

# The Nurseries of Heaven

*A series of essays by various writers  
concerning the future life of children,  
with experiences of their manifestation  
after death*

EDITED BY  
G. VALE OWEN,  
*Vicar of Orford, Lancs.*

AND

H. A. DALLAS

*Author of "Across the Barrier," "The Victory that Overcometh,"  
"Mors Janua Vitae," ? etc.*

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*The Editors propose to hand over any profit which  
may accrue to them by the sale of this book to the  
Fund for the Children of Blinded Soldiers.*

## THE NURSERIES OF HEAVEN.

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‘ We see, as we get towards the Unapproachable Light, that all things are tending towards the central principle, and that is Love. We see Love as the source of all things.’—*Automatic Script*, G.VALE OWEN.

‘ Those who love beauty will find here a never failing supply to their great joy, and, as light and holiness go hand in hand, as they progress in the one so will they in the larger enjoyment of the other.’

*Id.*, G.V.O.

‘ The children chiefly dwell in their own special domain, almost a little world of their own, where places of learning, religion and love abound, as well as the beauteous gardens and playing grounds of Paradise the fair. There are endless methods of teaching, learning and happiness evolved for the spiritual advancement of the children. We need not tell you that the Master himself, who so loved the little ones, is constantly present there, too, Another point of interest and comfort is that the children are never allowed to forget or lose their love for their

earthly parents. Often and often they are brought to meet them in the appointed meeting place where many separated souls are re-united during the hours of sleep.'—*Teachings of Love*.

' I believe no soul is left to wing its viewless flight to Paradise in solitude. I believe the " Gloria in Excelsis ' of the shining host of God welcomes the disembodied spirit upon the confines of the new world. I remember hearing once of a little dying child shrinking timidly from the idea of going alone ; but just before the end there came a spirit of sublime confidence, a supernatural opening of vision, a recognition of some companionship, and the little one cried out : " I am not afraid ; they are all here." . . . I believe the chamber of the dying is filled with the holy angels.'—BASIL WILBERFORCE.

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## FOREWORD

THIS book is dedicated to parents whose little ones have passed into the Unseen World. It is offered in the Name of that Divine Friend Who showed His tenderness for children by embracing them in His Arms, laying His Hands on them in blessing. His sympathy for mothers prompted Him to 'deliver to his mother' the 'only son' He had recalled to this life (*St. Luke* vii. 15). His sympathy with fathers is revealed by His words concerning the pleasure fathers feel in giving 'good gifts' to their children (*St. Matt.*, vii. 11).

In the first proclamation of His Mission, He declared that He was sent 'to heal the broken-hearted' (*St. Luke* iv., 18). We therefore venture to believe that this little work has His blessing and that it may be taken up into His Ministry of Comfort and Hope.

H. A. DALLAS.





## PREFACE

THE idea of collecting into book form a series of narratives illustrating child-life in the spiritual realms was first suggested by Miss H. A. Dallas in a letter to *Light* which appeared in that paper on June 29th, 1918. Subsequently she enlisted me in her service as co-editor. At her request I have undertaken the writing of the Preface. In carrying out this task there are a few points which perhaps it were well to emphasise.

In the first place this is not a solemn book. The truth of the matter is that the people in the spirit-life are no more solemn than we are. That is simply because they are we—which is only a rather weird way of saying that we are all akin to the same Father. There is no fundamental difference between us. They, with us, make one 'we,' one family of children, big and small: and children are not endued with perpetual solemnity as a rule.

There are, I admit, moments of solemnity Over There. There is that solemnity of high rapture when they look upwards in rapt aspiration towards those glories of which they are permitted to catch glimpses, glories which scintillate with the holiness of those Bright Ones who stand in the High Places where the

Christ speaks to them face to face, and tells them of those deep mysteries of the wisdom of the Father's Love revealed to them by Him the Father's Christ. And there are other moments of solemnity when they look downward upon earth where we, their brethren, as they once did, go weary and heavy-laden upon our way, and their hearts grow tender for us then that it should be so.

But in ordinary times, when they are about the business of their Saviour they come to us with words of cheery wisdom and from them we learn how our little children fare in their bright realms. So we come to know those children better, and better still when they are permitted, with their guardians, to pay us brief visits themselves. And then we find them to be children still, happy, bright, romping children, full of quaint humour and—well, just children, with all the sweet fragrance of their childlike loveliness and loveableness and not without a touch of sweet wilfulness and perversity without which they would not be real children any more. That is why they have to go to school, better schools than we have here below, and run on much more sensible lines,—free also, in every sense.

Over There they have learned a better way of teaching than ours. Qualification for teaching the young is based on strength and sweetness of character. The teachers there are strong enough to create their own conditions in a school, and those conditions are an atmosphere of love and sweetness. That is why even the perversity and wilfulness of which I spoke are rather

charming than otherwise. This may seem paradoxical to some who read it, but I assure them it is by no means so. Others will perhaps say that what is possible in those brighter realms is not possible here. Again, why? Has that higher method ever been given a fair trial?

In this volume you will get a few glimpses of this heavenly teaching and training. Think it over. It may be that, if you remember that earth children are spirits equally with those transplanted into the other brighter realms, it may be then that you will come to the conclusion that the method adopted there with such happy results might be worth a trial here—given strength and sweetness of character in the teacher.

That is the first thing I had to say. Now to my next.

I am fully aware that many good people, on their first contact with descriptions of the heavenly life, purporting to come to us from the other side of the Veil, are rather shocked by the freedom with which these deal with our stereotyped notions of what their life there should be. Sometimes they seem to suggest one idea of the Godhead and worship, and sometimes another. People there are, no doubt, permitted freedom of thought and action, even in matters touching religion, just as we are in this world. There is no coercion on either side, and we can claim the right of individual judgment in respect of what they tell us. For they have not reached ultimate perfection any more than we have. But I think I may venture to

say there is one lesson which we who have been taught the love of God in a straight-jacket may well take to heart. It is this: If any still doubt that God is Love, let him read how He inspires His good servants there in their dealing with His little children. They will then perhaps understand how deep into His big, loving heart our Saviour dipped to bring forth the saying, 'Of such is the Kingdom.'

And now I must make one point quite clear. This book is not put forth as an evidential production. The work of scientific investigation and proof has been done, and done with admirable patience and skill, by men and women specially qualified for such work by their critical bent of mind and scientific training. Their conclusions have been published and are available to any who are still in doubt as to the actuality of communication between this world and the world beyond. Their adversaries say that these conclusions are due to a kink in their minds. I am sorry about that kink, because I must be afflicted in that way also. Still, as the said kink extends only to their minds and their conclusions and not to the evidence itself, it may be safely disregarded. If you will examine that evidence, you may find that it is so abundant and varied as to warrant you in feeling that it constitutes proof enough for all practical purposes that the Veil between has indeed been worn away, and that to-day the Holy Place and the Holy of Holies are no longer chambers self-contained, but just two open departments in the one great Temple of our God. Moreover, this little book is designed for the

comfort of those who have sorrowed for the little ones who have passed into the wider realms ahead of us, and a scientific treatise would be unsuitable for these.

Nevertheless, I am fully awake to the fact that there are a great many back-numbers still with us, who have failed to absorb and assimilate the knowledge which has been so freely showered upon us. These, if they should by any mischievous goblin be led to open this book, will look askance at the pages and count the writers bemused—which is just what the genial goblin had hoped for—for a real goblin loves a good laugh. Well, let such pray for affliction of the kink. Anyway, happily this book is not compiled for them. *The Encyclopedia Britannica* is still extant and well worth reading.

To the more sympathetic reader I would say that I, speaking for myself alone, have satisfied myself that all the narratives here given are given in good faith by those who write them. Also they agree both with the experiences of others unknown to them, and also with my own. The jury to which I submit this collection, therefore, is not a jury of scientists, however good men and true they might chance to be; nor of business men engrossed in the affairs of this world; but it is offered to mothers—and every woman is a mother at heart. These, God bless them, have a natural endowment, an instinct of motherhood, which fits them beyond all others to adjudicate on the veracity of these chapters. If there be any false note herein we may depend upon them to locate it instinctively by their own sweet native intuition.

This is the jury to which I submit our case, and their verdict will be a sounder and a safer one than we mere men would be able to frame. There are cases in which the heart is a surer guide than forensic judgment. And this is one of them.

The Editors wish to express their sincere thanks to those who have contributed to this volume; both those who have written the opening essays and others who have collected cases and related their personal experiences. To each and all we are gratefully indebted.

G. VALE OWEN.

I  
OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM

H. A. DALLAS

THE subject of this book is one which must appeal strongly to every parent and to all who have that tenderness of heart which is essentially parental in quality. God's purpose in relation to the sweet innocents who come into our earthly life for a brief span and then disappear from our view must interest deeply all lovers of children, and we want to be quite sure that the accident of death has not interfered to frustrate that purpose.

Goethe is reported to have said *a propos* of the great earthquake in Lisbon: 'God knows that a mortal accident cannot injure an immortal soul.' It is sometimes hard to realise this. It is specially so when the little one has had no experience of earth life and leaves no precious memories of childhood's endearing ways to comfort the parents for disappointed hopes.

The pages in this book give instances in which infants have manifested after death and also still-born babes ; the question of the survival of these should be considered both in the light of experience and also in the light of our belief concerning the true relation of Mind to Matter. Do we believe that Spirit, Mind, Intelligence construct and mould matter and form, or vice versa ?

This is a crucial question and our answer to it will indicate whether we are virtually materialists (consciously or unconsciously) or whether we interpret the universe in terms of spirit ; whether we regard Mind as the dominant factor, the causative principle, or whether we hold that its existence is dependent on the physical constituents through which Mind manifests and operates in this earth life.

If we hold the spiritual interpretation to be true we are not justified in assuming that when some event has prevented the completion of the moulding process the spirit is unable to develop and to prepare for itself another organ of expression. Our study of nature shows that life has a marvellous way of adapting itself to circumstances and if its activity is arrested in one direction it proceeds at once to find some other mode in which it may expend its energies.



If we considered nature more and tried to understand the principles on which the wonderful material world is builded we should get a firmer grasp of the principle at the root of all Divine work.

In a pamphlet called *Materialism*, by the Rev. C. L. Drawbridge, he points out that 'a living body is indeed a complex machine animated by Something Else'; and he mentions an experiment by Driesch, which shows how persistently that 'Something Else' strives to complete for itself a body. Driesch divided the embryo of an egg after it had reached the four-cell stage, he destroyed three of the cells and the remaining cell forthwith continued to develop until it had developed into a complete organism. 'There must be something present in the living embodiment which *strives to produce wholeness* in spite of considerable interference with its physical structure from without' (p. 15). Since we see this persistency of purpose at work in the material world we are justified, even compelled if we believe in the reality of spirit, to affirm that this persistency is integral in the spiritual universe as much as in the physical.

If there is purpose in any birth there is purpose in every birth. The Will of God cannot be frustrated by a mortal accident and that Will

incarnating its purpose in a human embryo will find means to fulfil itself. Belief in God as Spirit, as the intelligent Cause of all that is, leads us logically to believe in the survival of all individualised spirits, who have the capacity for God, and by virtue of this divine heredity have unlimited capacity for progress.

The value of Child-life has been brought into prominence by the ideal Son of God, Jesus Christ, who knew not only what is in men, but what is in Man, and who taught His followers to see in every child a divine manifestation. 'He that receiveth one such little child in my Name receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth Him that sent me.' The importance of His frequent mention of children is better understood when we remember that in other ancient writings they are rarely alluded to, and even in the epistles they are hardly mentioned. To writers of pre-Christian times child-life seemed of small account ; it is Christ who has taught the world to cherish childhood. Have we even yet fully appreciated the significance of His words concerning the little ones ? We hope for a better race, but much depends on whether the present generation grasps the true view of the status of a child and of the meaning of education. Parents, of course, should be the first educators,

for the impressions made in the earliest years are the most enduring. When parents believe that from the moment of conception God is bringing into manifestation a being capable of endless progress, a manifestation under the limitations of human nature of some aspect of His own Divine Life and Character, then they will begin the education of their children before birth. By the purity of their lives and by the direction of their thoughts they will be careful to give their children healthy bodies and good environments. Thus will they build up the charges committed to them and be workers together with God and His ministering Spirits in populating the universe with beings capable of fulfilling His glorious purpose.

‘Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.’

Out of my personal experience I have only a slight contribution to make to illustrate this subject of the survival of infants. If it stood alone it would hardly be worth mentioning. But it does not stand alone as the pages in this volume show.

Six months before my birth a little brother of mine died; when I was an infant I was considered like him in face and expression. Some years ago I visited a medium who knew nothing

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about my family history ; it was near the anniversary of this brother's death. She remarked that 'some one had passed over about this time' ; she then spoke of my brother and gave his Christian name, adding : 'He has about your colour ; he passed over long ago for he is so bright.' She then said that I have three brothers over there and added 'a John is there.' Three of my brothers died as children and one was still-born, the latter was given the name of John.

Some time after this the mother of the little child, whose memoir has appeared in print in my small book *Across the Barrier*, in her controlled writing conveyed to me a message from her child Monica telling me of a brother in the other life who passed over some time ago. When I received this message I spoke to my brother asking him to give his name to little Monica. I said nothing about this to Monica's mother who was living many miles from my home. A week later I received another message which had come through Monica to her mother ; in this she gave my brother's name correctly, and added 'she will be glad.' I *was* very glad to get this name correctly given, unasked, but I did not at the moment remember that I had directly spoken to this brother in spirit, and had *asked* him to give his name. A few days later, however,

I came upon the note of my having done so, which I had made in my diary at the time.

Some will explain this as a case of thought transference between me and Monica's mother. I recognise the possibility, but it seems to me much more likely that the thought transference was between me and my brother; a week elapsed before the name was given and I had by that time forgotten the incident.

In connection with the still-born brother I may mention that my sister has been repeatedly told of a John who accompanies her, and on one occasion she was told that this John is a brother who died in infancy.

In a book called *Spirit Workers in the Home Circle*, by Morrell Theobald, we are told of several still-born children who manifested in the home years afterwards. I had the privilege of meeting the author of this remarkable book and his wife. It is a wonderful record, written with utmost sincerity.

The first-born child, called Louisa, had been still-born fifteen years before this manifestation. Her father says : ' One of her first requests was to have her name placed in the family register with the others ! This we had not done as she never breathed on earth. But we were taught through her that no germ of life is ever lost, and

that young children, dying, are frequently about our earth-life with us, learning thus through life's experiences until they can become in time our ministering spirits. . . . She had been a sort of blank in our family reckoning ; but these messages came to enrich our life with a new member and to teach us that the blighted germs of earth life find rich expansion in the more genial climes of heaven.' This was not the only still-born child who manifested in the Theobald's home, assuring them that, 'Great love is never wasted or lost, it is all found here.'

The following extract from the *Proceedings* of the Society of Psychical Research, gives a beautiful account of the vision of children seen at the death bed of their sister.

COMMUNICATED TO THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, BY MISS WALKER, A COUSIN OF THE LADY TO WHOM IT OCCURRED. (*Proceedings*, S.P.R., VOL. VI., P. 293.)

'My father and mother had many children ; most of us died in infancy ; Susanna survived and Charlotte and myself. . . . Susanna was twenty years older than I was . . . the deaths of two sons, William, who died in boyhood, and John, who died in infancy, had been the great disappointment of his [*i.e.* father's]

life. Susanna remembered both the boys, but William was born and died long before my time, and John died at about two years old when I was a baby. Of William there was no likeness, but you know John's picture well. . . . I was grown up, about twenty, Susanna was forty, and Charlotte about thirty years old. . . . On the day about which I am writing Charlotte was unwell. . . . She was sleeping quietly that afternoon, and Susanna sat on one side of the bed and I sat on the other ; the afternoon sun was waning and it began to grow dusky, but not dark. I do not know how long we had been sitting there, but by chance I raised my head and saw a golden light above Charlotte's bed, and within the light were enfolded two cherubs' heads gazing intently upon her. I was fascinated and did not stir, neither did the vision fade for a little while. At last I put my hand across the bed to Susanna and I only said these words " Susanna, look up ! " She did so, and at once her countenance changed. " Oh, Emmeline," she said, " they are William and John." Then both of us watched on till all faded away like a washed-out picture ; and in a few hours Charlotte died of sudden inflammation.'

Such a glimpse as this of the prospect that lies before us should make us patient and full

of hope ; for a little while we have to let our treasures go, for their good and for ours ; but when the body sleeps we may be consciously with them, and when the last sleep comes and we awaken into the larger life the children will be there to welcome us as we pass out of the earth life and find our home above.

In conclusion I should like to quote a few sentences from the book above referred to concerning the sweet child Monica, who endeared herself to all who knew her before her brief earthly life closed.

‘ On the day Monica came home for her last holidays, just before her seventh birthday, she went up to her Daddy and laying her hands upon his knees, she looked up to him with her great blue eyes and sang :

If I could plant that tiny seed of love  
In the garden of your heart,  
Would it grow to a great big love some day,  
Or would it die or fade away ?  
Would you care for it and tend it every day  
’Till the time was nearly past,  
If I could plant a tiny seed of love  
In the garden of your heart ?

Then when the little spirit had gone out of the beautiful child-body and messages began to come, on the anniversary of her birthday, the mother’s hand wrote automatically.



July 31, 1912. 'Understand now dearest dears all is well. Now you must not fret for your pet. You know she is here and truly helping you, so don't cry very dears when you want me so, I wish I could let my Dickie\* see me so very close to him. He hears my voice and that is good, but only I love him so. I will always want him to do lots for me. He will do things for others too. . . . When you believed it was easier for me to get more near.' (*Across the Barrier*, p. 40; Kegan Paul.)

'*When you believed*': Professor William James has pointed out in one of his essays that the readiness to meet evidence half-way is in certain cases a necessary condition for reaching truth. 'Faith,' he says, 'acts on the powers above him as a claim, and creates its own verification.' (*The Will to Believe*, p. 24.) This is very true in our fellowship with one another in this life and it is equally true in our relation with the life Unseen. It is not credulity that is required of us, but sympathy and that open-mindedness which the writer of the *Epistle to the Hebrews* calls 'The assurance of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen' (Heb. xi. 1, Rev. Vers.)

But there are strange anomalies in the human

\* (She called her father by the pet name of Dickie.)

mind. The intense wish to believe makes belief both easier and more difficult. Easier because one obstacle of prejudice is removed, more difficult because we fear that desire may create another prejudice in favour of the desired interpretation of facts. This contradiction in our feelings is often a cause of distress. And there is another. Some strong instinct in us imperatively claims that our best hopes should not be disappointed.

The wish that of the living whole  
 No life should fail beyond the grave,  
 Derives it not from that we have  
 The likest God within the soul ?  
*(In Memoriam, lv.)*

And yet so obsessed are we by appearances that we fear to trust this higher instinct. But to neglect to trust it is nothing less than a kind of atheism. It implies that we are better than the Source of all being. That we can conceive of a higher and nobler universe than its Maker and that is to deny the perfection of God, to dethrone God.

Sir Oliver Lodge has said of noble human attributes : ' Shall we possess these things and God not possess them? Any power, any love of which we ourselves are conscious does thereby certainly exist ; and so it must exist in highly

intensified form in the totality of things. . . .  
Let no worthy human attribute be denied to the  
Deity.' (*Man and the Universe.*)

The Love and Justice in our hearts which  
cry out to God to 'gather up the fragments that  
nothing may be lost,' no human life, no tender  
relation, are an expression of the Divine Will,  
and that Will may become effective by means of  
*our* faith and *our* intelligent co-operation. We  
are to provide some at least of the channels  
through which the Divine Life will perfect its  
purpose and bring many sons unto glory ; by  
cherishing love for every spirit given to us indi-  
vidually to care for, we can take our part in  
developing its character even though its  
physical body may have been too weak to persist  
and the precious germ of Divine Sonship may  
have passed into another sphere. Its claim upon  
us still exists and according to our response and  
our faith it will be met. ' They apart from us  
shall not be made perfect.'

' Then fear we not to trust His word  
And cherish love's increase,  
Since e'en its sharpest throes must pass  
Into Eternal Peace.'

## II

### THE PARENT AND THE CHILD

THOMAS ROBERTS

THE problem of man's origin and essential nature has exercised the minds of the thoughtful ever since man began to think. One of the most ancient and profound utterances on the point tells us that God made man of the dust of the earth and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul. Here we have in three brief sentences a vivid statement of man's lowly origin on the material side of his nature, of his exalted origin on his spiritual side, and of the divine act by which this union of the material and spiritual was effected. Whatever opinion of the passage may be held, or whatever explanation may be given of it in detail, it still remains an admirable basis on which to begin our enquiry. From it we learn that man owes his origin to a distinct act on the part of the Creator who willed to bestow upon him a nature which is at once of the temporal and the eternal, of the material and the spiritual.

Between this first 'Adam' and the most recent of his descendants a vast period intervenes, but as we look upon a new-born child we feel that we are looking upon a being possessed of body and soul, and while we have no doubt that its body was derived from its earthly parents we may ask whence came its soul, or soul and spirit? There has been much discussion from time to time on two questions, the one being whether our nature, our being, is a unity, or is it dual or triple; that is to say can I speak of myself as an entity exercising a variety of functions and faculties, or must I say I am a body and soul, or a body, soul and spirit? The other question is, seeing we have a material and spiritual side to our nature, do we derive the body only from our parents, or do we derive both body and soul from them? Not a little difficulty and misunderstanding has arisen from the neglect of a clear statement of the actual sense attached to the words used. The word soul, for example, is one of the most ambiguous words in our language. Then there is the desire to press analysis to the furthest point until we might come to regard ourselves as little more than an accumulation of abstractions somewhat indefinitely related to each other.

But, however much the philosopher may revel

in these abstractions it is after all the concrete which must demand our practical attention. Man is an individual being, a complete entity in himself, who can hunger, think, and pray at one and the same time, and that not in three different compartments of his being, for he exercises these three personal functions, not separately in body, soul and spirit, but within his one indivisible being, within his own self as an individual. We often speak of a person as an individual without sufficiently realising the meaning of the word, but until we do realise it we cannot think or speak clearly on so profound a subject as our human nature.

The word 'individual' should denote something which is indivisible, something which cannot be broken up into independent self-contained parts. I, as a personal being, have a body, soul and spirit, I may be thoughtlessly referred to as a body or soul or spirit, but correctly speaking I am more than any two of them, more than all three. My body is the material manifestation of myself as a personal being, my soul is the expression of the mental faculties, which, as a personal being I possess, my spirit is the expression of my religious faculties. When I hunger I am conscious that I have a body, but not that I am a body, when I

think I am conscious that I have a soul, not that I am a soul, and so with the spirit when I pray. Body, soul and spirit are not three constituent elements of my being, they are rather three modes of expression on the part of the individual, of the Ego, the 'I', in reference to things material, mental, spiritual. While we think of a man as a triad of body, soul and spirit, and try to classify his thoughts, feelings and actions so as to pigeon-hole them into one of these compartments, we shall be involved in endless perplexities and contradictions. But think of man as a being, an entity, an ego, who can exercise in the fulness of his nature and in any combination the faculties usually assigned to body, soul and spirit, and clear thinking on the subject at once becomes possible.

When I look at a new-born child I cannot say there is a body of flesh derived from its earthly parents animated by a soul or spirit new made from God, for then I could not account for the unmistakable hereditary mentality so often seen as the child grows older. Nor can I say, for the same and other reasons, there is a body tenanted by a soul which has become reincarnate, but I can say there is a body derived from its earthly parents animated by an individualised portion of that principle of existence—call it vitality,

life, soul, spirit, or what not—which was divinely breathed into our first parent and has been transmitted, or handed on from parent to child ever since. In our last analysis we must always come to the conclusion that all things material and spiritual come into existence, and are maintained in existence, in accordance with the divine will, hence on the one hand we can truly say the child has derived its being as expressed in ‘ body soul and spirit ’ from God as the great First Cause of human existence, and we can as truly say that the child has derived its entire being from its parents who form for it the last link in a long chain of transmitted existence.

Taking this view, that the normal new-born child is an individual being possessed of all human possibilities, who with the first movement of the eye, the first utterance of sound, the first extension of the hand, has given evidence of that human intellect, feeling, and will-power, which may produce a library or subdue a continent, we must regard the child as a being, a personality, an entity capable of exercising and developing all the bodily, mental and spiritual powers and faculties with which human nature is endowed and which are transmitted by parent from generation to generation.

But now arises the question if for some



reason this young life should come to an untimely end, if after a brief experience of separate individual existence the little body is doomed to return to the dust, is the little soul at present so undeveloped and yet charged with such possibilities not to be realised in this world, to go forth to some unknown form of disintegration and cease to have conscious existence? Our natural instincts revolt from such an idea and so do our spiritual intuitions. If child life were not of priceless value in the sight of God how could 'The Word of God Incarnate' say, 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven?' At first sight death seems to break up and destroy the individual life, for is it not a rending apart of body from soul and spirit? But as we have already pointed out the individual, the entity, is something more than body, soul and spirit, the body is only the material form of manifestation, only useful in the earth-life, and so the being who passes hence has no further need of it and in passing on to a higher plane of existence the Ego, or personal entity, takes to itself another body more suited to its requirements, and so restores its personal individuality.

We now come to the problem of the still-born child. Can reason help us here? To some extent it can. We are told by those who are

qualified to speak that in the comparatively short period of our prenatal existence we pass through all the stages of man's evolution from the lowest point upward, onward, to that in which God made man in His own image. Now when that stage is reached at which potential individual life begins we have the dawn of the individual life, this becomes more intensified day by day, until it awakens to a state of personal consciousness in this world. If however from some accident the realisation of consciousness in this world is prevented, if, in short, the child is still-born, dare we presume to say that consciousness cannot be realised on another plane of existence? The premature child, if carefully tended, may live to accomplish much in this world. Could not this same mind soul, spirit, accomplish as much in another state if birth and subsequent care in this world should be denied it? The latent power which we associate with the mind, soul, spirit, of the new-born child must be the same latent power both before and after birth or death of the body, and since these powers belong to the spiritual side of our being they are not necessarily destroyed by the disintegration of the material side. The body returns to the dust from which God originally made it, the soul returns to the

sphere from whence all transmitted life was originally derived. 'For thy pleasure they exist and were created.' If the pleasure of God is the joy of living, and the love of God thus constrained Him to share His life with His creatures, then dear are their souls in His sight, and it is hardly credible that His divine love would allow any soul to pass out of existence because through some misfortune it was unable to realize the consciousness of life on our material plane. We may thus conclude that it is reasonable to believe in the continued existence not only of the child which dies soon after birth, but also of the one which dies before or during birth.

So far we have been considering what is reasonable, possible, and probable. But many minds think that a little testimony is worth a lot of probability, and especially as psychical research has added much to our knowledge of the spirit world and spirit-life. True, many are still suspicious of such evidence and in some cases not without reason.

After completing the first part of this essay, the writer looked through a quantity of automatic script given about fifteen years ago by a clergyman of good standing, who had been well-known to the writer, but who had passed

into the higher life about ten years earlier. The whole of the script would make a good-sized volume, but has never been published. The greater part was by the clergyman referred to, the rest by those who assisted him. A few quotations are given as bearing upon our subject and because there is very good reason to believe that they are authentic.

‘The soul and body are both derived from the earthly parents, hence you will see that heredity is an important factor, not only in reference to bodily actions, but in reference to the mental inclinations or the aspirations of the soul.’

‘Children who pass over to us are attended by spirits whose work it is to attend to the education of the young. They grow in stature as they would have done in the earth life and in the process of time attain maturity.’

The following was written by a lady who was well-known to the writer during her earth life :  
‘My work is to train the young who join us in their early days. I have a certain number assigned to me. For a certain time I teach them, and then leave them that they may have the opportunity of change of employment, for the human mind in your state and ours is alike in this as other things, it needs change of work

and change of scene, so those who are under instruction are treated as though in school ; they have their lessons and they have their play. Instruction is primarily of a moral nature ; the duty we owe to God our spiritual Father, and the duty we owe to each other are very fully taught. My work being with very young children, babies most of them are, is of course very elementary, it is only like the work of a nursery governess. As the little ones grow older they are passed on to the care of those who are able to teach them greater things, and when they are old enough, and have been fully trained, work is found for them to do. When a child spirit passes from your world to ours it is received by some of those spirits who are in attendance upon your world and by them passed on to us, and removed from the possibility of any contact with those whose influence would be hurtful to it. So that the infant mind, even if brought from the worst homes, can with careful training be made to grow in holiness and truth. But the older a child is the harder it is to train it in the right way, and for this again we have special spirit teachers whose forte and experience fits them for this work.'

About two months later the same lady wrote :  
' We have many spirits who are devoted to the

work of training the young. There are those who correspond to what you would call nurses, nursery governesses, teachers, masters, or mistresses. The ones whom I call nurses take charge of the spirits of those children who die very young and pass to us in the baby stage of their life. Those whom I call nursery governesses take charge of the little ones when they are able to learn as little children, they are later on passed on to what I call masters or mistresses. These continue the work of training until the once little child spirit is able to choose its work in the spirit world and enter upon the course of training for it.'

The following quotations are from the clergyman before mentioned and are of a more recent date: 'The child is trained by spirit nurses and is allowed in time to visit the earth with them and to see its parents if it is desirable; and if the child is remembered with affection it thus gets to know its parents and will receive them into the spirit world.'

'There is growth and learning for the child in the spirit world as in the natural world, it is usually more rapid in the spiritual than in the natural world, but not unduly so.'

'The child with a bad heredity is more difficult to deal with than one with a good heredity.'

‘ The still-born child, the one which has failed to effect its birth, possesses a perfect individuality, and passes to the spirit world to begin the existence which it should have begun in the material world. Spirit nurses await it, clothe it, care for it. The still-born child from the bad home would pass into the spirit world as a foundling, but would be better off than if it had been born into the earth life.’

It is not every parent who sees in their offspring a being who is not only flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone, but at the same time one to whom they have transmitted that mysterious something we are wont to call life, soul, spirit, and which in the first instance was imparted to the human race by God Himself. If parents did fully realise this we should have in all classes of society a much greater respect or reverence for child life, and much more concern not only for its temporal and material, but also for its eternal and spiritual welfare, and children would not come into this world, or pass into the spirit world, handicapped by the sins of the parents.

The prenatal stage, often so little thought about, is a very important one in the life of the child. Then it is that so much depends upon the mental and spiritual state of the parents, and

the after life of the child has in numberless cases shown how the unborn child has responded to the thoughts of the parents. Then there are the ministrations of the church in behalf of the young child at, and even before, the dawn of real conscious existence. In the admission 'into the ark of Christ's church' some see only a ceremony, some an unedifying ceremony, but others with more spiritual insight see an ordinance of mysterious power of untold value to the young life.

There is equality of privilege for all, what is needed is a true recognition of responsibility on the part of parents who in these matters are the stewards of the mystery of life. Very many, perhaps all, who have entered this life handicapped, hindered, only to pass out again, or who failed to enter it at all, may find in the realms of light and love the opportunity to retrieve what they failed to obtain here, and without doubt they will be much helped by the affectionate remembrance and prayers of their parents, as they intercede for these children they have lost but not ceased to love :

' As they follow their Shepherd with loving eyes,  
Through the beautiful valleys of Paradise.'



### III

‘ IS IT WELL WITH THE CHILD ?—  
IT IS WELL ’

F. FIELDING-OULD

THE most valuable gifts may sometimes be a cause of embarrassment to the recipient, and under modern conditions new-born children are too often received grudgingly and with a mind too full of the additional anxieties which they bring with them to give a thought to joy, privilege or opportunity.

The sunny happiness of a child's heart will lift it buoyantly above many hardships, but the most heartrending sight in the world is the face of a child prematurely stamped with care and a knowledge of every evil thing. There are people who never had any childhood, they were initiated from the earliest days they can remember into all the worries and anxieties of life. There were no fairies for them and no dreamy days of make believe, but from the first existence was a strenuous, hard and sordid thing where they were required to play an

arduous and responsible part, and where any lapse into mere childishness was visited with immediate penalties. But such extreme cases notwithstanding God helps and guards the children of the poor ! Look at them pouring out of the dilapidated and discoloured houses in some mean street, swinging on the broken railings, clustering like a swarm of flies on the steep steps, or chalking the figures of some mysterious game upon the pavement. Dirt brings them no discomfort, they care not at all for torn clothes and gaping boots, the rise and fall of their unceasing chatter fills the courts and blows round the corner into the great highway : it is only hushed now and then that they may hear the strident abuse of some hard-featured and heavy-handed female who appears for a moment at one of the blistered and greasy doors. Your heart may ache for them as you pass by, but they are not unhappy, even in the painful days of winter when every square foot of material in the house must be made use of either by day or night to keep out if possible the searching cold. They are not unhappy because they have known nothing better and all human content rests upon the same fact. It is only when we see a vision of what might be, or perchance of what might have been, that we begin to grow restless and

discontented. We may have a low standard and ideal of happiness as of conduct, and if circumstances enable us to obtain so much we shall not be found complaining. To be reasonably warm, not actually hungry, to have companions of their own age and not to be hustled and illtreated without respite by some unnatural tyrant, that is all the poor children ask and expect.

There are moments when their small souls are thrilled and their bright eyes look past the Cherubim into Paradise, when, for instance, the Christmas tree is lighted up and the glass balls and spangled dolls take on an unearthly radiance, or when in the long summer they are for one day taken out of the acrid and exhausted atmosphere of the narrow streets and transported into the country. There the trees are of incredible size and are really green and the cattle stand knee deep in ten thousand wondrous varieties of ferns and flowers. The children troop home in the evening quiet for once, and it is not only fatigue which lays its finger on their lips, they have seen a vision and like Zacharias they are struck dumb for a season.

Philanthropists and Sociologists may wring their hands over infant mortality and the

premature death of little children, and they are right to do so, but what does it mean to such a child itself? No words can express the magnitude of its gain, for there are no unwanted children there and there is no poverty.

In this world parents and teachers are often at a loss because their charges cannot express their needs and explain their troubles in a language which they have not yet perfectly learned. On the other side, those who have the care of children can read their thought and see the causes of uneasiness and the origin of irregular conduct at a glance. Here the baby cries, and the most experienced often fail to determine the cause, and the little creature may suffer long unrelieved, but in that more perfect world things are not so. Only those who have a marked genius for such work are entrusted with the immensely important function of rearing and instructing the immature, and the sorrows of childhood which are so generally underestimated in this world by those who have forgotten their own, are entirely done away.

As has been so often pointed out, death makes no magic transformation in anybody, and as a spirit leaves this world so it arrives in that. Babies need care as they do here, growth is not accelerated, and graduated instruction must be

slowly imparted as the opening mind is able to receive it.

A ‘Control’ recently described something of the methods of instruction and pointed out how the possibility of moving with the rapidity of thought from place to place facilitated and added interest to the lesson. Here we must rely upon books, study diagrams and pore over more or less inadequate pictures, a volcano or a water shed are such like things say the text books, Venice is built upon lagoons and a system of canals,—no tedious account imperfectly visualised by the childish mind is necessary there, the whole class can go and see the thing for itself, and the habits and customs of peoples, the glories and miseries of great cities, the splendours of royal Nature may be observed at first hand and impressed upon the mind in a way which insures their never being forgotten.

There are sad-faced Mothers whose thoughts go out to lost little things and who might feel a bitter pang when they picture them smiling upon and learning to love some foster Mother in the great beyond. This would seem to them to lose their darlings in very truth. There is comfort in the assurance that God respects the holy things which He has made and has so ordered the worlds that no circumstances from outside

can break such a beautiful cord of light as that which binds two spirits together in love. Often does the child come back to the old home in response to the pathetic cry of the lonely heart and nestles all unseen against the loving breast, often too when the mother's tired body lies in deep sleep does her spirit awake, and, gently disengaging itself, go forth exulting to meet the happy child near the outer boundaries of its fairer world. There she marks its growth and the opening graces of its mind and unites herself more fully with it in sweet confidences and mutual love. Years pass on and the lost infant grows to its full stature, and though in her waking moments the Mother may only picture the curly-haired babe lost so long ago, the spirit within knows the truth though it keeps its secret inviolate, and when she, in her turn, passes over the narrow line she will find no stranger coming forward to welcome her, but one in whose happy companionship she has passed half her life. 'We must needs die—yet doth He devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him,' a text which we may turn to our own meaning.

There are very many children growing to maturity on the other side who remember nothing of life on earth, physical ills and merely carnal temptations are quite unknown to them.

Such, say communicating spirits, are not infrequently sent on missions into the earth atmosphere where they sometimes win spiritual victories for which more mature Spirits might have laboured in vain. They can enter the vilest dens and the most loathsome sloughs of sin with perfect impunity, for there is nothing in themselves which corresponds or answers to the depravity they may see there, no poisoned darts of evil suggestion can penetrate the aura of their innocence and there is no sleeping memory of past misdoing which might be awakened into activity by the lures of wrong.

The gentle, winning appeal of a child may lead a sinner from his vice, where the reasoned arguments or warnings of the wise might have been disregarded, ‘a little child shall lead them.’ St. Francesca of Rome (A.D. 1440) was able to see her guardian angel, and in the night time, it is said, could write and read by the light of his brightness. She thus described his appearance to Don Antonio, her director: ‘His stature is that of a child of about nine years old, his aspect is full of sweetness and majesty, his eyes generally turned towards heaven, words cannot describe the divine purity of that gaze. His brow is always serene, his glances kindle in the soul the flame of ardent devotion.’

We have known cases in this life where a hard old man, long feared by all around him and rejoicing in the fact, proof against every influence which society or religion could bring to bear upon him, has in spite of all his cynical maxims and experience been melted by the fearless confidence and winning sweetness of a little child. If Dombey carries himself more stiffly than ever it is lest we should divine that he has been weeping over little Paul.

But though children who have passed on grow up in ideal conditions such as are unattainable even in Kings' houses on earth, and many a Hannah's lost boy may do a great work about the Temple Courts, there is no denying the fact that the intention of the Creator is that every human being should pass the first sixty or seventy strenuous years of his conscious existence in this lower world, and that the responsibility of mankind for the avoidable death of millions of infants is very great. Though every effort is made to compensate the child for its perished opportunity and to minimise as far as possible the consequences of its loss, something there is no doubt which can never be quite made up to it. A stage in the normal education of the soul has been omitted. It is in some sort as though a boy through



infirmity of constitution should be kept from school. He may be instructed at home by the ablest tutors and every evil influence under the direct eye of the parent be eliminated with the most sedulous care. The information imparted may be vastly superior in scope to anything he would have learned in a general class : it may even be possible to inspire him with a settled love and approval of virtue such as normally only long years of experience and many painful falls and risings again could have inculcated—and yet when all is done, something, and something not easily defined, has been lost. No instruction can take the place of experience and there is no hour of active life, if it be innocently spent, which does not add some trifle to the riches of the soul. The upright citizen who is the product of a peaceful era and the result of an ordered and assured routine may be worthy of the utmost respect, but there is something about the scarred and be-medalled veteran even though he may have lost a limb which the other lacks. Many a man battered by the unceasing struggle for the right will come up at last out of life's battle-smoke saying : ‘ It is good for me that I have been in trouble that I might learn thy testimonies.’ He may have learned the identical lesson his long-dead brother has

also learned, but he has learned it by a better method, he has suffered in the learning, it has cost him something, it has not been presented to him, he has won it. It is like the half-crown earned which looks twice the size of the one we found. It is not the arriving, it is the going which is the salutary thing, it is not the prize but the term's work which is the real gain. It is good to be able to say 'I am innocent' but perhaps in the long run better to say 'I have fought a good fight.' A vessel of beaten iron is more beautiful than one which has been moulded. 'I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world but that Thou shouldest keep them from the Evil.'

## IV

### THE DOMINANCE OF THE SPIRIT

ELLIS T. POWELL

AMONG the many achievements of Psychic Science, not the least is the revolution it has wrought in our ideas with regard to the destiny of children in the other world. Sheer ignorance on the one hand, with dogmatic misinterpretation of Christianity on the other, had given vogue and authority to horrible mediæval teachings, which retained their hold upon mankind until thirty or forty years ago. Little that was hopeful could be said of the fate of children as a whole. As for the unbaptised, or the 'unelected,' infants (as Calvinists would phrase it) they were undoubtedly damned. And, as if to add emphasis to a belief which degraded God to the level of Nero, the unbaptised infant was buried in unconsecrated ground, without a service of committal.

In the later editions of *Enigmas of Life* (originally published in 1871) the late W. R

Greg quoted from a book entitled *A Sight of Hell*, one of a series issued, as part of a course of Religious Instruction, among 'books for children and young persons.'

In this abominable production (I refer to Greg's 1891 edition, p. 253) there are the most diabolical presentations of the state of wicked (!) children in the next world. To-day, thank God, there probably does not exist (at all events outside a mad house) a man afflicted so badly with theological delirium tremens as to break into such ravings as this book contains. But what kind of belief has replaced these horrors? What is the result of the investigation of modern psychical research with regard to the destiny of children who 'die'? What authentic information about them has come from the other side? Let us attempt a summary of such knowledge as we have.

The human individual is a spirit imprisoned in flesh, for the purpose of acquiring experience and undergoing discipline. Whether a spirit undergoes more than one period of discipline—that is to say, whether it ever reincarnated—is a question of the profoundest interest. Its solution must conceivably modify to some extent our conclusions with regard to the state of children in the spirit world. But inasmuch

as no certain conclusion can be formulated, it will be best to carry our enquiry as far as we can, without involving ourselves in the reincarnation controversy at all. Seeing that man is a physical organism animated by imprisoned spirit, it follows that it may be possible to determine the moment when the two factors unite. We cannot say when, or how, the spirit began to exist ; but we do know the moment when the embryo body is generated. Therefore we find no difficulty in accepting the view that the spirit becomes linked with its destined physical companion at the moment of conception. Thenceforward there is a common destiny until, sooner or later, the physical body relinquishes the partnership, and the emancipated spirit goes forward untrammelled, to life on the super-physical planes.

At this point, however, a difficulty begins to be manifest. How can we imagine so great a potency as spirit held down to such a mere fragment of organic matter as the human embryo in its very earliest stages ? Is there not something repugnant in the idea of the volatile, versatile, immortal spirit compelled into close association with an organism whose very sex is as yet undetermined, and which is evolving slowly in the darkness and silence of the

pre-natal conditions? Such questions raise doubt whether spirit and embryo are actually linked in real intimacy of association at these early stages. We may say the spirit, the *ego* which is to live in the developing physical frame, is indissolubly linked with that particular individual, perhaps by its own choice, from the moment of conception. But the complete union which is to constitute the terrestrial manifestation of individual personality is a gradual development. The spirit does not fully and completely function in its physical environment until the organic instrument is sufficiently developed for its purposes. The stage of aptness and adequacy will vary in different individuals. But, broadly speaking, one may say that in the vast majority of cases, the spirit has attained entire control of its terrestrial partner by the time the age of thirty is reached. In the vast multitude of instances the fulness of union has occurred at an earlier date. Thirty is perhaps the all but extreme limit to which a belated psychico-physical maturity may be postponed.

If this be a sound view, it follows that for some years after conception has forged the link between them, the respective psychic and physical constituents of the individual may function in different planes. The physical is

wholly here. The spirit is partly conditioned by the bond of unity with its physical partner, though the intellectual and physical development are as yet short of the stage at which they can be fully exploited by the spirit for its own manifestation. Is not this the likeliest explanation of that mysterious passage in which Christ declares, with regard to children, that 'in Heaven their angels do always look upon the face of my Father which is in Heaven'? The words are usually interpreted as a reference to guardian angels. But they gain in luminosity if we regard them rather as an allusion to the continued presence before God of that part of the spirit personality which has not yet entered into intimate coalescence with the physical frame whose partner it is.

The original link is forged, then, at the moment of conception. At any time thereafter it is liable to be snapped. In the pre-natal period it may be broken by abortion, or by premature still-birth. After the baby is born alive death may separate spirit and body. In either case the spirit returns to God who gave it. But if the return occurs at any time during the pre-natal period, or in infancy or childhood, it is obvious that the original design of the union has failed. The spirit has only gained a small

(perhaps an infinitesimal) proportion of the experience, which it was designed to attain, it has only undergone the merest modicum of the discipline which the terrestrial career was intended to provide. The reincarnationist would tell us that in some cases, at all events, if not in all, the experiment is repeated by the attachment of the spirit to another body, in which it recommences terrestrial life. Where there is no return of the spirit to a terrestrial environment, the discarnate intelligences declare that the personality (animated by the spirit, which has been thus frustrated in its effort at the acquisition of mundane experience) is received back into the celestial spheres at the stage of development which it has reached on earth. The growth proceeds on that side instead of on this. And for the attainment of that end, there are spirit nurseries, whither returning spirits throng, as babes and infants, to be tended with an affection far surpassing anything which the fondest mother could bestow on earth. In fact, the best of earthly mothers, when they pass to the spirit spheres, are recruited into the congenial labour of the spirit nurseries. My own wife has more than once been told that this is the task which awaits her on the other side. Nor is the privilege limited to those who



have acquired actual maternal experience on earth. Many a woman whose motherly instincts were never satisfied here will find herself a joyful worker in the nurseries of the summerland. And there is at least a strong presumption, based upon intimations from the higher intelligences, that many a marriage, childless in the ordinary sense, because of physical obstacles to the birth of off-spring, will be found to have been fruitful of spirit progeny. That is to say, the childless couple will find themselves associated, as parents, with spirit children who are theirs in the truest sense, though denied terrestrial birth by the physical obstacles which rendered the marriage sterile.

All the spirit informants agree with regard to the matchless and unimaginable beauty of the surroundings of the celestial nurseries. They are at one about the love and tenderness which surrounds the little ones (‘ dead ’ we call them) as they arrive from their brief earthly home. Their temperaments are ‘ sensed ’ by the expert mothers on the other side, and they are distributed into specially elaborated environments, designed to assist a deep and full development. One child goes into the artistic sphere, another into the musical. The defects of experience, arising from the frustration of the

terrestrial career, are remedied by teaching, reinforced by the heavenly wisdom ; so that in time, maybe, the spirit which was once a returning babe from here below, becomes the guardian angel of a new entrant upon terrestrial life.

‘ The growth proceeds on that side as on this.’ So we said : and the affirmation will doubtless prompt the question—How long does the growth continue ? The subject is one of the greatest possible complexity. We may gain the rudiments of comprehension if we bear in mind that the spirit is swathed, on the ethereal planes, in a spirit body. Its components, as St. Paul and Sir Oliver Lodge (far apart in time, but near akin in knowledge) have told us, are drawn from the ether of the interstellar spaces. The spirit-body is a counterpart of the terrestrial frame. In appearance the two are so nearly duplicates that either could be recognised by those who knew the other. Now, obviously, the spirit-body of a child must be a very different thing from that of an ancient man. Does the spirit body of the child gradually develop, on the ethereal planes, into old age ? Does old age continue to present the aspect of senility ? The answer is a negative to both questions. The spirit-body of the child develops forward to a

point which corresponds with maturity in the physical world—to the period, that is to say, when the faculties of the individual are at their best and brightest, anywhere between thirty and fifty-five. The child does not remain a child, nor the youth a youth.

But (it will be urged) if this view be correct, it is the merest intellectual mirage to believe that in the life to come ;

‘ the mother’s arms  
Again are folded round the child she loved  
And lost.’

Yet the belief is quite sound, and is no mirage of the brain. In the first place, spirit recognition does not primarily depend upon identity of lineaments, but upon telepathic affinity. Something of the kind operates even terrestrially, when a long parted mother and son rush into each other’s arms, though the mother clasps a bearded man in place of the clean-faced boy who left her years before. Affinity, keen even on the physical plane, is infinitely more subtle when it acts outside the limitations of a physical environment. As the auxiliary of recognition it must be all but omnipotent. And, in the second place, we have to remember the power possessed by discarnate intelligence, working on the plastic matter of the ethereal

planes, of temporarily moulding the spirit form into another shape than its own. This power, a commonplace of the materialisation séance, must be utilised with much greater effect and accuracy in a celestial environment. Thus used, it enables the spirit of to-day to mould its body into the likeness of the physical frame which was once familiar to earthly eyes, so that the mother does indeed see her boy as he passed away. The illusion is explained to her, and the spirit body gradually re-modified into the shape native to its sphere. This is not done in all cases ; but where the need arises, the fathomless resources of the celestial treasure-house are invoked for the potency and the method apt to the occasion. ' Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive ' the infinite resourcefulness of eternal Love.

These, briefly outlined, are some of the facts of the New Knowledge, from the other side, with reference to child life and destiny in the spirit planes. And surely the change of view, so wholesome in itself, so welcome as the abolition of a distorted view of God, must have been a source of gladness not to terrestrial denizens alone. There must have been many a stern propagandist of the earlier ideas whose spirit

was revolted by the dogmas he proclaimed, and who now, in the ethereal spheres, rejoices to know that he was utterly mistaken :

An ' unelected ' infant sighed out its little breath  
 And wandered through the darkness along the shores  
     of death,  
 Until the gates of Heaven, agleam with pearl it spied  
 And ran to them and clung there, and would not be  
     denied,  
 Though still from earth came mutterings, ' You cannot  
     enter in,  
 Depart unto Gehenna, you child of wrath and sin.'

At last the gates were opened. A man with features  
     mild  
 Stooped down and raised the weeping and unelected  
     child.  
 Immortal light thrilled softly down avenues of bliss  
 As on the infant's forehead the spirit placed a kiss.  
 ' Who are you thus to hallow my unelected brow ? '  
 ' Dear child, my name *was* Calvin, but I see things  
     better now.'

## V

### CHILDREN IN SPIRIT-LIFE—SOME OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIENCES.

DAVID GOW

ALTHOUGH I have been asked to contribute a chapter to the present work, it is fair to say that I cannot lay claim to any special experiences. I have never made any peculiar study of the question, having endeavoured during some thirty years' acquaintance with the subject of Spiritualism or Psychical Research to cover as well as I could the whole field of inquiry.

Necessarily during the period the subject with which this book is concerned, has come several times under my attention. When, as a very young man, I first came into touch with psychical investigation, the matter of child-life in the spiritual world, entered into some of the many elementary questions I submitted to those who claimed to have special knowledge of the conditions of the after-life.

' Children are not born here, but *thoughts are born* ' was the significant reply I received to

my first question on the subject. It came through a writing medium, a lady who has long 'passed on,' and who, it may be added, took no money for her work. Later I learned that in the order of Nature the physical universe was the stage on which the spirit first came into individual, self-conscious existence. That was the function of the physical order—the 'individuation of Spirit,' working through the primal chaos and emerging in countless forms of organic life in ever ascending grades until man, the apex of creation, was reached.

Amongst the many imperfections of the human stage, part of the process of man-making, was the very obvious fact that myriads of children passed out of mortal life, many of them long before they could arrive at the stage of self-conscious life, to say nothing at all of the education and discipline needed to fit them for the succeeding stage. Was not the purpose of Nature frustrated in such cases? was my next inquiry. The reply was that, regrettable as the fact might be, reflecting acutely on human ignorance and mis-direction, the resources of the Universe were amply sufficient to rectify such failures until the race had grown in wisdom and fulfilled the Divine law of orderly evolution. One of my instructors who gave evidence of

being an advanced intelligence, was indignant at the state of things which prevailed on earth, where tens of thousands of children died in their cradles the victims of parental stupidity and selfishness. It was the fashion of the spiritual pastors and masters of the people, he said, to gloze over these things, and to say that it was 'the Will of God.' This he said, and I agree with him, was a libel on the Creator who was thus credited with the results of man's criminal stupidity. In the human and natural order the child should pass through all the stages of earthly experience until, fully matured, it fell like a ripe fruit from the tree of Physical Life. That was the true purpose of God and Nature, and in time it would be achieved. There would be no premature deaths, the outcome of broken laws. In the meantime, although children suffered a certain deprivation in being sent untimely into the next world, the beautiful adjustments of the Universe were able to remedy such disasters. The next world held multitudes of wise nurses, guardians and teachers who found their work and happiness in repairing these blunders of earth. The children were cared for and trained, and by mingling with the life on earth in various ways, received in a secondary fashion the course of



physical experience which properly they should have gained at first hand. I received and studied with interest many accounts of the peculiar but strangely wise methods of child training and development in the next world. The methods were vastly in advance of this one, and it sometimes seemed almost an advantage for the child to leave earth so soon to undergo such training in conditions so much brighter and happier. But none of my unseen instructors would agree to this proposition. It was better, they said, that the child should pass through all the experiences of earth at first hand. That was the natural order of evolution and the other, however beautiful as an adjustment, was at the best *only* an adjustment. The line was deflected but afterwards rectified. It was better that it should not need rectification. Yet I could not help wondering at the divine economy of things whereby these evils of mortal life were transmuted to good. It was pointed out to me for example that many thousands of women, meant by nature to be mothers, never on earth had the opportunities of exercising their maternal instincts. These cravings in the next life were ministered to, for they were then placed in charge of some of the multitudes of waifs from earth, many of whom were the off-spring of

parents who gave them neither love nor care—‘unwanted children.’ To care for them, as spiritual mothers, was not the smallest joy—indeed it was often the chief happiness—of those women who had gone through earth-life craving, but never gaining the joy of motherhood. It mattered but little, it seemed, that their families of spirit children were not their own. Too often the mother on earth was simply a *physical* mother, bound to the offspring by blood-ties and by nothing more enduring. The spiritual link was stronger—indeed it was the only permanent one.

Again I learned that children in spirit life were often selected as agents for missionary work which they alone could best accomplish. Their purity and simplicity protected them against the contamination of evil conditions, and their influence would often prevail in turning the hearts of those perverse men and women whom ministering spirits desired to rescue from conditions of shame and despair. Accordingly some of the children, under the direction of their elder guardians, were employed in ‘rescue work’ amongst the ‘spirits in prison’ here on earth and in the ‘hells’ of the lower orders of spirit-life.

I never asked for proofs of these statements.

They seemed always natural and reasonable. They commended themselves to my judgment : they supplemented the lessons of earth experience, seeming quite natural. They were true because they were reasonable.

Yet there were proofs too. I have several times had experience of spirits who, being children on my first acquaintance with them, showed regular and constant growth in mind and soul just as though they were still in earth life. At first they came as children—playful, immature in thought and speech—but as the years passed I observed the mellowing process : they became graver, wiser, more mature in language and manner. My observations were usually confined to the expression of personality through mediums, but there were sometimes the reports of clairvoyants to testify to external changes : ‘ She is a young woman now ’, or ‘ He has grown into such a fine young man ’.

I am well aware that in the annals of mediumship there are many cases in which the child control seems to remain a child for many years, still the same prattle, the baby talk, or the broken English where the controlling spirit is of foreign nationality. These are psychological questions bound up too often with cases of partial or undeveloped mediumship which never

seem to come to completely efficient stages. I set aside self-psychologisation of which there are also instances, for in these the question of independent spirit agency may be dismissed ; there is no real evidence of it. But in other cases there appear to be dramatic presentations which very imperfectly reproduce the actual agency behind the medium. For it must be remembered that there is no *direct* contact between the physical and the super-physical worlds. The curtain that separates the two is never raised or parted ; it is simply thinner in some places than in others, where indeed it may be quite impenetrable. So very much depends upon the kind and quality of medium. Some mediums, like some non-mediums, remain mentally quite stagnant. They make little growth but physical growth. A child-spirit may communicate, and in doing so make a certain groove or impression on the mind of the medium thus setting up a reflex psychological action, which, when the stimulus is repeated, say twenty years afterwards, produces almost precisely the same effects. A ten-year-old child-spirit controls a medium for example, and every time thereafter, long after the child has grown up, the little drama is repeated—the grown spirit expresses itself in child language

and immature forms of thought. This fact has been a stumbling block to many, partly, I think, because the study of the *psychological* side of Spiritualism has been seriously neglected.

It would not be altogether just to blame the mediums for these exhibitions which bring so much discredit upon them amongst the unthinking. A great deal is due to the want of education amongst the public generally. The mediocre type of medium is of course less sensitive and discriminating than the rarer kinds in whom spiritual and mental culture is shown, and consequently they feel no shame in exhibiting their incompetence, not understanding it. The result is that many people, kindly and sympathetic enough, but of quick critical judgment, express themselves as weary of these 'Starbeams' and 'Dewdrops' who talk 'baby-talk' year after year. I am sure that in the majority of cases the controls are real enough, but they have somehow chosen very poor instruments and are sadly misrepresented—often it may be they are quite unaware of it, for as 'like goes to like,' the immature mind and the spirit may well find its complement in the undeveloped quality of its medium.

None the less, it is a fact, as I have said, that I have perceived evidences of the natural growth

of a child's spirit as it advanced to manhood or womanhood. In one particular case I found that the spirit, a young woman, would occasionally lapse into the manner of her early girlhood when I had first known her. But this she explained, she did, deliberately as a method of identification and recognition. Some of her friends, she said, would hardly know her unless she kept up this innocent counterfeit. But she preferred to be herself amongst those who could understand. This is a consideration to be taken into account in judging the question.

Let me conclude with a reminiscence of the late Mrs Thomas Everitt, one of the finest mediums whom I ever met, a lady in private life, whose sittings, given to many distinguished people, it was a great privilege to attend. Of course there was never any question of fees, which may perhaps account for the fact that Mrs Everitt went through a very long life of mediumship without any charge of fraud being preferred against her. The 'money sense' is a perfect hot-bed of suspicion, and brings out the worst traits of human nature, especially in this question of mediumship. Mrs Everitt took no money, her sitters were deprived of none, and by consequence the relationship between them was untrammelled by those

cloudy and painful elements which the financial aspect of mediumship so often introduces. This, doubtless, combined with the jealous care with which her husband and family protected her from the abuses to which the poor professional medium is subjected, accounted for the high quality of the manifestations.

The 'direct voice,' was a common feature of the phenomena in her case, and at my first sitting with her I conversed for some time with one of the group of spirit friends who habitually communicated through her. This was 'Znippy' a South-Sea Islander. Such a voice I never expect to hear again. It was full, rich, velvety, melodious. It charmed the ears of John Ruskin, at one time one of Mrs Everitt's sitters. Behind it I plainly discerned a mind of notable intelligence and grace. But Znippy, Mrs Everitt told me, had first come to them as a wild, obstreperous boy, with much whooping and many antics—a veritable child of the jungle. He spoke no English and talked in what to them was an outlandish language. Gradually he sobered down, learned English, speaking it at first imperfectly, but improving as he went on, and the family soon came to regard him as one of their home circle, and watched with pleasure and interest the course

of his career from a wild colt of a boy into a man of cultured mind with a perfect command of English spoken with a suavity that I believe belongs especially to the natives of the South Seas. It was an object lesson in one phase at least of this subject of children in spirit life.

[In connection with Zippy I should like to add that Mrs Everitt told me on one occasion, that Zippy expressed a preference for one of two books that she had been reading ; and, when she asked him : ' When did you read it ? ' she received the reply : ' When you did.' This suggests most interesting possibilities. If we are so closely associated with spirits who are developing their mental powers as well as their characters in the Unseen World, our responsibility is increased ; we may be hindering them as well as ourselves by allowing our minds to stagnate or closing them against new light. Some years ago, when I was in communication with a friend through a medium, I expressed regret that her literary work had not been published and seemed wasted. The clairvoyant told me that she was ' laughing,' and added that it had not been wasted, for while her mind was occupied with this work her thoughts had passed into the Unseen and had reached others there.

Does not this suggest that mothers, if they will, may still co-operate in the education of the babes who have passed out of their sight, but not out of their reach ?

H. A. DALLAS.]



## VI

### DO STILL-BORN CHILDREN SURVIVE ?

JOHN LEWIS

ONE almost hesitates to propound such a question as this : Do still-born children survive ? The idea appears to be contrary to ordinary commonsense. In the name of all that is reasonable *how* can children possibly survive who were never really alive, who never drew the breath of life on earth ? That is how the ' man in the street ' would dismiss the question—as one scarcely worthy of a moment's serious consideration. We do not disparage the authority of ordinary commonsense, for when it delivers judgment on matters of fact coming well within its purview, the collective wisdom of people in general may very well be trusted as worthy of respect. Hence the classical saying that ' the voice of the people is the voice of God.' But when the same popular instrument is dealing with ' dreams and ghosts ,' and other occult matters outside the sphere of ordinary knowledge, its criticism and judgment tend to become

chaotic and worthless. How can it come to any rational conclusion about what it knows little or nothing?

The idea of still-born children surviving is one of the unexpected results of that psychical research which is bringing within our ken many new and strange facts. At spiritualistic séances, spiritual intelligences have conversed with persons present whom they claimed as their parents. They have been seen and described by clairvoyants, and have even been photographed, and been found to have the family likeness. The account they gave of themselves, of their death in the bud before they became full blossoms, has corresponded with facts in the recollection of the parents. Their appearance as to age has corresponded with what it might have been had they grown up on the physical side of life. These revelations have usually come as a complete surprise. When made to brothers or sisters who knew nothing of a prematurely born member of their family they have been received with incredulity; but they have been found on inquiry to be true. It is important to note this point in considering the value of the evidence. The idea of the still-born child surviving has seldom arisen out of any hope or expectation on

the part of the parents, or because of any sub-conscious knowledge or memory on the part of the other relatives. The continued existence of the little one has been wholly unsuspected. Even in the poignant circumstances of its being an only child, we can imagine the disappointed mother saying : ' I am so sorry ; it would have been such a joy to my husband and myself to have had a child of our own. We had the prospect for a little while, but that faded away. We never knew the blessedness of having a child on our hearth who called us father and mother, whose care and upbringing would have united our hearts in loving solicitude.' The pathos of such a situation needs no emphasis, but even in that case we think there has seldom occurred any lively hope that the child who ' never really lived ' was after all growing up, in an even fairer and more perfect form than it would have had on earth, and that it would some day be waiting to welcome its parents when they in turn crossed over to ' the undiscovered country.'

The evidence collected by Miss Dallas appears to give substance to that hope, and is quite in keeping with what is becoming known through psychical research as to the origin, growth, and destiny of the spiritual body of every person.

## VII

### HOPE AND COMFORT FOR MOTHERS

DORIS SEVERN

How many mothers lose their children before they have completed one year of life, in spite of skilled attention and most careful watching and love? What becomes of these delicate blossoms in the garden of life so early gathered? When the little form so passionately loved is borne away in its pretty little white coffin, what is the destiny of the tiny spirit that inhabited, for so brief a space, that earthly casing?

The babies go into nurseries in that other life, and are tenderly nursed and cared for in much the same way as they would have been here, only under infinitely better conditions.

I woke up once in one of these other-world nurseries and found myself surrounded by lovely little children sparkling with health and beauty, and clasping one of them to me, I buried my face in the soft golden curls and thought :

‘ Oh, if I might stay with him, and never have to let him go ! ’ Just then I looked up and met the smiling glance of a lovely young angel in white, who was evidently in charge of the nursery. And suddenly the joy I experienced snapped the thread that held me in that sphere, and I was here once more.

Some bereaved mothers have thought that their babies remain in that state for ever. In that case, what a disadvantage never to progress but always to remain in the state of infancy !

I once heard a dear old lady say, speaking of the change that she knew was fast approaching her : ‘ Shall I see my baby again ? ’ She had thought of him as an infant during all the forty years which had passed since his death. But this, of course, is quite a wrong impression.

The babies grow into little toddling children, cared for by kind nurses, who perhaps have longed for children on earth, and been disappointed.

From little children they grow into boys and girls, just as full of fun as those left here, and they pass into schools, and later on into colleges.

I had a vision once of a class-room in which there were a number of little girls, perhaps seven or eight years of age. In front of them stood their teacher, whom I recognised as an

aunt who had passed over at a great age, a few years previously. How I knew her in her comely young spiritual body I do not know, but I certainly did so.

Another time I found myself on the dais of a great schoolroom, helping to give the prizes to the girls.

How stimulating and happy a thought it is that these transplanted little ones are following the normal course of development, and are neither condemned to perpetual babyhood, nor rushed at one tremendous leap into untimely maturity.

This last belief is an amazing one, but I have known it entertained quite seriously.

A cottage mother speaking of her departed little girl said: 'Of course I know she's an angel now.' Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in one of her tender little poems referring to the death of a tiny girl, says that one moment she knew so little here, and the next that nothing was hidden from her—all wisdom was open to her gaze. A pretty fancy, but quite contrary to what we have learned of the orderly progression of the undeveloped human spirit. Nature does not work by sudden jerks; and the translation of a little child into heights of unimagined wisdom would be anything but helpful to it

Then as to their locality.

Tennyson makes the May Queen say : ' The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the stars.' Again a wrong idea, for the Summerland is very near our earth, and that is where the innocent girlish spirit would go on first leaving earth-life.

The more we try to look on this subject with the sweet reasonableness and sanity of the instructed Christian, the deeper will be the comfort to our own sad hearts.

Another point not always understood is that, if the child passes into that other life unbaptized, the rite is performed there.

We had this information from one of our kind teachers who did so much in the beginning to remove our ignorance of these matters.

We had asked : ' What happens if a child goes over unbaptized ? '

' It is baptized into the church here,' was the reply.

' But how do you know whether it has been baptized or not ? ' we queried.

' We ask an angel,' came the answer at once.

The hymns that represent the children as sound asleep, to be awakened at some future time when the trumpet shall sound, are responsible for much confusion of thought. The

children are not in the grave where the frail little bodies have been laid—they have never been there for a single moment.

Is it not natural to suppose that our Lord, who loved and cherished little children, should provide them with a happy continuation of life there, with suitable homes and nurseries, flowers, trees, green-sward, birds—everything to bring joy to their little hearts.

How natural and how sweet it seems looked on like this! And remember that, while they may often be permitted to return unseen to their families, violent and unrestrained grief may drive them away.

In a recent story by Frances Hodgson Burnett called *The White People*, there is an account of a clairvoyant who sees a woman dressed in deep mourning entering the railway carriage in which she was sitting. She looked broken down by grief, and the fellow-traveller was at first astonished that she took no notice of a little child in white who was clinging to her, pressing against her dress, patting her hand, gazing into her face, and doing all she could to attract her attention.

It suddenly dawned on her that it was a spirit-child, probably the one for whom she was mourning. And the baby-caresses remained unfelt, and the little form unseen.



So if you think of the lost child as only a little removed from you, nursed, taught, and cared for in every way, it may make the bereavement easier to bear and also render it more possible for her to come to you.

I would like to close this brief paper with some lines which I read in a magazine : the author's name has escaped me, and as I am away from my books, I quote from memory, I hope correctly.

Listen, God fashioned a house,  
And built it with care,  
And gently took the soul of a maid,  
And laid it there.

It grew, I say, as your lilies grow,  
Slender and straight and tall,  
Till He said ' the house is too strait  
For the child, and small.'

So gently He shut the shutters one night,  
And closed the door,  
' More room, and more light to walk upright  
On a Father's floor.'

## VIII

### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

THE editors of this book invited readers of *Light* and others to communicate any experiences they might have had bearing on this subject, and from the letters received the following cases have been selected for quotation.

#### LETTER I

IN response to your request in last week's *Light*, I am glad to give you my experience. Twenty-two years ago I was expecting a baby after an interval of eight years. I had a daughter of eleven, and a son of eight, and a baby boy between them had died in very early infancy. I was very pleased at the prospect of having another child, for I had learnt much in the intervening years since my last one, and earnestly endeavoured by thought and prayer to mould the expected little life. The baby,

however, was born dead, and had been dead, the doctor said, for three or four weeks. It was a great grief to me, and all the more so because the child had never breathed on earth, and therefore I believed she had had no existence that could go on. I have never thought of her as a living entity until recently. She was my 'dream-child,' that never lived.

A great sorrow last year when my daughter's husband died in training, after only three months of married life, changed our whole outlook. We have ever believed in a vague way in the immortality of the soul, but our ideas about the future life were those of ordinary orthodox Christianity. I had been brought up to believe Spiritualism either a 'delusion', or 'of the devil'! By a singular chain of circumstances we were led to enquire into its truths. Last September I went to a medium for the first time. She knew nothing about me. We were entire strangers. During the course of the 'sitting' she (or her control) asked me if I had a child in spirit-life, a child who had been brought up in the spirit-world, and had never lived an earth-life at all. I was told she was showing herself. I was deeply interested, and thrilled at the unexpected suggestion. I do not remember if it was then, or at a subsequent sitting, that the

baby boy was mentioned as grown-up, and his correct name given. Another medium, later on, told my daughter of her spirit-sister, saying she must have been still-born 'as she showed no earth garments.' Whenever we 'sit' with a medium we are always told of this child and the boy. We have sometimes 'sat' together, with the 'table' and by this means, and that of automatic writing and the planchette we have learnt many details about them until they seem almost as real to me now as my two children still on earth.

I have been told the name given to the still-born baby on the other side, the colour of her hair and eyes and her general appearance. I have heard she is studying painting under a spirit teacher, and that the boy is studying to be a doctor. He is very keen on sports and both are very fond of dogs. They are described as grown up, but of slower development than if they had lived an earth life. Both have communicated direct with us through the 'table,' planchette, and automatic writing. I had a charming letter very recently from my spirit-daughter, and the boy has written to his earth sister. They are fresh, natural, unaffected letters. Our other dear ones who have passed over, frequently mention them and their doings.

I am told that they have been greatly helped in their development by coming into touch with earth conditions through the power of our love.

I do not wish my name to be made public but am quite willing for the facts to be used in any way desired.

I may mention that I belong to the 'Society of Friends,' and could have no possible reason for telling you anything that is not strictly true.

## LETTER II

I HAVE pleasure in giving you my own experience for publication without my full name, initials if you like.

In the year 1876, I had a little son born, who only lived a few minutes. We lived then in the country, and the Rector of the village church had an unconsecrated part of the church yard where unbaptized infants were buried, and my boy was buried there. I never thought of him as growing up on the other side. I thought the little life had just gone into something else perhaps. Well twenty-five years after, we lived in Ealing, and my husband was much interested in spiritualism and attended *séances*. I did not go with him often as I did not like dark *séances*. One summer evening I went with him

to a *séance* in a private house. Before the *séance* began, and in broad daylight, the following incident happened.

A lady came in and sat down next to me ; I made some remark about the weather, to which she replied ; but a minute after she leant forward and whispered : ‘ Did you lose a little baby boy about twenty-five years ago ? ’ As you can imagine, I was startled and said ‘ Yes.’ She then said : ‘ He is standing behind you, his arm round your shoulder, and he says, “ Tell mother I know her very well though she does not know me.” ’

Later on, by another medium, I was told my brother had brought him up and they were making my home ready for me.

I do not know who the lady was, but of course she was psychic ; I have never met her again.

—I.G.H.

### LETTER III

Just three years ago now, I attended my first *séance*. A circle of some twenty of us had a sitting with the famous lady, Mrs Wriedt, and in the course of that sitting her usual control ‘ Dr Sharp ’ came. One of our sitters asked the doctor if he was an Angel. He replied : ‘ No,

we are not all Angels over here, but I will tell you something I don't think anyone in this meeting knows. All still-born children are made Angels, or most of them.' This statement made me wonder if I should ever be able to speak to, or hear anything of my Child, whom, up to this time, I never imagined would be alive.

Shortly after this, at the same meeting, the boy's mother came and spoke at considerable length. She passed over two days after my boy, now forty-two years ago. I was there and then convinced, beyond any doubt, at my first *séance*, that communication with the departed was possible. I have had many communications with my wife since, at meetings with other mediums.

I may say here, I have two boys on the other side ; The one above referred to, who never saw the light of day, and another by my second marriage, who passed over at the age of six months.

At a *séance* six months ago, after my wife came and spoke to me, immediately the trumpet tapped my hand and someone said ' Father.' I said, ' Is that you, my boy ? '—not knowing which one it might be. He replied it was, and to make sure which boy it was, I said ' Who brought you here ? ' He said, ' My mother ;

she often takes me to see you, when she goes herself. I have seen you often, but I have never spoken to you before. You know,' he said, 'I am not material ; I never lived over there, but now I am grown up. I am very tall.' I asked him what his name was for he never had a name here 'Oh,' he said. 'I am called A—. I liked the name of A—, and adopted that name. I am looking after mother.'

I asked him how he was at other times employed. He replied, 'I am entirely engaged in the musical spheres. I am fond of music.' I asked him what his mother was doing when he was away in the musical spheres. 'Oh,' he said, 'she is looking after the soldiers who are arriving.' I told him I had another boy over there. 'Oh yes,' he said, 'my brother ; I often see him, but he is not here just now. I will bring him to see you.' He then said, 'My brother lived longer than I.' 'No,' I said, 'you passed over long before he was born.' 'Yes, I know,' he said, 'but he was material and lived ; I did not.'

I then said : 'A—, I want to ask you something. Do you remember about six months ago, I was at a lady friend's house, on a Saturday afternoon, and your mother came and spoke clairaudiently to my friend, and also brought



something. A young man was with her, whom my friend described. I said, "I wonder if that is my boy," and after a minute your mother told my friend clairaudiently that he is mine. Do you remember that?' I asked. 'Yes,' he replied, 'it was I.' I then said: 'Your mother brought something with her; can you tell me what she brought.' 'Oh, I cannot say,' he remarked, 'unless it was flowers. She is always taking flowers to someone.' On that occasion, my wife, so my powerfully clairvoyant friends said—brought a beautiful basket of flowers. It is interesting to know my son was there and could speak of the flowers.

On several occasions since this one, my son has come and spoken, but beyond saying, 'Father,' in the same clear and loud voice he had nothing more to add. At one time he came and spoke through a friend, who was in trance, and the tone of voice was exactly the same as when he spoke to me at length, and so clear. My friend's usual tone of voice is not anything like the tone of my boy's voice—nor so refined. I am hoping soon to have further communications. I have heard of several friends who speak regularly to their still-born children.

## LETTER IV

About six months after my marriage the hope of motherhood came to me and I was filled with joy, but alas, the gleam of hope flickered out almost at once, and I became a childless wife.

Sixteen years later my husband passed into the Spirit-World and my home was left unto me desolate. I had no child for whom to live, and my one desire was to follow my dear one as soon as God would permit.

About this time I went to visit a near relative, who was clairvoyant and clairaudient, and during a lengthened stay in her house my psychic faculties were in some measure developed, and I too became clairaudient.

Can I ever describe my happiness when I found that I could hear my husband speak to me and receive his helpful, comforting messages. To know that he was at my side, and not in some far-off heaven, full of sympathy with me in all the affairs of my life, was bliss indeed.

I became deeply interested in all literature on Spirit Communion, and one day, in a copy of the weekly journal *Light*, I read an article purporting to come from the other world. The

communicating Spirit stated that still-born babes are reared into perfect life over there and that the life germ is implanted at conception. If through accident or great delicacy, it should, at an early stage, be parted from the mother, it would be taken at once into the care of those Spirits whose special work it is to bring these germs of life to maturity.

Like an electric shock the thought flashed through my mind, 'was it possible that *my* little one still lived, though it had left me at such a very immature stage of its existence?' I could not rest night nor day, so overwhelming was the possibility. Then there came a letter from my husband full of comfort and sympathy. He said that he had impressed me to read the article in *Light*, so that in some measure, my mind might be prepared to hear of his wonderful experience, for in the Spirit World he had come face to face with our son! He was a beautiful young immortal, filled with love and divine wisdom. My husband gave me the spirit name of our boy and a tender message. Later he showed himself to a clairvoyant friend from whom I received a full description of his appearance. He described him as a youth about fifteen years of age, with a tall, graceful figure. The face was oval, and the eyes of great

beauty. So no longer am I childless. My loved ones tell me that they are together preparing a home for me in a lovely sphere of the Spirit World.

### LETTER V

My mother had a still-born girl in 1863. I was born the following year. In 1870 she had a boy who only lived five weeks. Needless to say the memory of my baby brother is seldom with me, and I never think of the girl.

In about 1912, Mr Vout Peters gave me a sitting. He described my girlhood's home in another county, inside and outside, with many tests, all correct. Then he said that both my parents were in the room, and with them a young man whom I once had seen, but who died very young—he did not seem sure whether he had lived more than a week—and also a young girl who had never lived on earth, but the four seemed connected with each other and with me.

I had only met Mr Vout Peters about half an hour before ; he had only just come from England and knew nothing about me. I.S.

## EXTRACTS FROM PUBLISHED BOOKS

F. W. H. MYERS

*Human Personality*, Vol. II., pp. 334-335.

(This case was first printed in the *Religio Philosophical Journal*, May 5th, 1894.)

Is there a life beyond the grave? Had I ever doubted that there is a life beyond (which I never for a moment did) my doubt would have been removed by what I call a vision. In 1883, I was the mother of two strong healthy boys. The eldest was a bright boy of two years and seven months. The other, a darling baby boy of eight months. August 6th, 1883, my baby died. Ray, my little son, was then in perfect health. Every day after baby's death (and I may safely say every hour of the day) he would say to me: 'Mamma, Baby calls Ray.' He would often leave his play and come running to me saying: 'Mamma, Baby calls Ray all the time.' Every night he would waken me out of my sleep, and say: 'Mamma, Baby calls

Ray all the time. He wants Ray to come where he is, you must not cry when Ray goes, Mamma, you must not cry, for Baby wants Ray.' One day I was sweeping the sitting-room floor, and he came running as fast as he could, through the dining-room where stood the table with Baby's high chair (which Ray now used) at the side. I never saw him so excited, and he grabbed my dress and pulled me to the dining room door, jerked it open, saying: 'Oh, mamma, oh, mamma, come quick; Baby is sitting in his high chair.' As soon as he opened the door and looked at the chair, he said, 'Oh, mamma, why didn't you hurry; now he is gone; he laughed at Ray when he passed the chair; oh, he laughed at Ray so nice. Ray is going with Baby, but you must not cry Mamma.'

Ray soon became very sick. Nursing and medicine were of no avail. He died October 13th, 1883, two months and seven days after Baby's death. He was a child of high intelligence and matured far beyond his years.

Whether it is possible for the dead to return, and whether my Baby came back and was seen by his little brother or not, we leave for others to judge.

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SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

*Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., 1892, p. 130.

MR J. ROGERS RICH, sitting with MRS PIPER,  
July 17th, 1889.

Among other curious things told me by the 'Doctor' (Dr Phinnit, the control) was the following: A child was constantly beside me and in my surroundings. It was attached to me and had much influence over me: 'It is a blood relation, a sister.' I denied this to have ever been a fact for I never had a sister and never heard of one—The answer came: 'I know that you were never told of it. The birth was premature, the child dead, born some years before you were. Go and ask your aunts to prove it.' On questioning an aunt who had always been a member of our family, I learned that such had been the case, and that by the time I came into the world the affair had been forgotten and there had never been a reason for informing me of the circumstances, proving that I had in no way had any intimation of it, and that this communication could not be explained by thought transference or the like.

*Life and Experiences of Edmund Dawson Rogers*, p. 25, *sqq.*

I first mesmerised Miss A. [an invalid lady

whom the writer was treating for her health] in the early spring of 1867, but it was not until July of that year that I discovered that her vision was sometimes opened to the spiritual plane . . . . On the evening of July 26th . . . . I observed a smile on her lips and asked her what it was that pleased her. Her reply was that she was amused and interested in a number of beautiful children whom she saw about her. I suggested that this was imagination. . . .

But no ; she protested that there was no imagination in the case, that she had seen the same children in their spirit-life many a time before, and that as to some of them she had known them during their natural lives, and had continued to know them and watch their development since. I was not then a spiritualist, and took no interest in the subject.

But I desired a confirmation of the statement, and therefore asked whether she could give me proof. ' For instance, can you find my father ? ' After some minutes of an apparently deeper sleep, she spoke again, and said : ' No ; but I can see your daughter. She is present.' My answer was : ' That is certainly a mistake, for I have not a daughter in the other life.' ' It is



no mistake,' she replied ; ' she is not only present, but she sends a message to you : " Tell father and mother I am nearer to them both than if they had kept me until now." ' It then recurred to me that I had really lost a daughter—my first child—who died when she was born—twenty years before, and the thought of whom as a living child had no place in my mind. A short time afterwards, when Spiritualism had just begun to occupy my attention, Miss A. said that my daughter had told her that if my wife and myself would sit, she would come to the table and try to communicate. We did sit, and an intelligence came, purporting to be my daughter, and in reply to my request that she should give me her name, she spelt out clearly and distinctly, ' Anna.'

On my next visit to Miss A.—with the test idea still strong upon me—I begged her, if possible, to learn my daughter's name, and after a time the answer came : ' She says, " Call me Grace!" ' ' Are you sure ? ' I asked. ' Yes quite sure.' ' How did you get the message ? Did she speak to you audibly ? ' ' No—I saw it in her face—and she saw that I understood her.' An illustration, I take it, of what Swedenborg speaks of as tacit speech. But I was perplexed ; at the table I got the name

Anna,' through Miss A. I had got the name Grace.'

I went home troubled, if not with disbelief, yet certainly with doubt.

That night while on my way up to bed, a sudden inspiration caught me (whence and how do such inspirations come?). I descended the stairs at once, went to my book-case, and took down Cruden's *Concordance*. Why I selected Cruden's *Concordance* I could not have said. I acted apparently from pure impulse. I looked out the word Anna, in the part of the work giving the signification of Biblical names, and there I found 'Anna—Grace.'

Next evening I went off to Miss A's to tell her my story, but before I could do so she anticipated me with the remark: 'Grace has been here. She is much amused that you should not have known that Anna and Grace are the same. She gave you the idea as best she could, but could not control the form in which it should reach you.' I may add, *en passant*, that Grace has never again been forgotten as a member of our family circle, and that she responds to the name to this day.

*Raymond : or Life and Death.* BY SIR OLIVER  
LODGE. (p. 159.)

*From a sitting with Mrs Osborne Leonard,  
October 22nd, 1915.*

He is bringing a girl with him now—a young girl, growing up in the spirit world. She belongs to Raymond. Long golden hair, pretty tall, slight, brings a lily in her hand. There is another spirit too, who passed out very young—a boy ; you wouldn't know him as he is now ; he looks about the same age as Raymond, but very spiritual in appearance ; he brings a W. with him ; he doesn't know much of the earth plane, nor the lily either ; he passed over too young. They are both with Raymond now. They look spiritual and young. Spirit people look young if they passed on young. Raymond is in the middle between them. He says this is not very scientific. [All this is appropriate to a deceased brother and sister ; the brother older the sister younger.]

The following account of a vision of a child's reception into her new life by her mother is given in *Incidents of my Life*, by D. D. HOME, one of the mediums who helped the late Sir William Crookes in his now famous experiments, a generation ago.

I had been with some friends to dine at the house of a mutual acquaintance, and on returning it was necessary to cross from Brooklyn to New York in the ferry boat. The gate keeper allowed our carriage to enter, and we were going down the inclined plane which led to the boat, when one of the men caught the horses by the bit and stopped them, telling the coachman as he did so, that there was no room for us on the ferry-boat. Not only was this so but the chains were already down and the boat was in the act of leaving. There we were on a steep inclined plane with restive horses, and the deep waters within a foot of them, the only barrier being a chain not over strong. Mrs C— begged to alight and I jumped from the carriage and gave her my hand to assist her. As her hand touched mine, with the instantaneous sensation of contact, as if from some change in the electrical condition, I saw, with most perfect distinctness, that a little sister of mine had passed from earth. I was not aware that the child had been ill, and her illness being, apparently, but slight, my relatives had not thought it necessary to write to me about her. It was a strange transition ; there I stood in the cold night air, and I heard the impatient pawing of the horses on the worn deal boards ; I heard the

waters as they broke against the side piles of the ferry ; I felt a life-warm hand in mine ; yet there, shielding her from the cold, beyond all fear, and where harm could not come, I saw my mother with one of the three children she had left with me to care for on earth. The child was close pressed to her heart, and her long silky hair lay scattered in profusion over my mother's shoulder. I saw also my spirit sister Mary who seemed anxious to soothe the child-like wonderment of her newly arrived sister. It was for a moment, yet I saw it all. I knew that God had given me another guardian angel. The next day letters came to announce what I thus already knew.

The two following incidents are from *Life's Borderland and Beyond*, edited by RICHARD PIKE, p. 46.

(1) In the summer of 1883, a young man named Giles, of D— H—, Nottingham, had the misfortune to lose several children, after long and painful periods of illness.

The two eldest, Fred and Annie, aged respectively seven and eight, had died and been buried for some weeks when his little boy, of four years old, showed symptoms of approaching death.

The father and mother were constantly by his side, as will be readily believed, to mitigate

the little fellow's sufferings as much as possible. On the night when he died, the father came to his bedside with the customary medicine, when the little boy, sitting upright in bed, cried out : ' There's Fred and Annie.' ' Where, my boy ? ' asked the father. ' Don't you see them there—there ? ' said the lad, pointing to the wall, ' they're waiting for me to go to them,' and the next minute the little sufferer fell back on the pillow dead. It should be mentioned that the father saw nothing of the apparition to which his dying boy so vividly pointed, but he quite believes its reality.

(2) Mrs G—, with her two little girls of the respective ages of eight and nine years, had been staying in the country on a visit to her sister-in-law ; but having taken a house near London, she sent the two children with their nurse off by an early train, following herself by one a few hours later. Towards the evening of the same day, one of the little girls walked into the room of the house which they had quitted in the morning, where a cousin, to whom she was much attached, was sitting at his studies, and said to him : ' I am come to say good-bye, Walter ; I shall never see you again.' Then kissing him she vanished from the room. The young man was greatly startled and astonished,

as he had himself seen both the little girls and their nurse off by the morning train.

At this very time of the evening, both the children in London were taken suddenly ill, while playing in their new home, a few hours after they had arrived. The doctor called in, pronounced their complaint to be small-pox of the most malignant kind. They both died within the week, but the youngest died first. The day after she was buried, the poor bereaved mother was anxiously watching the last hours of the one still left, for whom she well knew no chance of life remained.

Suddenly, the sick-child woke up from a kind of stupor, and exclaimed, 'Oh, look, mamma, look at the beautiful angels!' pointing to the foot of the bed. Mrs G— saw nothing, but heard soft, sweet music, which seemed to float in the air. Again the child exclaimed: 'Oh, dear mamma, there is Minnie! She has come for me,' she smiled and appeared greatly pleased. At this moment, Mrs G— distinctly heard a voice say: 'Come, dear Ada, I am waiting for you!'

The sick child smiled once again and died without a struggle. Long did the poor mother remember overhearing a childish conversation between the two little ones, in which the

youngest said to the other that she felt sure she should die first, and would be certain to come and fetch her.—*The Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1872.

The following from a clergyman who did not wish his name published was received by the Rev. C. J. Taylor, a member of the Society of Psychical Research : (S.P.R. *Proceedings*, vol. v., p. 459).

November 2nd, 1885.

On November 2nd and 3rd, 1870, I lost my two eldest boys, David Edward and Harry, by scarlet fever, they being three and four years old respectively. Harry died at Abbot's Langley, on November 2nd, fourteen miles from my vicarage at Apsley. David the following day at Apsley. About an hour before the death of the latter child, he sat up in bed, and pointing to the bottom of the bed, said distinctly : ' There is little Harry calling to me.' It has been said that the child said : ' He has got a crown on his head,' but I do not remember this myself ; but I was so overcome with grief and weariness from my long watching that I may have let it escape me. But of the truth of this first fact I am sure, and it was also heard by the nurse. In this case great care had been



taken to keep David from knowing that Harry was dead. The boy was not at all delirious when he saw and heard his deceased brother.

An account of the return of a charming little person was given in the letter subjoined, by the author of *Speaking across the Borderline* (published in *The International Psychic Gazette*, in January, 1919).

In 1906, I spent some months with my aunt Julia, in her house in London. She was a fine psychic, having quite late in life developed clairvoyance and clairsaudience. One evening, when we were sitting in her library in a subdued light, she suddenly ceased speaking, and, leaning forward in her chair, regarded intently the (to me) empty space between her and the fire. Then turning to me she said in an excited whisper—‘There is the sweetest little child here, and he is playing with something on the hearth rug. Oh ! now he wants me to take him up.’ Then I saw her movements, as if lifting someone on to her knee, and she swayed gently to and fro, crooning tender words to the little one she held.

Then she turned to me and said : ‘ Poor little fellow, I have just asked him why he does not go to his mother, and he said : “ Mummy c’ies ;

Mummy c'ies ! '' and cuddled up to me. I see such a beautiful angel with the child '—and then she appeared to be replacing him on the floor. ' Now they have gone,' she added regretfully.

This was only the first of many visits from this child and his guardian angel. I suppose the attraction was that Aunt Julia could see and hear him. On one occasion he came to her bedroom, and when she said : ' Now I am going to bed so you must run away,' he replied brightly : ' I can f'y now, I can f'y (fly).' Then when my aunt knelt in prayer, this little pet kneeled beside her and said ' Jesus, Tender Shepherd, hear me ' correctly, all through in his lisping voice.

By and bye the visits ceased, so doubtless the little one became contented and happy in the Child's Sphere.

F. HESLOP.

*Facts*, Vol. I., p. 107.

In Part II. June 1882, J. B. Angell, of Phalane, N.J., relates how Mrs Angell, being ill, they decided to consult a healing medium of whom they had heard, Mrs A. W. Danworth. After diagnosis and instructions for the improvement of Mrs Angell's health, the medium proceeded to describe some spirit friends. First a young lady, recognised as a daughter of

Mr and Mrs Angell. Then she said, 'I see a young man near you,' describing him in like manner, and then another, and then another. 'These spirits seem to take a great interest in you and call you mother.' . . . As near as Mrs Angell could recollect, it was all correct in every particular, with one exception. She never had lost but three children. 'Oh,' said the medium, 'the second son was a premature birth; it never came to light alive upon your side; but he is now a young man and a beautiful spirit.' This was all true—there had been a premature birth. Now here was a test of very strong character. It cannot be put down to mind-reading from the medium, for Mrs Angell could not recollect having thought of this premature birth for years previous to this occurrence.

The following case reported in *Light*, although it does not exactly claim to be a case of manifestation of a still-born child is sufficiently interesting and suggestive of this to be inserted here.

#### A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LATE MR BOURSNEILL

Having read Mr Blackwell's paper on 'Spirit Photography' in *The London Magazine* for January, I am impelled to relate a curious circumstance that took place recently in

connection with a cabinet photograph taken by the late Mr Bournell nine years ago at his studio in Shepherd's Bush.

An old friend, recently passed away, begged me to go with her to Mr Bournell, as she wished to have her photograph taken with the view of seeing who was her 'guide.' I consented, and agreed to meet her at the studio in Uxbridge-road. My friend had her photograph taken, and being asked if I wished to have mine done also, I replied : ' Certainly ! ' The photograph was taken, and a few minutes afterwards, when Mr Bournell brought the negative from the dark room to identify the two plates, he said : ' This I know well ; it is my little control " Tulip," who does a good deal of work for me, but the other I do not know ' ; and as neither of us could identify it, I asked that four prints from this plate might be sent to me.

In a few days I received these, and my astonishment was great when I saw that the spirit form was the exact likeness of one of my daughters. It was a lovely face, and although the daughter I have mentioned is very pretty, she certainly was not as beautiful and ethereal-looking as my spirit visitant. When I got my photograph book and compared the two faces, I felt more perplexed than ever, so I packed up the

photographs, took them to Mr Boursnell, and asked him what could be the cause of such a remarkable likeness. I told him I did not know of any relation or child that had passed over, so I returned as unenlightened as before.

Nine years passed, and a month ago I was in London, and went to Mr Ronald Brailey, taking something for him to psychometrise, which he did very cleverly. Then I showed him the cabinet photograph with my lovely spirit visitant, and said: 'Can you tell me who that is? The picture has been in my possession for nine years, and I am still puzzled as to who it can be, though I feel strongly impressed that *I ought* to know.'

Mr Brailey did not reply for a short while, but gazed past me as if listening. He then turned to me, and said: 'I am told that is your own child, who grew up in the spirit-world, though she was never born on earth.'

For a moment the news came to me like a shock, it was so unexpected and extraordinary, and then I found voice to ask: 'What is her name?' 'Snowdrop,' was the reply, 'and your own father gave her the name.'

I remembered that the lovely little flower had sacred associations with our family, and knew why he had called her thus. Doubtless my

constant anxiety to find out whose was the sweet and haunting face that was ever appealing to me came from my child's wish that I should recognise and acknowledge her as my own.

Being anxious to have an enlargement of the photograph I asked if it could be done, and Mr Brailey replied : ' Yes ; I will get it done for you, and it will make a beautiful picture,' and when I went to fetch the photograph I was more than pleased at the result. The beautiful and gentle face, with the large intelligent eyes, came out very clearly, and the resemblance to her sister was still more striking. Before I left my spirit-child said to me through the medium : ' Oh ! mother dear, I wish you would wear me round your neck as you do the others,' thus revealing a knowledge of my custom which was unknown to the medium.

Ere I close, I must add yet another curious incident. On my way home I went to see some near relations, thinking that I should like them to see the picture and hear their comments on it. I handed it to them, and a chorus of voices cried : ' Oh, how pretty ! It was so like her ; the veil over the head is so graceful.' It was quite evident they recognised the face as that of the child they knew (and never for one

moment thought that it was other than the young relative they were fond of) instead of my spirit child and 'guide.'

*'Tis strange, but true, for truth is always strange.*  
E. I. MASSY.

In the following account of a private sitting with Mrs Wriedt, a communication was made by a voice claiming to be that of an Uncle of the sitter. As she believed her father to be an only son, this surprised her and made her incredulous. The case is here quoted as an example of the interest which may hold families together in the life beyond and of the manifestation of active interest in those on earth by one who passed over as an infant, as far as can be ascertained, only a few weeks old. It was sent to the editors by Mr R. W. Battemer.

15th August, 1913, 2 p.m. Private sitting with Mrs Wriedt, at Cambridge House, Wimbledon. Self and wife only sitters.

A luminous hand overhead was visible to us for a few seconds.

My father spoke. After greetings, he said : ' Did you see your mother's hand beckoning to you ? '

Ida remarked : ' Don't go yet.'

Voice : ' I want someone else to talk to you.'

## THE NURSERIES OF HEAVEN

Then a voice came for Ida : ' Uncle —— '  
(Indistinct.)

She asked on which side.

Voice : ' On Father's side.' After some trouble, the voice said, distinctly : ' Uncle Henry.'

Ida : ' Do give me time. I can't quite remember. I didn't know you.'

Voice : ' No, but I know you at St. Mary's. I come to you at the table.'

Ida : ' Which table ? '

Voice : ' Your little table. Will come to you when you sit.'

Then Ida's sister G——spoke for some time, and was followed by her sister E——,who died in childhood and is stated to be in a high sphere. After some conversation, Ida asked her : ' Who was my uncle that spoke ? '

Voice : ' Uncle Henry. On father's side. Father never knew him—no, he was born before Father.'

Ida : ' My father's brother ? '

Voice : ' His father wasn't married twice. I never went into details.'

Ida : ' I don't think Mother knows about him.'

Voice : ' There's a lot that Mother doesn't know.'



This sitting rather discomposed Ida, who was under the firm impression that her father had been an only son. On returning she related it to her mother, who had some recollection of it being otherwise, but proceeded to write to a paternal aunt of Ida's, whom she had not corresponded with for years, to find out. In the mean time we had a sitting on the 18th August ourselves alone, same medium and place, an extract from which follows.

18th August.—After long conversations with my father, my sisters-in-law, &c., a voice came saying, 'Father.'

Ida asked: 'Who was my Uncle Harry?'

Voice: 'He's my brother, and I asked him to come and see you.'

In the course of the next day or two, Ida's mother had heard from the aunt, who said that Ida's father had had a brother who died before he was born, and whose names, she believed, were George Henry. On the 23rd August, we had another private sitting, same place, medium, and sitters. After long conversation on various subjects with my father and mother, my sister-in-law G——spoke to Ida. After some conversation, the latter asked: 'How about my uncle? is his name Henry?'

Voice: 'George Henry.'

Ida : ' Why did he say Henry ? '

Voice : ' Because it's easier to say. What is the difference so long as he gives his name ? '

*Spirit Messages*, by HIRAM CORSON, A.M., LL.D., Litt. D., Professor Emeritus of English Literature in the Cornell University.

The messages came through the trance mediumship of Mrs Minnie Meserve Soule. (The professor was absolutely satisfied of the identity of the communicators.)

In the ' Foreword ' Professor Corson says : " My two sons passed away in babyhood, one fifty-four, the other forty-nine years ago.'

His daughter Pauline died as a child.

I do not need to tell you of my unchanging love, unchanging, unless it be to grow stronger. Now, father, I am going to stop speaking ; but I shall be in the room just the same. I must tell you one thing though. Dr. Brooks\* took me to a Home where there were many little children who had no mothers with them ; and we had a long visit there. He loves children† and has promised me that I may have two or three of these little ones to

\* Bishop Phillips Brooks was known to Professor Corson in his lifetime.

† Professor Corson in a footnote says ; Bishop Brooks had a special interest in the children of the poor in Boston, when he was in the body.

look after, a little while each day. Won't that be beautiful? For I love children too; and I am going to try to tell them a great deal about flowers. I think that will be good for them.

Goodbye, Pauline.

(The Control): The oldest boy steps forward to speak to you and he says:

. . . Ever since I have been old enough to understand about fathers and mothers, I have been taught that you were my father and that mother was my mother. (Foot-note by Professor Corson: 'He died in unconscious babyhood.') And long before you fully realised that we were grown, and individualised, Emil and I were conscious of our union with you; but for the first time in all our lives, we have been able, during this series of sittings, to talk plainly and definitely as sons to a living father. And now we are both going forward with stronger impulses and a new-found happiness . . .

I will say no more now, but will let Emil come.

Goodbye, Joseph.

(p. 252.)

*The Celestial Telegraph; or, Secrets of the Life to Come.* By L. A. Cahagnet. First American edition, 1851.

Monsieur Blesson, writing to the author says: 'Having read with pleasure your first volume of the *Secrets of the Life to Come Revealed*. . . I send you the following, taken from among many others and authorise you to make such use of them as you deem fit.'

For a long time I have been in the habit of magnetising a person whom I have known from my childhood, and who for some months was very ill. . . I had the happiness to restore her to health. From the first days of her treatment, she gave me proof of singular clairvoyance, of which I took advantage to put her in correspondence with several deceased relatives and friends. . . . Yesterday, I asked for a little sister of mine, whom I never saw and who died at the age of eight months. She forthwith exclaimed: 'I see a pretty little girl! Oh! good heavens, how beautiful she is!' . . .

'What age may she be?'

'From about two-and-a-half to three years of age.'

'How is she dressed?'

'She is quite bare?'

'What is the colour of her hair?'

'Her hair is of a flaxen colour and curly?'

Then suddenly she appears very much

surprised and exclaims : ' She is going away !— she is going away ! Oh ! I am wrong, she is going to meet your mother.'

In fact, my mother was coming upstairs at this instant, for she entered almost immediately after.

I was so much the more surprised as my clairvoyant does not see material persons at hand. I could not, therefore, doubt but that it was as she said. She resumed : ' Ah ! how pleased she is at seeing your mother, she smiles on her with such a beautiful expression ! Why cannot her mother herself see her ? ' At this instant, she stretched out her arms and caught her ? I told her to embrace (kiss ?) her, but she replied : ' No, I should not dare, I am not worthy of doing so.'

' Do you really feel the weight of this child's body you hold in your arms, as if it were material ? '

' Certainly, how can you doubt it ? '

' I am far from doubting it,' replied I ; ' for at this moment I feel something extraordinary passing within me ; the influence of this little angel must surely be the cause of it. This would suffice to remove all my doubts had I any remaining.' I then inquired of my mother whether this child had flaxen hair, and whether

she was as beautiful as my clairvoyant described her. She replied: 'All this is very true; the neighbours used to say that they never beheld such a beautiful little creature? . . .'

I never knew this little sister of mine, as she died before I was born; my clairvoyant could not, therefore, perceive the image of her in my thoughts.

Signed,

Blesson.

Entrepreneur de peinture, 56 Rue aux Ours,  
Paris, 2d Septembre, 1848. (p. 160.)

*The Experiences of W. Stainton Moses.* (See the *Proceedings* of the Society of Psychical Research, vol. XI, 1895, p. 70-71.)

On September 4th, in the same year (1872) there came a little sister of Dr Speer's, particulars respecting which case are printed in *Spirit Identity*, as follows:—

'I pass to a case in which a spirit who first manifested her presence on September 4th, 1872 has remained in permanent communication with us ever since.

'I note this case because we have the advantage of prolonged intercourse to aid us in forming an opinion as to identity, and because the spirit has not only given an unequivocal

proof of her characteristic individuality, but has evidenced her presence in various ways. This is a remarkable case, too, as tending to prove that life once given is indestructible, and that the spirit which has once animated a human body, however brief its tenure, lives on in unimpaired identity.

‘The spirit in question announced herself by raps, giving a message in French. She said she was a sister of Dr Speer’s, and had passed away at Tours, an infant of seven months old. I had never heard her mentioned, and her brother had forgotten her existence, for she lived and died before his birth. Clairvoyants had always described a child as being in my company, and I had wondered at this, seeing that I had no trace of any such relation or friend. Here was the explanation.

‘From the time of her first appearance she had remained attached to the family, and her clear, joyous little rap, perfectly individual in its nature, is never failing evidence of her presence. It never varies, and we all know it at once as surely as we should know the tone of a friend’s voice. She gave particulars of herself, and also her four names in full. One (Stanhope) was new to her brother, and he verified it only by reference to another member of the family

(Mrs Denis). Names and dates and facts were alike unknown to me. I was absolutely ignorant of the existence of any such person.

This little spirit has twice manifested her presence on the photographic plate. One of these cases was attested by direct writing, and both will be found clearly detailed in the course of my researches, in the Chapter on Spirit Photography, published in *Human Nature*, Vol. VIII., p. 395.

*Human Nature*, September, 1874.

*Spirit Photography*. By M.A. (Oxon.).

No. 2 was taken by Hudson during the time that he lived in Palmer Terrace, Holloway. The little child in the centre of the picture is a baby sister of Dr Speer, the sitter on the left in the foreground ; and the shadowy form in the right front is the mother of the infant. I have related before how this child-spirit has persistently manifested at our circle almost from its first formation, coming with a French message first of all to suggest her identity. She passed from this sphere of life more than fifty years ago at Tours, being then only seven months old. Her little joyous message : ‘ *Je suis heureuse, très heureuse,*’ was the first indication we had of her presence,



and that the little child, so constantly described by clairvoyants as standing near me, was the little spirit, who, by a round-about means, was trying to get at her brother. Since then she has never left us, and her joyous tap is rarely unheard at our séances. She lives in the house as much as one of the children of the family ; and is as well-known to me, and just as real as they are. I see her, and hear her voice by the inner senses ; I have felt her touch, and twice have had her portrait on the photographic plate.

This particular group was taken under strict test conditions. Dr. Speer and I followed the plate throughout, and no precaution which I have detailed at the opening of this chapter was neglected. We never lost sight of the plate from the very first, and can give unhesitating testimony that no suspicious element presented itself.

The day following that on which the photograph was taken was Sunday and I joined the family dinner party. When dinner was nearly finished I became partially entranced, and loud knocks were heard on the dining table.

The alphabet was called, and Dr. Speer was requested to go to the room in which we usually meet, and he would find a message for him. He went, but could not at once find anything.

He was directed by the same means to look again and he eventually discovered under a what-not, lying so that the direct rays of light did not fall upon it, a piece of paper, on which was some curious looking hieroglyphic. We could make nothing of it for some time, until it occurred to us to hold it up to the mirror. We then found it was a message, written from right to left, and from the bottom of the paper to the top. . . . Deciphered in the way I describe it runs thus : ' I am Spirit of Love. I cannot communicate, but am near. The photograph was of little Pauline.' Pauline was one of the names of the child ; her full name (by the way *unknown to any of us*), was correctly spelled out in answer to our request ; Catherine Pauline Stanhope Speer, together with date of birth and death. . . .

The little figure is so perfect that a powerful glass reveals the details of feature most distinctly ; and, amongst others, the large eyebrows which are a characteristic of the whole family. . . .

We went about a month ago to try for a photograph with Mr. Parkes . . . and she appears again. I sat at a little table and was almost immediately entranced. In my clair-voyant state I saw the child standing or hovering

by me close to my left shoulder. She seemed to be standing near the table ; and I tried in vain to call Dr. Speer's attention to her. As soon as the exposure was over, and I awoke, I stated what I had seen, and on the plate being developed, there stands, apparently on the table, a little child's figure. The position is exactly where I saw and felt it. And the figure, which also bears traces of family likeness was immediately claimed by the little spirit as her picture ; unbounded joy being expressed at the success of the experiment. So clear was my vision, so sure was I of what would be found on the plate, that I would have staked all my possessions on the result before I saw it.

*Spirit Identity.* By M.A. (Oxon.), p. 45.

On the 10th February, 1874, we were attracted by a new and peculiar triple tap on the table, and received a long and most circumstantial account of the death, age (even to the month), and full names (in two cases four, and in the other three in number) of three little ones, children of one father, who had been torn from him at one fell swoop by the Angel of Death. None of us had ever heard the names, which were peculiar. They had passed away in a far distant country, India, and when the message

was given there was no apparent point of connection with us.

The statements, however, were afterwards verified in a singular manner. On the 28th March, 1874, I met, for the first time, Mr and Mrs A. A. Watts, at the house of Mr Cowper Temple, M.P. Our conversation was concerned chiefly with evidence of the kind I am now summarising. I recounted various cases, and among others, the case of the three children. Mrs Watts was much struck with the recital, which corresponded in outline to a very distressing history which she had just heard. On the Monday previous Mr and Mrs Watts had dined with an old friend, Mrs Leaf, and from her had heard a distressing story of bereavement which had befallen the relative of one of Mr Leaf's acquaintances. A gentleman residing in India had, within a brief space of time, lost his young wife and three children. Mrs Leaf entered fully into the melancholy details, but did not mention either names or the place of the sad occurrence. In reciting the incident of three young children communicating, I gave the names and the place, as they had been furnished to me in the messages. Mrs Watts undertook to ascertain from Mrs Leaf the particulars of the case she had mentioned. She

did so the very next day, and the names were the same.

Through the kindness of Mrs Watts I made the acquaintance of Mrs Leaf, and was much impressed with the perfect correspondence of every detail given me with the facts as they occurred.

It is not a little remarkable that, on the very day on which this communication was made, Mrs Watts, who possesses a very beautiful gift of automatic drawing, which had for some time been in abeyance, was impelled to draw three cherub's heads, which, she was afterwards spiritually informed, were drawn in typical allusion to this sad event. Other details, symbolic of the country in which it occurred, and of the attraction of the mother's spirit to her three little ones, were added. The drawing forms a very striking illustration of the various methods employed by spirits to reach various types of mind. Mrs Watts—at that time, be it noted, unknown to me—had always been instructed in the language of symbolism, by poetic simile, and by artistic representation. The voice appealed rather to Spirit and to the inner consciousness than to the outer sense and to methods of exact demonstration. I, on the contrary, had not progressed so far. I was on a

material plane, seeking for truth after my own fashion, and craving hard logical demonstration. So to me came hard facts, clearly given, and nothing more. To her came the symbolic indication, the artistic delineation, the poetry of the incident. The source, however, was one. It was spirit manifesting Truth to us according to our several needs.

## IX

### LETTER FROM DICKEY IN THE SPIRIT WORLD

RECEIVED by F. Heslop from her friend Marguerite.

It is nice to know that I can talk to you, Mummy, and I do so want to tell you lots of things. We are so happy here, Betty and I, you would love to see us and all the other little children. It's just as if we lived in a beautiful garden of love, we sing and play and love all day long, of course we have our work to do, but it's lovely work. Children in this place have to go and meet any child, or baby, that comes here from your world. They are never allowed to arrive here alone, and so we go in bands, hand in hand, as you might say, singing and floating, and as soon as the soul of a baby or child leaves its body, we are there ready to meet it and carry it along with us. This is done so that no little children can feel lonely when they leave their parents, and we bear them to some loving mother's heart. We all love doing this, it is so nice floating along all together. Betty came to meet me like this, with a whole lot of others, and I recognised her at once, and was so glad to see her. Do you remember how

sad I was when she was taken away, I always wanted to go and play with her here. It made me very sad leaving you and Daddy, and it was dreadful to see you so unhappy at first, but Jesus came to me and showed me how soon you would be happy again, and how lovely the sorrow was making you both, so I knew it would be all right. He always comes and helps us children at once like this, and He is so loving and beautiful, He makes you feel He is mother and father, and everything in one. Mummy dear how can I tell you of this lovely place. The flowers are so beautiful, they seem to love each other, there is music everywhere, and we sing ever so much, but we don't have Church like you do, as it feels as if we were always doing everything for God, and its one long service always. When you have your Church on Sundays we all join in here, and it makes us feel ever so near you, but then what seems a whole week between each Sunday is nothing to us, we don't have to wait six days for the next Sunday like you do, it's all one here. You don't understand, do you? but you will one day when you come here, there is so much time here, we never have to hurry over things. It will be lovely when you and Daddy come, but you have a lot to do on earth still. None of us can feel quite, quite happy, until we



have you all with us. Happy is not the right word, but I can give no other, for we are ever so happy really, but we need you to finish the happiness. Mummy, it's so sad when we have to go and meet little children who have been naughty, oh! I wish none of them would do bad things, they look so ugly when they first come, and some don't want to be good, the really naughty ones. But some look ever so sad and then we can soon help them to be good. We all feel so sorry about this, and I wish you could tell all little children to try to be gooder. The little wee babies are so sweet, and sometimes when we have to bring up a lot at a time, we have to carry them in a big sheet made of flowers. You see we can't carry them all, and at first they don't know how to float, they are too tiny and have to be taught. I love meeting them, and we make them feel they are being hugged and kissed like their mothers hug them on earth. Kissing is different up here, but ever so much lovelier. Then often we go and comfort the mothers. You and Daddy were lovely, you felt quite soon that I was happy and I was near you all the time. Some mothers are dreadfully sad and can't see any comfort, so we older children go and try to show them how happy their babies are. God lets us help in many ways,

where grown-ups can't help at all. And Jesus is always with the good children, and, oh, Mummy, He is so lovely, we love to do what He asks us, and you should hear the beautiful music that is always round Him. But He sometimes goes to others in this world who are lower down, and comes back looking so sad, and then we know He has been to bad people who can't see His love and beauty. I would like you and Daddy to try and show other people what His love is like, for you do know something of it, though you cannot see Him on earth as we do here, but you can show it by the way you live. Mummy can do more than Daddy because she is a woman and can see more. If you could only know how every loving thought and action done on earth is treasured up here, and is looked on as most precious and never forgotten, you would want to do many more and give up all horrid thoughts. This place is made much more beautiful by all the good kind things you do on earth, and when any brave deed is done, or something specially loving, even little things, we all feel full of gratitude here, and want to sing and praise God ; for it all comes from Him. Give my love to my dear Daddy. I'll come again, it's been lovely talking like this.

DICKEY.

## X

### THE PASSING OF DAISY DRYDEN

ARRANGED BY H. A. DALLAS

THE following account of the last days on earth of a little child will be read with interest and can hardly fail to convey a message of comfort.

It was published in the *Journal* of the American Society for Psychical Research, edited by Dr James H. Hyslop (Vol. XII., No. 6) ; it is reprinted by his kind permission.

It is here considerably abridged. Dr Hyslop's magazine reproduces the full record, originally published under the title :

*Daisy Dryden : A Memoir by Mrs S. H. Dryden, With an Introduction by Rev F. L. Higgins.* (Third edition, Boston, Colonial Press, 1909.)

To sorrowing hearts Whose Loved Ones  
have Passed Away this Little Book is Dedicated.

#### PREFACE

In this sketch of the life and death of little Daisy, who died at the age of ten, I have tried

to give some incidents of her life, and so describe her individuality as to show to the reader, that although she was on the whole a good child, possessing ordinary good sense, yet in no way was she more remarkable than many other children.

Her dying experience, therefore, was not the outgrowth of a life highly spiritual, nor was it one which had been educated in the least degree on the lines of mysticism or modern spiritualism. Indeed, she disclaimed the idea of any such manifestation, and asserted over and over again that she did not see spirits with her natural eyes, but for the last three days of her life, she held communion with departed ones and spoke freely about them, giving us assurance, in the various expressions, of the truth of what she saw and learned. There were many persons who came to see her and to hear from her own lips, those remarkable utterances. Although emaciated to the last degree, her voice was remarkably strong and her enunciation clear, and she recognised every individual who came, and spoke to them, and answered their questions intelligently.

A short time after her death, I recorded her dying experience in my note-book, and it is from those notes principally that I have written

the part of the following account which treats of her last days on earth. And I will further add that Daisy, herself, had wished, should she grow up, to be a missionary. Therefore, I trust that if this little sketch of her life and death goes out into the world, it may be able to accomplish some of the good she hoped to do if she had lived.

S. H. DRYDEN.

Gilroy, Cal., October, 1894.

### INTRODUCTION

Daisy Irene Dryden was born in Marysville, Yuba County, California, September 9th, 1854. She died in San Jose, California, October 8th, 1864, aged ten years and twenty-nine days.

The following graphic and very instructive account of her life and death, written at the suggestion and request of friends, by her mother (who at this date has for five years been herself in the other life), is one for the absolute truthfulness of which the undersigned can fully vouch, not only from personal acquaintance with the very highly esteemed author, but also from the testimony of others still living who knew the child and the remarkable circumstance of the opening of her spiritual sight and hearing during the last three days of her earthly life.

. . . She, herself, declared that it was with her 'spiritual eyes that she saw the heavenly world'

After the death in 1864, of his daughter, Daisy, Mr Dryden was so deeply impressed by what she most undoubtedly saw, heard and revealed to them, that he began a careful study of the New Testament in the original Greek, a language in which his college training, in earlier life, had made him proficient; and after two years of scriptural investigation on the subject of the resurrection, he wrote and published a series of articles on that topic in the official organ of the M. E. Church, the *California Christian Advocate*. These articles were afterwards published (in 1872) by Hitchcock and Walden, a Methodist publishing house of Cincinnati, in a volume entitled *Resurrection of the Dead*.

In this forcibly written book of 215 pages (now almost out of print), the teachings of the Bible, as well as the best religious thought respecting the resurrection, are compiled, and show conclusively and in a manner surprisingly clear, that the resurrection taught in the New Testament, and particularly by St. Paul, is the resurrection of man's spiritual body, and that his natural body does not rise.

After an exceedingly useful life of nearly half a century in the ministry, this very lovable and conscientious clergyman died on July 4th, 1894, in Gilroy, Santa Clara County, California, at the age of seventy years. His last days were made peaceful by the belief that what to us seems death, is in the sight of the angels resurrection, and that he was immediately to arise in the full possession of the spiritual body, a belief first imparted to him thirty years before by his dying daughter's convincing revelations.

F. L. HIGGINS.

Toronto, Ont., September, 1905.

In the summer of 'sixty-four, Daisy was attacked with bilious fever, from which, however, she seemed to recover, so that we thought her almost well. But she continued to droop in the afternoon and complained of great weariness. We called in a physician, and he decided that she had typhoid fever ; and it had such a hold on the system, owing to her reduced condition, made so by the bilious attack, that it was feared it would have to run its course, and that it only depended on her vital forces, whether or not she would get well.

For five weeks she lay under the blighting hand of the consuming fever. Then it left her,

and a second time she seemed on the road to recovery, so that the doctor remarked one morning : ' Well, Daisy, I guess we are out of the woods,' and taking a new silver half-dollar from his pocket, gave it to her saying : ' This is for the little girl who takes her medicine so well.' But when the doctor had gone, she said, ' Mamma, don't build up any hopes on what he says, for I don't think I am ever going to get well.' This same remark she had previously made during the early part of her illness. Some days after this I said : ' Daisy, we are going to Nevada City to live, and I will get you a suit of flannel and you shall have a warm cloak ; because you are so thin, and it is cold up there.' I thought she would be pleased, as she could remember having lived there before, but she replied : ' Mamma, you will go to Nevada City, but I don't think you will take me with you.'

For two weeks she seemed to continue to gain strength. She smiled and sang and seemed like herself again, until one afternoon, as her father sat by her bed, he noticed a singular expression on her face. It was one of both pleasure and amazement. Her eyes were directed to one place above the door. Her father asked : ' Daisy, what is it ? What do you



see ? ' She replied softly : ' It is a spirit, it is Jesus. And He says I am going to be one of His little lambs.' ' Yes, dear,' said her father, ' I hope you are one of His lambs.' ' Oh, papa ! ' she exclaimed, ' I am going to heaven, to Him.'

That night she was taken with enteritis and only lived four days. She suffered much for the first twenty-four hours, being unable to retain food, water, or medicine. From that time on she had very little pain. Her poor little body had in fact become so attenuated that there was little left for the disease to work upon. But her mind was very active and remarkably clear. Her faculties appeared sharpened. She could remember recitations she had learned in school, always having been fond of memorising poetry. And when Lulu sang to her from the Sunday School Hymnal, she would give the name of the song and the page on which to find it.

She also loved to have us read the Scriptures to her. I think it was from the Psalms I was reading, on one occasion, when she said : ' That is beautiful, but, don't you know, I would rather hear the very words of Jesus.' I then read, in *John* xiv : ' It is expedient for you that I go away : for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you, but if I depart I will send

him unto you.' At this she looked up to me so heavenly as she said: 'Mamma, when I go away the Comforter will come to you; and maybe He will let me come, too, sometimes; I'll ask Allie about it.' She often said this after this time, when she felt uncertain about anything. Allie was her brother who had passed to the other life at the age of six, of scarlet fever, seven months before. He seemed to be with her a great deal of the time during those last three days, because when we asked her questions which she could not answer, she would say: 'Wait till Allie comes, and I will ask him.' On this occasion she waited only a short time and then said: 'Allie says I may go to you sometimes; he says it is possible, but you will not know when I am there; but I can speak to your thought.'

How sweet to me has been this comfort through all these years, when care and grief and bitter disappointments have oppressed and the way has seemed, oh, so dark! when suddenly there has come, as it were, soft whispers of love and comfort, across the dark gulf of my pain, and with renewed strength and hope, I have taken up life's burdens again. Ah! We know not the power of this sweet influence which we are taught in the Word is all about us.

For, ' Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation ? ' Frequently do I think that

' Though passed beyond our tear dimmed sight,  
'Tis but a larger life to gain.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
Their dear immortal spirits tread,  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life, there is no dead."

As I have said, Daisy lingered on the borderland for three days, after the first agonizing twenty-four hours had passed. Her physical frame had become so emaciated that there was only enough to hold the spirit in its feeble embrace ; and it was manifested to us, as it were, through the thin veil of the attenuated flesh which enwrapped it. During this time she dwelt in both worlds, as she expressed it. Two days before she left us, the Sunday School Superintendent came to see her. She talked very freely about going, and sent a message by him to the Sunday School. When he was about to leave, he said : ' Well, Daisy, you will soon be over the " dark river." ' After he had gone, she asked her father what he meant by the ' dark river.' He tried to explain it, but she said, ' It is all a mistake ; there is no river ; there is no curtain ; there is not even a line that

separates this life from the other life.' And she stretched out her little hands from the bed, and with a gesture said: 'It is here and it is there, I know it is so, for I can see you all, and I see them there at the same time.'

We asked her to tell us something of that other world and how it looked to her, but she said: 'I cannot describe it; it is so different, I could not make you understand.' Then the words came to my lips, 'Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' 'That is true,' she added.

One morning while I was in the room, putting it in order, Mrs W., one of our kind neighbours, was reading to her these words from the Testament: 'Let not your heart be troubled. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you' (*John* xiv. 1, 2). Daisy remarked: 'Mansions, that means houses. I don't see real houses there; but there is what would be places to meet each other in. Allie speaks of going to such and such a place, but says nothing of houses. You see, perhaps the Testament tells about mansions so we will feel we are going to have a home in heaven, and perhaps when I get there I'll find a home. And if I do, the heavenly flowers

and trees that I love so much here—for I do see them, and they are more beautiful than anything you could imagine—they will be there.’ I said : ‘ Daisy, don’t you know the Bible speaks of heaven being a beautiful city ? ’ She said : ‘ I do not see a city,’ and a puzzled look came over her face, and she said, ‘ I do not know ; I may have to go there first.’

Mrs W., a kind neighbour, the one who had read of the mansions to Daisy, and who was with us a great deal, told Mrs B., a neighbour of hers, about Daisy’s inner sight being open. Mrs B. was a lady who did not believe in a future state. She was, moreover, in deep distress, having just lost her husband and a son who was about twelve years old, named Bateman. She came with Mrs W. one evening, and, sitting beside the bed, began to ask questions. Daisy said to her : ‘ Bateman is here, and says he is alive and well, and is in such a good place, he would not come home for anything. He says he is learning how to be good.’ Mrs B. then said : ‘ Ask him if he has seen his father.’ Daisy replied : ‘ He says he has not, he is not here, and says to you, “ Mother, don’t fret about me, it is better I did not grow up.” ’ This communication set the mother to thinking and she became a firm believer in a future state

The following morning, when alone with Daisy, Mrs. W., who had brought Mrs B. to see her, asked Daisy how she could think Mrs B.'s son was happy. 'For,' said she, 'when he was here, you know he was such a bad boy. Don't you remember how he used to swear, and steal your playthings, and break them up? You know we did not allow him to play with you nor with my children, because he was so bad.' Daisy replied: 'Oh, Aunt, don't you know he never went to Sunday School, and was always hearing so much swearing? God knows he did not have half a chance.'

The same day her Sunday School teacher, Mrs H., who also was with her a great deal, was sitting beside her, when Daisy said to her: 'Your two children are here.' Now, these children had gone to the other life several years before, and if they had lived in this world would have been nearly grown up. Daisy had never heard anyone speak of them, nor did the mother have any pictures of them, so she could not have known anything whatever about them before seeing them in the spiritual world. When asked to describe them, her description of them as full-grown did not agree with the mother's idea of them, so she said: 'How can that be? They were children when they died.' Daisy answered

'Allie says, "Children do not stay children ; they grow up as they do in this life." ' Mrs H. then said : ' But my little daughter Mary fell, and was so injured that she could not stand straight.' To this Daisy replied : ' She is all right now ; she is straight and beautiful ; and your son is looking so noble and happy.'

Once she said : ' Oh, papa, do you hear that ? It is the singing of the angels. Why, you ought to hear it, for the room is full of it, and I can see them, there are so many ; I can see them miles and miles away. Isn't it good of them to come and sing for such a poor little girl as I ? But nobody is poor or proud in heaven, love is all to all.'

Mrs W., already mentioned, who had lost her father a short time previous, wanted to know if Daisy had seen him, and brought his picture to let her see if she could recognise him. But in the evening, when she came again, Daisy told her she had not seen him, and that Allie, whom she had asked about him, had not seen him, but that Allie had said he would ask some one who could tell him about him. In a moment Daisy said : ' Allie is here and says, " Tell Aunty her father wants her to meet him in heaven, for he is there." ' Mrs. W. then said : ' Daisy, why did not Allie know at once about my

father ? ' ' Because,' replied she, ' those who die go into different states or places and do not see each other at all times, but all the good are in the state of the blest.'

During those last days of illness Daisy loved to listen to her sister Lulu as she sang for her, mostly from the Sunday School song-book. Lulu sang one song, the chorus of which was :

' Oh ! come, angel band,  
Come, and around me stand,  
Oh ! bear me away on your snowy wings  
To my immortal home.'

When she had finished, Daisy exclaimed, ' Oh, Lulu, is it not strange ? We always thought the angels had wings ! But it is a mistake ; they don't have any.' Lulu replied : ' But they must have wings, else how do they fly down from heaven ? ' ' Oh, but they don't fly,' she answered, ' they just come. When I think of Allie, he is here.'

Once I enquired : ' How do you see the angels ? ' She replied : ' I do not see them all the time ; but when I do, the walls seem to go away, and I can see ever so far, and you couldn't begin to count the people ; some are near, and I know them ; others I have never seen before.' She mentioned the name of Mary C., the sister of Mrs S., who was a neighbour



of ours in Nevada City, and said : ' You know she had such a bad cough, but she is well now, and so beautiful, and she is smiling to me.'

I was then sitting beside her bedside, her hand clasped in mine. Looking up so wistfully to me, she said : ' Dear Mamma, I do wish you could see Allie ; he is standing beside you.' Involuntarily I looked round, but Daisy there-upon continued : ' He says you cannot see him because your spirit-eyes are closed, but that I can, because my body only holds my spirit, as it were, by a thread of life.' I then enquired : ' Does he say that now ? ' ' Yes, just now,' she answered. Then wondering how she could be conversing with her brother, when I saw not the least sign of conversation, I said : ' Daisy, how do you speak to Allie ? I do not hear you or see your lips move.' She smilingly replied : ' We just talk with our think.' And I thought : ' Now we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come then that which is in part, shall be done away.' And, ' Then shall we know even as also we are known.' I then asked her further : ' Daisy, how does Allie appear to you ? Does he seem to wear clothes ? ' She answered : ' Oh, no, not clothes such as we wear. There seems to be

about him a white, beautiful something, so fine and thin and glistening, and oh, so white, and yet there is not a fold, or a sign of a thread in it, so it cannot be cloth. But it makes him look so lovely.'

Her father then quoted from the Psalmist : ' He is clothed with light as a garment.' ' Oh, yes, that's it,' she replied.

She loved to hear prayer offered, and used to ask the people to pray when they came to see her. Once, when Rev. C. Lawton (the minister who was to succeed us) prayed, she said : ' Allie stayed while he prayed.'

We asked her if Allie had said anything about Jesus. She replied : ' Oh, yes, he has, and you know, papa, I told you about seeing him. Allie says, " He is the Lord, the Christ, whom we read of in the Bible where it says, ' God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels ' and, ' Lo, I am with you always'." '

She often spoke of dying, and seemed to have such a vivid sense of her future life and happiness that the dread of death was all dispelled. The mystery of the soul's departure was to her no more a mystery. It was only a continuation of life, a growing up from the conditions of earth-life into the air and sunshine of heaven.

The morning of the day she died she asked

me to let her have a small mirror. I hesitated, thinking the sight of her emaciated face would be a shock to her. But her father, sitting by her, remarked: 'Let her look at her poor little face if she wants to.' So I gave it to her. Taking the glass in her two hands, she looked at her image for a time, calmly and sadly. At length she said: 'This body of mine is about worn out. It is like that old dress of Mamma's hanging there in the closet. She doesn't wear it any more, and I won't wear my body any more, because I have a new spiritual body which will take its place. Indeed, I have it now, for it is with my spiritual eyes I see the heavenly world while my body is still here. You will lay my body in the grave because I will not need it again. It was made for my life here, and now my life here is at an end, and this poor body will be laid away, and I shall have a beautiful body like Allie's. Do not cry, mamma, it is much better for me to go now. I might have grown up to be a wicked woman, like so many do. God knew what was best for me. Papa, you love the children; so do I; and you will try to do them good and teach them.' Then she said to me: 'Mamma, open the shutters and let me look out at the world for the last time. Before another morning I shall be gone.'

As I obeyed her loving request, she said to her father : ' Raise me up, papa.' Then, supported by her father, she looked through the window whose shutters I had opened, and called out : ' Good-bye, sky. Good-bye trees. Good-bye, flowers. Good-bye, white rose. Good-bye red rose. Good-bye beautiful world,' and added, ' how I love it, but I do not wish to stay.'

That evening, when it was half-past eight, she herself, observed the time, and remarked : ' It is half-past eight now ; when it is half-past eleven, Allie will come for me.' She was then, for the time being, reclining on her father's breast, with her head upon his shoulder. This was a favourite position, as it rested her. She said : ' Papa, I want to die here. When the time comes, I will tell you.'

Lulu had been singing for her and as half-past eight was Lulu's bedtime, she arose to go. Bending over Daisy, as she always did, she kissed her, and said : ' Good-night.' Daisy put up her hand and, stroking tenderly her sister's face, said to her : ' Good-night.' When Lulu was half-way up the stairs, Daisy again called out after her, in a clear, sweet, earnest tone : ' Good-night and good-bye, my sweet, darling Lulu.'

At about a quarter past eleven she said:

‘ Now, papa, take me up ; Allie has come for me.’ After her father had taken her, she asked us to sing. Presently some one said : ‘ Call Lulu,’ but Daisy answered promptly : ‘ Don’t disturb her, she is asleep,’ and then, just as the hands of the clock pointed to the half-hour past eleven, the time she had predicted that Allie was to come to take her with him, she lifted up both arms and said : ‘ Come, Allie,’ and breathed no more. Then tenderly laying her loved but lifeless form upon the pillow, her father said : ‘ The dear child has gone,’ and added, ‘ she will suffer no more.’

There was a solemn stillness in the room. We could not weep, and why should we ? We could only thank our heavenly Father for the teachings of her last days, those days rendered sacred by the glory of heaven which illumined them. And as we stood there gazing on the face of the dear one, we felt that the room must be full of angels come to comfort us, for a sweet peace fell upon our spirits, as if they had said : ‘ She is not here, she has risen.’ And to my heart came the words of the poet :

‘ She is not dead, the child of our affection,  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
But Christ Himself doth rule.’

A score and a half of years have come and gone since that far night so filled with strange mingled joy and grief, but whenever the memory of it comes to me, there also comes a feeling of thankfulness that we were allowed the privilege of learning heavenly truths from her angel-taught lips, and that for us was opened a little way the door of the spiritual world, and unmistakable gleams from that morn-lit land were, through her words, borne into our inner life, never to be quenched by all the trials of earth.

And so now, to hearts that have borne the separation from loved ones and are laden with oh, such bitter grief, and that hunger for some sign, some token, from that silent land whither they have gone, I come with this divinely granted revelation from the borderland of the world beyond. I would not withhold from them that which to me, through all these years, has been such a helpful blessing and such a source of peace, this undeniable evidence of immortality.

And yet to some who read these pages, the question may arise, 'For what special end was this illumination granted?' I answer that in many souls there are deep yearnings to read the truth with clearer vision. To us had

come questionings concerning great truths, doubts about the rightful interpretation of the word, and a prayerful investigation had been in progress, so that the light we gained through her illumination was as an inspiration and an answer to our prayers. And thus, although death separated us from our darling child, yet from that Gethsemane of sorrow there was born the soul of heavenly truth. But before this revelation came to us through her opened vision, there were weeks of bodily suffering for her, and days and nights of mental pain for us. It does seem that every truth must be born of sorrow. The spirit of the martyr rises from the very gates of death. Even the Christ suffered the greatest of all agonies for the truth's sake.

We dwell so in the material. The life of the spirit seems so hung about with mists and shadows that we long at times to sunder the veil which hides from our vision the gates of day. We are like children crying for the light ; we grope in darkness, and ask, ' Who will the problem solve ? ' But here, from this death of a child of ten, there comes a clear, a sweet solution. And now, oh, grieving hearts, make room for this blest truth to dwell. Death leads to higher life, for death means only life.

‘ Then call her not dead to higher vision,  
Death but parts the curtain and proclaims her sweet  
transition.  
Safe in the Father’s house, in His fair mansion,  
She hath been crowned ; and angels guard her soul’s  
expansion.’

We laid her earthly form to rest in the beautiful cemetery at Stockton, under a spreading oak tree whither the remains of both her brother, David Albion, whom we called ‘ Allie,’ and her sister, Helen, had previously been borne. Over their graves is a granite shaft, with a name engraved on each of three sides, one of which is ‘ DAISY.’

‘ Like a day that grew dark at the dawn of its splendour,  
Like a sweet song unended, a story half told,  
Like a flower of the springtime so lovely and tender,  
Was the beautiful being we lay ’neath the mould.  
Perchance the cold world had too little of pity,  
Perchance the long way was too rough for her feet ;  
So she went to the gates of the beautiful city,  
• Where the music of harps drifted over the street.’



## XI

### TWO SISTERS

THE following narrative is given in the words of the father of the two children, Beryl and Stella, who appear in the story under these pseudonyms. He is a clergyman who has been a student of these psychical experiences for some years, and is known to both the editors of this volume.

G.V.O.

In the little account which follows I have drawn from records of automatic writing and of experiences with a psychic friend who occasionally visits us. These two sources of information I use without stating from which particular series the various items are drawn. I adopt this course that the reader may not be confused by a multitude of references in detail. I name two only of the methods by which our children have made known their continued existence and some of their doings in the realms beyond. But from other sources we

have also received corroboration of their presence in our midst and of their condition of life as intimated in their messages.

Besides our two daughters there came to us several other children and many adult spirits, led to us, more or less, through their acquaintance with these children and with each other. Among these is a charming young girl, the daughter of the medium, who always gives her name as 'Mother's Baby.' She is a happy young spirit who passed over a few months old some twenty years ago, and has kept in close touch with her mother since that time. She tells us that she is now grown-up and is helping other child-spirits in their up-bringing.

Our daughter Stella passed over about twenty-three years ago at the age of fifteen months, and was received and taken in hand by her mother's mother who is known to us as Freda. She soon made the acquaintance of her sister who, having been still-born, had gone there without a name and was given that of Beryl, as being one which they thought her mother would like. These two sisters do not live in the same Home, for those who are still-born are in need of special training. But they are in constant touch with one another, and are permitted to visit us together in charge of their guardians.

When we began to understand the possibility of communication through the Veil, these two daughters of ours speedily made known to us their frequent presence, but were exceedingly shy of speaking of their own appearance in answer to our questions. We were naturally eager to know something of their looks and dress, but for these details we had to apply mostly to those who knew them. Stella, it appears, is a little shorter than Beryl, and has long dark-brown hair in abundance. Beryl's hair is lighter and falls only to her shoulders in ringlets. Her upper lip is longer than her sister's and they both are dressed in white material which has a shimmering radiance. Stella has a star upon her hair in front. Beryl is more ethereal in body and is unable to penetrate into earth conditions so easily as Stella after much practice, has managed to do. So she has to be content with sending her messages by her sister or other friends. She did manage, however, to impress her photograph upon a plate at Crewe, where already we had obtained one of Stella. And the two pictures exactly corroborate the verbal descriptions previously given.

Now, there has been much doubt cast on the genuineness of spirit-photography. Our own

experience is limited to Crewe, and, in reference to this matter, I will just say two things. First, as to the credulity of the sitters, the outcome of their eagerness to obtain evidence of the continued life of their dear ones in spirit. It seems to me that such credulity automatically decreases, and the critical faculty increases in alertness, in ratio to the degree of affection obtaining between the incarnate and discarnate individuals concerned. In our own case we felt it to be too serious a matter to be treated lightly. We were not in a mood to have counterfeit photographs foisted on us as being those of our two dear girls. The other thing I would say is this : Anyone who can be in the company of Mr Hope and Mrs Buxton, through whose mediumship these photographs are obtained, for a quarter of an hour, without being convinced that those two good people are incapable of deception must be a very poor student of human nature.

Beryl once gave us a rather curious message. She said : ' I remember father first when he used to come and see me and give me pony-backs. He often used to come. And then Stella came over, and we loved each other dearly at once.'

' Did I ever come to you ? ' my wife enquired,

and the answer was ; ‘ We have never been separated mother.’

Now, I was somewhat mystified about these ‘ pony-backs.’ It was a strange name to me, but evidently referred to some child’s game. So we appealed to our more adult friends for enlightenment and they informed us that they well remembered me going to Beryl’s Home, in my sleep time, and giving her rides upon my back—which gave me food for meditation. I think that little episode helped me more than anything else to realise how perfectly natural and homely are the relations maintained between us and our dear ones in the spirit-life.

As the late war progressed, many of our village lads joined up and some of these were killed. One after another, they came to us and assured us of their welfare in their new life. It was only after some months had gone by that we found that most of these boys had been led to us by Stella. But one thing she never could manage. Her brother was out in France and she dearly longed to go to him and help him, as she saw so many of her friends doing for their loved ones. This her guardians would not permit, on account of the awful conditions hovering over the battle-fields, as she told us. But on Nov. 11th, 1918, she came to us and,

laughing heartily, said, 'I've come again, mother; I've come again. Oh, dad, it's lovely! It was like a door open a little way, and I pushed it right open and came in.' Then she paused, and continued more thoughtfully: 'Isn't the big fighting over? We have heard that it is.' And after that she did manage to penetrate into those still dark conditions hanging over the scene of the late war, to visit her brother once—under protection, as Freda afterwards explained, although Stella was evidently oblivious of the fact that she was being watched and carefully guarded.

This will serve to bring to the notice of the reader another young girl whose friendship we have made and value, known to us as 'Starlight.' She is evidently of a more hardy constitution than Stella, for she frequently made her way through those opposing influences to our lad in France, of whose welfare she kept us constantly informed. On several occasions she made her presence known to him in different ways, once by tapping on the glass-panelled door of his bed-room.

This energetic young person was a black girl who passed over as a baby. Evidently her parents held her in no great esteem, for they have remained totally unknown to her. She

had been led to this medium friend of ours, to whom she attached herself, and who has been to her in place of a mother. From her she has learned the difference between right and wrong, and 'all about Jesus.' We first made her acquaintance in 1912, when she was a child about six years old. Since then we have 'watched' her development into young womanhood, and her deep devotion to, and her growing affection for, her white foster-mother has been sweet to see and not without its lesson for us.

What struck me as a rather charming little episode happened in the autumn of 1917. My wife and I, as the manner of parents is, yearly called to mind, as time went by, the birthday of our little girl who had left us. 'Stella would have been thirteen years old had she lived.' Had she lived! 'Stella would have been seventeen years old this autumn; just leaving school, probably,' we said.

Now as this young person had grown up in spirit-life she had displayed an aptitude for music. This gift her instructors had trained, and she has now become somewhat of an expert musician, especially as a singer, for she has developed a fine voice—contralto. For some years past she has been entrusted with a company of children, and, with the help of another young

girl friend, teaches them, among other lessons, the art of singing. They are much attached to her and return to her the love she lavishes on them, for she simply adores children and their amusing little ways.

One night as I was going to sleep I heard within my brain, as it were, some very sweet singing, and I fancied it must be Stella, for we had often told her how much we would like to hear her sing. So, when she next came we questioned her about it. She admitted the soft impeachment. 'And what did you sing for me, dear?' I asked her, and she replied: '“Whither Pilgrims,” I'm very fond of that.'

'But I didn't recognise the tune.'

'No,' she replied, 'it is not the same tune we sing. And we sing “Whither Pilgrims, were you going?”' (The line in the hymn runs 'Whither, Pilgrims, are you going?')

But to get on to my 'episode.' On September 11th, we were trying to fix upon an hour to meet Stella's friend for a chat on the following evening. She suggested five o'clock, and this conversation ensued. 'That is rather early and not very convenient.' 'Stella says perhaps it is post-time then?' 'No, it is not post-time, but 5.30 would be better for us. Would



that suit you ? ' ' No. So sorry. I am due for the leading of a procession then. Will seven o'clock suit you ? ' ' Yes. What procession is that ? ' ' Of little ones to ring the bells at a coming of age. Would you like me to tell you of it to-morrow ? ' ' Please. Is Stella to be there, too ? ' ' Yes. A very important person in it.' ' Is it Stella's coming of age ? '

She hesitated. These two young friends were evidently preparing to spring a surprise on us on the morrow, but, girl-like, were bursting to tell us their secret prematurely, and trying not to do so.

' Have we guessed it ? ' I asked, and slowly came the answer, ' Yes.'

' Got you there, my young friend.'

' Stella says she will not tell you anything else ! '

Once the 'secret' was out we felt justified in pursuing our enquiries, and asked : ' Is it the little ones she teaches who are going to ring the bells for her ? '

' Some of them. You would delight her if you would remember her at that time.'

' Certainly. Is there to be any ceremony with it ? '

' No, only just a little play with the children.'

Two days before Christmas, 1918, we were talking with Stella when she informed us that they were going to have a Christmas Tree. This made us curious, and, in answer to our enquiries as to its nature and appearance, we were told that there were many such trees at Christmas-time in different districts of the spirit realm. They came into being as the result of the general tenor of the sentiment of Christmas, set in creative activity by the wills of those who lived in a certain community. The tree was large and most beautiful, and full of light. We enquired if they hung presents on the tree, but to this a negative answer was given. These trees were too ethereal for such a purpose. They were 'radiant and holy.' They came into existence at Christmas-time, and faded away very gradually, lasting some days of our earth-time. On December 30th we were told by Starlight, who is a busy little person and full of energy, that she had 'visited all the Christmas Trees, and they were still visible and had not yet "melted away."'

This is what they told us on the subject, and, as to the nature of these fourth-dimensional Christmas Trees, I must leave the reader to form his own opinion. I will add that our friends told us, on Christmas evening, that there had

been a family re-union. They gave us an account of how they had spent their Christmas Day. They had split up into parties for the purpose of paying a round of visits to the various abodes of the family still here in earth. My wife's parents and my own had brought Stella and Beryl, with another young girl, a friend of theirs, to our church where they had joined with us in singing the carols—'helping us,' as they put it. Then they made their round of visits to the homes of our relatives, and were back again talking with us in the evening.

I hesitate to inflict my advice on others. Everybody should know his own business best. But I will venture to say that I attribute this establishing of communication between the two spheres of life, in a great measure, to the attitude my wife and I have adopted in the training of our children. For some years we did not know that stillborn children continued their existence in the heavenly realms. But from the time she left us we always insisted on numbering Stella among the members of our household, and taught our children to regard her as one of themselves. This, as we learn, has helped her greatly in keeping in close and continued contact with us, even during those years before she was able to give us any definite

sign of her presence. And it added much to her happiness to be so regarded.

I will add to this my very strong conviction that, as it has been with us, so it will be with others, if they desire such open communion with their dear ones. I know, only too well, the prejudice which exists so widely against 'dabbling in the occult.' Well, that is one way of putting it. Much depends on the point of view adopted. Personally I do not approve of 'dabbling' in this or any other serious affair. But where it is approached with simple love and prayer for guidance I do not see where either irreverence or fear of disaster can find a place. In our own case, anyway, it has helped us to feel how careful we ought to be to be good and to do good, when such cheerful and loving spirits are so happy to make our home their trysting-place. For us it has transmuted the old dogma of the Communion of Saints into an active and radiant reality.

## XII

### PAGES FROM THE SCRIPTS OF REV. G. VALE OWEN

READERS may wish to know in what way the writing comes to me. The speed varies, but is usually about twenty-four words a minute. The words come mostly in a continuous stream, with here and there an emphasis on some particular word of importance. Sometimes I have paused hesitating to write down some more than usually daring expression. Here also the urge is given an extra intensity and down it has to go! I might put it like this: The scenes, people, etc., I see as one visualises absent places or persons one knows; the words I hear as one often goes over a tune in the mind without making any outward sound.

It is not automatic, it is really 'impressional,' or, more correctly, 'inspirational.' The former term, however, I do not much like, and the latter I rather shy at.

Perhaps the following extract from *The*

*Lowlands of Heaven* (a series of writings, some of which are being edited and published by Mr Engholm) will explain the operation as viewed from the point of view of those who send the messages.

‘28-10-13. Whatever we have been able to give you in these messages has been transmitted to you by means of impressing your mind with our thoughts and words. In doing this we take, and make use of, as much as we find there, so that we may the more easily get our own thoughts through. Frequently, however, we have been obliged of necessity to call your spirit away from the earth surroundings and give you a vision of the places we are describing, and you have written down what you have seen.

‘No, we did not actually take you out of your body, because you have been really conscious all the time. What we did was to engage and absorb your attention that we might infuse power into your interior sight—the sight of your spiritual body—and at those moments you were scarcely conscious of your surroundings. You forgot them and were oblivious to them, and then we were able to impart to you, in a measure, the power of distant vision ; and to this we added the incidents as we had witnessed them ourselves.’

These incidents following were given to me by automatic—or rather ‘dictated’ writing. They form part of a rather extended series, from which I extract them, merely prefixing notes by way of explanation.

\*            \*            \*            \*

The first three were given to me by my mother, who passed over in 1909. It is part of a narrative in which she describes a visit she and her friends paid to a hospital where a woman was about to pass into the spirit realms. They received her as she left the body and took her away from the hospital ward, as described in the script. Mr H. W. Engholm has edited this portion and published it under the title *The Lowlands of Heaven*. G.V.O.

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We took her from that scene, and, after she had somewhat gained strength, to a children’s school, where her little boy was, and when she saw him, her joy was too great for words. He had passed over some years before, and had been placed in this school where he had lived ever since. Then the child became instructor to his mother, and this sight was a pretty one to see. He led her about the school and the grounds, and showed her the different places,

and his school-mates, and, all the while, his face beamed with delight ; and so did his mother's.

We left her awhile and then, when we returned, we found those two sitting in an arbour, and she was telling him about those she had left behind, and he was telling her of those who had come on before, and whom he had met, and of his life in the school, and it was as much as we could do to tear her away, with a promise that she should return soon and often to her boy.

Now while we waited for the mother who was talking with her son, we wandered over the grounds and looked at the various appliances for teaching children. One especially engaged my attention. It was a large globe of glass, about six or seven feet in diameter. It stood at the crossing of two paths, and reflected them. But as you looked into the globe you could see not only the flowers and trees and plants which grew there, but also the different orders from which they had been derived in time past. It was very much like a lesson in progressive botany, such as might be given on earth and deduced from the fossil plants of geology. But here we saw the same plants alive and growing, and all the species of them from the



original parent down to the present representative of the same family.

We learned that the task set for the children was : to consider this progression up to this particular plant or tree or flower actually growing in that garden and reflected in the globe, and then to try to construct in their minds the further and future development of that same species. This is excellent training for their mental faculties, but the results are usually amusing.

It is the same study which full-grown students are also at work upon in other departments here, and is put by them to a practical end. One of them thought it would be a useful method to help the children to use their own minds, and so constructed the ball for their especial use. When they have thought out their conclusion, they have to make a model of the plant as it will appear after another period of evolution, and fearful and wonderful some of those models are, and as impossible as they are strange. (23 October, 1913.)

\* \* \* \*

My mother was once sent, with a party of companions, on a visit to the Home and City of a Ruler named Castrel. This is one of the incidents which happened in the Home itself,

a large mansion situated in the midst of wide-spreading parklands. G.V.O.

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The first thing which puzzled me was the presence of children, for I had thought that all children were reared in special Homes by themselves. The lady who had received us was the Mother of the place, and those who had attended her were some of her helpers. I asked one of these about these children who looked so happy and beautiful, and so perfectly at ease in this grand place. She explained that these were still-born children, who had never breathed the atmosphere of earth. For this reason they were of different character from others who had been born alive, even from those who had only lived a few minutes. They also required different treatment, and were able much sooner to imbibe the knowledge of these spheres. So they were sent to some such Home as this, and were trained until they had progressed in mind and stature to such a degree that they were able to begin their new course of knowledge. Then, strong in heavenly purity and wisdom, they were taken in hand by those teachers who were in touch with the earth itself and were taught what they had not been able to learn before.

This was interesting to me, and presently

I began to see that one reason why I had been sent here was to learn this very thing, in order that there might be awakened in me by that knowledge the desire to know my own who had so passed into this land, and of whom I had not hoped to be called mother. O! the great and sweetest yearning which came to me when I realised this! I will not dwell upon it, but confess that, for a time, tears of unutterable joy dimmed my eyes at this one more blessing added to my already abundant store. I sat down on the grass beneath a tree, and hid my face in my hands, and bowed my head upon my knees, and there I remained helpless, from the too exquisite rapture, which filled and vibrated through my being till I shook all over. My kind friend did not speak to me, but sat down by my side, and put her arms around my shoulders, and let me sob out my joy.

Then, when I had somewhat recovered, she said very gently, 'Dear, I also am a mother, the mother of one such as you will find here all your own. So I know what is in your heart at this moment, for I have experienced your present joy also.'

Then I raised my eyes to her face, and she saw the question I could not ask her, and, taking my hand, she raised me and, with her

arm round my shoulder still, she led me towards a grove where we heard children playing, their happy shouts and laughter coming through the trees—for I was very faint from all that great joy that filled me, and how should I sustain the greater joy to come ?

Dear, that was not very long ago, and it is still so fresh to me that I find it hard to write for you clearly as I could wish. But you must forgive me if I seem to be too profuse or too disjointed in my words. I had not known this truth, and when it was revealed to me so suddenly, and all the, to me, tremendous significance of it—well, I must leave you to try to understand. Suffice it to say, I found in that glade what I did not know I possessed, and such a gift as this is more readily bestowed in this land than one is able with due self-control to receive. (18 October, 1913).

\*            \*            \*            \*

This happened at the same place—the Home  
of Castrel. G.V.O.

\*            \*            \*            \*

We were lodging in a cottage within the Palace grounds where the children often came to see us, and my own little one among them. They seemed to be glad to come and see their

little friend's mother and her fellow visitors, and were never tired of hearing about the other places we had visited, and especially the children's Homes and schools. They would weave garlands of flowers and bring them to us as gifts, with the hope at the back of their minds that we would join them in one of their games. This we often did, and you will easily imagine how I enjoyed those romps with these dear little children in that quiet and peaceful place.

We were playing with them at a game they had invented among themselves, a kind of Jolly Hooper game, such as you used to play, and we had won nearly all the others on to our side, when the few who were left facing us suddenly stopped in their song and stood still, looking beyond us. We all turned round and there, standing in the entrance of a long avenue of trees at the edge of the glade, was no other than Castrel.

He stood there smiling at us, and, although his aspect was so kingly, yet there was so much gentleness and humility blended with his strength and wisdom, that he was very lovely to look upon, and to be near. He came slowly forward and the children ran to him, and he patted one and another on the head as he came. Then he spoke to us. ' You see,' he said, ' I

knew where I might find you, and so I needed no guide. And now I am obliged to cut your play short, my sister-visitors, for there is a ceremony on hand at which you ought to be present. So you little ones must continue your games alone while these big children come with me.'

Then they ran to us and kissed us happily, and made us promise to come and continue our games as soon as we were at liberty.

(21/10/13.)

\* \* \* \*

The following portions of 'script' have already been published by Mr H. W. Engholm in *The Highlands of Heaven*. The first communication came under the name of 'Zabdiel.' He says that he is one of those who, on account of their long experience and training, are, from time to time, entrusted with 'missions of help' to spheres, or districts, where live those who are not so far progressed.

Zabdiel is here given 'sealed orders,' and the object of his commission to the sphere in which this incident happened is made known to him by the Ruler of that realm on his arrival.

The problem set for him, and how he solved it, is told in his own words. G.V.O.

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They stood there before me and I tried to find the reason of my coming, but could not. Then I turned to the Angel Lord for guidance in this matter, and he answered me well: 'These our sisters are brought here together, who have worked so, in one band, for these three spheres last past. None of them would go before to leave the others behind, but if one should make her progress faster, then she remained to help those who lingered some little, and together they came on until this place was opened to their entry. Now they have progressed to merit their further advancement; if you should judge it fitting so to be done to them. They await your wisdom to that end, for they have come to know that were they too soon to go forward into the heaven next ahead, their progress would be the more retarded.'

Being thus at length enlightened, it came to me that I too was on my trial. This thing had been withheld from me by my own Ruler in order that, with no premeditation, I should be found face to face with a problem, and my wits be put to hazard in the resolution of it. This added to my joy, for that is the manner with us in these realms, that the harder the task the greater the pleasure, knowing our Leader's confidence that we are able if we will.

So I thought a little space, and rapidly, and this is how I measured it. There were in all fifteen of these faithful, loving souls, who had so come their long road together, So I divided them by three and sent five each way into the city. I bade them each bring me a little child, one to each party of five, and the child should tell me the lesson which they should impart to him, as being what most he should have needed to know.

By and by they returned, and with them were three sunny little children. Two were boys and one girl.

Now, they came in nearly together, but not quite. By this I knew they had not met with one another by the way, or they would have joined forces, and not parted again, for their love together was very great. So I bade them stand the children before me, and to the first boy I said: 'Now, little one, tell me what lesson you have learned from these kind ladies.'

To which he replied very nicely: 'If it please you, bright sir, I came hither without knowing God's earth, for my mother gave up my spirit into the heavenly land before she gave my body to earth. These lady-sisters, therefore, instructed me, on the way, that I must know that God's earth is the cradle of these



brighter spheres. In it are little boys fostered by much rocking to and fro ; and no peace is known as we know it here, until the earth is left behind. Nevertheless, it is of the same Kingdom of our Father's Love, and we must pray for those who are being rocked about unkindly, and for those who rock them too hardly.'

And then he added, in perplexity at receiving this one last injunction : ' But, my lord, this we do always, for it is a part of our school lessons so to do.'

Yet it was a very good lesson, I told him, and one which would bear enforcement at other lips than those of his own teachers, and he was a good boy to have given his answer so well.

Then I called the other little mite, and he came to my feet and touched them with his soft little hand, and, looking up to me very sweetly, he said, ' May it please you, kindly-looking sir—' But at this I could forbear no longer. So I stooped down, and caught him up to my lap, and kissed him, tearfully for the joy of love, and he gazing at me in submissive wonder and pleasure mingled. Then I told him to proceed, and he replied he could not with ease and perfection were I not pleased to set him down on the steps again. This I did, I wondering now, and he continued.

He laid his hand again upon my foot exposed from beneath my robe, and said very solemnly, taking up exactly where I had broken him off so short, ' that the feet of an angel are beautiful to the sight and to the touch ; to the sight, because the angel is good, not of head and heart alone, but in the way he goes on the service of the Father ; to the touch, for they tread softly ever—softly where men feel their weight in rebuking for wrong-doing, and softly when he takes up in his arms the sorrowful, to bear him away to these brighter lands of comfort and joy. We shall be angels one day, not little boys any more, but big and strong and bright, and having much wisdom. And then we must remember this, for in that day some one of great degree will send us also to earth to learn and teach at one time ; for there are many there who will need us as we do not need who came away so soon. Thus the lady-sisters instructed me, sir angel, and I know it is as they have said, since I have seen you here.'

Now, the love of little children is always so very sweet to me it unmettles me, in a way, and I do admit to you I lowered awhile my head, and looked within the folds of my lap, while my breast uplifted and sank in its almost painful ecstasy. Then I called all three, and they

came—very gladly by their faces, but warily by their feet—and knelt one on either side of my thighs, and the little girl before my knees. And I blessed them very earnestly and lovingly, and kissed their sweet bended heads of curls, and then sat the lads on the step beside me, and, taking the little maid upon my lap, bade her tell me her story.

‘ May—it—please—you,—sir,’ she began, and she said each word so carefully separated from its fellows that I laughed outright ; for I knew she had omitted the ‘ kind,’ or ‘ kindly-looking,’ or other such endearing adjective, fearing further disaster, and wishing, in her maidenly modesty, to avoid all such.

‘ Young lady,’ I said to her, ‘ you are more in wisdom than your years or size, and bid fair to become a very able woman some day, who will govern well where you are set.’

She looked at me doubtfully, and then round at the company, who were all enjoying this interview in no common measure. So I bade her, speaking softly, to continue. This she also did, as the boy had done, taking up where she had left off, ‘ that girls are God’s dams to nurture His lambs in their bosom, but not until they have grown in love and wisdom as their bodies grow in stature and in beauty.

So we must ever keep in mind the motherhood that is in us, for our Father put it there when we slept in our own mother's womb, before our angel woke us, and brought us away into these blessed Homes. And our motherhood is very sacred from many causes, and the best cause of all is this : that our Saviour, the Christ Lord (here she crossed her little dimpled hands upon her breast, and, with fingers interlaced, bowed very reverently, and straightway continued so) was born of a woman, whom He loved, and she loved Him. When I am grown into a woman I will be told of those who have no mothers as we have here, but know no tender love of mother like ours. And then I shall be asked if I would wish to be mother to some of these not borne by me, but needing some such one as I very sorely. Then I must stand up straight and strong and answer : " Send me forth of these bright places into those that are more dim ; for I am wishful to suffer with them, if I may perchance help and foster those poor little ones ; for they are lambs of our good Shepherd Who loves them ; and I will love them for His sake, as also for their own." '

I was much moved by these three answers. Long before they were complete I had come at several points which showed me that these women

must go onward, and together, into higher places ; for they were worthy.

So I answered them after this fashion : ‘ My sisters, you have well done in this matter ; and your scholars have done well for you. I perceive, among other things, that you have learned what is here to be had for the learning, and that you will be of service in the sphere next beyond. But I have learned also that you will do well to go together as hitherto, for, although you instructed these tiny philosophers each apart from the others, the trend of their answers is the same—love of those in the earth life, and their duty to them. So I see you are of such a concord in purpose that you will be of greater service together than apart.’

Then I blessed them and told them they should journey back with us when we should be ready to go shortly.

Now, several points I did not note for their instruction then, but kept them back for our journeying together, when I could expound them at my leisure. One was this : so utterly at one were these fifteen loving souls that, in the several instruction of the children, they had fixed on one phase of duty and service alone. All these three children, and by implication, all those who had come over here

from still-birth, were to be sent back to help those on earth by tending and guarding them. They had altogether lost sight of all the other manifold duties allotted to such as these, and the further fact that but a small proportion of those who come hither in the manner they did are ever sent back to do mission work on earth, for the reason that the very refinement of their natures fits them for other work the better.

But I will no further now, so bid you God's love and blessing, and on your own lambs, too, and their own dam. Believe me, my brother and ward, those of the Kingdom here look with tender eyes on those who keep their sacred charge in love, and fit them the more for this Realm of great love when they come hither. Keep this in mind and be glad that it is so, and within the power of every father and mother among you so to do. (30/12/13.)

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This short treatise on the treatment of still-born children in the realms of spirit was given to me by one named Arnel, and his band of workers, but transmitted through a young spirit trained for such work, named Kathleen.

Mr H. W. Engholm is editing this portion for publication as a third volume of the series  
G.V.O.

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It is necessary to readjust your outlook in respect of a matter of some importance. We speak of childbirth into these realms of those who come forth from the earth sphere, but have not been endowed with a separate individuality therein. These children come here asleep, and you will realise that their first awakening is that process here which answers to birth on earth. They have never breathed the atmosphere, nor seen the light, nor heard any of the sounds of earth. In brief, none of their bodily senses have been exercised in the way for which they were prepared by their natural formation. The organs of these senses are, therefore, nearly, but not quite perfect in their structure. Moreover, the brain has never been called upon to interpret their messages. And so the child of earth lacks earthly qualities empirically, while having them potentially. These conditions do not apply to a child who has been actually born into earth life, even though he have but a few moments, or even less, of life before he pass on hitherward.

The problem, therefore, which they have to solve who take these children in hand is not a small one. For it is necessary both that the organs be dealt with so that a natural progress

may attend the child, and also that the brain receive its lesson. In the case of an infant a few minutes old this connection between the brain and the organs of sense has been established and can be used in the maturing of those faculties dependent for their exercise on those organs. But a still-born child brings not that connection, and it has to be made on this side. Once that is done, the progress is merely a matter of orderly development on the same lines as that of ordinary children.

To this end several means are pressed into use. There is the relationship between the child and his parents, and especially between him and his mother. He is brought into contact with her in such a way that he experiences what is as nearly as possible equivalent to birth. By this process he is made to feel his separation from her bodily and his individualisation as a separate and complete entity. This is achieved not by his taking a body of flesh, but by his being brought into intimate association in his spiritual body with the spiritual body of his mother. This does not effect so perfect an inception of contact between brain and organic faculties as does a natural birth, but it does establish in a definite way the relationship of earthly parenthood, and from



that time the child is kept in touch with his mother in order that he may, as he grows up to maturity, be as others, so far as it is possible to compass this. Still there is always some little difference between such children and those others who have been born on earth. They are lacking in some of the sterner virtues and, on the other hand, they are more spiritual in their personality and outlook. But as earth-born children progress in spiritual development, and still-born children develop their knowledge of earth by contact with their mothers, and later with their other relatives, so the difference is minimised until they are able to associate on quasi-equal terms of loving friendship, and so help in the mutual giving of what each lacks.

So the earthborn are mellowed in sweetness, and the others are strengthened in character, and, both being included in a community, infuse an element of variety which is pleasurable as it is of profit.

You will see, my son, by what I have but now told you how great is the responsibility of earthly parents to those their offspring in these realms. For association with them is necessary to the true development of the earthborn children also. It is not an adequate life they

lead if they are not kept in touch with their kin on earth—there is a hiatus which no one else can fill. And where the parents are of evil life, it is necessary that their spirit children be held aloof from their company for many years of earth time, until they be grown up and of such strength of will and quality of wisdom that they may help the guardians of those people in their watch over them for their well-being.

And most often this development is not sufficiently advanced that it be safe to expose the child to earth influences before the time of earth probation is over and the parent is called away to these realms of spirit. In such cases the only help the child can give is that of prayer.

Such a parent comes over here either with no affection for the child she has never suckled at her breast, or else with no knowledge that the child exists at all. So the link between them, weak at best, grows weaker still as the child progresses upward, and the mother goes downward to her own place of purging. And by the time she has again ascended to the sphere where the child had awaited her coming, all her earth life through, he has gone onward into the upper realms and is out of reach of her.

He may be cognisant of her, and send her of his help unknown to her. But the link of warm love which should be about parent and child to bind them heart to heart is not, and never can be, in the ordinary progress of heavenly life.

I have told you this, my son, because we here have noted so much of disregard among you of the burden of motherhood in the matter of which I speak. And yet these sweet flowers, plucked before the bud be opened fully to life's sunlight, be so beautiful, and their wistfulness at the lack of own parentage so marked, it fills one with great distress to see it so. Not that they be in any wise unhappy. We would not permit that to be. But there is a lack, as I say, and it is only partly supplied by those dear mothers who lacked the achieving of motherhood on earth, and find it here. So each, you will note, makes gift to the other of what that other lacks, and receives what is wanting in return. And it is very beautiful to see. (22/2/18.)

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## PART OF A MORAVIAN HYMN.

*(Slightly altered)*

Where is this infant ? It is gone—  
To Whom ? To Christ its Saviour true.  
What does He for it ? He goes on  
As He has ever done, to do—  
He blesses, He embraces without end,  
And to all children proves the tenderest friend.

He loves to have the little ones  
Upon His lap quite close and near ;  
And thus their glass so swiftly runs,  
And they so little while are here ;

However 'tis a great delight  
Awhile to see such little princes,  
All dressed in linen, fine and white,  
A beauty which escapes the senses :  
The pure Lamb dwells in them—His majesty  
Makes their sweet eyes to sparkle gloriously.

*Translated by Archbishop R. T. Trench.*







12-1-12



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