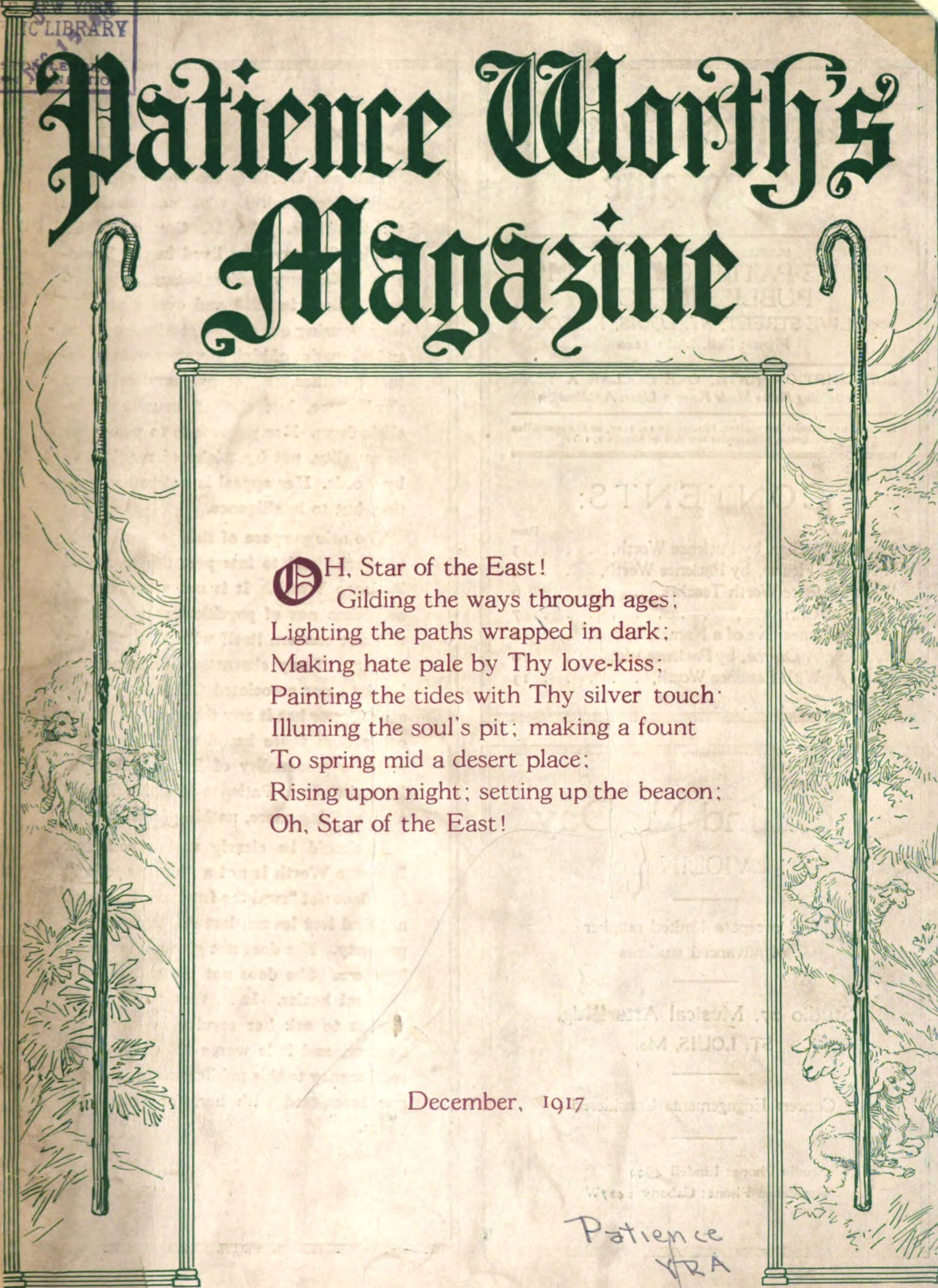


Patience Worth's Magazine



OH, Star of the East!
Gilding the ways through ages;
Lighting the paths wrapped in dark;
Making hate pale by Thy love-kiss;
Painting the tides with Thy silver touch
Illuming the soul's pit; making a fount
To spring mid a desert place;
Rising upon night; setting up the beacon;
Oh, Star of the East!

December, 1917

Patience
WRA

Patience Worth's Magazine

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Patience Worth is the name of an invisible personality who communicates through Mrs. John H. Curran, of St. Louis. She says she lived in the Seventeenth Century. She began her communications in 1913 and ever since has been pouring out poems, stories, parables and allegories of high literary and intellectual qualities, and of profound religious significance, but clothed usually in archaic form. Her purpose is to prove her personality, not by tricks of magic, but by words. Her appeal is not to superstition, but to intelligence.

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.

Patience Worth's Magazine

Vol. 1

December 1917

Number 5

The Scarlet Sign

By *Patience Worth*

*He hath stripped the earth,
And lo, the buds shew browned,
The promise o' the Spring.
The fields stand emptied,
Yea, arms oped unto the Winter's smite.
The streams glint silvered o' the ice.
The skies gray arch deepeth dull,
And Spring's songs gone and wooded dell
Sounds hollowed emptiness.*

*The Winter's fruits, ariped,
Flash scarlet 'mid the dull.
The leaves, browned, still hold the blush
Of Autumn's sun-shine kiss.
'Tis Christ-tide, yea, and at His birth,
Lo, the very Earth shews bloom
Like crimson drops,
For greeting of the King!*

*The Earth's men trod upon the weary way
And look them not upon the scarlet sign.
For lo, were they not shed long, long ago?
Their hearts ope not unto the Son of Man,
Who cometh Him unto the empty earth.
Nay, and yet, and yet, e'en though
The season's life and death hath passed and
passed
To blot away the tide,
'Tis Christ-birth, and the Earth hath decked
In scarlet as the sign.*

*And He hath sought the Earth, not robed
In royal dye nor clothed o' jewels rare,
But naked; that the love o' man
May clothe Him warm.
'Tis Christ-tide, and a Babe's hand
Stroketh 'pon the heart-cords of mankind,
And lo, the Earth is stirred!*

A King of Hearts

A Christmas Story by Patience Worth

Ching, ching, ching! A-ching, ching, ching! Ching, ching, ching, ching-a-ching!

Dinnin' fool's bells. And merry-makers cryin': "Fool! fool! fool! Jackanapes! Ass! A scarlet cape and cockerel comb! Ha, ha, ha!"

"By my quiver, look!" shouteth Eduardo. "'Tis Fidelio, whose legs be half a man's. Shake thy cap, Fidelio. Make gloom dispel! Egad! I'd wear a fool's cap. Good fool, come hither. Stride the yule log that its tinder take o' thy merry. Over the hillock let joy speed thy feet!"

"Eduardo, take lead, thou lout," came answering shout, "unto the oaks where mistletoe beardeth the underlimbs. To the holly woods where the flame hath hid! Garland the yule's belly of wreaths. On! On! Fidelio, straddle the middle's point. Down thyself, Banco. Theed'st leave thy tongue do thy leg's task!"

Scarlet and green and yellows flame, creepin' the white roadways. Shoutin's o' youth and crisp winds blowin', beatin' the cheeks to a glow. Steamin' mouths lettin' forth laughter that hisseth 'pon the airs. The creak o' binded thongs whereon the log lay. The crushin' o' snow 'neath footfalls and one youthed one fallin' 'pon t'other, gleeful spillin' o' shout and laughter.

At lead a score o' swains, one tethered to t'other, hand unto hand, backs bended at the draw o' the log. Snow clingin' unto leggins, sprayed up o'er the log's side. And followin', Eduardo, 'pon his nag, whose footcloth hung of ice and snow.

A-follow maids, a-clothed o' scarlet, carrolling.

O'er the hill's brow through the fir paths, where the scent o' fir spice clinged, where the holly burned and misletoe pearled the stark bared boughs; where, 'pon dry leaf, clung the snow's pure and the shadow's blue a-wrapped. Past the dark way 'bout the forest, where the silence hung and snow soft fell at the breeze's touch, siftin' through the darksome way. With the songs o' joy a-breakin' o' the silence hangin' there, makin' dead leaf quiver in its dreamin' that 'tis spring's return, gaysome went they, singin' through the fallin' gloom.

And the skies hung lowerin';

And the snow fell light and slow.

Siftin', siftin', siftin', settin';

Till their backs were whited o'er,

And the songs were laggard,

And the feet were slippin' sore.

And the log was white and gleamin'.

And dark came creepin' on,

Till the brands were lighted, smokin',

Gleamin' scarlet 'pon the gray

And white and sable eve.

And the crackle o' the burnin';

And the rollin' smokes fell 'bout,

Till the brightness set the singin'

At the ringin' once again.

And the hillocks lay all whited.

Here and there a taper's gleam.

Or the creepin' 'bout some pathway,

Of a brand afar was seen.

Then the hallo rang, and wavin'
O' the brands spoke greetin' warm,
And the voices went at echo,
'Bout the hill's ways, rovin' far;
Comin' back in whispered gay-song
Like some dyin' thing that clung,
Lothsome for to leave the gay-tide,
Weak spirit o' the song.
And the roadway winded curvin',
'Bout the foothills, 'cross the meads,
Where the silent river parted
Field from fieldway with its silver, iced sheen;
Where the webby brambles glistened,
'Pon the shore's curve, hung o' snow;
Past the inne's arch, where the lantern
Beckoned smudgily is light,
And the halo 'bout its gleamin',
Showed the dancin' flakes at fall,
Where the nags stood huddlin'
Side to side and hunched a-back,
Covered o' the whited mantle,
Shiverin', tethered to the rack.
And the singin' and the clatter,
Set them nickered and a-shake,
Till the trappin's rung like fool's bells,
And the innster peeped him out.
And the winds blew keen and cuttin'
'Bout the caves and sent the snows
A-blindin' up into the inne's door,
Where the light gleamed dancin' bright.
And the smell o' herbs and brewin's,
And o' ayle and apple mug,
Slipped temptin' through the opin',
To the roadway wrapped o' dark.
And they drew them up afore it,
And rubbed their bellies o'er,
And Eduardo offed his nag's back,
Beatin' o' the snows that clung,
Shakin' o' his cape and doublet,
Stampin' o' his booted feet.
And the lads and maids came troopin',
Cryin' out their carols gay.

And the innster oped the door 'sway wide and bade them in, and with stamp and titter and with rousin' laughs and shouts, through the snows they made them to the fire's hearth o' the inne, where a great bowl stood 'pon tri-legs, steamin' slow, and sendin' out such an scent that red lips parted.

And the mugs were rattlin' fetched. Cup to cup then clinked it, swung in song and tipped in mirth. And in the merry-tide the fool's bells kept a-chimin', ching-a-ching-a-ching, ching, ching, ching, ching, ching-a-ling!

And the fool o' scarlet doublet

And a leg o' blue and brown

Rolled about in mirthful folly,

And the laughter upped to shout.

And the steamin' brew poured freesome,

And the chink o' coin 'pon coin

Told o' purse strings loosed, and empty
'O the purse-sacks o' the swains.

And without, the winds were sweepin', and the snow had stopped, and gray o'erhead had parted sunder, leaving the stars to gleam. And the moon's white face came peepin' out the forest dark that stood high 'pon the hill's ways o'er the mead, and the white beams o' her siller set the snows at glistening o'er and marked the branches o' the firs gainst the pale skies. And a great star gleamed it Eastward, brightness to the earth. And the fitful winds seemed heavy of some music not o' earth. While the white-kissed clouds like angels fled the starrin' way.

Then the inne's fire leapt it high at the cast o' faggots, old and tindered, drippin' ice's thaw, and youth hid 'mid the shadows, and the lights that flame set up made the merry ones seem dancing in circle 'bout the hearth. And the fool lay sprawled beside the hearth's stones, 'pon his elbow rested he, suppin' out a mug and shakin' o' his fool's rod at a-stretchin', settin' up his bells.

"Up, Fidelio! Make merry. Show thy legs. Come! Roll thee o'er. What be beneath thy cockerel's comb, thou jackanapes? Make merry! Gad, the grave's pit be far o'er gladsome than thee! Ope thy lips and sing."

"Right merrily, sire," Fidelio did answer. "Yet methinks a fool's wisdom be not unlike a wise man's, since no wise man hath a wit o' pith save that he spice it of folly. Aye, and nay fool hath a folly o' pith save he spice it of wisdom. A fool's folly he may sing, but a wise man's wisdom be a dart that slayeth song."

And he rattled o' his bells and made him steps, turnin' o' a hand's o'er unto the center o' the tune's hall. Ching, ching-a-ching-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling, ching, ching, ching, ching-a-ling!

"To be a fool—Ha, ha, ha!—to be a fool and weep my tears down my neck's back! Oh, goodly sires and ladies fair, Fidelio would have thee know no fool would envy a wise man. What would the earth be, filled of wisdom? Lo, merry gentlemen, they would fall silent—mute them. 'Tis the fool that maketh wordy discourse for wise men.

"Ha, ha, ha! Come! light the brands and necklace 'bout the yule log. Night's witchery is upon the land, and a fool knoweth the wisdom of the night. For look you! is not the night's stars but the fool's bells of his cockerel-cap, and the tip of his fool's rods! Ha, good sires and ladies, night is a good fellow and consorteth with fools. Full many a wise man hath let the moon put a fool's rod within his hand. Eh, Eduardo? How be it, Banco?"

"A song! A song! Fidelio, a song!"

"What is life? Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"What is love? Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"What is hate? Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"What is anguish? Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"What is death? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!"

Yet who may answer the riddle

With the ha, ha, ha ha?

"A fool! Thus, good sires, is the fool blest. Yet the wise men wag them sagely while the fool maketh wings for the earth of his laughter, that it may fly away and know the blessings of being a fool. Oh, many a fool hath unriddled a wise man's riddle with his ha, ha, ha!"

"The brands! The brands! Light them at the hearth's blaze and out where we may fellow with the night!"

And they lighted brands to the score and trooped them into the paling night, drawing the yule log out into the open from the roadway and setting up the brands about until the

circle blazed. And within it they danced, clasping hand unto hand, and singing 'bout the log which they had kindled.

And the holly garlands lay upon the log's sides and breast, and the mistletoe gleamed till the flames enwrapped them, sending up a monster flame unto the sky way.

And the inne's keep brought forth fresh kindle, setting up spits before the blaze that the embers should make the feast's flesh. And the fire died lower into the embering, wreathed of blue flames. And they hung of pheasants and a boar's head 'pon the spit, and watched the drip to ooze, and the scent set their tongues merry. And through the merry-make jingled on the ching, ching, ching, ching, ching, ching, ching-a-ling!

And the hot brew poured it free, and they supped till the first shaft of mornin' came, like an arrow shot from the earth's bow, the sun the arrow's tip.

And with the light's coming arms stole from 'bout waists, and weary eyes beheld the gray time slipping whither, and the sun's up, and the fire had embered into ash. Winds were dead. The rose sunlight crept the white ways, blushing the hill's cheeks and making the river's brim look like pale lips smiling across the fields. And the merry makers turned into the East and held their hands high, carolling in the day, welcoming the hour of the coming. And through the singin' chimed, Ching, ching, ching! A-ching, ching, ching! Ching, ching, ching, ching-a-ling!

And thy ceased singing, turning unto the path's way, each in turn taking of a dead ember and casting it unto the East to fend the witches off. And Eduardo slapped the bended back of Fidelio crying out:

"What hath stopped thy tongue, knave? Jibe thy wits! What be thy task? When men be woeful, what be thy task?"

And Fidelio set up the chiming: Ching, ching, ching! A-ching, ching, ching! Ching, ching, ching, ching-a-ling! Dancing 'pon the snows and rollin' o'er, and he cried him:

"No man save a fool might swim the sea of weariness; making the stirring of the waters merry. Look you, good friends, even the Maker showed his greatest when he created a fool. Look you! even in the manger's place stood an ass."

And they set them off, singin' upon the way, two and two, crushin' the snows, windin' the pathways into the village, shoutin' song and castin' snows into the door's ways, till they within oped and bade them in for sup.

Unto the castle's crag went they, still singing, and at the lead the jangling of the ching, ching, ching! A-ching, ching, ching! Ching, ching, ching, ching-a-ling!

And they bore them through the great gates o'er the newfallen snow, and before their stepping the flakes flew up. And the great arch they reached singing, and the scents of browning roasts and sweets and wines filled the airs, even without. And they entered through the great doors, swung outwards, and before them stepped the pages, clad of scarlet and capped of green. And they led the way through the great hall unto the feasting hall, and the courtiers bowed them low, garbed of raiment glistening and sheened. And the tapers glowed about the feasting slab, and their smoke hung like a blue cloud o'erhead. And the sparkle o' the great hearth, which soared red flames leaping high, sent the shadows seeking new hiding spots. And Eduardo whispered:

"Fidelio, Fidelio, remember thee! Make merry! Make merry!"

"With a grace, sirrah. Marrow my bones anew with wit."

And the merry makers stood them round-eyed and silent, and a dark look hung o'er the countenances of the courtiers. Before the hearth's glow stood a silken couch heaped high of silken covering. And Eduardo drew him close unto the form of Fidelio, leaned down and whispering:

"Crack thy shins with dance! Damn thee, make merry!"

"Gadzoon! Make merry, while I sup from a skull's cup the blood of my forefathers?"

And Fidelio set up the chiming, ching, ching, ching! A-ching, ching, ching! Ching, ching, ching, ching-a-ling!

And a stirring sounded amid the silence of them that waited. And the courtiers parted, and the pages ranked them either side the door's way, while from an inner way came forth the King, bearing within his arms a white form, like a lily, withered. And a-follow the queen, her regal ladyship, great eyes hollow, lips smiling, and head set most regally.

And silence hung the spot. Even the fool's bells stopped as the King bore unto the couch the lily-bud, who lay, smiling upon her courtiers, raising up her thin hands, beckoning that they make merry. Eduardo elbowed the side of Banco, and the elbowing went about the merry makers. Fidelio stood him with eyes like sorrow's soul and lips grinning. And the faint voice raised it:

"Good fool, a good song!"

Fidelio stood, his jaws working, and no word came forth.

"A poor fool, Fidelio, who hath not a song at such an tide. Look you! is not this the Christ's Day? Make you merry."

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.

And the eyelids sunk them o'er the star-bright eyes. Fidelio set up his bells and the merry makers sung a heartless lay. And the King upon his knees, watched the fluttering of the eyelids, and the Queen stood smiling. Eduardo swung his shoulder unto the shoulder of Banco, whispering. And the heads of them about shaked woeful. The silver voice arose, calling:

"Fidelio, Fidelio, good fool, come hither! Show me thy latest trick. Thou shalt tell them who have come of the Christ child. Say thou wilt, Fidelio." And the cockerel's cap chimed its chiming, Ching, ching ching! A-ching, ching, ching! Ching, ching, ching, ching-a-ling!

"In a manger's place, Fidelio, in a manger place, He was born."

And the cockerel cap chimed: Ching, ching, ching! A-ching, ching, ching, ching! Ching, ching, ching-a-ling!

"And tell them, Fidelio, tell them of the star. I watched it until it hid at morning, Fidelio, and it left a silver thread that has swung from my window, and I shall follow it, Fidelio, follow it. See! the Babe brought love—the dew of the soul, Fidelio. He who hath love's dew within his heart is tender. Look you! here is the manger place. And thou art the ass, Fidelio, and she, look! the holy mother. And they the herds. A little child was born! Come hither, fool. Thou art fading. Come hither. The stripes are gay. Ha, ha, ha! I hear the chiming. Wait! I shall go to my window. The strand is waiting me. But a moment, fool. Make you merry. Is thy bell stopped? Sing!"

And the fool sang:

"What is life? Ha, ha, ha, ha!

What is love? Ha, ha, ha, ha!

What is hate? Ha, ha, ha, ha!

What is anguish? Ha, ha, ha, ha!

What is death? Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

And two great starlit eyes opened wide and the pale lips smiled and the silver voice said softly:

"I am not alone, Fidelio. A little Babe is beckoning. Fidelio, tune thy song of love. Make thy merry song. I hear thee. The sky is open, Fidelio, and a thousand, thousand, thousand blooms are spilling upon the Earth; but the Babe is beckoning—beckoning—beck—!"

And silence was upon them that looked upon the shutting of the eyes and the stilling of the hands. And the King unsheathed his blade and lay it upon the breast of the child. And the Queen stood sorry-eyed, lips smiling, and head most regal held.

And the carrollers turned them slow, stepping from the room. And the pages snuffed the tapers, and the blue cloud hung o'er the feasting slab. And they went them forth upon the snow, no word spoken, and their voices stilled of song.

* * * * *

And the paths were empty, save as the dark came, a fool, with leg of blue and one of brown, trudged the snow-rift paths unto the hills. And there, within a wind's shelter, sought a manger's place, throwing ope the doorway bound o' thong, crushing the straw beneath his feet, seeking the manger, where stood an ass.

And the cockerel cap sunk upon the ass's head and the sobbing chimed: Ching, ching, ching! A-ching, ching, ching! Ching, ching, ching, ching-a-ling!

And the sob-braked voice spake:

"A fool, whose Kingdom is hearts! A fool!"

And the sobbing chimed: Ching, ching-a-ling—ching—chin—chin—n.

The First Christmas Day

In "The Sorry Tale" Theia gives birth to the child whom she names "Hate" in a leper's hovel outside the walls of Bethlehem on the same night on which Jesus is born within the walls. As day dawns, Panda, her devoted Arabian slave, carries her and the child to a thicket and hides them while he speaks to a group of men whom he sees advancing along the road. One of these is a former Roman gladiator now in exile and calling himself Simeon. Panda asks him for information about the city, Bethlehem, for he and Theia are strangers.

"The city!" cries Simeon. "Ha, ha, ha! The city! The babe town is full, o'erfull, of wonders this dawning. Shepherds came with wonder-tidings and told of the star that shewed and trailed a beard like a priest's beard, long and bright. Ha, ha! They searched the highways and byways and sought a babe. A woman, a traveler, and one Joseph, bedded in a manger, and she, named Mary, was with child and delivered there. And they sought and found the babe, and they tell of a vision of bright ones that sang and spake unto them. And they kneeled, and spiced the garments of her who bore the babe and kissed the hem of the swaddling-cloth. And they made obeisance and spake that o'er the sleeping babe and mother a light shewed like unto golden cloth. Ha, ha! Naught, lad, naught but a shepherd's dreaming o'er his flock. For Simeon went unto the manger place and brought fruits and greens that they might eat thereof, and, lad, the mother slept, and babe lay sleeping there upon her arm. And the shepherd's dream fell to naught, for lips, wreathed sweet with smile and mother-rest, was all."

Panda returns to Theia with Simeon and she asks:

"What hath kept ye that thou shouldst tarry at such a time?"

"The town's word, Theia, the tale of Simeon here. It seemeth that within the walls a wonder did come as the word of shepherds who told of a star and vision and birth of one who was the King's own."

Theia's child is the son of royalty and she cries:

"What! What, Panda! Hast thou and Theia then suffered at the god's trick and hath a word then come before?"

"Nay, Theia, nay. This was the son of one called Mary and a man named Joseph, who traveled. And she was heavy with child and did bring forth within a manger that stood within a shelter place, one not walled. And shepherds came and sought the babe, and kneeled, and they were blinded by the golden light. Ha, ha, ha! But Simeon telleth 'tis but a shepherd's dreaming o'er his flock."

Simeon takes Theia and Panda to his hut in the hills, but Theia's interest in this other babe will not die, and Patience Worth's brief reference to the first Christmas day is hardly complete without her description of Theia's visit to Bethlehem and her meeting with Mary, which soon followed. The story reads:

And days passed and Theia waxed strong. And they set them out upon a pilgrimage unto Bethlehem. And the "babe town" shewed gray. And as they came within the place, Theia made question:

"Simeon, thinkest thou that Mary hath traveled thence?"

"Nay, for men unto whom the shepherds spake told unto me that Mary was not yet readied for the journey unto Jerusalem. Nay, Theia, for at the eighth day she shall bear the babe and doves unto the temple, and thou dost know 'tis but the third watch and day for thee. Nay, Mary abideth still within Bethlehem."

And behold, as they went them on their way unto the market's place Theia cried out:

"Panda, it is she—Mary, the undoer of thy Theia! Look! 'Neath the fig tree sitteth she! The light! The gold light! Look, 'tis there, 'tis there! Seest thou, Panda? The babe, the babe stirreth. Yea, fear clutcheth Theia! Fear seizeth Theia! 'Tis so. 'Tis so. Yea, Panda, see! she seeth not thee nor Theia nor yet Simeon! But look thou! And she, too, hath much to bear. And look! The light! The peace! Ah, she hath that that Theia was robbed of—love, much love."

"She sitteth regal. She hath born a king of citizens! And Theia hath born a king of nobles. Aye, and earth hath evil 'mid her nobles and nobles 'mid her citizens. Yea, and the noble hath much to envy of the King of Citizens, for the kingdom of him is earth, and no man sitteth o'er."

"Yea, and he who sitteth nobled (Augustus) sitteth upon a seat that tottereth, and lo, the wolves of earth await the leavings of his feasts and lands, and e'en do sit and howl at either side of his very throne!"

"Simeon, she is but a youth-bud! Yea, fear toucheth Theia, and chill creepeth o'er. What, what doth Theia dream? For like a dreaming cometh that that maketh fear. I tell thee, Panda, and thee Simeon, yonder Mary and Theia trod upon a path that leadeth unto sorrow. Sorrows! Tears of them shall wash the earth and e'en the ages! Yea, and yet the gods of her are not the gods of Theia. Ah, did Theia leave this fearing riot loosed, she would clasp the Hate and flee. Yea, and yet what stayeth her?"

"Mary hath born love and earth shall pay with hate. Yea, and Theia hath born hate and earth shall offer back but hate. Hate, that suffered at the hands of earth; the gift of earth unto the mother. Mary hath born from love a hate. Yea, and Theia hath born of hate, hate. For earth shall follow not with loving the bearing of this King of Citizens. Nay, for Jews glut o'er a throne, and doth Mary to claim the right of her own bearing, then falleth wrath. Yea, but hark! the citizens of earth shall choose their king, and though the Jews do hate, the earth yet shall love and claim its own! Yea, and Theia, doth she to claim the rights of her own born, doth loose the wolves of Rome, and bared bones would be the gift Rome left to her. Ah, sick, sick hath seized Theia; for as at a dream's birth showeth a vision, and it telleth 'tis earth that giveth unto Theia such bared bones and hate through ages! And yet, I swear, He shall come upon a camel white as goat's milk, and so shall she to know the King hath sought his own. Yea, and list thee, Hate! I lift thee up unto the God that sitteth o'er the brass that grinneth senselessly, an offering that I do give unto Him, doth this to come! Unto the very path's end doth Theia trod with her yonder."

"Nay, nay, 'tis not meet that Theia should speak with

her! Nay, Hate should ne'er look unto the face of Love. And yet, at path's end Hate and Love do meet!

"Mary! Mary! Mary! Sorrow croucheth at thy throne! And Hate dieth at thy feet! Ah, Mary, Mary, wouldst thou leave the Hate to die without thy smile? Cast thou one bloom upon his bier. The youth of thy days shine bright with loving, and Theia's darked with hate. And dark shall cloud thy season's ripe! Ah, unto Him whom I do seek I cry! Leave bright to creep unto the days of Theia that she knoweth Thee by the token, the whited camel that cometh from out the East!

"See, see, the light! Yonder lieth the King! Simeon, Panda, what gods show such unto their people? No king hath borrowed of the gods a heaven's robe of bright. This babe is King! Yea, and the regal robes of Him shall gleam scarlet with earth's blood. Yea, and the crown He weareth shall be jeweled with the hearts of men! Simeon, Simeon, Theia hath been ever a one who did read the dreams of royal heads. More doth she tell. The blood she hath born shall stain the ages! Yea, and when the earth hath supped up and man hath forgot, then shall the drops spring forth like tongues of fire and burn through the past unto the day! Yea, and the dusts of Theia shall blind the gods who grin o'er Rome, and know the token hath been!"

And they listed to her words, and Simeon spake:

"Panda, what manner of woman hath spoken that which doth sound as sorceress' chant?"

"Yea, Simeon, yea. Look! she standeth and drinketh of the sight! Who said unto her this was Mary? Dost thou see such an light as she sayeth?"

"Nay, nay. Panda, she dreameth o'er much. Hush!"

And Theia spake: "Hark, Simeon, leave thou to Theia the fruit thou bearest unto the market's place. Leave it Theia, that she doth offer unto her. For Theia's lips seem

locked, and yet Theia would speak unto Mary. Hold thou the Hate, and wait thee. See! the grape hath moon's kiss upon its blue. So hath Theia's heart softened. A wine setteth this blood leaping up from Theia's heart that seemeth like love's first stirring. Hate withereth like husks and falleth but to leave the fruit."

And she went up unto Mary, and said: "Ah, Mary, Mary, what god is thine? Hath the whited camel showed to thee? Hath He come from out the East? Hath He kissed thy lips and left the god's kiss there? Yea, yea, thou hast found Him that Theia doth seek! This, this, thy babe, the kiss of thy god! See! Theia offereth thee of fruits."

And Mary harked and smiled but made no word. And Theia cried aloud: "Ah, ah, the gods do win! She hath not a lip that mayest tell unto Theia of the God she hath found! I, Theia, do bend me low and kiss thy hem and pledge that Theia seeketh the God of thee who showeth unto her through thee. Upon His fires Theia shall cast her hate-born.

"Gods! Gods! Grinning gods! Grin on! For such smile as setteth here shall soothe the earth and stop thy claim. Unto thy smile of love-born doth Theia kneel. Ah! Ah! Ah! The light! The light! See, it batheth Theia! Simeon! Simeon! Panda! Help! 'Tis Theia who falleth prisoner to one smile! Were she to smile her on, then Theia would fall enchained upon a strand of golden smiles. Mary, thou and Theia yet shalt kneel beside the same throne! Upon thy path of loving thou shalt seek this throne. Yea, and Theia shall seek upon her path of hate. And yet, and yet, thou and Theia shall meet to mingle tears! Mary, Mary, the wolves of earth shall hound thee! And thy armor but a smile! Yea, and Theia shall war with hate, and yet thou and Theia shall meet, unarmed! Yea, Simeon, yea, Panda, Theia cometh."

The Christmas Eve of a Nameless Waif

By Patience Worth

("The Lash," Patience Worth's latest book, is the story, the autobiography, of Hope Trueblood, a child without a father whose name she could bear. At the opening of the story she lives with her mother, Sally Trueblood, in a little room up in the eaves of the old Gray Eagle inn, in an English village. Her mother soon dies, but her character and personality dominate the story to the end. Left alone and homeless, to suffer the shame and isolation of the illegitimate child, Hope is befriended by a prim spinster, Miss Patricia, who for this is herself ostracized by the people of the village. The scene presented here is a Christmas eve many years after the day when little Hope came to live with Miss Patricia, but they are still lonely castaways of society.)

We were lonely, Miss Patricia and little me, yet we had so much; for there were the evenings when we would sit and I would tell her of Sally Trueblood, and the eaves, and of so many things that seemed to creep upon me out of some place I had forgotten. At times Miss Patricia went to the

village and purchased, but I was shut in—kept not by her from the village, but by the village. I feared their eyes; they hurt me, and their whisperings cut like blades. They jeered at my pinafores and my queer head dress. They called me—I shall not write the word—and I have waked in the night with it ringing in my ears. Life now was not a beautiful game. I learned so many things that seemed to make clouds over Sally Trueblood's smile.

I seem to see, as I write, little me, like some young bird, flitting in the spring, and then I lose the little bird and see that winter come and I am no longer little me, but a frightened thing beginning a new path, all unknown, with no hand to lead me like Sally Trueblood's, who held the witching wand and touched the thorns that they might bloom for me. Above all of this, something came to me that left me reft of all of my sun. The mound of Sally Trueblood became a mound. No longer was she there. I knew within me that their eyes had frightened her away, and I *wanted* her to go. I remember the morning I sought the mound and said aloud:

"Oh, Sally Trueblood, go! go! I cannot stand their eyes upon you. Just leave me your smile, Sally Trueblood, just a little one, and go. It is a very long game"—I was weeping—"but your elf shall play it."

I knew now. I knew that some words were arrows. Well, I just forgot them and made beautiful ones to cover them up. Mr. Reuben had taught me this first lesson. When I left the chapel yard that morning, I left the last of little me. I think I buried it in the pit to warm and sing some new day.

I became more silent through the days and at the night often have lain within the grim bed and taken out from that quiet land we trod alone all the Gray Eagle days and played with them, putting them back only like worn toys, waiting to be loved once more. I could not give them up. I grew to do my task with my hands, silently, while I trod paths the village never showed.

Then the Christmas tide, the time of happiness, came—the time when our love takes new root; when a little Babe comes down from the Great Unknown and lies upon the breast of earth and cries out for loving; when the shadow of winter takes wings of love and flies away, leaving the spring of love upon the day. Oh, I know now that the Babe wails vainly oft, oft; for I know many things taught by many days. Yet I thank Him who sends the Babe that I have learned the things.

I recall that at this time the carollers sang; that each house swarmed of neighbors; that when the night of nights fell, I was filled with a teeming joy—something beautiful, as though I saw Sally Trueblood's smile. The day had been a cold one. The snow stood high and capped the village houses and banked the roadway; and when the night fell, one could hear shouts of happiness and callings of joy from lip to lip. I had listened and I saw that look in Miss Patricia's eyes. Her lips were thin, and I saw how it hurt, and I smiled a sunshine smile. It was quite dark and we could see through our window, when the shutters were opened, burning brands trailing the paths and the voices of the carollers singing, singing. And it seemed that the sky was deep and an echo of happiness sounded there, but that our little house was just outside.

We listened to their happiness, Miss Patricia and I. And I remember that late they were still singing. We sat before the fire, Miss Patricia in the great chair and I upon the hassock at her feet. I saw the light of the fire plying the shadows like golden shuttles, and the glass was slipping upon the table and the bird slept. I leaned my cheek upon Miss Patricia's knee and I felt her hand slip over my locks and rest upon my other cheek. And then—oh, I scarce can write it!—but she began to sing, in a quavering voice, a carol. I listened and my heart froze. I got upon my feet and flung my arms about her and kissed her and said:

"Oh, please, please, no! I love you, Miss Patricia, but she, Sally Trueblood, sang that one. She sang it, Miss Patricia, with smiling lips and weeping eyes. Oh, why do I always just listen to happiness? It is like being so thirsty and hearing the rain that will not find you." And I sank upon my knees and laid my head upon Miss Patricia's knees and sobbed.

"There, there," said Miss Patricia. "Wait! wait!"

"Yes, yes," I answered, "it is a game, a very, very long game. She used to let me rest my head upon her bosom when the evening came."

"How?" said Miss Patricia.

"Like this," I answered, and lay my head upon her bosom. And I watched the shadows grow tired with her, and we sat listening to the wind that sung and bore fragments of their singing, those of the village who in their happiness forgot.

Then I had grown weary-sorry and I arose and weighted Miss Patricia's eyes with kisses that she sleep. And I went to the guest room, my own now, and there upon the grim bed lay a packet. I untied a lover's knot and before my eyes was a great star in sweet-cake, sugared red. I loved it. It was so unlike Miss Patricia. I went softly back to the sitting room and stopped, for Miss Patricia was before the fire, the little chest upon the floor, and crushed to her breast the little pinafore of filmy stuff. And she was sobbing. I returned softly to the guest room and I said aloud: "Sally Trueblood, why?"

The faint light shone through the open door from where the candle was lighted. It flickered over the walls and the room's corners were quite dark. I stood clasping the star sweetcake and I sank upon my knees and buried my head within the grim poster's skirt. It never before had seemed to soften, but as I knelt I became more broken and it seemed fairly to lend itself to me. I sobbed within its great breast, and I remember that I tried that I should not cry aloud; for had not Miss Patricia made me the cake? Then I arose and looked once more toward the hearth where Miss Patricia knelt. She was still upon her knees, but her eyes were upraised and her lips were moving, and I know she was speaking endearingly to dearest God. And I, too, sank upon my knees and I looked up to the dark ceil and my lips made sweet sounds like those Sally Trueblood made when she spoke to Him and I said:

"Dearest God, Why?"

Then I arose and put the sweet cake beneath my pillow and made me ready for sleeping, and I opened the window slat ever so slightly so that I might watch the brands crawling the snowy path and just game a little. It was a strange game. I remember that I had lain very long and watched a great fire that the villagers had builded up. They were dancing about it and casting pine upon it so that I could tell when new fuel had been cast.

Then I found the morning had come, and it was a beautiful blue morning with a golden skirt, and her arms were wide and upon her lips was Sally Trueblood's smile. Then the morning bended down and whispered:

"Are you playing?"

I awoke, crying out:

"Yes, yes, yes!"

But the room was quite dark and very cold. The candle was gone and my hands were clasped over Willie Pimm Passwater's china dog. I brought myself up upon my elbow and peeped through the shutter's ope. The villagers had forgotten and were gone, but the moon stood white and high, and I thought as I gazed up at her that she was the keeper of the kingdom's gate; that the golden white was her crown and the silver-strung rays the tapered wings. And I saw the starry host dancing, dancing. And I whispered, "Oh, let me just play with you."

And I lay back upon my pillow, still hugging the dog, and I recall that I slipped my hand beneath my pillow just to touch the cake. And I whispered: "Miss Patricia, I do love you."

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 brings the Troubadour into the confidence of the Queen, who tells him her troubles and enlists his aid to find her son, the heir to the throne, who, as a babe had been stolen when he was apparently dead, but the mother believes him still living. He would have come of age the coming Easter, a fortnight hence. This, however, is a shadowy hope, and meanwhile she is oppressed by suitors for the hand of Ermaline whom she would wed before she comes to the throne. The third act presents a dialogue between the Troubadour and Simon and Hoody Mack, which reveals that both Simon and Don had been left when babies with one "Henry of the Water Meadow" who had reared them. About the neck of Simon had been a ribbon bearing a ring with a seal, a lion and a shield. A clue to the identity of the Troubadour is also given. The fourth act follows:)

ACT IV.

Prologue.

Mist walloweth at earth's breast,
Loth to slip to sun's embrace.
Twig weepeth, and leaves, a-sweat,
Cling caked upon the sodden earth.
Day doth weary through a-drip,
And damp doth seep to flags within
And coat them with a slime.
Night creepeth on like shadowed monster

From o'er the curve of earth,
And cloud-bank stands where sun should drop.
Trick and trickle, through long hours,
Singeth hopeless song to Ermaline.

A-flurry, maids and dames, to fashion robes
And feast, but Ermaline, a-droop, doth sigh.
Eye doth flash and lip doth curl.
And ever she doth fondle at her breast,
To shake, and kerchief-shield her eyes.

The Queen sitteth anxious-eyed,
And furtive casts a glance at Troubadour,
Who wags and sighs. And Ermaline
Doth turn a snowy back to him.

A dumb and weary-hearted wedding folk.
E'en Dougal tireth of his jest
And seeketh Anne.

SCENE I

Dougal: "Come, wring the wet from night, Good Anne,

And leave me dry my shins aside the fire."

Anne: "Thee art a scriptless leaf, Dougal.
Go fetch a tale and I do promise ye
To put a weightier one to thee."

Dougal: "The earth hath wept away the power
To spin a tale, for he who ventures forth
Would surely drown his wishing."

Anne: "Come, Dougal, I put a tart
Aside the pewter jug, and I would a word.
My man did ride him for a grain,
At yester moon, along the path
That leadeth to the tanner's hut.

And he did speak it true,
That by the shack, a-higher up,
Like to a pair o' wood doves all a-start,
Two tarryers did flee them to the thick;
And moonwhite showed a scarlet cloak
And robe of white. What think ye now?"

Dougal: "I vow me, I then shall wreak
A vengeance on the Unicorn
For dealing such an ayle!"

Anne: (Slaps him) "Take that, thou liar!
And thee hadst best to wake afore
Fair Ermaline doth rouse thee from thy dream!
And more I spell to thee.

I tell thee, lad, 'tis as he says and more;
For who doth ride within your fields?
And why the Troubadour a-piping
To blue sky and daisy fields?
I've built me puddings o' the wondering,
And ever they do fall to nothing."

Dougal: "Stay, Anne! Thee shalt build
A pudding for the bride and put within
This I give to thee." (Hands her a seal ring)

Anne: Art thou a thief as well as liar?
Where findeth this?"

Dougal: Good Anne, I trust thy tattling tung,

For thou dost prattle loud o'er nothing,
But keep a spicy tale full well.
Do spread it not then, Anne, but tuck it
Well within the pudding, as I bid."

Anne: "But Dougal, 'tis a regal seal!"

Dougal: "Aye, a gift unto the bride.
And Anne, do ye prate, I ne'er again
Shall grace thy hearth!"

Anne: "Nay, lad, 'tis surely not
A price too great. But Dougal,
In the name o' the stutter-stricken prince,
Do but leave me prate to thee,
Else I do burst my bag
And boil to naught in water!"

"I tell thee I do know that Ermaline
Hath clothed fox in swan's feather,
For she doth glide through day
And skulk through night. And she hath sought
The good friar, and suppeth,
At an hour 'tis not wise to speak,
With yonder wonder-worker o' the hood,
A dame who liveth in the glen.
And watch ye! for he doth sing of late
A song whose line at tail doth spell
The mate o' the next he wordeth in the lay,
And thus he hath a-spoken.

Well, I bid ye but listen, lad,
And ye shall hear how he doth tarry
O'er the later word o' every line.

"I be but a fool, but many hours
Do hear the doings there a-floating
Through the hall most clear to me.
And e'en a fool doth have a heart,
For it doth seem that love
Maketh the fool wise and the wise men foolish.

"And more I say, for but the morrow stands
A barrier to the union.
And Charlie, Dougal, hath drowned him
In his mirth."

Dougal: "Think ye the Troubadour beareth envy?"

Anne: "Nay, he bursts his very seams to laugh
At every time his Grace doth totter forth!"

Dougal: "But Anne, the Queen—doth she not chide?"

Anne: "Nay, she shutteth ear and eye to all.
And she hath ceased to worry Ermaline
And leaveth her to dreams.
The art banished through the day,
And so with waiting maids,
But I do seem but vessel and a stew,
So but to be despised. 'Tis better.
"Now, my lad, I feel a room for more.
Come, tell me, didst thou see
His Grace's wedding pomp? He weareth yellower
At each day, and Eastertide, I know,
Shall find him like a sun-scorched leaf
Amid the bloom."

Dougal: "Gad, Anne, a sparrow-chatter thou art!
I feel, my shins a-dry and mind a-soaked!
'Twas wise Master who did fashion man
To silence, and wench a-gabble.
Were war waged and all His people slain,
I swear that surely one wench
Would waken with breath enough
To tell the tale! Thee knowest all;
'Tis enough! But mind ye the pudding,
And the gift, and silence!"

Silence, Anne, if thee canst e'en spell the word.

"I go to offer of my services;
There be a stir within." (Exit.)

(Within Troubadour sings to Ermaline)
"Who strayeth through each day but I?
And who doth 'company me but Love?
Who haunteth every hour but thee?
I put upon my every song Love's seal,
And when 'tis flown, I wonder where it be.
Hath wandering wind then blown my song afar,
And hath its loving word been lost?"

(Curtain)

SCENE II

Prince Charlie: "Come, Page, the morrow
Hath found us a-search. Thy mistress
Hath lost a token, an ancient ring,
With pebbles set and carved. Hath seen?"

Dougal: "Nay, sire, but I did find
A token of another sort and fetched it
To its rightful place."

Prince Charlie: "Why starteth thou, fair Ermaline?
Doth thy heart then prick
That thou dost ever catch it so?
He, he! I'll fetch thee baubles
For thy lily hands enough. I fetched
A brilliant garter. See thee!
Is it not most ravishing? He, he, he!"

"At morrow then, we wed! I go me
To the fields to weave a daisy chain. He, he, he!
(To Troubadour) Sing, thou Singer, for,
As master o' the court, I first shall roust thee
And thy song. Laugh, do ye?
I shall seek the Queen and beg of her
To banish ye afore the morrow's break!"

(To Ladies in Waiting) "Get ye, Ladies of the
Chamber,

And fashion ye a flower-decked hall and court,
A fitting bower for me, who, as ye knowest,
Love the blossoms so. I choose me one to wed.
He, he, he! I bid my kinsmen, and all await the hour.

Troubadour: "Thy kinsmen? At what hour do they
come?"

Prince Charlie: "Get thee! Did I not bid thee gone?"

Troubadour: "Yea, but asses be not moved by lash."

Prince Charlie: "'Twill be a gorgeous company,
And I bid ye fetch a litter for Uncle,
Who beareth hoard o' wealth
And three score ten of years,
(And more he doth not count, for, like me,
He loveth youth, he, he, he!) doth fetch him hence
At early hour."

Dougal: "My sire, by what highway doth he come
That I be on my guard?"

Prince Charlie: "By east, and through the valley,
And he,—he, he!—be credited as handsome man
And most my double. He, he, he!"

Troubadour: "What then, did God make error twice?"

Prince Charlie: "Thou art indeed an ass! Get thee,
And eat o' thistles!"

Troubadour: "Aye, sire, I do eat o' thistles"

This many day, and I do swear
That 'tis better be an ass like to thy kind
Than king who doth mask him as a fool."

Prince Charlie: "Damn thee, Flamecoat! Thou art
O'erstepping bounds! Her Majesty doth come."

Queen: "A dismal day, Your Grace.

"What, be ye two at parry? Come, Singer,
What wouldst thou?"

"Prince Charlie: "Your ladyship, 'tis tung a-sharpened
At either side and end he hath!
I've worked me to a passion,
And, I beg ye, set him gone,
Lest I forget myself and smite!"

Troubadour: "'Tis but a splutter, Your Majesty.
But son-in-law had best to stay him clear
O' the asses' heels. He hath vantage—
A sword, and I but a tung."

Queen: "Yea, Prince, art thou afeared
Of him who sings?"

Prince Charlie: "Afeared? Nay, I've but to wait
And morrow bringeth his undoing."

Troubadour: "Why morrow, Prince? My song
May canker at each hour till then,
And, who knoweth, mayhap work witchery
On thee! I verily do believe
Thou art fattening on love! Come—a feel!
What calves! Look ye, Dougal!
Fatten thy sight on these!"

Prince Charlie: "He, he, he! Ouch!
Thy tweaking setteth me on edge,—he, he!
'Tis envy that consumeth the earth.

"Come, Page, fetch reed bowls
To catch the daisy flowers. Since morn
My bride hath smiled full oft.
I feel that tenderness hath warmed
Her maiden heart! He, he, he!"

Troubadour: "Stay thee, Prince! I beg favor
O' the Queen, and lest thy haughty spirit
Be disposed to grant me not,
I beg afore thee. This, as ye know,
Be the waning o' my hours at court,
Since thou hast promised that I go at morrow.
But grant me that a dame, who for many days
Hath loved a sight o' thee, may join
The march o' gentry as ye go,
And that I be let to sing along the way,
At either side a comrade who hath favored me,
That I do leave thy lands not debted
To thy countrymen.

(To Queen) "If at morrow the sun not shine,
And hopes do fall a-short,
I promise ye my pipes shall silenced be,
And eve shall swallow Redcoat
As the Redwing sinketh through the blue
To naught but echo of his cheer."

(Ermaline, listening, swoons)

"My God, Maid Ermaline hath swooned!"

(Rushes to Ermaline)

Prince Charlie: "'Tis but her heart a-flutter,
Impatient that the hours do drag. Tee-tee-tee!"

Troubadour: "Nay, Majesty, 'tis many day I've
watched,

And like to daisy-crown, down-trodden,
She has struggled to arise, though crushed to earth.

(Kneels and supports Ermaline)

"So rest ye. Ah, she waketh but to smile!"

Prince Charlie: "What! Shall a singer
Fondle o'er a Queen? Get thee!"

Troubadour: "Come not one step, thou aspen-quivcred
hawk!

I'll run ye through do thou but touch her hem!"

(Aside) "And more, dost thy deny my 'quest

I hold a tale of doings in the glen
That shall whet thy piety! The maid was brought,
And I do swear to unbelly all
If thou canst not dance to my pipes!
And the Queen, too, will lend an ear."

Prince Charlie: "Hush! Shu-ee! My purse, 'tis full;
(Offers purse) Now keep thy tung!"

Troubadour: "May God but cunger hells unthought
for thee!

Take thy swine-swill and damn thee!

I'd grace thee with a blow wer't not a shame

For man to smite a child or fool.

(To Queen) "Your Majesty, I beg thee

Believe thy servant meaneth naught,

But shut thy ears to murmurings.

I but set his Grace upon his rightful road

And whispered confidence. We beg excuse."

(Exit Charlie, Page and others)

Queen: (To Troubadour) "My child hath wept her
bosom wet

And woe is me. May God send sun at morrow!"

Troubadour: "My Lady, weep not, for I did see at
morn,

When a field a-straying, within a damp,

A curl o' lily-leaf and bud, but waiting

Morrow's sun. Think ye that He would fail?"

Queen: "Nay, but I do chafe to suffocation."

Troubadour: "To suffocate upon a draft o' dew!
But leave the morrow for the night to bear.

"Go rest thee, and may the fairy
Of the dreams put hope within thy sleep.

And guard well the Princess, that morn,

Awaking like an infant from its dreams, a-smile,

Shall not claim her loveliness

And lose her to the earth.

(They move to casement)

"The eve is like a maiden

Who doth coax thee to undoing;

For through storm-swollen cloud, the sun
Hath shot his scarlet arrows at the earth,

And, smiling, she inviteth shafts.

To see her all a-light with aged sun

Would tempt thee thence, but lo!

Her breast be bogged with yester's rain.

I shall fret me through the night

For starry canopy and field.

I have a message I would put to them.

"To me, the stars do bring the Master

To His Lambs, as though His loving eye

Looked down—a bond 'tween heaven and earth."

Queen: "Well put, thy logic, Singer.

I've supped and do rally with new strength.

God rest and guide thee. Adieu!"

(Curtain)

(To be continued.)

Evenings With Patience Worth

(Present: Mr. and Mrs. B., Mr. and Mrs. L., Dr. and Mrs. P., Mr. and Mrs. M., the family.)

Several had brought their books (Patience Worth, a *Psychic Mystery*) in the hope that Patience would give them instructions. Mr. L. sat first at the board.

Patience: "Set at the put o' the scripts. Set thee then the wiseun's." This is her name for Mrs. L., and she wrote the following for her book:

"Ope up the scripts o' me and look thee 'pon the puts o' loving. Yea, set thee deep athin (within) the word o' me that it bathe thee, sweet, o' the love o' me. For hark thee, wised 'un, thou hast ta'en o' the love o' me and know o' the word o' me. Yea, and thou knowest 'tis the feed o' thy heart. Yea, and thou hast set athin thy heart's warmth, apart, a place for the me o' me, that I do bide me therein. 'Pon thy day doth thy handmaid set a wish o' loving."

After due expressions of appreciation, Patience seemed to want to show her recognition of Mr. L., for she said:

"Lookaday! I set me o' the man o' her (Mrs. L.). See, I spin o' a tale." And she gave this to Mr. L.:

THE TWO BUILDERS.

"Look! There was a one who sought o' the sand's grains and set one unto the other. Yea, and lo, there was a one who sought o' the big stones, yea, and set one unto the other. And lo, he who sought o' the sand's grains and sat one unto the other, sat well and careful; yea, builded one grain unto its brother grain. Yea, and set at the task slow, and sought not the grains that fell short, but them that shewed alike one unto the other.

"And lo, he who sought o' the stones and set one unto the other, looked not 'pon the stones, save that they shewed big; and lo set them at the board and looked not with care 'pon the building. And lo, when the tides had passed unto the many, then stood the building of the stone's builder awry; for the stones fitted not one the other.

"And the building o' the one who sought o' sands stood, e'en as a builded stone, well set and strong builded up.

"So be this one ahere. Lo, he taketh not this nor that, but storeth that that sheweth fit."

On finishing the parable she turned to Mrs. B. and said:

"See, I set me o' a song for ye, ye o' the hut o' the sun-kissed dame aside."

But before giving the poem she suggested a little ceremony at table in the following words:

"See ye, I would that I set me at thy hut, at thy very hearth. (This sitting was at the home of Mrs. M.) Yea, 'pon thee at thy sup set I o' a word. Yea, alater. Look that I do set me (at table) e'en as thou dost. Yea that I tung e'en as thou. Set I that thou shall speak loud at thy sit:"

We all agreed, and she said: "'Tis asing first." And she gave this song of the hearth:

Shadowed hearth, where sparkled flames arise,
And deep athin the ceil the dreams abide;
Where hearth-crane standeth it, abear o' steaming pot,

And smokes do promise o' the feasts.

Where winds athout do moan

And wail that they be shut away.

Where golded fire's-light sets thy dreaming gilded o'er.

Where tabby purreth and stretcheth to the warmth,

To blink and yawn and lick its furried paws.

Where old ones drowse, and youth doth tempt their dreams,

To wake at take and catch o' kisses!

Where love abideth it a-circled 'bout the glow,

And man may enter that he sup thy fullsome store.

The gifts o' Him be o'er the tell,

And yet I say me so;

Nay gift doth show it unto man

So precious as the hearth.

Dr. P. here sat with Mrs. Curran.

Patience: "See man, thou knowest 'tis 'pon earth that sorries stand unto the fill o' the all. Yea, sorries (sorrows) bathe the days and set them at the hearth-stones o' all the earth. Yea, and thou knowest 'tis the sear o' flesh that setteth up this sorry. Yea, thou, too, knowest that 'tis man that may pluck forth the sorries o' flesh; but thou knowest 'tis woe o' the in-man that man may ne'er to pluck forth. Yea, there be nay minister to the in-man save the hand o' Him. Be this not a truth, verily?"

The Doctor agreed with this, and Patience proceeded to give the following for Mrs. P.'s book:

"Lo, the need o' Earth o' the gentle hand's lend to the torn breasts! Yea, the need o' the earth for the gentle smile! Yea, and the need o' Earth that ones know the hearts that sorry.

"Unto thee do I then send o' the words o' comforting. Yea, like unto thee do I for to sing. Turn thee, dame, unto the wastes o' Earth and the song builded up o' this, and set 'pon this the touch o' me in sign that this be the word unto thee o' loving from thy handmaid."

This referred to poems she had written before.

Patience: "See I be aset that I set for the script o' her at whose hearth I sit."

And she gave this inscription for Mrs. B.'s book:

"Earth standeth darked. Yea, and man seeth but the sun's up. Yea, lo, hath He left o' the sun's light athin the words o' Him, that man sup. But still day standeth dark for hosts 'pon the Earth's crust. But lo, He, the father o'er all, hath fashioned o' a sun's light that flasheth ever 'pon the day o' man and sheweth him light, and this be the pure smile o' the flesh o' the dame. Yea, she smileth 'pon Earth and lo, the dark days flash; for athin the smile o' her sheweth the pure smile o' Him."

Mr. M. then sat down to get the script for Mrs. M.'s book.

Patience: "Lor', Lor', Lor', I be a-dealing honeys!"

She then followed with this inscription:

"She who opeth o' her lips spelleth o' their wisdoms unto the Earth. Yea, she hath ta'en o' the words o' me and fashioned o' a bread that she offereth unto her loved. For, lo, unto nay one save the loved o' her she offereth o' me. Deep, deep athin this sweeted heart standeth a

love past the tell for thy brother and mine, the shedder o' the drops (Jesus). And 'tis this love that she hath builded unto her days, and lo, she looketh 'pon the words o' me and speaketh out: 'They be pure, yea, they bear o' Him, and be the love o' me.' Unto thee, thou scatterer o' these crumbs, set I the wish that thy heart know the fulling o' the light. Yea, that the sweeting o' thy days shall shed 'pon earth o' their sweet, and thou shalt love but Him and what be o' Him. A thank, a thank unto thee that thou doest this thing. And list, 'tis done in the name o' Him."

Before sitting down we asked Patience what she wanted us to say for her at the table. She said:

"Set thee one unto the other's hand and speak thee out loud: 'His love 'pon the happied hearts, for lo, He bideth here.'"

This we did, standing, with many a kind word for the wonderful being who brought the company together.

(Present: Mr. and Mrs. Y., and the family.)

We read and discussed the last part of "The Merry Tale."

Patience: "See, I put 'twer a goodish put, eh? Yea, and yet athin be the buy o' thy loves! Yea, but 'tis a muckish trick, the dame a-prate o' dangs! Lor', I be at quake and shiver!"

We recalled Mrs. R.'s objection to the "dangs" of Cato.

Patience: "Yea, and I say me 'twer the dames o' the day o' me that stripped them o' words and spake few and plain, and yet the dames o' thy day strip o' the flesh and bare to the see, and speak sparce word, yea, for they hold but froths and nay brew. Yea, and this hath been athin the day o' me, too, when 'twere nobles that bared unto the see o' the countryside. Yea, folly weaveth no new cloth!"

"I have hid the tale a-teared. Yea, but wait thee, 'tis not the tide a-yet. This thing beeth a-later. Yea, see, be not Cato at the tale o' eat? Then there be a song. Lor', lookaday, he fetcheth o' the dame o' him aside!" (Referring to Mrs. Y.) Here she wrote:

"'Twer nay a song I'd put; nay, this be the trick o' tricks I spun. I telled I'd buy the loves o' ye! Fetch that I set o' the put, o' the heart dames put."

And she wrote this inscription for Mrs. T.' book:

"Out from the pure heart shines the smile o' Him. Out from the pure heart springeth the soothe o' sweeted word. Out from the pure heart springeth the gentle hand that ministers unto His. Yea, and a pure heart be pured at the take o' Him athin it. So, 'pon one a-pured the grace o' Him abide."

Here Mrs. Y. sat in.

Patience: "Yea, I be a-ttempt o' song."

He spake, of all the gardens 'bout He'd take
Of all his own should offer unto Him.

And ones o' Earth arose and plucked the garden's best
And lay them down at feet o' Him.

And lo, a one brought poppies red
That hung, limp-petals slept
'Pon sleep's dusts hung athin.

And one o' lillies pure,
The angeled white, the golded heart.

And one a timid bluet's star,
And one a spiked sweet-herbs bloom,

And roses dark and roses red,
And roses pale and wan,

And morns-moss, sun's love,
Who opeth at his smile.

And one brought deaded leaves,

Browned and crimson flecked.
And one nay bloom, for none
Stood athin the garden's place
Wherein she grew.

And He looked Him upon the garland's blooms
And smiled, nor reached Him
For the bloom denied athin this offering.

Then she turned to Mrs. Y.

Patience: "See, dame, this be but a put o' the save o' some I set me o'. Look thee, I weave me 'pon a cloth for thee. See, he hath spake that I set as the woof and warp; for look ye, be she arobed o' sack's-cloth and hath the heart athin the breast o' her that bideth there, still should she be arobed e'en as a lily. Yea, like unto a sweet song o' the earlied spring be the pure song o' the days o' her!"

During the dictation of the story at this session Donald, one of the characters, said, "sho." We thought it meant "sure!"

Patience: "This be nay 'asured.' Theed'st have to know the tung o' Donald that ye know. It be alike to thee at —Lor', I be aseek—pshaw." By this she meant that "sho" was Donald's way of saying "pshaw."

MARY.

Before the throne of Motherhood,
Oh Earth, bend thy knee!
Bow low. Behold what hath been!
The dew of labour misteth her eye.
The weight of weakness is upon her hand.
The sweetness of the spending hath left
Its tremour in the crooning voice.
Behold the light that breaketh
Through anguish, purified by suffering!

Before the throne of Motherhood,
Oh, Earth, bend low. Before her stand,
Knowing what hath been.

A CALL TO ARMS.

Arise ye, men o' Earth!
Gird thy loins. Swing thine arms wide,
Cutting the airs with the blade;
Make ye naked save for thy loin's cloth,
That the weary way be free-stepped!

Arise ye, men o' Earth!
Send thee out across the earth a call
Of war, ringing like an anger's cry,
Gnashing the peaceful ways!

Arise ye, men o' Earth!
Let thy bosoms swell, thy breasts' arch
And thy bellies' pits to pant!
Oh, let the chords draw taut
Within thy swelling arms, and leave
The light of victory burn from out thine eyes!

Arise ye, men o' Earth!
And follow Him who leads—
The Prince unsworded
The Prince of Peace!

Arise ye, men o' Earth!
Go upon the war of hate
With the war of love.
Follow, follow, follow Him!

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SCATTERING THE SEED.

The primary purpose of this pub-
 lication, 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 conso-
 lation 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 mag-
 azine that goes out is "scattering the
 seed." The publication has no com-
 mercial intent. It has no expecta-
 tion 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 ben-
 efits of her words:

"This brew o' me," she says, "be
 for the eat o' them who seek o' wis-
 dom's kiss. Yea, for wisdom doth
 kiss, for wisdom bringeth man deep-
 er 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 sweet-
 ed o' thy loves."

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Patience Worth Epigrams

"A sharp tongue cutteth a dull hour!"

"To God the fool and babe are dear."

"A wise man feedeth not 'pon fool's bread."

"Overfeeding will kill the Yule-tide goose."

"Farewell be the one word that hath no echo."

"He who proddeth o' a weary nag ever wasteth o' his prods!"

"When manna falls, fill thyself and question not."

"From constant wishing the moon may tip for thee!"

"There be fools who track within the footprints o' sages."

"Fears be slim blades that slay nay man, but set his legs atremble."

"All o' the follies ye deal shall come aback heavy laden o' woes!"

"The salt of today will not serve to catch the bird of tomorrow."

"He who casteth a pence and grudgeth hath cast it in the face o' Him."

"So doth the piggie who scratcheth upon an oak deem his fleas the falling acorns' cause."

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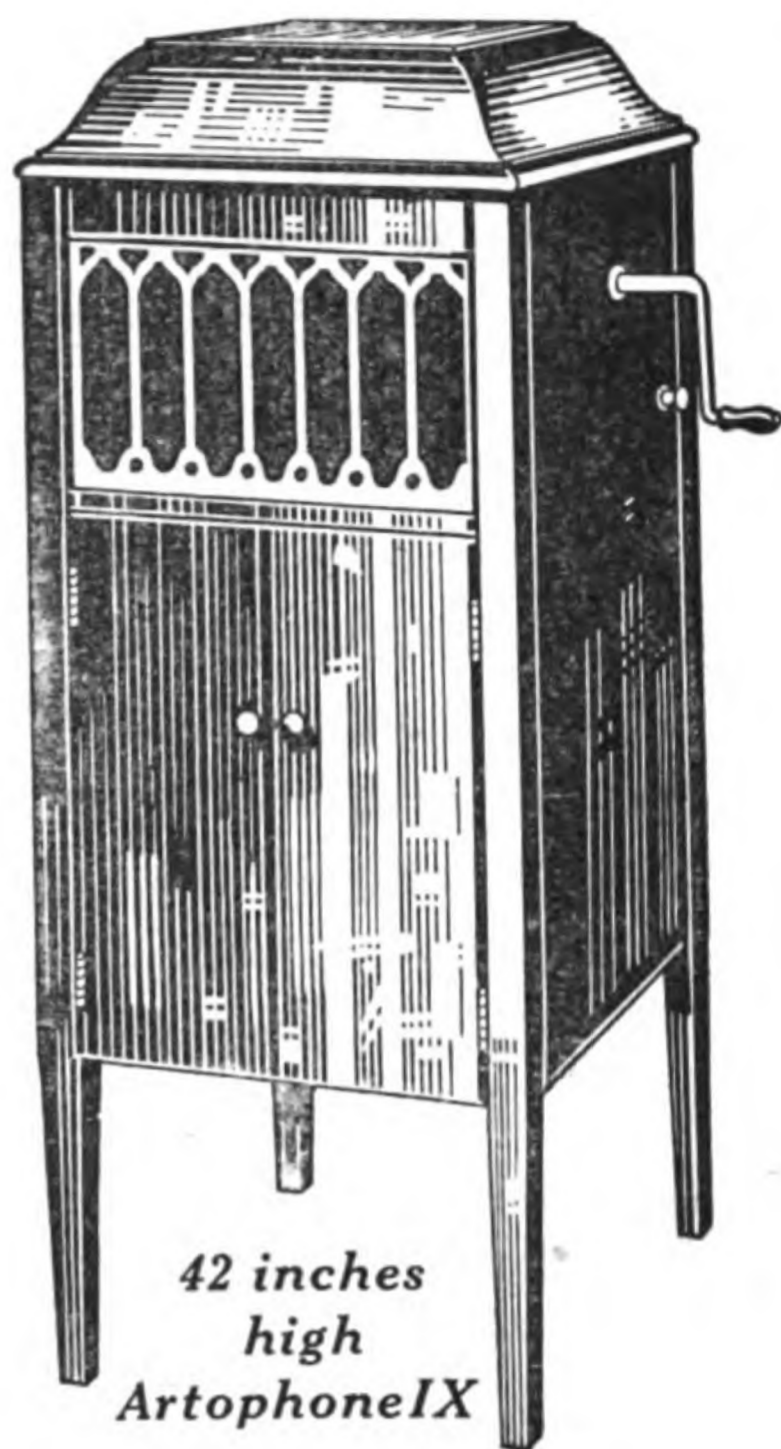
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