry-dolin'. Behold this babe be the dreg o' sorrow, yet, clothed in love, look upon her, glorified! Look upon the flesh made whole, purified o' love. Oh ye men, look upon her lips! The purity o' God's love is upon them and the heart of Him may be read within her eyes. I say me nay thing that containeth the fire o' love may be a wry task. Nay, and thy handmaid sayeth that since the living be loth (reluctant), then behold, before their eyes she set up the sign, inasmuch as these hands lay hold o' flesh and minister flesh rights to flesh, without the seeing o' their up and down."

Patience Worth to Her Visitors

To a visiting judge and former doubter: "Hark, Sirrah; know ye this: Since thou hast sipped o' me out the words thou knowest I be me, and bein' me be truth; for nay thing may take unto an oped heart a thing save that it enter by the key o' truth and its packin' be love."

To a comedian she made this cryptic remark: "The trick o' a fool tickleth the side o' the noble, thereby the fool be nobled and the noble fooled."

Of a rather austere educator she remarked to his wife: "It be not the oped eyes that taketh him in, but the primmed, downcast eye. Aye, and the wee bit sma' smilie tucked aneath the tooth!"

A physician friend made an uncomplimentary remark about his own features. Patience wouldn't have it so, and said: "Nay, hark! the well o' tenderness lieth beneath the stone; the waters of mercy flow from the hill's side; the mists of the valley be of the waters of tenderness, and the waters of the streams even so. Aye and this water hath its fountain-head within such an heart."

To a lady known for her philanthropies she said: "Aye dame, 'tis true that sweet words be not weighted out by pence. They be free, given freely or yet be nay sweet. Yet the earth be a-mise-filled, (filled with misers) jealous-careful that they spend not the sweeted words, but freely dole they pence."

To one partially deaf she gave this wish: "That the music o' the new days for she a-here shall fill up the gray-some tide, making, in the silent places, newer lands and

deeper sweetnesses. That the days shall fall them gentle like dews, nor sunnied past the bearin'."

Patience wrote a comfort-poem to one who was to be blind for a period on account of eye-cataracts. Noticing her tears she said: "Oh my love, see, thy handmaid would for to gather o' thy tears, yea, that their fruit be smiles; for know thee this, thou shalt see, afar more close, His face. Look upon it and the sun of new light be thine; for within thy heart is the light o' His countenance. Yea, and thou knowest Him close. Then through this passing nightsome tide rest thy head upon His bosom, comfort-close, and smile!

To an author who marvelled at the intricate plot of her new story she said: "A brewster who breweth o' many herbs telleth not the folkin's o' the brewin's. Nay, but the folkin's aches drown in the brewin's."

A wish she gave to one in trouble: "Had I a wishin' I'd set thee, 'twould be that the paths o' thy dark days be sillered o' smiles and golded o' love, and jeweled o' the thing that meanth the bread o' loving, and this be the hand-grasp o' a loved one that calleth thee friend. What armour needeth thee then?"

To a lady filled with unasked questions: "Aye, but dame, thou shouldst for to know the dames o' the olded tides had o' a thing for the babe that quizzed o'ermuch, and this was a saplin's quirk!"

The publishers wired a request to ask her for a suggestion for a cover design for "The Sorry Tale." Patience made the following suggestion which was followed out

to the letter. "Lookee, there be a twain o' puts thee might for to be at. There be the chide-rod, (the shepherds crook) aye, and o'er one the crown o' the noble and o'er the tother a laurel. Thee then could set thee, should thee set thee awish, o' an upland hill, and the path ahead o'er the brow. Aye, this be the sign o' the days. Amore; then there be an measurin' rod, the weighter o' all things (the scales). Set thee so."

To a lawyer she replied when asked what she thought of his trade: "A fender o' the village wert the smithy, and he did o' this thing with his fistin'!"

"But I must do it with my brain," said he.

"Nay," Patience remarked, "Ye who swim the waters o' words, alawk! a-wetted ye be o' wordin's! See, and he who seeketh ye becometh wet upon the drops that cling ye, and ye be aknowin' that thereby he hath found that thou, too, dost swim the water o' words. Thereby ye, and he who doth see, may swim the tide atwain. Aye, and he who hath been a-more a-wetted o' many swimmin's be at the leadin', eh?"

Of a visiting minister she said: "See ye, he be a-seekin'! Aye and a goodly 'un he be. Aye, but had this thing been at the tide (time) o' thy handmaid, such an woein'! Aye, they should 'a set him up afore the folkins! And thy handmaid—lawkaday!—she should a scoarhed!"

To a Scotch minister she said: "Ye see ye, canny one, ye be a-knowin' that should thy handmaid speak o' *her* flesh, *her* prance, *her* pettiskirt and bucklin's, aye, and o' *her* singin', what meaneth this unto Earth? I say me this be true: She singeth but one singin'."

To the Red Cross society she said: "He who casteth e'en a crumb in loving, setteth up a leaven of love that boundeth out one heart unto another. E'en though folly layeth low His loved ones, the soothe is within thy hands. Yea, this be true, and the shadow o' His cross is the sign of soothe."

Of the night in her native land she remarked: "Ye should joy to see the night's cape spread and cloak the earth, for ye know he seeketh the morn. Night, the knight o' eve, whose doublet is of purple, whose shoon be jeweled dew, who weareth the moon as his cap's buckle, and the starry way his feather! It be such an merry for to play!"

To a poet visitor: "He who weaveth garlands for casting to the earth and brothers, weaveth thanklessly; but do ye weave for Him who knoweth thee and whom thou knowest, 'tis thank and loving—a piffle for the thank."

To a minister of the Gospel: "Ye see, doth a man hold his God within his own skin, he may not take in His wonderworks. Nay, for the God he knoweth may not do one whit o'er a man's task. Ye know this thing and yet, ah me, how many o' the weasen skins have weasen gods!"

Of a woman pianist, she said: "Love hath kissed each finger tip. They sing, aye, sing o' love. 'Tis the like o' her that bear love unto the earth."

Of a dear old priest: "He putteth to the sunset the glow o' the rise. Aye, and days a-past and they at passing be filled o' joy in Him."

Of a well-known St. Louis writer on the war: "He plucketh o'er an eagle's quill for to tickle o' the earth."

To a theosophist who asked about "planes": "I be tracker o' a plane, aye, and plain I be. Yea, I be me."

To an architect: "Man maketh temples that reach them unto the skies, and yet He fashioneth a gnat and where be man's learning!"

Of her "Sorry Tale" she said: "Upon this loaf the tears of Earth shall fall, and soak up and dry, and salt for eat o' hungered."

To a philologist: "What be a word doth it not to carry the pack thou settest it to?"

Confidentially after a crowded week: "'Tis a tracking unto the brew pot they be. Yea, and harken soft. Were I to stir me o' the brews o' them a-seek and leave thee sniff, 'twould set thy eat awry!"

To a renowned investigator: "Ye be seeking to measure smoke within a bowl and it slippeth a-whither beneath thy very hands!"

A Christian Scientist asked: "What is the best version of Truth on Earth today?" Patience replied: "The Day its very self."

A goodnight word to a great conductress: "I put me a wish that nights shall swing as cradles for thy sleep, and days shall fill o' musics for thine ear; that thy loves shall sup but sweets, and He shall seek thy hut."

A hope for the book, "Patience Worth": "Do list; I put me a hope that each o' the scripts (pages) that man looketh 'pon shall look up unto him and show a-pured. Ayea, and more; that the smile o' Him shall show athin the word thereon."

Scattering the Seed

The primary purpose of this publication, as stated elsewhere, is to present the words of Patience Worth, or, as she puts it, to "scatter the grain," to "feed the bread." It is a work in which all who are interested in Patience Worth, all who believe in her, may assist. Everyone who has received help and comfort and consolation from her words, and we know they are many, can do nothing more pleasing to her than to give to others the same opportunity for help and comfort. Every number of this magazine that goes out is "scattering the seed." The publication has no commercial intent. It has no expectation of paying dividends. It seeks merely to tell the world of Patience Worth and her message. Each reader can get more readers and they in turn more readers, so adding to the friends of Patience and to the benefits of her words:

"This brew o' me," she says, "be for the eat o' them who seek o' wisdom's kiss. Yea, for wisdom doth kiss, for wisdom bringeth man deeper o' love. So hark ye unto thy hand-maid."

"Of this brew o' me, add thou thy love, that the sweet be sweeted. This be the feed o' earth o' sweets; for thou shalt take of this sweet and deal unto thy day. And the brother to whose day thou hast dealt shall deal him then unto his brother."

"So be it that a day shall be that thou shall be not here, and thy hand-maid shall fall short o' the days o' earth; for no hand shall offer unto her that she shall speak the tung o' Him. Then hark! Upon this day shall these words stand them, sweet o' love, dealt through thee and me, from out the love o' Him, and sweeted o' thy loves."

Please let me thank you for many moments of unalloyed joy not alone from a psychologic standpoint but for the sheer beauty, rhythm and quaint melody the poems of a bygone age have given me.

Some Opinions of Patience Worth

Patience must have suffered much, even like us bedridden ones, or she could not comfort us so much. Can we not have all the wonderful writings, poems, dramas, words, stories, etc.? Her weaving seems too precious to lie unused, her light too steady and clear to hide away. It is to be regretted that the scholar's art of using words and making of them "Golden apples in pictures of silver" is as rare today as the work of the goldsmith painters, or of a Cellini in the tangible metal. I had long thirsted "as the hart after the water brooks" for such a draught as Patience so simply offers from her cup. It is what might be called a renaissance of golden English.

But aside from all the beauty and literary value of her work Patience seems to me to have come on a mission, somewhat in keeping with that of Jeanne, the visible maid of Orleans, who, instructed by her voices, brought the crown of temporal power to a king, while Patience, the invisible maid, brings the crown of immortality to a world.

(From a Preacher): I am going to feel my way to reading and interpreting "Patience Worth" to many, as I have already done to a few groups. It is the best thing I could give them. For the present "preaching the Gospel" has become a dulled phrase to most people. No books now appeal to me as does Patience Worth's words. I love to read the poems aloud and interpret. I wish I could tell you all I get out of them. I appreciate the hidden thought I understand.

(From a French woman to whom Patience talked about the war): I am making a translation to send home to my people and friends, soldiers in the trenches. You can never know all that Patience Worth's words have meant to me, here, away from sunny France, in days so tragic, yet great and blessed.

I have in my mind a picture of a quaint little gray-clad figure with keen eyes and a knowing smile who would let a little girl like me sit on a hassock at her feet and listen to the sweet wisdoms of the word.

I am sure the religion set forth is a fine repetition of the gospel I have been preaching weekly and at funerals for twenty-five years. Let us have more.

For all Patience Worth has done for me in my sorrows I feel a deep debt. Command me in any work you may do.

Wonderful Patience Worth! Such wit, sarcasm, and repartee! The whole matter possesses such vigor and freshness, such spontaneity and charm that one cannot but feel the personality living through it. Also, the impossibility of it being the personality of Mrs. Curran that we know, charming as her own personality is, is too evident to need discussion.

I cannot resist writing you a line to let you know that I have read and re-read my copy of "Patience Worth" and my heart is singing with her. Would she could be the companion of every lonely heart of earth.

That little talk with Patience will live in my memory always. It has added to my courage and will stem the impatience that reels against me at times.

I began studying the dialect of Patience Worth in my English course, but I have forgotten the language in the message itself.

When the Patience Worth articles first appeared I felt at once the truthfulness and genuineness. Then we all got the message and since then all her words have thrilled us with a great uplift.

I have had many letters of sympathy from my friends, but none of them have comforted me as has the words of Patience Worth. I have read it over and over again and really have taken a new hold on life. I would dearly love to see you face to face, but may never. However, I love you and will never forget you.

It is like the color and fragrance of our grandmother's garden.

It fills me with joy and wonder just to think of Patience—indeed I have long felt that it is the event of our century of wonders. Does she not come at this time to show the bright sun of love above the ghastly battle-fields, and point the way to a better era for us, who still permit the crime of war to continue?

The wonderful book has helped us all through the valley of bereavement. We feel that the new light has given us a greater trust and that in the remaining "handful of days," as Patience says, we can rest content and sure of meeting our boys in the great "Where."

Rarely have I heard a combination of such meaty thoughts in such exquisite language. Yes, what is the agency? In our small way we have had startling experiences, and do have them, that telepathy nor any branch of mental science will not answer. Yesterday I believed—today I doubt—tomorrow again I believe, and so it goes. Why are we humans so hard on things we cannot comprehend—when we know we comprehend so little?

If Patience Worth is what she seems to be—a messenger—then her words are vital. Nothing, before, appealed to me, and she opens up such a wonderful Truth—a Hope—that it compels one to think and trust.

Evenings with Patience Worth

In this department will be printed verbatim copies of the records of the meetings with Patience Worth, without any alterations except such as may be thought necessary to make the text clearer, and the omission of parts that are of a purely personal nature and of no public interest.

(Present: Dr. G., a writer, Mrs. G. and the Currans.)

On a previous visit of Dr. G., Patience had said he had "plucked an eagle's quill to tickle o' the earth."

Patience: "See ye, I be at put o' word, yea unto the plucker o' the quills do I to put.

"See ye, thou plucker! I be at put o' the right quill o' me at music's word and the left at a twist o' put, yea, a merry tale! Canst thou do this?" (Meaning she was writing a story with a quill in the right hand and another story with a quill in the left—figuratively.)

Doctor G.: "It's about all I can do to write one book!"

Patience: "Yea, amore, I put me o' the both for thee!" (She would write on both stories for him.)

Here came a discussion of the various kinds of criticism and what should be the mental attitude of the author.

Patience: "Lor', he (Dr. G.) hath shut the eyes o' him at the cast o' the stone unto the airs he hath cast, and men did to wag them 'tis awry, the word.' Yea, and he shutteth o' his eye and uppeth o' his shoulder and sayeth unto himself, 'wait, wait, wait, 'tis a-tickle o' the sides o' earth I be.'"

"Fetch ye o' the put o' the merry tale." (Bring forth the blank book in which that tale was being transcribed.)

We complied and she wrote the following on the story:

"And he rubbed o' his hands one 'pon the other and blew thereon. And the up-airs o' the inne still held o' the chill's bite, e'en though the fires logs did crack them at a-burn; and the breath whited at the blowing.

"And Gilda stood and looked unto Frederico, her hands 'pon her hips and eyes that made questioning. And Frederico spake not but kicked o' the logs and plucked o' a chip that he set the boots o' him clean o' snows. And Gilda spake:

"Frederico what manner o' man sleepeth and yet waketh, and goeth unto his straw at the eve and morn showeth him not, and yet he cometh and sayeth naught o' his come or his go?"

"And Frederico sighed and asked: 'Gilda, hast thou milch or yet a bit o' staled ayle?'"

"And Gilda made answering: 'Thou then dost deem thou mayst drown the bidding I do set thy tongue athin (within) the mug? Frederico thou tellest, or 'tis Gilda that opeth o' her lips unto Anthus.'"

Patience: "See ye. I put now. Fetch the tear tale." (You see, I have written on this; now I shall write on The Sorry Tale.)

"And Theia sunked upon the stones, her locks spread and o'er the flesh of her the mantle, stained of the blood of Alexis. And Panda stood him tall, and his breast heaved, and his arms swelled, and his lips shut, and his teeth ground, and upon his brow stood drops. And he stood forth and went unto the fallen Theia and took her up and stood, his arms full of the casted play of Rome. And at the feet of him lay Joel, his arms limp, his eyes misted o'er and lips smiled.

"And the men of Rome stood them awed. And Theia stirred and her breath came as a moan and she murmured her: 'It shall be! It shall be!' And at waking she slipped her unto the stones, her knees swayed and she spake:

"See, Panda, see! Is then the God wise? Yea, for he hath smitten not the shepherd of his lamb! Oh, thou of Rome, look thou here upon a one who lieth nobled. Yea upon a stoned couch and drunked unto death upon the bittered draft of Rome! Still doth he noble e'en the airs thou dost breathe!"

Patience: "See ye, now do I to on unto the merry tale." (Now I shall go back to the merry tale.)

"Yea, for he hath spake unto me at the upping, that thou hadst waked not. Look upon the deep o'er the road's place. Lo, they come e'en now.'

"And she put o' the loaves unto the fresh glow unto a stoned flat, that they be brown, and went unto the shutter's ope.

"And Cato rode him at the front, and Anthus 'pon the rounded nag that he hold thereon the rider o' the night's hour of the eve afore. And Cato came him up unto the inne's door and cast o' the leathers o'er the nag's head and spake him loud:

"'Anthus, thou fool! Thou shouldst o' astraddled o' the ridged nag, for how may a man then ride him at double 'pon a jug-bellied nag?'

"And Anthus whined and slipped him down and o'er the rounded belly o' the nag, and held unto the leg o' the stranger, hung o'er the leather's seat. And Cato stood him, his hands 'pon side and laughed him loud and spake:

"'Lord! Thou art a mucker o' a one, Anthus; at stand 'pon the asses tail and prod 'pon his ear, that thou dost off o' him!'

"And Anthus wailed him mid his damns, and bid that Cato off o' the rider o' the night. And they bore him athin, and Anthus spake that ayle did go. Yea, and here be 'nother for to sup and nay price. And Cato slipped o' coil from out the hipslot o' the stranger unto his purse, and Anthus saw him not. And Cato bid that Anthus fetch o' mug that he who had all but cracked o' his neck might see did then the throat o' him hold o' drop.

"And Anthus went unto the flagons and smelled him at the ope o' one and spake this was o' the yester's oping. Yea, and unto the tother and spake him this be o' the yester's yester's, and to tother and spake him, yea, and this

yester's yester's yester's. And he shooked o' his balded pate and spat 'pon a mug and wiped 'pon his smock and poured therein o' the staled ayle, then to the waters place and poured o' a drop athin."

Dr. G. said he had just read the last proofs of his latest book and wanted to know what Patience thought of it.

Patience: "Thou hast put o' a spin, 'e'en now. And I say me 'tis well aset, the put. Thou hast atucked athin a sting. Lor', it shall sting aright! 'Tis at set o' a weight at right thou art. 'Tis earth that gnasheth o' teeth that they eat the o'erweight. 'Tis well there be nuff o' the righted weight therein."

(Present: Mr. C., Dr. and Mrs. S., Mrs. A., Mrs. R.)

Patience: "I did to set o' a put for he who plucketh o' the quill, yea, and set a-weave, aye, and tatter 'pon merry cloth. Yea, and he saw with the eye o' him word I did a-set 'pon two o' tale and did to blink him much. Yea, and 'tis at such I be at this eve, that they a-seek see o' the bob and courtesy o' me. Yea, a-frocked a-gala I be, and filled o' bobbins that I do set unto cloth!

"Lor' there be a-here eye that seeth o' the shadow's shadow o' the leaf! I be at the put o' the tear tale. (The Sorry Tale.) Wouldst thou the tale?"

We said we wanted the "Sorry Tale," so she wrote 350 words of it.

Then breaking off she asked:

"What wouldst thou that I do, put me o' the merry tale?"

"Clean up the throne room," was said.

Patience: "Welladay, then, I do set the brush broom! Lor' he be at thrift!" (This referred to Mr. C.)

"This a-be o' a fairs day (a day of the fair). Yea, and 'tis dame that opeth o' her hut for him o' the road, and bringeth forth o' loaf, and curd, and sweeted loaf, and plummed loaf, and ayle. So be it. I be at this thing. Didst thee to set thee at a goodish quiet I might then to sing a-later."

Then as Mr. C. had express love for her poetry she said:

"Seek ye o' the times tale and set him at nibble."

This referred to a 4,000 word poem on Time.

Here followed 40 words more of the "Sorry Tale," following which she said:

"Be this nuff and I do to merry?"

We said, "yes, on with the Merry Tale!" And she wrote about 300 words of it. After which, finding Mr. C. still longing for poetry she said:

"Yea, he eateth o' the bread and still doth pucker for the sweet! Welladay, I be a-prance for the swains!"

Mrs. C.: "She takes to flattery, like all the dames."

Patience: "Lor' aday! And so do they o' the knicker-bockers!"

Then to Mrs. A.: "I be a-save o' a song, dame, thou who hast put afore." And she at once gave this song of the sea:

Roar! Roar! Roar!

Beat! Beat! Beat!

Swing! Swing! Swing!

And speak thy tongue, thou sea!

Thy breast hath breathed the Earth's unspoken voice.

Thy dumbbed shores have sent

Their messages afloat to lands unknown.

Thine angers rage the lands

And cut the Earth's full-busomed shore.

And He hath spread the wings of heav'n
To haunt thy blue and foam-pured waste.
And sun hath dipped him deep,
And rosed by morn-kissed breast,
And eve's moon paled his glory o'er.

Thy sands, the every grain, methinks, be souls,
And all thy songs the song o' them,
And when at morn I see thee lie,
A-shimmered neath the gray-flushed sky,
And see the morn-star
Set athin thy deep, deep breast—

Ah, then, do I to know the peace, the peace
O' that long road that leadeth unto There,
And know, and know, and know the depth
Of sky and thee be naught
Unto the love o' Him.

"Here a-be a sweeted song," she said and followed with this poem on "The Fairy Wand of Memory."

Dear dreams that be a-dead,
Clothed o' the heart's drops warm,
Steeped o' the sweets o' the youth
That hath flown as a lark
Whose wide-spread wings bear her swift on—
To where?

Dear dreams that be a-gone;
Wove o' the gold o' youth,
And jeweled o'er o' youth's tears shed—
Fled as the dews when thirsted sun
Doth climb.

Dear dreams that be a-gone!
Packed deep athin this heart art thou.
Ah, and He hath sent unto this hand
A fairy's wand, and lo!
With its light touch thou then
Shalt spring anew.

The builded walls o' palaces that reached
Unto the skies; the songs that poured
Unto this ear, and slipped to laugh in mockery;
The wondrous tales that spun athrough
The waiting hours—with this, the fairy's wand,
Do I to touch.
And memory shall send thee then
A-dance anew.

At the end Mr. C. wondered why she would not take an easier method of communication. She said:

"See! I did to bob and curtesy, yea, and a-frocked; and he yonder wisheth that I would to back o' me to the company! Since I do stir o' a put, yea, a goodish brew, who then would care how she grind, be it a grind o' worth!"

Here Mrs. Dr. S. sat at the board.

Patience: "'Tis a grey hen, a cuddle hen a-here. She be as a dame should to be. Yea, dame sage, (Mrs. R.) thou hast yet o' a bray from out the donkey's song!"

Mrs. R. said: "She owes me something nice."

Patience: "Since I be debtor and nay pence, how be it? 'Tis a-merried I be and a-prate."

Mrs. R.: "All right, Patience, then prate."

Patience: "Nay, I be dame! Dost thou that I prate me, then do I to shut!"

Mrs. R. insisted and Patience said: "Lor'; word felleth nay tree!"

Mr. C.: "Well, let her bid us good night."

Patience: "God's love 'pon thy night. A wish a-put

that thy days be a-steeped o' gold o' the pure o' the smile o' Him. A-night."

(Present: Mrs. L., Mrs. B., Mrs. M., Mrs., Mrs. K.)

Patience: "I be a-here. Yea, and frocked o' grey. Yea and spin I be. Nay tide do I to piddle (no time shall I waste). I'd sing." She then gave Mrs. K. this poem:

Lo, the gate doth show it at a-close—
The golded bars set shut o' silvered stars
And veiled o' rosed ray.
And Earth's folk seek upon the long, long path
Unto the Border Land. A youth,
A-bear o' withered grasses,
Seared o' his passioned love,
Stepped, wide-eyed, and wandered on
And up unto the barred wall,
And standeth him at offering o' the pack,
And lo, it opeth not!

And men come them, a-heavied down
O' chaff, the golds and metals o' the earth,
And jewels flash, and offer them,
And nay, it opeth not!

And maids do come, a-pured,
And bear o' holied smile,
And gates do tremble them!

And then a one, a-bended much,
A-bear o' naught, did stand
And lo, the gates stood shut,
And lo, the one did kneel.
And tears aflow, and mid their wash
A smile a-broke it o'er the withered lips,
And gates rolled ope!

For smiles mid tears be fulling o' the price.

Continuing, she said: "Set thee! See, 'tis so, he who smileth through tears, even though he beareth naught, hath filled o' his pack."

There was some discussion as to the meaning of this and Patience said: "Lor', did I to set o' a what? I'd put o' the tear tale."

So she wrote 700 words of the "Sorry Tale."

(Present: Mrs. P., Mrs. S.)

The pet name of Patience for Mrs. P. is the cackle-hen.

Patience: "There be nay lay, for she o' the cackle hath nay song! I ween thee and thee would that thou hadst a musicked note or ripple, that thou mightest splash o'er thy woes!" So she wrote the following poem:

Ah, what a garden blows!
Yea, a soft sweet bud athin,
Rolled o' down and pinned o' thorn
And sweeted o' the sun-warmed smile.
A-flutter o'er the lips o' petals yet uncurled,
The flush o' young morn's blush,
And lingered at the smiles that hang
A twinkle-star doth flash,
And man doth say 'tis dimpled,
But 'tis the touch o' Him.

Yea, 'pon the tiny hand He toucheth Him,
And lo, there standeth them a chain o' stars!
The sign, ah yea, the seal!
For this soft hand may tear
The Earth's own bosom ope!

Mrs. S. had recently become a grandmother.

Patience: "Lo, dame, thy heart hath oped it up a-warmed—lost, yea drowned athin budded wine, art thou!

So this a-be the sight that he hath sent to thee, that thou dost drink o' the loves He beareth thee. Soft as mists, the heart o' her. Yea, I do say me so, thou hast drunk o' tears. 'Tis well. All o' Earth hath o' the commoned cup. Yea, but 'tis He who smileth and whose lips do sweet mid woe that beareth o' the colors o' his God.

"Tears, dame? Look. Thou hast yet to learn that 'tis the dames o' Earth that shed o' drops, e'en as the drops He did to shed in the love o' Him.

"Soft o' thy tears. There be sun and sun and sun. The light shall gleam at thy hearth.

"I be nay prater o' woes. Thou didst to bring o' thy Chalice, pured, unto Him. Yea, and offered o' the wine o' thy love athin, and lo it did to fruit, and 'tis well."

(Present: Mr. and Mrs. M., Mr. and Mrs. B.)

Patience: Mr. M., remembering a former teasing from Patience, seemed anxious that bygones be bygones.

Patience: "Lawkaday! 'Tis a sweeted put I be at, aye, and doth the ass for to set o' its ears awag, 'tis the eye o' me a-shutted. Yea, I be a-sweeted this eve."

Mr. M. broke in here with the story of the Irishman who was buried with a lily in his hand and his old crony said it should have been a brick instead.

Patience: "'Twer a goodish put, thou putter! Yea, and 'tis I be a-lain, aye, and a stone athin the hand!

"Lor', he doth to put that I be a dame. Aye, and shut him o' his eyes and put that 'tis nay a truth. And doth then to look 'pon the word o' me and speak him loud: 'This be a goodly put,' and say him then 'What be this thing?' Be this not a truth, Sirrah?"

Mrs. M. said it was the "gospel truth."

Patience: "Yea, and he ayonder," (Mr. B.). "Lor', he hath shut o' his very eye and listed and spake not, and be a-tickle aneath."

Patience had been to a number of lunches and remarked: "Lor', 'tis a muck o' hens I be athin these days and days!"

Then referring to Mr. M. and Mr. B.:

"'Tis a sup athin the cups o' brother here, I be at loving o'. Yea, 'tis a man's quaff and beaded o' the laugh."

Mr. M. took this literally and described a drink and lauded it.

Patience: "Lor', at the tide (time) o' me there wert ayle that set thy liver a-quiver!"

Mr. M. tried to tell another story. Patience stopped him.

Patience: "See ye, there a-be a twain o' putters (two talkers). "Wouldst thee I set o' the merried tale?"

And she wrote 500 words on that tale.

Patience: "I be at tickle that I put for him, the sober-sides." (Mr. B., who is a successful business man.)

This was agreeable, so she gave the following character reading for him:

"See ye, man, 'tis fool that opeth o' his lips at spread at the tickle o' the fly's leg. Yea, yea, and wise man that shutteth him and shaketh 'neath his mantle.

"I be at choose. Yea, here be an eye that looketh unto a beam and waggeth him 'nay,' and hand that reacheth unto the works o' man and taketh o' it and putteth weight unto its put, and looketh wisdom; for he knoweth.

"Yea, were there grain o' me that I did to set for measure, then would I to seek o' him. Yea, for 'tis one he be who looketh unto men and showeth o' grain and offereth; and doth man offer o' goodly offer, then doth he to take;

and be man at offer o' a poorish purse, then doth he to set up the price. Yea, for look ye, he hath o' a measure that be right. And doth a man's measure lack, lo, he maketh him for to pay for the lack. This be truth.

"Yet there be a love for the set (company) o' man, aye, and love for hearth. Here be nay spinner o' silvered thread, nor dreamer o' flimseyed dreams. Nay, but a maker o' good steel."

Mr. B. acknowledged this compliment and Patience said:

"Lor', look ye, the putter (Mr. M.) setteth him a-hunger; I do put for him.

"Lor', what a heart! A-mellowed o' love for men, and smile 'pon day, but yet a-steeled a-too!"

For some reason, Mr. M. here gave a wide yawn. Patience stopped her "put" and exclaimed:

"See, ye, here be a barn's ope! I did to put a-prate and 'tis the donkey I be. So be it. Then set thee the door a-shut!"

Here Mrs. B. took the board and Patience said to her:

"This be the daisy crown o' me a-here. I did to set a strand o' bloom aside the hearth o' her. I be a-sweeted, eh?"

"There be tale, yea, and nay song. Yea and nay sweet for her, the lavender tip, a-sweet and send 'pon airs. (This last for Mrs. M.) I plucked o' a posey a-truth!"

Mrs. P. wanted to be remembered, too.

Patience: "I'd set me o' a buttered cup, yea, that setteth it at the feed of them who travel sore, and sweet the path o' the heart o' me."

"What wouldst thou?"

What about the men, was asked:

"I do set for the swains hay and straw."

"The Sorry Tale"

A Review of Patience Worth's Great
Book By Roland G. Usher

From Reedy's Mirror.

Two thoughts come first to mind about this book. First, the quality of the book itself, the product, apart from its origin or authorship; second, a very active regret that so fine a book will be spoiled for many people by the query sure to be raised about its authorship.

Of the two let us dispose of the latter, and to me personally incomparably the less important, first. Undoubtedly, the announcement that a personality unknown, and claiming distinctly close relationship with the world beyond the veil, has written at length upon the era and life of Christ will arouse interest, amazement, incredulity, scorn, according to the personality and previous training of the individual. What will seem to some a book almost on a par with the Gospels themselves will seem to others merely evidence of an attempt at literary impostorship more extraordinary than that of Chatterton and more surprising than the fond delusion that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. Whoever the real author, and on this point I find myself more indifferent than most, I am convinced of Mrs. Curran's absolute innocence of any conscious attempt at authorship or at deception.

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What I do feel to be distinctly more important than the possibility of communicating with the other world by a ouija board or by any other form of automatic writing is the book itself. It is a little difficult to catalogue it in any way which will give the intending reader any adequate notion of its contents. It is not a novel in the usual sense of the word; it is certainly not a history, though certain portions are as definitely historical in cast as others are story-like.

Of the plot much will be written by others and little can be briefly said really descriptive of a story seven hundred pages long, containing scores of episodes and over a hundred characters. It is the epic of hate, of worldliness, of worldly station, of the thing called noble birth and its futility to make a man noble or happy. Its hero is the impenitent thief on the cross, the illegitimate son of Tiberius, at the moment of the Crucifixion, Roman emperor, and a Greek girl of noble lineage. Certain adjectives come to me descriptive of the characters—cameo-like, vivid, dramatic. All are weak to convey a sense of the startling definiteness with which a man is invested with presence and reality in a line or even a phrase. There is local color totally unlike that of the encyclopedia-crammed author of the usual novel of the Holy Land.

One thing impressed me particularly. I have been told by travelers that the most characteristic thing about the Near East, as about the Orient, is the smells. From these one is never parted in the "Sorry Tale"; the reek of the camels, the acrid taste of the sands, the stink of the kennel are unforgettable because they are part of the story, not mere lumber lugged in by the struggling author, trying vainly to make real a scene which lacks all reality to him and padding his manuscript with enumerations of things he has read about.

Many will feel that there is no longer time enough in the world for books seven hundred pages long. There is certainly a plenty of incident, and many scenes, indelibly clear cut, beautifully elaborated, whose relation to the story is not always clear at first, might perhaps have been omitted, had Mrs. Curran or Mr. Casper Yost pruned the book. Personally I am glad they printed it *in extenso*. Much of the tremendous drive of the last quarter is due to the fulness of the reader's knowledge of the principal characters and the clarity with which he sees the *mise en scene*.

I must, however, confess that the real interest of the book for me lies in the appearance of Jesus and the length at which the Gospel story is retold and elaborated. The sheer beauty of the chapter on the Sermon on the Mount; the spirituality of the passage descriptive of the Last Supper and the evening at Gethsemane; the moving narrative of the last days of Jesus, and the terrific climax of the Crucifixion I shall not soon forget. Everyone can read the last ten chapters in two hours and will be the better for it. The dramatic handling of these incidents, the reverent treatment of so lofty a theme as divinity upon earth, is noteworthy. Unquestionably this is the greatest story penned of the life and times of Christ since the Gospels were finished. One leaves it with a sense of understanding much previously dark and vague.

Jesus Christus, as He is often called by Patience Worth, is the immanent divinity, living and acting upon earth among men. The word which describes my feelings has been so much abused and cheapened by the failure to appreciate the true meanings of words and has been so casually employed by the English instructors of our universities as almost to render its application to such a theme as this suggestive of levity. The word is "adequate."

Patience Worth undertook the

difficult task of making Jesus not merely an incidental character but practically the central figure of the last third of the book. He, as divinity upon earth, must act and appear as divinity should. That is a very difficult thing to do, to make divinity seem divine. We are all finite and our imagination can only vaguely grapple with the notion of what divinity should be. Certainly I am myself practical and finite enough, brought up in the Doubting Thomas attitude of the modern school of historians; my own imagination is, I fear, none too sensitive and agile and that may be the explanation of my feeling that somehow she has contrived to make divinity plausible, convincing, adequate. Jesus as she depicts Him seems divine to me, seems to act and speak as I feel He should.

Perhaps we should not forget in this connection the peculiar effect of a story about Jesus in King James English. That is the proper medium, if not the only one. We expect divinity to address His disciples in that phraseology; we get our notion of the proper atmosphere for such a story from the King James version. It is hardly possible to write about the subject in any other language. The ease with which Patience Worth can write King James English is one contributory element in the verisimilitude of the period and its characters, Jesus in particular, but it is, I think, subsidiary. The reality is underneath. Divinity does appear as God and is adequate. To say so much is to say a great deal.

Historically the book seems to me accurate enough. There are, to be sure, no dates given; no historical characters of known personality and pedigree are more than alluded to; no places about which we have detailed information (except Jerusalem) are described; indeed, Patience Worth's method is to hint rather than to enumerate, to allude in stately phrase rather than to employ the sort of specific statement which historians could check. None were demanded by the tale itself and the tone of the story would make them as much out of place as a joke in "Paradise Lost." Truth to tell, historians do not know a great deal

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about those events and upon that little they are not well agreed. Here is a subject which has interested mankind for nearly two thousand years more than any other. Upon it has been spent more toil, care, labor than on any other historical subject one can think of. Yet the sum total of exact historical knowledge is surprisingly small and surprisingly contested still. I cannot claim more than a cousinly acquaintance derived from a pretty thorough study of the controversial literature of the later Reformation which mainly dealt with the history of the first Christian origins. But this story seems to me historically well enough. There is little plain ordinary history in it, but the background is, for all I can see, accurate. I did not notice any anachronisms and I do know that Mr. Yost has verified a good many little points. The best of it is that the accuracy (if we may use such a word to denote anything so feeble as our real information must be in comparison to the truth) is not in little things but in the "feel" of the story as a whole. These are not nineteenth century Americans masquerading as Jews and Romans, falling off the camels and hobbling around on their bare feet as if walking upon the ten millions of swords' points of one of the Hindu hells. They seem to be, inside as well as outside, men and women of the years when Christ was on earth. Here again the story is convincing to me, though I must again add, to me in my ignorance. The only anachronism, if it be one, might be the term Jesus Christus applied to Him while still alive. How definite our information is upon the use of that term I cannot say, but my impression is that students have regarded it as subsequent to the Crucifixion.

ROLAND G. USHER.

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