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Patience Worth's Magazine

Oh, my love, is thy day dark?
Behold, then, He is the sun.
Is thy day o'er bright? Then
behold, He is the shadow. Look
unto the sky, the face of God.
The secret of the universe
is there writ. Read!
Remember thee, remember the
folly of o'ermuch wisdom.
Remember, even wisdom is
outdone by love.

PATIENCE WORTH

October, 1917

Patience
YRA

The United Workers for the Blind of Missouri

Is an organization of which eleven-twelfths of their members are blind, whose aim is to show to the public that they are more than anxious to become self-sustaining and self-respecting and not be a constant charity claim on the public.

Standing on such issues they appealed to their lady friends who a year ago collected a nominal sum to buy the property on 4151 Delmar (leaving a \$2000 mortgage on the property) in order to establish a workshop to manufacture brooms and mops by the blind. It was started September 3rd, 1916 with four blind workers and now after a year's hard work they have in their shop sixteen blind men occupied daily in honest labour for their own support. They are assisted by four men with sight.

Assistance was given to the United Workers for the Blind of Missouri by the Missouri Commission for the Blind in the form of machinery, material and money to launch them into existence. But the number of blind people have outgrown the present quarters and as the aim of the organization was to busy the blind women as well, and the space is very much crowded for the blind men already, we are very anxious to build another floor on top of this property.

The great war that is raging now over the world and which has drawn our beloved country into it is blinding many soldiers, our aim stands paramount to receive those unfortunate men and help them to learn a trade that they may not be in idleness and despairing in their darkness. Only blind teachers could teach a blind man to become perfect in his manufacture and this is our main reason for building another floor on this building.

Any subscriptions or aid for this purpose will be thankfully received.

Adolph Michaels, Chairman
Miss Jennie Sloan
Mrs. M. W. Huyette
Mrs. Charles E. Reavey

Patience Worth's Magazine

Vol. 1

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Number 3

PATIENCE WORTH AND WAR

It has been often said, and it is true, that Patience Worth rarely refers to current events, but the great war is an exception. Often she speaks of it, and some of her most beautiful poems are connected with it. One evening not long ago Mrs. F. and her daughter visited the Currans for a talk with Patience. Mrs. F.'s son, Capt. F., had left the previous night for camp, and another son had been ordered east for service. They were fighting off "the blues" as well as they could. Patience said to them:

"Farewell be built o' stones, but love taketh o' the stones and buildeth its heart's abode.

"Farewell be the one word that hath no echo.

"Farewell is but the winter o' love, and lo, spring followeth in winter's train, ever."

"Hark!" she said, and gave this poem:

Oh, river of mercy, through ages flowing!
Oh, river of mercy, whose fount-head was Calvary!
Oh, river of mercy, sweeping through the barren ways,
'Through the rock-ribs of ages,
Melting the mountain's unto riched fields!

Oh, ye river of mercy,
Sup for the hosts who trod,
So weary, earth's weighted hours!
Oh, river of mercy, crimson river, flow! flow!
Flood the earth with thy puring waters!
Write upon it, in crimson, thy tide,
That the coming ages may read, upon the fields,
Upon the mountain sides, and valley's ways,
Mercy! mercy! mercy! which is the law of love.

And she followed this with the cry:

"Oh, that my love were a sling and my heart the stone, that I might slay the earth for Him!"

Then, to cheer up the F.'s, she took another tack, and said:

"Fields o' sorrow be sown in riched hearts. What be sorrow? Such a wraithie! Such a shadow! Whew! Whew! Whew! Drat the dods!" (The blues).

While they were still laughing she gave this whimsey:

Awk, the cow hath lost her chew!
The sow hath piggied!
The dominie did trip him 'pon a twig.
I seed the wind wert west-way.
I seed the —

(Lor', what be the task o' tellin' when grammer (grandma) hath a twingein' in her knee!)

—————young milch wheyed,
The bread's meal soured.
I breaked a goodish mug
And split the curdin's.
I split my kirtle ope

(Lor', what be the task o' tellin' what befell when grammer hath a twingein' in her knee!)

They called for more of it, but Patience said:

"It be like unto the tale the good dame telleth unto the babes, it hath nay pit nor pith, nay startin' nor finishin'."

A night or two later, Mrs. R., a lady whom Patience has long loved and whom she calls the Dame Sage, came for one of her visits. Mrs. R. is intensely concerned in the war, and just before the board was taken up she was discussing it with the family. Patience took up the subject, saying:

"Ye shall for to see ye that thy wee damie's words were spoken true, for the thing that unbuildeth is now unbuilding. Aye, and ye shall see the finish be a beauteous thing."

"There be the cloth," she went on, meaning the story. Then she asked Mrs. R.:

"What wouldst thee, thou wise one, that thy handmaid might set for thee?"

Mrs. R.: "Just talk to me. I'm hungry to hear."

Patience: "Yea, but lead thou."

Mrs. R.: "You ask too much."

"Nay," said Patience.

"It's hard to ask the things I really want to know," said Mrs. R.

"Yea," said Patience, "but thou knowest the sup be freely given."

Mrs. R.: "You know for three years I have wanted you to talk about the war."

Patience: "Aye, this be the unbuilding. I writ me a script o' the Stream o' Mercy."

The poem she mentioned was read and she added this to the thought:

"He who is filled of self forgetteth mercy, and he who dealeth mercilessly begets mercilessness. Aye, and mercilessness be as a river which hath a beginning and an end. List! list! It be folly to war mercilessness with mercilessness."

Mrs. R.: "But the Huns started it."

Patience: "Yet the scale will not turn save for measure for measure. This I set clear. The scale will not turn save the rightful weight be plied upon it."

Here she gave this poem:

Wake, my soul, from thy night,
Thy silent night, so black!
Burst the pall and flee!

Wake, my soul, from thy night!
For night maketh phantoms
And I would know the Truth.

Wake, my soul, from thy night!
Walk the fields of truth-harvest
Where seeds are living men.
Waste not one grain so precious-bought.
Waste not one grain that sprung
At the damp of flesh-warmed tears.
Count the harvest heavy-worth,
And read the new days sure to come,
The full price of bread, truth-bread.

Then she went on:

"Wonders be upon the earth. They look upon man's awakening. Ne'er was He so close-bended. The plowshare rippeth ope the earth's crust and, behold, the ploughman followeth heavy-stepping, and He beside him.

"From the agony of flesh is a spirit born. Aye, and behold, the earth be in labour and shall beget a new man.

"List! list! A new host is rising! And He who rideth at its lead holdeth His own heart up as the torch, the beacon light. Yea, He shall ride the earth upon the morning, and shall trod her ways at the noon hour, and shall lay Him down and sleep upon her at the night. For He is the shadow, which is love, and clingeth all things. I say me the new host is made, and making.

"By phantoms shall the new hosts be led. From out the sods shall dead voices call. No dead thing that hath fallen in the harvest of truth beneath the cycle of honor but that his voice hath spoken endlessly! I say me this is a glorious thing, a wondrous thing! For the end shall not be by the hand of man, but by the spirit of Him."

Mrs. R.: "What a wonderful promise! You know, Patience, I have thought that the Kaiser was anti-Christ."

Patience: "Would ye clothe a knave in royal robe, e'en of mock glory?"

Mrs. R.: "Patience, you do beat the devil."

Patience: "A folly task, dame! Why war a shadow?"

Mrs. R.: "Patience, I have a friend whose boy is about to go to war. His people are pacificists and he has not his heart in the task. They are in sorrow. Can you send them a message that will do them some good?"

Patience: "Look ye! Look ye unto Him who walked unafraid unto the valley of the shadow, making Death the price of Life. Flesh answereth the call of folly, for flesh is folly. He who doeth that that is bid by high office, doeth a thankless task, but he who harketh unto the voice of honey-sweetness that but speaketh unto man's heart, and he answereth, is fullsome repaid. Yet when the call be harked and the bidding made, forget, forget, forget all save thy love for Him and His for thee, and be gone! be gone!"

Of the same tenor but more direct is her farewell to that same Capt. F. previously referred to in this article:

"Lo, thy handmaid would cause the universe to bend down and whisper unto thee the quickening word 'Him.'

"Lo, thy handmaid would fill thee up of Him, even so that he who cometh unto thee, or yet is beside thee, shall know thee as brother, and thou shalt then in fellowship offer Him unto them.

"Behold, sirrah, this task thou doest is not thine! Nay, the thing thou doest is the task o' Him. See ye unto it that thine eyes look straight unto His very own fearlessly, and fear ye not!"

An "Explanation" of Patience Worth

Very few attempts have been publicly made to present a natural explanation of Patience Worth. The facts are so difficult to reconcile with any theory of psychology that not many care to hazard an opinion in print. However, a contributor to the *Chicago Evening News*, shielded by anonymity, has offered an explanation that is, to say the least, ingenious and interesting, although essentially defective, as will be shown. This writer, whose standing is vouched for by the *News*, gives the names of a number of people who have been directly or indirectly associated with Patience Worth, and then proceeds as follows:

"The editor of *The Daily News* literary page has asked the writer to offer an explanation of these phenomena, alleging that nothing satisfactory in that line has been heretofore attempted. He assumes that as one who has homologated more or less with ghosts, I should be able to submit a reasonable explanation. I am. I will. But I don't guarantee satisfaction to others. To begin with, to explain ghosts would be to betray a secret of the human cosmos—and that would be telling tales out of school. However, here is a hint:

"Human life is a matter of accepted hypotheses. Until

they are exploded, they govern human thought and conduct. We adopt a hypothesis and follow it blindly until we awaken—and this, usually, is t'other side of that bourne from which no traveler returns. We have, for example, the hypothesis of an individual, half-portion, immortal soul, that persists after the mortal body is 'scrapped.' Our lives are ordered on this hypothesis. We are hypnotized by it and, to a person in a hypnotized state, whatever is suggested is believed.

"Very well, then. Given this body that is tenanted, briefly, by an enduring spirit, that which we call the human ego becomes, as it were, merely the tool and instrument of expression for a superior being that, while it uses the material ego, is yet limited by the limitations of matter—thinks, acts, moves in terms of matter. It remains, however, the director of all higher functions, so that, in effect, we are all, materially, but 'mediums' or ghosts through which this higher ghost expresses itself.

"But we are more accommodating even than that. In spiritualistic phenomena we lend ourselves not only to our own spirits but to those that have been so unfortunate as to lose or mislay their personal bodies, and yet are bound with

ties of affection or interest to the material plane—that have not got over thinking in terms of matter.

“Conceiving of such bodiless spirits and our susceptibility to their uses, it is only strange that, considering the highly intellectual ghosts that have gone before—Plato, Napoleon, Shakespeare and so on—we have not had before ‘Patience Worth’ ghostly messages of great merit. The reason this has not occurred, as I see it, is that the limits of the so-called ghosts have heretofore been exactly the limitations of the mediums. And mediums as a rule have been persons of little education. The retired boarding house landlady who has become a medium will obligingly give you messages from Shakespeare or Locke, but these messages will be such as the landlady would conceive those worthies to ‘send across.’ And she would be quite sincere about it and probably express a degree of thought above her normal processes. If in her ‘circle’ there should chance to be a person of fine intellect the message would reach his level of thought—convey his higher impressions of what the bard or the philosopher would say. For in a group of spiritists receiving ‘messages’ it is almost invariably true that what is received takes its tone from the most highly developed mentality and imagination present.

“Now, this is how I account for ‘Patience Worth.’ The group that receive her communication does not consist of professed spiritualists, but of highly intellectual ‘dabblers,’ who fancy themselves immune from the conventional beliefs about departed spirits. Nevertheless, these scholarly people are, in the periods of the spirit manifestations, subject to precisely the same sort of group hypnotism that controls ordinary spiritualists. The difference is that here we have a group of intellectuals; people who have clear and, perhaps, correct conceptions of the historic period in which ‘Patience’ professes to have lived, and who, consciously or unconsciously, are more or less saturated with the romance of that time, its life and methods.

“Conceding, as they did when they sat down to the ouija board, that spirit messages might be forthcoming, and anticipating something out of the ordinary, it was easy for ‘Patience Worth’ to be born—at first a mere name. I have seen such things start—indeed have ‘sat in’ with certain members of the ‘Patience Worth’ group. The name—“Patience Worth”—you may remember, occurs in, I believe, Mary Johnston’s ‘Prisoners of Hope’ as that of a sort of Quaker character of the early colonial period.

“The name and approximately the type and time being unconsciously suggested, the jointly hypnotized minds of those present proceeded to develop ‘Patience Worth.’ Being persons of unusual intelligence, the ‘Patience Worth’ group evolved a character of such ability as had never before been known in all spookdom. She is, indeed, a credit to her sponsors. But I solemnly asseverate that ‘Patience’s’ output is not superior to the capabilities of her mediums. Indeed it scarcely rises to their level, as those who know the brilliant people of that circle will readily testify.

“Confidently I look for even better work from ‘Patience’ if her sponsors stand by her, and, in any event, since the intellectuals have taken up spiritualism in this form, for other literary efforts of even greater brilliancy from other intellectual groups. There is no reason, of course, why these people should not, in propria personae, produce works of merit exceeding that of their spook product, but they will not do it. They lack the harmonizing influence that infatuation with a common hypothesis brings, and only by pooling their intellectual resources in group hypnotism will they bring forth. Such in brief, is my explanation of ‘Patience

Worth’ and her imitators or followers. I trust it has entertained if not convinced you.”

This is, as he intimates, entertaining, but the trouble with the ‘explanation’ is that it is founded upon insufficient information. It is one of those “hypnotizing hypotheses” he speaks of. But, however flattering it may be to the “intellectuals” referred to—and really he had to flatter them in order to make his point—it lacks the elementary essential of truth. The “intellectuals” he mentions, do not gather about Mrs. Curran’s hospitable board. No three of them has ever been there at the same time; no two of them, in except perhaps half a dozen instances. By far the greater portion of the “Patience Worth” matter has come when not one of them was present or in communication in any way, and some of it has come when all of them were away from St. Louis, scattered over the country on their summer vacations. Nor has any group of “intellectuals” such a relation to Patience Worth as this writer suggests. The Patience Worth communications come when the Curran family are absolutely alone; they come when they have visitors who are just “folks,” making no claim to superior intellectuality, and they come when they are surrounded by men and women of brilliant minds; but always the character and quality of the communications are the same. With the single exception of Mrs. Curran it makes not the slightest difference who is present when Patience Worth speaks.

WHAT PATIENCE WORTH TEACHES.

THERE is a God.

He is our Father, and His other name is Love.

He knows His children, their failings, their weaknesses, their errors—and He understands.

He sympathizes with their pain and sorrow, and He whispers consolation if they would but hear.

He would tell them the trials of life are the building of the soul; that earth is but a starting place for eternity and its troubles and its difficulties are essential to the soul’s foundation.

He would tell them that the building may not be finished here but goes on and on, until it is fully complete, and always His love streams o’er it.

He would tell them that He condemns not but ever seeks to lift. He may grieve at their transgressions and anger at their perversity, but it is the grief and the anger of love.

He would tell them that He destroys not His children, but preserves them for an immortality which must be won, but which all can win and shall win.

He would tell them that He is ever with them, that He never forsakes and never will forsake them, in this world or the next.

He would tell them that He would not be feared, but loved; for in the exercise of love—love for Him, love for His own, His children, is the soul built to its fullness.

He would tell them: Wait! Be patient! It shall be.

Fannie Hurst and Patience Worth

We began last month the publication of a series of records of the talks given by Patience Worth to a number of men and women of eminence. In each instance this is done with the permission of the person concerned. On this page we present her talk with Miss Fannie Hurst, and on the next her conversation with Rev. W. C. Bitting. Miss Hurst wrote:

New York, July 27, 1917.

Dear Mr. Curran:

You are at liberty to quote the entire interview of mine with Patience Worth. I am deeply interested in your new enterprise and await my first copy of the magazine with keen anticipation. The Sorry Tale I see is receiving the sort of reviews its high literary quality warrants. My regards to Mrs. Curran and yourself.

Cordially yours,

FANNIE HURST.

The record of the sitting with Miss Hurst follows:

(Present: Miss Fannie Hurst, Miss T., Miss D. and the family.)

Miss Fannie Hurst had come over to get acquainted with Patience and Miss T. had brought her young friend, Miss D., who is attending college and who also writes poetry. Patience seemed to be very well pleased with the company and proceeded to open her heart. Miss Hurst sat down first and Patience lost no time in recognizing her, for she said:

"Lawkaday! See ye! Ye be at the fetchin' o' a wench that be at the upp'in' o' her sleevin' and takin' o' grain's meal that be not e'en bolted through the nettin', and maketh fittin' loaves for the eat o' the hungered.

"Yea, she knoweth that out o' the mucks she may pluck forth that that be wastes and make o' this whole loaves." Then direct to her: "Yea, damie, thee hast learned that wastes be verily gains.

"See ye," she went on, "I shall for to sing, yea, and set thee a whit o' the loved task, (the new story, "Hope Trueblood") that ye shall for to know o' the prancin' o' thy damie."

All were glad to know she had the "singin'" and yearned for more of the new story. However, she went on to Miss Hurst:

"Ah, I be a-knowin' sumptin'! Lor', such a beauteous cup thou dost fashion, that ye put within wines that no man would drink! And they lay their lips unto thy cups and sup, and the wine seemeth fittin', yea, gooded, and their souls refresh in strong stuffs! But this be thy cunnin'. Thy cup bedazzleth them."

They had a good laugh over this and she went on:

"I be a-knowin' more. Thee knowest that thee dost turn o' a sunnin' smile unto the day, yet within thee be the sorryin' that itcheth thee that thou dost for to suffer and

up thy hands at the buildin' o' cups for to hold the sorryin' wine."

"At the onnin' o' the taskin'," she went on, and proceeded to write about 1,500 words of Hope Trueblood, at last stopping to ask:

"Lor', be ye at the wishin' that thy handmaid set o' a singin'?"

Yes, all were ready for the poem for Miss Hurst, and she gave her this:

I could love the blue sky
Where the pure clouds fleet, ever, ever, ever.
I could love the Spring, and yet the Summer's hours,
And yet the Winter's white and glistening robes,
And yet the weeping Fall.
I could love my happiness. I could cast
My arms awide and laugh my joy.
I could sup happiness like unto
A drunkened one, quaffing, quaffing, quaffing.
I could rejoice in my God
Did I not know the shadows, shadows, shadows!

As it was getting late, Miss D. came to the board for her "bit," and Patience said:

"I hae o' a singin' yet aneath my napron!"

We begged for it, and she gave this:

Spring came, o'er soon. Her mantle
Shewed o' fairy snowflake's glistening.
Her locks dripped chilling drops
And her arms were filled o' rainbows frozen.
She laughed and the rainbows melted them
And set aflow the rivers.
The chilling drops fell soft
And the snowflakes bloomed!

"I ha'e yet a Springin' singin'," she continued, "but why should an aged dame sing o' this when Spring cometh to her knees, youth-hearted and pure, filled up o' God's wine, the honey-voice o' youth? A drat for singin'! I'd bathe me in Youth's smile!"

It was one of the sweetest things she had ever said to a young visitor and after acknowledgments from Miss D. to whom it referred, she said to each one in turn:

"Oh damies, list:

To Miss D.: "Ye, ye youthed bud, shed thy pure!"

To Miss Hurst: "Ye, lay thy motherin' arms 'bout them that need."

To Miss T.: "Ye, ye golden-hearted, shed thy love, for I know ye."

To Mrs. Pollard: "Ye, the dame o' the hearth, ope thy well deep, for it shall be filled o' smiles."

To Mr. Curran: "And ye laddie, take heart and learn thy waitin', for look, the love I ha'e packed it o'!"

To Mrs. Curran: "And ye, ye follied one, oh, folly on, for nae shadow doth sweet folly cast!"

"God's wish upon thee. Aday."

A Talk to a Baptist Minister

Rev. Dr. Wm. C. Bitting, pastor of the Second Baptist Church of St. Louis since 1905, is one of the leading and one of the most eloquent preachers of that denomination in the United States. For twenty-one years he was pastor of the Mt. Morris Baptist Church of New York. He and Mrs. Bitting with several friends came to visit Patience and the following is a copy of the record of that meeting:

(Present: Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Bitting, Mrs. I., Miss S., Mrs. A., the family.)

We discussed the work generally and read some of the material. Dr. Bitting came first to the board. Patience said:

"Alawk! see ye, ye that seek! Thy handmaid did for to set her primmed, yea, and holied. (This referred to a former gathering of preachers). But she may e'en now cast o' her eyes up and smile a smilin', aye, and do a trick, doth she for to wish! (Meaning she did not feel restricted in Dr. Bitting's presence). Yea, and there shall for to be a singin', (a poem), yea, and yet a goodish put (discourse), aye, and yet 'pon the loved put (the new story).

"Se ye, he be a-seekin'! Aye, and a goodly 'un he be. Aye, but had this thing been at the tide o' thy handmaid; such an woein'! Aye, they should a' set him up afore the folkins'! And thy handmaid—lawkaday!—she should a scorched! (A preacher seeking a wraith in her day would have brought trouble upon himself and upon the wraith).

"Ye see I be knowing' o' somethin'."

Then she gave this estimate of Dr. Bitting:

"Here be a one who hath such bread for the eat. For lookce, he dealeth it with the smile o' Him. Aye, he knoweth that a sunnied heart be the smile o' God within thee. Aye, and this he hath taken in, and dealeth out of his own store o' this precious smile, unto them that seek o' him. Aye, for to be aneath (beneath) his wordins be for to drink from out them the smile that be the sun's warmth, that be the thing that setteth a new man growin' aneath a darkened spirit. For his word hangs o' the thing that be the sun o' earth, and the sign o' it clingeth his lips, and this thing is the sign o' Him, thy loved and mine, within thee. Aye, and the sign be the smile before the face o' man, that telleth of an oped heart which hath no shadows clingin' about atween Him and it."

After a due appreciation of this, she said:

"Set thee 'pon the loved put." And she wrote about 1,100 words of the new story.

Then we stopped, discussed a while, read some more, and when we resumed the board Patience finished the paragraph of the story she had left unfinished and said:

"There, this be nuff. I shall sing."

And she gave Dr. Bitting this poem:

Oh, ye blessed shadow,
Falling 'cross the ages!
Covering o' the thorned ways,
Shading o' the blazed paths!
Oh, ye blessed shadow,
Stream! Stream!

Oh, ye blessed shadow,

The saving cool that fell
To mock the sod beneath His cross!
Oh, stream, stream!
Cover! Cover! Cover!
Make hate weary!
Make the day of hate a new night,
Even so that hate may lie him down and sleep,
Oh, ye blessed shadow,
Stream! Stream! Stream!
I am pleading! Stream! Stream!

Of a certain periodical Dr. Bitting remarked that it was a collection basket in which people dropped their literary buttons.

We had a laugh at this and Patience said:

"I shall set me a wishin'." And she made this prayer for God's aid to the ministers:

"Leave Thy very Self to descend upon thy servants' tongues that their words may burn through the hearts o' men, leaving them ope for Thee; that they then may deal the soothing drop o' Thy wine, which is the pure water o' the soul.

"Leave them sup up the drops and thereby grow new within Thee through Thy servants.

"Make not humblings noble; nay, make Thee them to deal o' the drops, thereby nobling their humbleness.

"Ope up the vasts! Split ope the Earth's crusts! Make new waters fall upon the up-cast fields whereon the hearts of men have been sown, so that a new harvest shall arise whitened o' the agony o' their fields, yea, pale before the strife of new growing, yet in its newness, whole and stripped o' folly."

After a short rest Patience was asked for a word for Mrs. A., who now sat with Mrs. Curran. Patience said:

"How think ye, dame, that thy handmaid setteth not a sweetin' for thee? Nay, I shall set me.

"Alawk! I know me o' somethin'. See! I know that thou hast known o' tears that trembled 'pon thy lash and plashed them, split asunder o' the sunlight o' thy smile, as rainbows free 'pon thy days! Look thee, more. Thou hast a heart that opeth up and knoweth the light, the light that sheweth upon the day and maketh the shadow bright. Aye, but thou knowest 'tis a-times a task for to shew the light. Yet I see thee standing smiling and bidding that this light flash e'en though the shadows come.

"I bid thee sup thy coolin' sup out thy heart; 'tis there."

Here Miss S. came and Patience gave her this for her "sweet":

Oh, they fetched me love,
Oh, they fetched me cheer,
Oh, they fetched me o' sweets o' the day,
Oh, they fetched o' the blooms
And the meadow's tall grass,
Oh, they fetched o' the leaves o' the dell.

Oh, when the morrow had come,
Ah, then the blossoms were dead,
And the leaves had withered them, too,
And the grasses had dried,
And the cheer was forgot,
But their smiles were all mine,
Aye, mine for alway!

Spiritual Power of Patience Worth

By the Reverend David Claiborne Garrett, Rector of Trinity Church, Iowa City, Ia.

The writings of Patience Worth have been to me a source of strength and comfort. They confirm every truth as taught by Christ, and every essential doctrine held by the Church. Even the virgin birth of our Lord is verified in a newly beautiful and convincing way.

Many ministers have found new inspiration from these records. The wonder is that not more have been drawn to this fount of wisdom. The words of Patience Worth are the most loving penned since St. Paul wrote the famous chapter in his first letter to the Corinthians. It seems strange that any in the churches should decline the proffered proof of all that the Church has been asking the world to take on faith or on the testimony of witnesses who have not spoken for twenty centuries.

I am not a spiritualist, and I am grateful that this unpopular name has not been tagged on the books of Patience Worth. But even an unpalatable word may not kill the truth. So, purely in an analagous way, for I hold no brief for the evidence offered by the man of science: only as a matter of illustration, I am reminded by the attitude of many toward Patience Worth of what a woman with a French name wrote to a leading Church journal that had questioned the mental poise if not normality of Sir Oliver Lodge. In effect, the writer said that for two thousand years the Church had been teaching there is a God; that Christ is God in man; that life continues after death, and is immortal. And now comes a man with a trained scientific mind, one among ten thousand in the realm of science, who after careful research for thirty years, declares that he has scientific proof that all that the Church has been teaching is true, and, the Church says "he is mad."

So it is with many who look askance upon the writings of Patience Worth. Many object to the ouija board. In like manner one might halt at taking through the wireless telephone receiver the voice purporting to have come from a son in France. It would be easy for the uninitiated to call it a fake. Or an alien from some other world might rebuff the tender of wisdom coming from the point of a stick with a piece of lead in it, if he had never used such a trivial thing before; or be frightened by a typewriter because it looked like a machine gun; or bar a fountain pen lest it flow bullets instead of ink.

Nearly all "conscientious objectors" to Patience Worth harp on the trivial character of the intermedium. To "eat of the loaf" is better than to grumble about the kind of a plate it is served on.

In another way many hold to "armed neutrality" because many ouija records are either trashy or untrue, forgetting that the fact of trifling or untrustworthy reports in certain quarters does not prove that all records are illusions or delusions. It does not even disprove that there may be trifling and untruthful talkers among our "unknown guests." Even Church doctrine denies that all spirits are regenerate at death. Organized religion is not altogether free from trivialities and vulgarities. So the instrument of communication need be no logical barrier to the literary as well as spiritual marvels of Patience Worth.

To me the messages of Patience Worth have been like "a cooling draught from the old well on the farm," and the one sent to me so graciously for my "very own" was so suited to my frame of mind that it came like a voice from heaven.

We ministers get so inured to the machinery of religion in trying to point out the way up the steep ascents toward heaven that, like the guide hardened to the beauties and the glories of the trail, and the majesties of the mountains, we need, perhaps, some such startling yet gentle presence as Patience Worth to remind us that the Christ we have gotten so used to preaching is really a living Christ, not only to be talked about, but actually known and loved as a personal friend and teacher.

Many who find it "very hard to be a Christian" may discover in Patience Worth, as Browning discovered in Easter Day for the man of doubt, that the supreme choice of life must be that of love, that

"God is—thou art—the rest is hurled
To nothingness for thee."

The secret, then, of the spiritual power of Patience Worth is simply the taking us by the hand, as we become like little children, and leading us back to the old fashioned religion of Jesus Christ. And it is a goodly, yes, a godly, road to follow.

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.

The Ouija Board

By Mrs. John H. Curran

I have been besieged by letters of inquiry, not only as to my theories as to the phenomenon of Patience Worth, but as to the real part the ouija board plays in the actual production. I am prompted to answer this latter question so that erroneous ideas arising from the superstitious belief that the board moves with a mystic power, may be dispelled. In my own experience the board has acted merely as a thought dispeller, enabling me to put my own thoughts away for the moment. As soon as this happens, and with me it is almost instantaneous, the dictation of Patience Worth begins and with my hands I record what is being given to me. It is I who moves the board, in response to the subconscious or conscious impulse. There is no mystery in the movement; the mystery, if any, is in the source of the impulse.

Every one will grant that the pen invites a concentration of thought when it is taken up for use. One takes a pen in the hand and begins to think preparatory to recording. But if one takes a ouija board one certainly does not begin to concentrate the mind on the composition of literature. Most people are, as I was, rather fascinated in watching the pointer move about, but soon weary of what seems to be, and usually is, a futile diversion. The average ouija board "sitting" is an insult to the intelligence. The point I am endeavoring to make is that the ouija board is merely an instrument for transmitting thought from the subconscious to the conscious mind. Whether these thoughts originate in the subconscious mind or are put there by some external power is a matter to be determined by the facts in each case. But which ever it may be, the ouija board is just a piece of dead wood, nothing more.

Curious coincidences cannot be called convincing as to the source of the matter. Repeatedly I have been told of marvelous foretelling through the ouija board. Personally I have never experienced anything of the kind and I am inclined to believe that foretelling by means of these boards runs about the same chance that the average fortune-teller does in foretelling. For instance, if one should begin in the morning and foretell the same set of happenings to fifty people, following one after another, no doubt a proportion of these predictions would befall at least a part of the fifty and this number would be convinced of the wonderful power of the so-called psychic! What could be truly spiritual in playing roulette with the spirit land and winning a tip on the stock market or the time of your uncle's demise? And anyway, why should it be assumed that a spirit knows any more about the future than we?

One does not pick up a newspaper and turn to the book reviews to find this announcement: "Pencil or Pen Produces New Volume." The material from the pencil and pen is judged upon its merits. So should the work of any other mechanical device, even if it be a ouija board.

I write with the board faster than an experienced penman can write with pen or pencil. I have not yet found any person who could keep up with my dictation in long hand. It has only been by long practice that my husband has devised a system of abbreviation whereby he may almost keep pace. Even with him I have often to stop and wait for him to catch up. During the making of records our friends

watch him with nearly as much interest as they do me. I have been known to write as many as eighty words to the minute, calling each letter aloud and sometimes pronouncing short words. This shows a distinct advantage over a pencil or pen as a recording instrument for this work.

I am particularly desirous to have our friends know what real joy the communion with Patience Worth brings. The association is not a ghostly one. A group of good, healthy, wholesome-minded people, often with skeptics among them, get together, and it is beautiful to see with what grace these every day folk and skeptics included, bend to the charm, we will say, of the story that is being produced. As I call it from the board we all join in the good laugh or the tear in the narrative. Often Patience gives us some witty remark, making us feel that we are the guest of a charming hostess of a realer land than ours, for she knows us as we are, "under the skin," and speaks heart to heart minus the usual company airs of the ordinary hostess. It is so wholesome, so good for one, that after an evening with her one lays aside the "mystic" ouija and forgets that it was the bridge that led them to meet this good fellow, this comrade, Patience Worth.

Read for yourself what she has said when asked what part the board played in her communications:

"When He sought that He come unto men, lo, the lowly sought He. But Earth forgot the lowly and remembered but the kingly mantle o' words He left unto it. So be this thing (the ouija board) but dry woods, and Earth shall forget the dry woods and remember but Him within the words."

Rosalind M. Day

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Patience Worth and the Babe

Nothing in the world of the senses seems to possess so much of the love of Patience Worth as the children of earth. Her sayings and songs of the babes have been among her tenderest and deepest. The Patience Wee has been the altar on which she has laid many of her finest tributes to childhood and one of the great poems of her earliest work is "Strum, Strum," a lullaby of a childless mother to the babe of her dreams.

One night when friends were present and "the Wee" asleep, she talked long of her child and finally asked if we had "looked upon the oped lips." Some one wondered if they were open and Patience said, "Yea, they be oped." We slipped into the cot to see and sure enough they were open like rose petals. Patience said, when we returned: "Ye knew not, but thy handmaid hath leaned her o'er and kissed o' them." Here is one of her poems addressed to the child:

Oh, my babe!
 Thou art the fulfillment. Thou art the bread.
 Thou art the light I crave.
 Thy flesh is the meat for days;
 Thine eyes the light for darkness;
 Thy hands, oh, my babe, the leadin' power
 That showeth the wee pathie
 That 'bouts the hill'sway and findeth o' His land.

Thou art Him come unto me.
 Through tides the task stood waitin'.
 Oh, how might I rest
 When I had done no thing for one o' His?
 I would woe with thee. I would see thee
 Even in thy new flesh delivered unto me
 That I might sup the sup denied.
 Oh, my babe! Oh, my babe!

There is no real mother but whose heart will echo this, and none but will appreciate the following fancy in which Patience clothes her baby:

I shall seek some new-wet field
 Whereon the webs lie spread. I shall seek
 And take me o' their siller threadin's.
 I shall seek me then some garden's spot
 That noddeth full-bloomed unto a rosed tree,
 O'er late at opin', and wait unto the tide.
 The blooms shall burst. I shall take me then
 The scented, sweet-tipped petals
 And weave them to a robe to cover her.

O' dew's glints shall I jewel it, and set
 The young sun's warmth atween the weavin',
 To warm her fleshie's pearl.
 I shall seek me then a song
 O' bee's hums and birds' wings' whirrin',
 And the she-e-e-e, she-e-e-e soundin'
 O' the mornin's breeze, and sit me
 Smilin', waitin' for the sleep-ship's comin',
 To craft my treasure, for to send
 Unto the Land-o'-Dreamin's shore.

The friends of Patience throughout the country have unanimously approved her work for the babies and many expressions have come to her both in prose and verse. Of these none were more beautiful or sympathetic than this tribute by Mr. Clarke F. Hunn, of Washington, D. C., written on the occasion of the christening of the Patience Wee, December 18, 1916.

Wee laughing one, thy loved ones gather here,
 Searching their dim ways down the paths of knowing,
 Blind in their little knowledge, fain to peer
 Toward the bright ray thou bringest, rosy-glowing.

Gift of the great impenetrable deep,
 Wee star of promise, foreordained to bless,
 Gather we here to cherish and to keep,
 To yield our bounty—earthly tenderness.

Child of the Light beyond, the far unknown,
 Light unto us, who yet for light must grope,
 Reign thou, wee Queen, in love—our hearts thy throne,
 Our lives thy empire, thine our faith, our hope!

What songs these winsome-smiling lips will phrase,
 What gifts these rosy fingers scatter wide
 Down the great golden thoroughfare of days,
 We know not, save that Love doth here abide.

Wee one, the door is closed whence thou didst come;
 We know not, save that softly, eerily,
 One echo faint pursues, and, hearkening, dumb,
 We hear again the yearn-song throbbing:

"-----Strumm, strumm-----"
 And-----soft, how soft-----!
 "My wheel still sings to thee-----"

The Most Beautiful Thing

"The Earth hath rich stores o' love, but the hands o'
 men have shut the store and it taketh a babe to ope it up."
 PATIENCE WORTH.

They were women with silver hair,
 And mothers through many years,
 Sharers in joy and care,
 Life's mingling of smiles and tears.
 "Let us each in turn," said one,
 "Describe the most beautiful thing
 We have ever seen or known,
 That life for us could bring."

The first to speak thought deep,
 And a tear was in eye and voice—
 Do beauty and sorrow keep
 A tie that is never outgrown?—
 "For me," she said, "the divinest sight,
 The blessedest gift of grace,
 Was imprinted by God himself—
 The look on my dead babe's face.

"There was something eternal there,
 A promise, and destiny's mark.
 'Mother, have no fear,
 It is you who goes on in the dark.'
 "In that little form was something sublime,
 A dignity deeper than words;
 Serener than sleep, a triumph o'er time,
 Such beauty as life ne'er affords."

An eloquent silence fell.
 There are tears akin to joy;
 There are smiles that in teardrops well,
 The heart's most mystic alloy.
 No more was said, or ever said,
 No one for the next will call.
 On the theme of supremest beauty,
 One had spoken for all.

J. W. M.

"REDWING"—A Drama, by Patience Worth

(The first installment of "Redwing," a drama, appeared in the September number of this magazine. It opens at the shack of Simon the tanner, who, with his apprentice, Don, is ending a day's work. On their way home Simon stops at the hut of Hoody Mack, an old woman, reputed a witch, for a chat. She tells him of the coming to the castle, hard by, of Prince Charlie, a doddering coxcomb from a neighboring kingdom, who seeks to wed the Princess Ermaline. She describes him and his purpose with uncomplimentary detail and Simon ridicules his pretension. The prologue to the second act presents a glimpse of the interior of the castle, where a Troubadour sings to Princess Ermaline. The first scene is in the castle kitchen where Dougal, a page, and Anne, a kitchen maid, gossip of the court, from which it is learned that the Troubadour is a stranger who "Came him out o' nothing, like the night or day. We waked to hear him singing 'neath the wall." A wandering minstrel apparently, of the type always welcomed at medieval courts and no questions asked. It is also revealed that Ermaline has vowed never to speak while Prince Charlie remains at court; and more, that she has a tender eye for the Troubadour. The second scene follows:)

ACT II. SCENE II.

(In the Queen's Chambers.)

Queen: "The morrow morn doth find thee still putting
silence to the day.

And still thy heart, tho' warmly wooed,
Doth freeze, ungrateful child!

Thy mother's hath been touched,
And wonder o'ercometh me that Charlie
Ne'er as yet hath won thee.

Thine eyes do spell a warring;
See, thy prince doth come!"

(Enter Prince Charlie).

Charlie: "A-a-a-h! My pretty pretty!
Thou art a teaser. Te-he-he-he!

All of the night I've dreamed,
And at the dawning found a pucker
On my brow, and coaxed and coaxed,
But thou canst see it still.

Oh, worry, worry me! (To the Troubadour):

"I'll tweak thine ear, thou travel-singer! Art thou
a-grin?"

Troubadour: "Nay, I but smile to think me of an ass
I once did see, a-browsing in a daisy field."

Charlie: "Te-he-he-he! A funny, funny tale! Pray,
Didst thee know the master o' the ass?"

Troubadour: "Nay. That, did I know, I'd have slapped
His rump and sent him homing."

Charlie (To Ermaline): "Te-he-he-he! I surely with
my wit

Did coax thy smile, fair one. Te-he-he-he!

Your Highness, see, she smiles. Te-he!

Thy loveliness reflected, else I ne'er
Could love her so! Te-he!

I kiss thy hand and fain would dance,
My heart doth flutter so with joy.

Te-he! My calf, set off with garter jewel,
Doth set the ladies at unrest. I see it,

For they blush, and tears of envy

Stand within their eyes. Te-he!

(To Ermaline): "Come, little dear, and give a kiss.

(She slaps him).

What a vixen! My cheek doth smart!

I'll teach thee manners yet!"

(To troubadour): "And thou, Redcoat, a-mooning at the
day!

(To page): "Damn thy quaking shoulders, page!

(To the court ladies): "Thee of the court shall bite bit-
ters yet!

Ah! now I see, he-he! 'Tis but a joke

Upon my tender feelings. He-he!

(To Queen): "Your Majesty, I would a word

At morrow's dawn, he-he. Though Ermaline be fair
And—te-he!—hefty, I'd weigh me out her dower.

My noble sire did play me scurvy.

To bring four sons afore my coming.

My heritage, 'tis my winsomeness,

But I do flatter me this brow

Was fashioned for a crown. Te-he!

(To page): "Come, page, why fondling

At my coat skirt? Am I then amiss?"

(Page slips scroll into Charlie's coat skirt).

Troubadour: "Your Highness, 'tis a tuck.

I beg thee that I lend an aid."

(Troubadour and Page turn him about).

Charlie: "I'm at a twirl! Why—he-he!

'Tis at envy that ye laugh. Silence!

Redcoat, didst play me false?"

(Troubadour gets the scroll).

Troubadour: "Nay, sire, I but plucked a leaf from out
thy hem.

Charlie: "My staff, page. I need it not, te-he.

But it doth set me off. I would ride.

Go thou and fetch the flesh,

And skirt him blue. Enough! Begone!"

Queen: "Ermaline shall 'company thee.

(To Ermaline): "Needst not shake; I bid thee go. Away
and robe!

(To Troubadour): "Stay, Troubadour, thee needst not
go a-stabling.

I'd hear thy lilting to make me sure

The leaves fall not within my hem!

Thy hip-sack. Fetch it me!"

Troubadour: "My Lady—Your Highness—I beg——"

Queen: "Stop thy snuffle! Fetch thee here.

(Examines hip-sack).

Rubbish! A daisy flower, and heather,

Bound round with strand o' black."

Troubadour: "Yea, Lady, I but plucked them from——"

Queen: "A hem?"

Troubadour: "'Twas but a jest, and Dougal playeth as
a child."

Queen: "Nay, singer, tho' Ermaline be mute,

I swear she hath spoke full history to thee.

This strand, from whence?"

Troubadour: "A courser's tail."

Queen: 'Stupid! I needst must then believe

The nag's hind-lock doth curl!

Thee art a singer, truly,

But a sorry liar."

Troubadour: "I 'fess it, Ladyship,

But the dear lady languisheth.

'Tis better that she feed upon green herbs

Than dry leaf."

Queen: "A troubadour to chide a queen! And yet

I like thee for thy 'pertinence.

"Since we be 'lone, I'll borrow o' thy wits.

Thee'lt play the King, or lose dominion.

'Tis so; and I pledge thee unto me afore."

Troubadour: "Your Grace, a song doth carry but a
truth,

Else 'tis unlovely to the singer, and its discord

Proclaimeth treachery 'mid its notes.

I but pipe; but pipers know the stars,

And he who knoweth them knoweth solitude,

And he who knoweth solitude knoweth silence.

I serve thee, Lady!"

Queen: "This aged ass I seeked to mate

With Ermaline. My heart! but can I blame

The child? And yet, and yet, a queen

May but a heart o' stone disclose.

'Tis the wishing o' the cousin of my consort—

A nest for a crownless heir.

A-south my lands adjoin the kingdom o' Peter,

Whose son hath sought to wed my Ermaline,

And war doth threaten at my lands

Do I refuse. I bid the foppy gentleman

To bide him here to try him at the court.

He minceth thro' my very dreams

And wakes me with a startling;

And Peter's son doth stride him,

All be-armoured, thro' remaining dreams.

I ne'er have seen the lad, but waiting maids

Do wag that he standeth tall, and knoweth wisdom

As a traveling mate. What think ye

That a mother's heart should prompt?"

Troubadour: "I once, dear Lady, did see a dove nest,

Tho' 'twere careful watched by hovering dove,

Betaken by a crow. Let the armoured knight

To strut him thro' thy dreams.

Mayhap he dareth not to step him to thy day.

'The son o' Peter is then, favored

'Mong thy townsmen? To mine own fancy

He be a vainish cock."

Queen: "Yea, Singer. My subjects do murmur them

'Gainst Charlie, uncrowned, by fortune fourth.

The son o' Peter weareth crown at first hand,

But Charlie's brothers do band

And join against my lands do I refuse

His proffer."

Troubadour: "But, Majesty, King Peter's lands do

stand

Uncut by heirs. His mouthing Grace, I vow me,

Needeth a tung splitting and a start adown the highway!

Ah, surely thou wouldst ne'er send May

A-plodding o'er a snowey path?

Age, my Lady, age and youth!"

Queen: "Nay, Troubadour, the prince

Hath scarce passed half a hundred,

But put unto his days and nights

A tinder o' fire he borrowed o' hell.

I'd purge him o' his stinking past

Wer't not my lands would be a muck."

Troubadour: "Dear Lady, I do pluck the air in vain

For song. My tabour's tap doth mind me

O' his cackle; and pipe, his dodder-smitten voice.

And do I play them in a pair,

I fancy him betapping 'long the pave,

Staff-ribbons fluttering and dealing drivell

Out his lips!

I humbly beg your Majesty that I offend not,

But out o' nothing I do see a cloud appear.

Thou art a-tear! Again I beg, my service."

Queen: "I'm fearing lest I tell thee overmuch,

And yet, I've an hung' for thy counsel.

Thou art a fallen star, I know not from whence,

But since my lands perforce be thine

While thou art piping at my court,

Then my lands do hold thy heart. I'll tell thee more!

Disfavor fell to me when I did bear a son.

As thou knowest, hate grown out o' love.

Doth grow most rank. My people joyed

At their king's birth. But, Singer, woe is me!

He but graced the earth with hour

O' bright promising and slept. And worse;

For tomb showed empty, and to this day

I know not where he lieth in his rest.

And I do bear the crown till Ermaline.

My next born, weds. The child hath scarce

Supped womanhood. Would I then weight her brow?

My king o' mine own bearing

Liveth only in my heart. I waken at the wee hours,

A-feeling soft unto my breast, and ever fearing

Lest a chill should strike me there;

For Troubadour, though he were dead

Full two dawns, he ne'er did chill.

I bid an open tomb and set a watch,

But he did fall a-drowse, and morn did show

The emptiness. 'Twas murmured, and did reach to me,

That sire o' Charlie would be rid o' kings

To rule this land. Ah, canst thee then not know
The fearing o' my heart?"

Troubadour: "My Lady, I do cast unto the winds my
hip-sack,

And mute the whistle o' my pipes.

But leave me heather flower and daisy crown

And this strand, and I do swear

To put at my hip a sword and kiss its blade

To thee. And do I hope for more?

Nay. I beg thee hold thy heart,

But tell to me the aching of its beat,

Though it doth rend the wound.

The little Wild Flower o' the crown—

How long, my Lady, how long afore his aging

To the crown?"

Queen: "At Eastertide. And I did set my Ermaline

To wed upon that time, to fulfil

The promise of the crown."

Troubadour: "A fortnight hence! I promise ye

That not a flower a-nodding there

In yonder field but what I'll coax

Its secret. And though I seek aneath each stone,

But stars and moon and sun shall know."

Queen: "Ah, thy words are wine, did I

But dare to hope! I tell thee, Troubadour,

It then shall be that on this day

A queen doth pact with singer!

I fain would feed this foolish, hungry heart

Upon a hope, though it be the last sup,

And I die o' hungering a-later on.

I kiss thy token, and may it ne'er grace

A less regal son."

Troubadour: "Nay, my Lady, I but sing, and song's
wing

Was fashioned but to hover aching hearts.

I stand, the subject of my Queen,

And Knight o' Song! Were I an armoured knight

I'd shake my mailed fists to all the earth

And ply my lance aneath her every secret.

But I shall tease and wheedle with my song,

Though I did swear to cast my pipes awither,

For song hath ever been my armor.

See, Lady, there a scarlet wing

Doth sing; 'Acheer! Acheer! Acheer!'

Our crest from on high! We win, I promise thee!

Who knoweth? Mayhap he hath our secret now.

I'll watch the rogue! Yea, at morrow's break

I pipe me through the fields and wait his coming,

And doth he fly unto the East

I go me to the East, or whither he shall fly."

Queen: "My hand, Singer, 'tis the pledge."

(Enter Ermaline and Dougal).

Queen: "Rest thee, Ermaline."

Dougal: "My Lady, the Princess ne'er hath ridden.

She did whack the hinder o' the Prince's mount

And land his Highness in a heap.

He nurseth bruise aneath his coverlid.

She hath played at hoops aneath his lattice,

But pausing to cluck as though to coax a nag.

His Highness vows to kiss her as a fitting pay."

Queen: "Dougal, thee shouldst hold thy tung

And soothe thy tickle. Thy mistress

Hath a merry mood. She thinks to hide her heart.

Get ye all! for I would court a silence. Adieu."

(To be continued.)

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. and Mrs. W and the Family.)

We had just discussed the rather surreptitious visit of one Prof. X., who after all had only a few minutes to stay and saw little of the work.

Patience: "The wised 'un' hath but o' a crumb, yea, and tasteth thereof, and lo, he sayeth 'tis the crumb that tasteth as the whole loaf."

We spoke of this penchant of certain people to jump at conclusions and spread abroad their ill-considered opinions.

Patience: "Word meaneth naught; for word buildeth not up the craft nor yet be the waters the craft doth float it 'pon.

"Look ye, the loved o' me! Fear ye not, for know ye, 'tis ever that a craft launched doth set the seas a-roughed. Lord', 'pon tears shall plash the barque. Yea, so. But 'tis a voyage a-deared that be ploughed through a sea o' tears o' hearts a-loved. Yea, but see ye! day and day and day doth follow day and day, and ever 'tis one a-clear and one a-dark, and one Summered and one Springed, aye, and one Wintered. So will this be.

"Lawkaday! I be afurried! Yea, for the parson, aye the friar, aye the goodman, aye the roadsman, yea the hungered, yea, the o'erfilled, shall eat o' these loaves o' me!

"Do list! I put me softened unto thee: a hope that each o' the scripts (pages) that man looketh 'pon shall look up unto him and show a-pure. Ayea and more; that the smile o' Him shall show within the word thereon." (This refers to the book "Patience Worth: a Psychic Mystery," which was on the press at the time of this record.)

Then she wrote 1,900 words of "The Sorry Tale." Something was said about her bearing this wonderful pack back to earth and she said:

"See ye, it be nay a task o' them Ahere, that they shew o' the veiled land. Nay, but 'tis the grow o' them that they do bear o' Him that thou shalt know."

Then she went right on with the tale. After it was over there was much of reading and discussion. Patience said: "Dost thou to know that from off thy fingers' tips hath flown the stream o' the love o' Him that thou with thy hands didst bear from out Naught unto thy day?

"This be a God's task. Yea, and 'pon thee and thee and thee, so long as thy heart doth drink and thine eyes look up, and not unto thyself, doth His smile to bathe thee. This be for all the loves o' me."

This ended the work for the evening.

(Present: Mr. D. and the Family.)

Patience began on Mr. D. at once.

Patience: "Lawk ye! he ahere doth for to set him a-sobered much. Yea, and 'neath the skull's cap o' him be a merry much. Yea, Earth doth look unto the sobered cheek o' him and the thin lip that sheweth nay o' a smile, and waggeth, lo, he be a sage! Yea, and yet he doth for to hide such an merry that man knoweth not o'. And yet this be the comforter o' the heart o' him.

"There be amuch that I set me o'. What wouldst thee, man, song or yet the tales? Wouldst thee for to weep, or tickle o' this merry o' me?"

We explained this to Mr. D. and he asked for the Merry Tale. She said:

"Fetch ye o' the yarn," and wrote about 300 words of it.

"'Tis a merry putted I be! Yea and lawk! He looketh unto this and speaketh that he loveth not the come Ahere (dreads death). Lor' brother, thee'rt atwist. Thy land be a piddle put to Here. Ye art at the pluck o' crumb and at the throw awither o' the whole loaf!

"I do for to know o' thee. Thee needest nay for to dream 'tis not so.

"He be at the take o' more and at crave o' song. Yea and yet shall I to put."

So she sang this song of Scotland, Mr. D's native land:

Far hills, sunk amid the blue,
Where purpled lochs sink 'mid the greened fields,
Where tree's tops sway and sheep's men
Walk them down the twined paths;
Where, far, the tinkle-bell o' kirk
Asoundeth at the eve,
And bonnie smiles shed 'pon the every day.
Lo, there ever doth the heart return,
Yea, bounded' bout by heather sheaf.

Like then unto the dreams
That come at twi-hours creep,
This vision sheweth me the shores a-loved,
Sunk, yea, sunken from the view,
And yet afar, afar 'tis sunk
Athin this heart,
The land sae dear.
Yea, and at the twi-hours come
Lo, the flashed smile o' heiland's folk
Flasheth o'er the wastes,
And telleth me o' there.

"See! 'tis ever unto the heart a maid doth float, 'pon tear!

"Ye see, man, 'tis he who hath known o' fullled love that knoweth well the heart o' empty.

"Yea, and yet I say me I know o' thee! Yea, man, e'en as thy lips put that thou art loth at thy come, lo, I say me 'tis thy handmaid that knoweth thy lips speak folly; for like unto a mighty oak that reacheth o' its branch up unto the skies when the lights flash layeth it lo, e'en so shalt thou to be. Yea, a-stand at the fall a-mighty!

"See! I be a-prate o' sorries. Nay; the day showeth bright, and athin thy hours shall the weavings of the store thou hast filled it up o' set thy days ever sweeted.

"Now, wouldst thee that I set the woes o' others?"

And she wrote about 300 words of "The Sorry Tale."

(Present: Dr. and Mrs. W. and the Family.)

Before we sat down to write Doctor W. had suggested that as the Children's Aid Society was to give an auction at

Lenox Club on the morrow, and since Patience was such a lover of children and all charity work, that Mr. Curran autograph a book and see if Patience would write an inscription for it, for the auction. Patience was in rather a merry mood, but said:

"I be dame (contrary, as dames are supposed to be). Yea, I do put o' a word a-later for the babes. Lawk, I be a-fulled. Lawkaday! 'tis her ahere (Mrs. W.) that doth to pucker much o'er the Lor' o' me."

We all laughed. Mrs. W. had a hard time reconciling herself to Patience's expression, 'Lor'.

There was much circling of the board and finally Patience said:

"Thee'lt deem I be at brush o' hearth, 'tis such an 'bout and 'bout I be at! I'd set at the babe put, but lawk, I be dame." (Contrary again:)

Mr. C.: "Suppose we say, 'well, then, do something else?'"

Patience: "Then I be at this thing!" (Dame again!)

"Nay, 'tis a merry tickle I be at. Set thee at the Teared Tale." (Meaning get out the Sorry Tale.)

After writing about 600 words of the story we came to where Nadab, Panda and Nada were about to eat. Nadab, the old dreaming rug-maker who wove dreams into his rugs "held his hand high and made of the chant, the wail of his land (Arabia) and cast of a crumb of bread unto the airs and made thanks." And Nada and Panda imitated him but knew not what it meant. And Panda asked: "What, Nadab, is this that thou dost to cast of breads?" And Nadab laughed and spake: "Lo, Panda, this be one of the dreams of Nadab; for lo, did each man cast o' a crumb unto the airs, AND DO THIS IN LOVING, lo, then might the hungered be fed, and nay a one a-hunger."

Then she stopped and asked: "How be this as the babe put?" And we all said, "Fine." She continued:

"See ye! he who hath pence for love's buy, then shall have o' a full measure for the pence. For lo, this be o' a loaf o' love and builded up o' love."

We were delighted to have her talk of the auction and she kept on:

"Doth a one then offer unto one o' His o' his fullled store, this be wisdom."

"This be the first o' the freed crumb o' the loaf o' me a-cast. Ayca, ayca, ayca! And look thee, 'tis for them who stand short o' the measure's-full o' loaf."

So it was, and we were as delighted as she. We then asked her what to put in the book with the inscription.

Patience: "A wish o' loving 'pon a one o' Him who hath given in the name o' Him and loving."

So Mrs. Curran got out the book and wrote the babe-put and this last and signed it for the auction.

As soon as we took up the board again she said:

"See! from out the ages past did the truth come, and it be e'en then as young as the new-born babe!"

She meant that what she had given for the inscription was out of a tale of the time of Christ, and yet it fit the need of the dear people who are helping the children.

"It be a-fitting too, that out from this teared tale (The Sorry Tale from which she had given the inscription), the do o' Him (Christ), there should come love."

It was indeed fitting that in a story of Christ, who said "Suffer little children," should be given a verse that would be for the children of this day.

After giving a parable Dr. W. asked her to give an inscription for a book he was going to send to his brother. She gave this at once:

"'Tis a wish I be that ye eat and be a-fed o' love. See! this be a wish o' wisdom; for lo, nay man hath riches lest he be fulfilled o' love."

The Dr. and Mrs. W. thanked her and she continued:

"I be well a-tickled that this eve hath fruited. So, there be the babe-put and weaving, and lawk! I shall to put o' song (poem) at thy next o' sit."

We all said good-night and Dr. said jokingly: "Sleep tight." Patience took it up by saying:

"Nay, nay! There be tilling for to do! 'Tis flesh that wearieth and she (Mrs. C.) doeth this thing."
So Mrs. C. wearies, but Patience never!

(Present: Dr. and Mrs. U., Mrs. R., Mr. Y., and the Family.)

Patience: "Lookaday! Here be the scratch! 'Tis a-decd at a tilt and top I be. Yea, for how be it man, I do for to set me o' the tale when I be aboil, yea, a-flurry aboil o' word? I hae o' a song that I do set for she a-yonder who doth to peer unto the Ahere, alater. (To Mrs. R.):

"See! I did for to set o' sweets o' the bud o' her, the bud o' thee. Yea, and plucked o' quills that I did for to set for the man o' her. (Dr. U.): Then 'tis abrew I be for thee and thee and thee.

"See, 'tis 'pon a twain o' puts I be. Yea so. List, thee! shall this thing be done o' tears or yet merries?"

It was unanimous that she write upon the Merry Tale and she proceeded with 400 words of it.

Here began a discussion of religion.

Patience: "See! ye be at the mouth o' gods. Yea, and did the God for to stand him as a thing, lo, would he for to be worn unto a naught by the tunging and mouthing o' the Earth's men. Yea, for they do for to stand, their lips wide, and speak His name as one thing and as another, yea, and yet another, and lo, how be this but the mouthings o' men? And He be, e'en though they do for to clothe Him o' lips and tungs unto the thousand fold!"

"Look! She a-yonder (Mrs. R.) loveth o' the moon's beams afar more than there be o' earth that love o' the golded store o' Earth; yea, she doth for to drink in that that Earth shutteth up its eyes at see o'! Yea, o' the faded moon's light that hath grown aged with the pass o' nights, doth she for to weave and weave; and set athin this weave her love. Yea, and o' this maketh a cloth athin which she doth for to wrap her heart.

"Look! Lor', I be ateter for to tell o' what be athin the me o' me for the telling 'pon thee, Dame!" (Mrs. R.)

We all cried, "Tell it."

Patience: "'Tis atwist hath wrung her heart. Yea, 'pon the word o' me hath she looked keen, yea, and taken out her skull's cap o' that that she hath stored from the wisdoms o' the day, and set awcighted 'gainst the word o' me o' this wisdom. And, Dame, thou knowest thou hast e'en held athin thy hand the word o' me, and cast o' the wisdoms awither! For Hark! This word hath lain ope the soft o' thy heart atimes and thou hast spoke: "Truth! Truth! Truth!"

which follows:

Then she proceeded to give Mrs. R. the promised song,

Pilgrim, pilgrim, plodder o' the path o' Earth—
Weed a-grown and stoned path,
Where drys and heats do burn,
And travelers pass athout the sign o' brother's love;
Beset o' tongues that burn and scorch,
Yea, and sear the very soul;
Yea, the tongues that speak but word
And hold nay love
That telleth thee o' Hope!
Where hath this pathway led thee then?
Unto the starless land,
Where dead suns roll the sightless skies,
And moonless night doth fill the ever o' the space!
Where e'er upon thy way doth fall the weary;
Where deathly silence answereth o' thy prayers;
Where emptied heavens hold o' empty gods,
And waste and waste and waste, doth set thy ways.

Ah, nay. Ne'er from the arched skies,
Where suns a-roll their paths
To trace the tales o' Time;
Ne'er 'pon the emptied vasts to read
The oped words o' naughts;
Ne'er 'pon the deathly dark to seek
The deaded sun!
Nay! Nay! 'Mid greened springs to sup
The night's sweat up;
To wipe the death-mist from night's cold brow;
To pause and ope with trembled hand
A lily's bud that He hath sealed;
To read therein the magics of His worlds,
And know, amid the darks, the vasts,
The emptiness, doth He to smile Him on!
To plod the pilgrimed path
And whisper to the weary 'pon the way,
The opeing o' the buds,
The tellings o' the nights,
The promises o' morn—
Yea, to speak His tongue unto His own.

At the finish she said to Mrs. R.: "See ye, dame, this be ye."

Mrs. R. asked about the second coming of Christ.

Patience: "Yeaaday, dame, this be the oping o' the hearts o' men that He come athin them.

"Thee'rt for to know, dame, He hath spoken not this thing. Nay, for he be a-stripped o' flesh and thee knowest o' the deep o' this thing."

We asked if she would write something for Mrs. U.'s copy of the book.

Patience: "Yea, I be at this thing!"

"He who looketh him 'pon the sand's grain as the mountain's height be wised a-deed!"

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"Thee'rt at put o' wisdom o' me and
I be a-set o' the smalled put!"

"See ye, thou ahere, (Mrs. U.) I set
me so: (A wish for her book.)

"That the word o' me a-sink unto
thy day and sweet o' it, e'en as thou
dost sweet o' the day o' thy pure."

"See, ye! thee'rt a-pured by the bear
o' buds, (children). He be blessed
adeed who hath the housing o' Him
afleshed."

Dr. U. here sat down with Mrs. Cur-
ran for something for himself.

Patience: "A-flurried much and doff
o' string-cap I be! A grace 'pon a
youthed-un who uppeth o' his dagger's
point and opeth o' the olded sores that
men see! This be nay a sup for the
wised-uns! Nay, they do for to cloak
that that they do know, and thou
knowest this thing, Sirrah. Be it not
a truth? Yea, and thee, atickle, do for
to hope that thou dost set at a-laugh
them o' Earth that be adrown o' sloth!

"Lor', see! there be men, thou know-
est, who do for to set them at the sea's
edge and seek that they bring forth
shell fish that come unto the sands at
the water's leave. Yea, and seek not
out upon the fisher's craft. This be
truth, for they deem that 'tis best for
to feed 'pon shell fish and keep o'
wisdoms, than to seek afar and meet o'
storm and lose o' fish and wisdoms too!

"And thee, lawk! Thou dost up o'
thy fist and shake unto the bolts o'
Jove, and off unto the high sea, saying
thee:

" 'Tis then awhiff I be o' the Earth's
storm! Yea, 'tis well. I seek me o'
the big fish! "

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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 handmaid.

"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 handmaid 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."

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