

STATION ASTRAL

by

BESSIE CLARKE DROUÉT



Illustrated

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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BESSIE CLARKE DROUÉT
Portrait by Frank O. Salisbury, R.A.
1928

Gift
Mrs H. H. Higbee
1/7/54

DEDICATED TO
MY FATHER AND MOTHER
WITH APPRECIATION
FOR THEIR CONTINUED
LOVE AND PROTECTION,
WHICH IS
DEMONSTRATED
TO ME DAILY

MY DEAR MRS. DROUÉT:

It is a great source of satisfaction to me to see what has resulted from our first casual meeting, four years ago.

This is a beautiful book, and will certainly bring happiness to many people.

You have compiled your material in a clear and interesting manner. So many people approach Spiritualism as though it were a problem to be solved—you have demonstrated rather that it is the solution of all other problems.

Cordially yours,

Arthur Ford

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PROLOGUE

A BOOK should have the same reason for existence as an after dinner speech, be apropos, amusing, an answer to some important question, or filled with constructive ideas which can be easily applied.

Perhaps this résumé of my psychic experiences may contain all the essentials, perhaps only a few, perhaps only one. If one, I shall be amply repaid.

This, I do know, it contains the best answers that I can give to the questions which have been asked of me, hundreds of times, during the past four years, "When and why did you first become interested in Spiritism?" "How were you convinced?" "Will you tell us about your experiences?" So, to save constant repetition, and enable all interested friends to use the material I find so helpful and necessary for personal equilibrium, general peace and happiness, I am assembling in this book those experiences which have proved to me that there is no death.

In order that my readers may realize, as I do, that my convictions concerning the spirit communications which have come to me in recent years, are partly due

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to the establishment of faith within me during my childhood, and that my background, in other respects, was no different from millions of others, let me introduce a short recital of my conservative and seemingly uneventful environment; uneventful, except as in every life, moments, people, and happenings stand out from the humdrum as points of development.

The daughter of an ambitious young physician and an ideally poetic mother. The granddaughter, on the maternal side, of a Protestant minister, of the old school, preaching all which that entailed. With a grandmother, on the paternal side, who was the first woman physician in Worcester County, Massachusetts, by religion a Seventh Day Adventist, with a faith which would move mountains; my childhood was filled with births and deaths, religion, and all the joys and horrors of such. You can, no doubt, easily visualize what I mean, as your days were probably the same.

When I was about the age of seven, the first great event, which I can remember, happened; I experienced my first lesson in faith and prayer, a lesson which has remained with me through the years, proving of more spiritual value than all my Sunday school lessons, because it was a practical demonstration and I understood it.

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In the historic old town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, my birthplace, lived a lovely little girl, the possessor of an old-fashioned wooden tricycle. Then, at the age of seven, a tricycle was to be desired above all else and her generosity made it more and more desirable. The natural consequence was that my always generous and loving father was importuned, by me, morning, noon, and night, that I might have one like my chum's; but father, though kind, was poor, and tricycles in those days were luxuries. So dad said, "As I cannot give you this present, why don't you ask your grandmother for it? I would like to give it to you, but I cannot afford it."

Happily, grandmother was coming soon for a visit, and when she arrived my enthusiasm and descriptions of the enchanting tricycle so interested her that we visited the small town's, to me extensive, hardware store, and there stood a tricycle, the desire of my heart. Imagine my grief when grandmother failed to be as excited as I was, and we left the store without the gift.

Upon our arrival at home, my precious grandmother took me upon her knee and explained to me that neither she nor my father could afford to buy this toy for me; that if it was right for me to have it, my Heavenly

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Father would give it to me, but I must ask Him with love and faith in my soul.

Then she confided to me all the wonderful experiences which she had had through faith and prayer, how God, in His love and mercy, had answered her petitions, how His love protected and guided us through all life's difficulties, that there were no problems too small to bring to His notice, that He was, in reality, my Heavenly Father. As my earthly father was close to me, so was my Spiritual Father. She also emphasized the joy we were able to give this Heavenly Father by our gratitude and appreciation of His everlasting kindness and interest in us. I must never forget to always give thanks in my prayers, for that was of the greatest importance. Today I know she was teaching me one of Nature's greatest laws, the law of appreciation.

Have you ever heard a child pray? How many have seen faith in their children's eyes?

For months I prayed, never doubting, knowing I should eventually receive. Always, when my mother sent me for my afternoon nap, I would push my lounge close to the window, that I might see the expressman, should he bring the tricycle during my rest period, so sure was I of its coming.

Some months later, returning home from school one

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afternoon, my brother said, "Come out into the stable a moment." And there, dear reader, stood the desire of my heart, not the old-fashioned tricycle of the hardware store, but a beautiful, shining, rubber-tired, wire-wheeled, red velvet-cushioned tricycle!

This was the first fundamental lesson of my life, the direct answer to a child's prayer. I knew who had sent this beautiful gift to me, and no one ever tried to change my belief, in fact, they encouraged it by telling me it was through God's love for little children that He had made it possible for father to get this for me, that He had heard my prayers, and it had made Him very happy to see me so persistent in my faith.

Through all the years which have followed, many strong indications of the great Intelligence which dominates creation have demonstrated to me the power of prayer and faith. For now, we know that thoughts are things, positive things, which work for good or evil; that prayer is one of the strongest vibrations filling this universe, a universe pulsating with vibrations, and that faith brings certainty.

Many of my readers, I feel, can trace the foundations of their years of development and happiness to an event similar to this, or even a simpler lesson. Nothing, through all these years, has made so lasting

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an impression upon me, until recently; and, as my grandmother, after forty-one years upon the astral plane, told me, "It has brought you all your blessings." I have made mention of this incident that you may realize that faith in God, and in my beloved parents, was so rooted within me, that when, in later years, they came back speaking great truths, I believed it was the eternal truth they brought to me. Their undying love made it impossible to withhold from me the surprise, comfort, and hope they had experienced. They could not let me face, as they had, so-called death, without the new knowledge which had come to them, in their transition, that there is no death. What was more natural? Was it not simply a continuation of their protection and affection?

There were many lessons and events following my childish experience, but that was my first practical, definite experiment with prayer, and it was answered. What more proof was necessary for me that God was good? It did not matter whether God personified a glorified man, or an Intelligence. To me He was a loving, understanding Personality.

There followed years of happy times, girlhood, art school, marriage, friends, lots of work, more play, a perfectly normal mental and physical development, a

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few griefs, and a few separations, but the latter so early in life that understanding was limited. There remained the horror of the grave, the vision of a dead face in a casket, the hollow sound of earth on a wooden box, the tender assurance of parents that there was a day of resurrection, that the graves would give up their dead, that I should see again the beloved faces of grandmother and grandfather, but that they must lie sleeping until that day. And my faith carried me on again, trusting it was all so, for surely God, in His goodness, would let me hear once more those loved voices. Does not the Bible say we shall all be reunited on the Resurrection Morn?

And so I journeyed on, and fate held only pleasant paths before me, and unconsciously I rejoiced, refusing to think of the time when I might be without the dear ones still so close to me, but growing daily older, and more dependent upon our strength.

All the happiness accorded to me in childhood found its outlet in my maturity; the love, with which my parents had surrounded my baby days and youth, bloomed radiantly for their evening of life; and, although there are for all of us regrets for the omissions, there is still great comfort in the thought that there were also the commissions.

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There is no over-developed sense of duty in any one. There is never too much that we can do for those who have suffered for us, especially, "She," who goes down into the shadow that we may be born.

It was not duty which bound me to my parents, it was, and still is, affection, love without price or restriction.

It is in the vibrations of love that memory lives on. It is that vibration of love and sympathetic understanding which brings into our lives all hope, all inspiration, all peace.

My reason for speaking so emphatically is because I have been given the proof of the power of love, its unending interest and its untiring strength in helping us to understand what we have considered the great mystery of life, here on this planet, and the life which continues beyond the grave. And this is where I come to the point of answering the questions so often asked of me.

CHAPTER I

WHY AND HOW?

ALTHOUGH my mother had been an invalid for several years, her passing in June, 1928, came as a great shock to us, especially to me, as I was alone with her when she passed away. My helplessness to aid her, together with the definiteness of death, overcame me emotionally, rocking me to my very foundations.

I felt I could not let her go, but strange to say, she seemed to be continually near me. I sensed her presence so clearly.

The protective spirit within us is aroused at the sight of another's grief as these devastating separations wring our hearts; consequently, my one thought was to keep my aged father from dwelling too much upon his loss. Before I had time to indulge my own grief, something happened which interested me so intensely, that the energies which I might have expended in grieving memories, were directed into channels which eventually proved of constructive value to the dear one so recently departed from our sight.

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As I was returning home one afternoon, with my father, I remarked, "I feel I want to write something." "What do you mean, write something?" he asked. "I do not know, but we shall see," I replied. Then, just as if I were being instructed, I took a piece of writing paper and a pencil, and seating myself at a small table, held the pencil firmly in my hand, letting my hand rest lightly upon the paper, without allowing my arm or elbow to touch it.

Dad said, "What are you trying to do, automatic writing?" "What is automatic writing?" I inquired in surprise. "Well," he continued, "I used to hear people say they could do it, they imagined that the spirits of dead people came back to this earth and wrote letters for them, but I knew better then, and I know better now. Dead people do not come back until the Judgment Day. Once you are dead, you are dead. Haven't I been a doctor all my life? Wouldn't I know whether or not there was any life left after death? There is not, and I think you had better not bother your head about these things."

Nevertheless, I continued to sit very quietly, and, to my amazement, after a few moments, my hand began to move, making circles faster and faster upon the paper, and when, a few seconds later the movement

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stopped, I found what purported to be a message from my darling mother. The message was not in her handwriting, but the signature, "Mother," was.

This, her first message to us, said, "I am alive. Grandma Clarke is helping me to understand that I am alive. It is all so strange. I did not know that we do not die. Everything seems like a dream. I will try to write for you again. Pray for me. Mother."

What could this be? It seemed to me as if there was some power or force concentrated upon my forearm, for when the message had been signed, that power seemed released, and nothing more came. Needless to say, I was intensely interested, and made up my mind I would try it again, when father was not around.

Although I was impressed, father was not. He explained that it was all the result of the nervous tension that I had been under for the past few years, and that my very recent grief tended to cause just such an expression. He strongly advised against continuing the experiment.

Even if I had wanted to please father, and think no more of this message, something kept it in my mind, for every few days I would have the strongest desire to try writing, which I did, and said nothing for quite a while.

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But I was getting such vital messages. Mother was telling me of the people she was seeing, of those who were helping her to develop, so she could function. Then she would write of people of whom I had never heard, so I would say, casually to father, "Who was Mrs. S.?" and he would say, "Oh, she lived in Portsmouth, but she died before you were born. How did you happen to ask about her?" I would simply smile, and say, "Oh, nothing, never mind now."

Mother would send messages through me to my brother; one day she wrote, "Your brother has been trying to hear from me directly. He calls me all the time, but as yet I have not spoken to him." My brother, by the way, for several years had claimed to be clair-audient, that means, hearing interiorly, communications inaudible to any one else. We had never taken his assertions seriously, in fact, we seldom mentioned them; father and mother and I had been rather sorry for him, and had tried not to let him see how we felt about it. Now, when mother wrote that my brother was trying to talk with her, I thought, "I wonder if he was right, and we were wrong?" So, after mother's writing was finished, I went to the telephone and called my brother, saying, "Have you had any communications from mother, clairaudiently?" "No," said he,

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“but I have been calling her to come and talk to me, but as yet she has not spoken.”

One morning, I remember so well, she was writing, and suddenly the words came, “Your father will be with me before the flowers bloom again.” It was October, and father seemed very well and strong, and of course I could not believe it. I did not believe anything I had received. I couldn’t. I was sure it had something to do with myself, although it seemed not. It was too good to be true, and I was very loath to believe anything that was contrary to what I had been taught all my life.

Nevertheless, I continued to receive these messages and they were growing more and more interesting. Sometimes they would come from other people; I remember how surprised I was when grandma wrote telling me about my mother, and saying they would eventually prove to me the truth of these communications.

One day a strange lady controlled my hand. After writing some personal things, she wrote trying to prove her identity, by saying, “You have never been in my town house. If you ever dine there, look under the dining room table. There are two foot stools there; I placed them there twenty-five years ago.” Some months

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later we dined at her husband's home in the city. Mr. Drouét, seated at the wife's place at table, remarked to me, "There is a hassock under my foot." Looking at my host, I asked, "Have you a hassock under your foot?" and he said, "Yes, my wife placed these footstools here twenty-five years ago." There were many remarks which seemed evidential, but somehow I could not accept them as conclusive proof.

During this period, there was a great deal of kindness shown to me by my father and Mr. Drouét; although they rather laughed at me. I think they were worried about my sense of values, but thought, in time, my interest would lessen.

However, this state of affairs continued through the summer. During that period I had another peculiar desire to do some new work. Although I had been a painter a good many years, I had never felt the desire to model in clay, but now I wanted to do that very thing. Consequently, I purchased some material and did a bas-relief of father's head.

Perhaps we can skip lightly over the summer, nothing especially new developed. I continued to receive descriptions of the life around my mother, but I didn't take much stock in what I was receiving. Probably I should have dropped the matter right there, if, upon my re-

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turn to the city, I had not mentioned the fact of these writings to Mrs. Ellen Dunlap Hopkins, who became instantly interested. Right here I wish to say, because of Mrs. Hopkins' interest, and guidance into the right channels of investigation, not only I, but many others have reached the position of certainty concerning spirit communication, and the fact that there is no death. I can never sufficiently express my loving appreciation for her understanding and interest.

It was Mrs. Hopkins who first brought to our home Arthur Ford, known throughout the world as the most evidential, message-bearing platform medium, and he was the first to give to me a message that was independent of my own writings. Although Mr. Ford does not enter trance in his platform work, he does for an individual sitting. Having persuaded Dad to sit with Mr. Ford and myself, one afternoon, in our own home, we held our first seance. It is still fresh in my memory, after three and a half years; sitting there in front of an open fire, with the sun streaming in at the windows, father and I had our first experience in psychic matters.

In case people who read this book are as ignorant as I was at that time, I wish to speak for just one moment about the control of a trance medium. The spirit guide who is attached to the medium controls the power of

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the speech of the medium, and the words you hear come from the mouth of the medium, but they are the words of the control.

In Mr. Ford's case the control is a young college friend, who passed out of the body several years ago; he evidently returned and took control of his friend. When Mr. Ford goes into trance this control speaks. His name is Fletcher, a French Canadian, and he speaks with a broken accent, very different from Mr. Ford's natural voice.

Now on with our experience. Fletcher spoke to us, greeting us and mentioning that he had never been with us before. Then he proceeded to describe people that were, as he said, close beside father and myself. He described mother most accurately, saying that she was very happy to get a message through to me as she felt that I did not believe she had written the letters I had been receiving all summer. She also said that she liked the portrait which had been painted of me since her passing. She then mentioned two of her dresses which I had put away in her memory, and spoke of other things which I had given away. She urged me to take a trip to Europe, requesting me to go to some medium while there when she would try to speak to me again. Father received some personal messages, and one

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or two other personalities were supposed to have sent messages. I thought it was a wonderful sitting, and wished I had asked a lot more questions, but father, after Mr. Ford had left us, said that it was all mind reading. He thought probably some one had told Mr. Ford about the portrait and the proposed trip, so that spoiled all my faith in the sitting. I knew also that nothing had come through which was over-powering. But now I realize that it was a good sitting. When we first start out on this track we are so anxious to get so much immediately that we are often disappointed, and then again we are too excited to ask many questions of importance.

I am sure the fact that mother had spoken about the trip influenced me, for after she had written, "Your father will be with me before the flowers bloom again," I was hesitating, but now I made up my mind to go. And Dad was telling me to go, thinking, I presume, I would forget all about this psychic matter. So, bearing some introductions to several psychically interested people in London, among them Mrs. Philip Champion De Crespigny, President of the British College of Psychic Science, and Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, author of "Torch Bearers of Spiritualism," I started for England.

Upon my arrival in London, I immediately arranged

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for an appointment with these two ladies, inviting them for luncheon with me at the Berkeley. Mrs. De Crespigny later invited the lady traveling with me and myself to a luncheon at the Lyceum Club, to meet Sir Arthur and Lady Conan Doyle, a luncheon which proved most enlightening to me. My immediate impressions of Sir Arthur were his poise and a certainty of what he was discussing. He spoke of his writings of Sherlock Holmes, and their success, feeling that he had been given the power to write all those works, thereby establishing himself before the public, so that when he came forward with his beliefs and experiences about Spiritualism, the world, at large, knew him, and had confidence in him and his words.

I remember wishing I could be just like Sir Arthur, he seemed so secure and happy, and when he had shown us, at a later day, his wonderful collection of the evidences of human survival, letters, pictures, and apports, I think for the first time I fully realized that there was more to all this than I had thought possible. I could see at once what it would mean in one's life to hold this truth.

One day, at the suggestion of Sir Arthur, and of Mrs. De Crespigny, I secured appointments at the British College of Psychic Science for sittings with the

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well-known medium, Mrs. Eileen Garrett, who has passed through all the known tests that science can devise. Fortunately I wrote down all the communications realizing how easy it is to forget what comes, to add to, or detract from these messages.

On the morning of my first sitting we also sat in a bright, sunny room, in front of an open fire. I remember how pleasantly I was impressed with Mrs. Garrett's personality; she seemed to exude sincerity. But if I was impressed with her appearance, I was much more strongly impressed with her spirit control "Uvani." This Uvani is an Arab, very serious, deferential and intelligent. His English is broken and tinged with the accent of the Orient. Before Mrs. Garrett enters deep trance she yawns a few times, stretches her arms, then comfortably settling herself in her chair, sinks into the deepest trance, knowing absolutely nothing that is being said in the room.

When she is completely in trance, Uvani takes control. He greets you, saying, "My peace be with you." Then he proceeds to tell you who is there. He described my mother perfectly. When I asked, "Has my mother a birthmark upon her neck?" he replied, "No, she has a birthmark like a strawberry upon her left arm, between the elbow and the wrist upon the upper side of the

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arm." Which was perfectly accurate. He continued, "Your mother is speaking of the letters she has written to you automatically and asks you to believe there is no death. She says she has found all her family here on the astral plane, that no one ever dies, not even the flowers, and she speaks of the flowers you placed on her casket, the white peonies, and the flowers that she sees in her present surroundings." There followed several personal messages through Uvani and also messages for other members of the family. Uvani then stated, "There is a very beautiful young woman here, with large dark eyes and beautiful hair, who has been out of the flesh about a month. Her name is Lillian. She wants to send a message to her husband, saying how much she appreciated all his love and tenderness during the period of her sickness." Uvani mentioned the cause of her passing. Following this, Uvani said that a second cousin of mine was present who wished to send in a message, and he called a pet name that I did not recognize, but afterwards verified. Then Uvani said, "There is a lady here who says she did not know you during her earth life. She seems to be standing in a great light, as if light was being thrown upon her. She says she was an actress, and she wishes to tell you something which happened forty odd years ago. She is

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speaking of a bouquet of flowers, she is speaking of a little child who passed from earth life at the age of six, she is speaking of Venice and a great happiness which came to her there and she is calling the name —— Do you know this person?" I answered, "Yes, I know ——, but I did not know this lady or any of the things you have mentioned about her." Later I verified these things.

Uvani's descriptions of personalities are very accurate and vivid, and he is very sure of himself, which, of course, gives you confidence. I came to like Uvani, he was like a friend bringing you a letter or word from some one you had not seen for a long time; consequently my three sittings with Mrs. Garrett were both successful and pleasing. This made me feel very much more sure, as it was the best proof I had had up to this time. In the successive sittings with Uvani, he brought through many evidential family messages, but things of so personal a nature that they fail to be of any great value to an outsider. The only messages that came which were unknown to me previously, came through the lady who had been on the other side some years, and whom I had never known, and the pet name given to me by a cousin. I never felt satisfied when the messages which came were something I already

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knew, but this person had called names and given dates and the names of places unknown to me, so that really proved they were something entirely separate from my own mentality. Now I felt that I was progressing. If it was possible to give to me, in a message, one truth unknown to me, other truths were possible. And I was beginning to feel that I must keep on in this seeking, for eventually I would find that which Sir Arthur and others had found, that which made them all so radiant.

Before I left England, Mrs. St. Clair Stobart entertained us at luncheon, in her home at Turner's Wood, Hampstead Garden Suburb. She had as another guest a lady who had been taking ordinary Kodak pictures, which, when developed, showed extras; I still have the picture of a dog with a kitten sitting between his front paws. The kitten had been dead some time, but there it is, as real as ever.

It did me a world of good to make contact with these people who had passed through all the elemental stages, and were now at the stage of the application of this truth, "There is no death."

On May 4, 1929, my plans took me back to Paris. I recall so well the following day was Sunday, and such a glorious morning that I proposed we motor out to Fontainebleau for the day. As we were motoring

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through the woods toward Barbizon, I remarked, "This has been the most beautiful day of the entire trip." I have never seen the spring foliage more lacy or vibrant than it was in the forest between Fontainebleau and Barbizon; the sunlight flickering through the leafage and the rapid vibrations of the light gave us the impression of driving under water. But there is another reason why this day will always live in my memory, for a much more important event than that drive occurred on May fifth.

As I look back upon the following Monday morning, May sixth, I feel very sorry for the person who was myself. At that time, as I see myself from this perspective, I seemed partially mentally or psychically blind. Still, I thought at the time I had a full appreciation of the mercy of God. But it is hard to overcome the established beliefs and customs of many lifetimes—that is, our own and our antecedents!

That Monday morning brought to me a delayed cablegram, "Doctor passed away this morning (May 5), no pain, no sickness, passed in sleep, do not change plans, love and sympathy," signed by my husband.

As that blow was handed to me, my first reaction was, "How wonderful for father!" But the next moment the full realization of what it meant, never to see

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him again, came over me and I broke down. As I recall it, it was probably several hours before I had my grief under control. As I look back I realize I was heartbroken because I had not been close to father during his last moments. I loved him so very dearly, I felt I had neglected him in his great time of need. Trying to comfort me, Mrs. W. said, "Why, Betty, don't you realize that your mother said your father would be with her before the flowers bloomed again, and the flowers are just starting to bloom? Why don't you try and see if your mother will write something for you? She may tell you something about your father." As I think of it now, I am sure Mrs. W. was impressed to speak as she did. It was a comforting thought. Before she mentioned it, I had felt so alone, but now I was eager to try my automatic writing. We waited a few minutes, after I had the pencil in my hand, and then the writing started. This is the message I received: "Call us together now. Can you imagine my surprise waking up in a strange place? But your mother and my mother were both there to meet me, and help me, and all you told me, dear, is true. There is no death. I am alive. The transition was immediate. Do not grieve, it makes me sad. I wish you could see your mother, she is young and beautiful."

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Now what impressed me instantly and more than all the rest was that father said, "Call us together now." He knew that I had always called mother when I wanted her to write for me, and when he said, "Call us together," I was sure he did it for evidence.

Following father's message, mother immediately wrote, "Don't grieve so for your father, he sees you and it makes him very sad. He says 'Now is the time for you to believe.' He was surprised when he found himself alive, but not as surprised as he would have been, if you had never told him of your experiences." After a moment, she continued writing, as follows: "Mrs. W. is going to be married." Mrs. W. said, "No, Mrs. Clarke, you are mistaken." Mother wrote, "You think not at present, but you will be just the same." And Mrs. W. was married about thirteen months later, having met the man upon a world cruise she took after my return to New York.

Waiting for cables caused me to become impatient. So the following day I tried to see if mother would write more information about things going on in New York, with this result. She wrote, "The same flames have consumed your father's body that consumed mine (cremated). The services were held about the middle of the day. We know no time here. A blanket of

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lavender lilacs covered the casket. There were several old friends gathered with the family, (naming them), and Dr. Tomkins conducted the service as he had for my funeral."

As you will readily see, this gave me something definite to check up on. So I put in a New York telephone call for midnight of that night, and later, when the connection was made, before allowing Mr. Drou  t to tell me anything, I asked him all the questions pertaining to what mother had written, and to our great satisfaction, he verified everything we had received, even to the blanket of lavender lilacs.

Perhaps you will say, "Well that ought to have convinced her that her mother knew what was going on."

But as you are passing through this experience of proving to yourself a great truth, you are conscious of waiting for a certain moment, when conviction will come to you. It does not always come through your reason. It seems to be something spiritual within one that acknowledges the truth, and then we know.

All these wonderful communications seemed to prove to me that there was no death, and I should have been satisfied. But, knowing my own consciousness, I knew I was still waiting for something even more evidential, which would come to me eventually, and when that time

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came there would never be any more doubt, because I should know the truth.

That I was right in my intuitions, you will see, as the review proceeds.

In two weeks I was back again in New York. Naturally I recounted all my messages to Mr. Drouét, and although he was kind and sympathetic, I could see that he was not deeply interested. And I am positive that he did not believe that the messages which I had received had come from my supposedly dead parents.

CHAPTER II

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TO continue this résumé of my development, it will be necessary to tell you about the experiences which came to me during this period, seemingly apart from the psychic communications. You will understand later, as I do now, that the spirit forces were trying to reach me from different angles. We are so unconscious of it all until we finally see the light, the light of perfect understanding!

We come now to the Fall of the year 1929. One morning, my telephone rang, and a friend asked me if I could use a studio which she had rented, as she had been called out of town on some work. Without a moment's hesitation, I said that I would take it, for I realized instantly that I wanted to do some serious work, modeling. So that was the way I started my sculpture. Securing a model, I entered into the work with a great deal of enthusiasm and enjoyment. Every day found me steadily progressing with something which was surprising me, and I am sure Mr. Drouét was astonished at the long hours I was putting in at the studio.

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But it was bringing me great happiness and contentment. I couldn't explain it, but I knew that I was exceptionally happy in the work.

As I write this it all comes back to me, how, one day, Mr. Francis Fast—St. Francis, as I have found him to be, with his untiring work for others—telephoned to me saying, "Mrs. Ceil Stewart, of Detroit, is in town. Mrs. Stewart is a direct voice medium and I thought you might like to have a sitting in your own house." I remember how I asked, "A direct voice medium, what do you mean by that?" Then he said, "Why a direct voice medium is a person who has the power that the spirit forces use in producing their own voices. It is the voice of the personality speaking, not Mrs. Stewart. She is merely an instrument like the antenna of the radio. It will be an interesting experience, Mrs. Drouét. Do you want to try it?" Did I! Well, I rather think I did! Suddenly something began to sing within me. Perhaps hear again the voices of my loved ones! What could be more wonderful? You see, by now, I was not as skeptical as I had been a few months previously.

Just a line here to tell you that Mrs. Stewart was in New York under the auspices of the American Society for Psychological Research. She was endorsed by this society, so it was not for me to question, only be receptive.

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Perhaps, because I had been constantly longing for more direct contact than I was getting through my writings, Mrs. Stewart was brought to my home. I realize today that our great needs are filled, if we are sincere and unselfish in the desire.

Now let me come to the interesting sitting with this remarkable medium. Mrs. Stewart came to my house a complete stranger. She presented a card with my name and address upon it, saying it had been handed to her, and she had been asked to fill the appointment. She had not seen Mr. Fast, or heard anything about me.

I thought it would be very sacred to hold this seance in the bedroom in which my mother and father had died, so we went out into this room and pulled down the curtains, excluding all light. Perhaps you will notice that this proceeding was different from my other experiences, those being in a light room. But Mrs. Stewart said, although some mediums had enough power in the light for a few voices, the darkness was more satisfactory. As you develop a film in the dark, so this power develops in darkness.

My interest has always been so keen that I have noticed every little happening. So, before the lights were out, when she placed a long aluminum horn or trumpet upon the floor, between us, I naturally asked what that

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was for, and she said it was used as an amplifier for the voices. Sometimes voices speaking for the first time were very weak and this made it possible for us to hear them better. She also told me that if I should feel myself touched by the trumpet not to be alarmed. The forces that were able to raise the trumpet off the floor were securing more power from the one they touched, or sometimes showed their love by a gentle touch.

As I wish everything that I mention in this book clearly understood and visualized by my readers, right here I will explain the trumpet. These trumpets which are used in seances are made of a light aluminum metal, about three feet long. They are made in three sections of twelve inches each, each section fitted upon the next section. In other words, the three sections telescope each other. The opening at the largest end is about five inches, and at the smallest end one and a half inches. It is just a long collapsible horn.

For a long time we used an illuminated paint band on the trumpet, and we could see, in the darkness, this bright band floating all around the room. It would pass close to us, and then move up to the ceiling. Sometimes it moved swiftly, sometimes slowly.

The trumpet is moved by the spirit forces. No one in the room would dare to touch the trumpets while they

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are in motion, for fear of the reaction upon the medium.

I have seen pictures, taken by Dr. Glenn Hamilton, of the ectoplasmic rods, or strings, which emanate from the person of the medium, and these rods are used by the spirit force to carry the trumpet, or any other article they wish to move about in the room. Every one has more or less of these ectoplasmic strings emanating from their persons, but a medium has them developed to a high degree.

When the forces touch us with the trumpet, they do it to collect a little more power, probably electrical power, from us.

Please keep this thought in your minds, and when I speak of the trumpets, from now on, remember they are just a part of the chemical demonstrations which you will learn about, later, in the book.

In order to understand this book, and feel as I do, during these experiences, please treat all the communications merely as the working of natural laws. Just because you have never known, or experienced them, is no reason for their non-existence. When you come to realize the power of thought, moving a trumpet is a very simple matter.

To make this sitting as real to you as it was to me, I want you to start with me at this point. I had just put

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out the light by my side and the room was in complete darkness. Mrs. Stewart began to speak with me about every day occurrences. To my surprise she did not go into a trance. She said, "Oh no, I never go into trance. I do not do anything differently from what you do. This power the spirit forces use from me is something I have always had. When I was a child I heard the voices, and I have heard them ever since. Sometimes, when my maid is in the room with me, she will hear a voice speaking and is startled, and they come to me often when I am alone."

You will notice there was constant conversation and the room did not seem so dark to me now. Suddenly Mrs. Stewart said, "Do you know any one by the name of Dr. Betsy Russell?" "Why, yes," I said, "that is my Grandmother Clarke, but I didn't hear any name." "But you will in a moment," she continued. "I often get the vibration before the voice is heard." And then, directly in front of me, about on a level with my face, I heard: "This is Dr. Betsy Russell Clarke speaking. Can you hear me, Bessie? This is the first time I have made direct contact through the voice with the earthplane since I came here." I said, "Grandmother dearest, I do hear you. Do you know how long a time it is since you passed away?" "A very long time," came the answer. I said,

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"It is forty-one years, Grandma, but there has never been a day that you have not been a living example to me of the power of faith and prayer." Then she replied, "It has brought you all your blessings."

Presently the voice spoke again, and I heard, "Henry, your father, and Emma, your mother, are both here. I took care of them when they came over, as I have taken care of you all, all your lives. I have always been close to you, when you lived in Portsmouth and Boston, and everywhere. Do you remember that I was the first woman physician in Worcester County, Mass.? I loved my work, and it makes me so happy to see you working in your studio. Keep on. I will speak to you again. Good-by." I was just ten when my grandma passed away, and it seemed a very long time to me, evidently to her, also.

But there were more voices coming. I heard a small, but very sweet voice say, "It's mother, Bessie." "Oh, Mother, darling, is this really you, speaking to me?" I said. "Yes, dear, it is your mother." Then she gave me her full name, "Mary Emma Davison Clarke. Your father wishes to try and speak to you. He has been resting since his arrival here, but we are all helping him to adjust himself. It is all a new thought for us, for we are living a mental life now. No more pains of the body, no limitations of the flesh. I do not want you to doubt

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the genuineness of the letters you receive from me, for they are truly from me. Sometimes I am strong enough to push the pencil you are using, at other times I can only impress you with my thoughts."

By this time I was sitting on the edge of my chair, but strange to say it seemed as natural to me as listening over the radio. For the moment my grandmother spoke, there came over me the sense of peace and certainty that had been lacking up to this time. The something for which I had been waiting. From that moment there has never been a single doubt that it was grandmother speaking, that "There is no death," and that communication is possible.

But to resume the communications. I was anxious to see if father could speak, and suddenly I heard a voice saying, "This is father speaking. Can you hear me, Bessie? I tried to write to you and give you a little comfort when I passed over, when you were in Paris. You were right about all this, but I could not believe it when you told me. I was surprised, but every one here has been so kind and shown me what to do, that I am getting on all right. Your mother looks so lovely, and young. I wish you could see her. Give my love to Fred, and tell him he is right."

Do I have to write about my feelings? How would

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any one feel who received such assurances? I had been seeking so earnestly for just this surety. How like my grandmother to come in first and open the way for the others! She knew how she had impressed me in my childhood, and no doubt that was why she had come and spoken first, with the same intonations I had heard while sitting on her knee years ago. She knew that I knew she would never countenance anything that was not true. If it was not my own dear people speaking to me, what were those voices, so full of expression and knowledge of me? As Mrs. Stewart said afterwards, "Skeptics have been able to explain away all kinds of supposed spirit communications, but no one has ever been able to explain away the voices. It is not up to the believers to prove them, it is up to the unbelievers to disprove them." That struck me as very well put.

Unless I am mistaken, you will all know what my next step was—I arranged a sitting for Mr. Drouët. And when he came home that night I was so enthused, that he has often said since, "I knew that something unusual and beautiful had happened, for I had never seen such an expression of joy upon her face."

Of course I had to repeat many times just what had happened, and he plied me with all kinds of questions. The one he asked most often was, "Did Mrs. Stewart

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hear your mother and father speak? Could I have heard them speak, or did you only hear them?" I told him that any one in the room could hear, perfectly, every word, and that Mrs. Stewart spoke to me while there was a voice speaking to me from the spirit world. This is a question that is often asked. People seem to think the voices come either through the medium, or that only one person at a time can hear the voice. It is a perfectly normal question, for the fact which makes it so wonderful, is, that you can converse as distinctly with the spirit forces as you can with each other on this plane.

I am able to give you these messages as they came, for I made many notes, not only at the start, but through the three years which followed. Please bear in mind, in order that you may enjoy them completely, and that they may bring their sincere message to you, I shall use the authentic names of many sitters in the circle, which met in my home during the next three years, and that I have the permission to use their names, and that I have the permission, from the personalities communicating with us from the spirit world, to use their names and messages. I do not always know all the relatives of the personalities who have spoken here, but when their communications are constructive or interesting, then I ask them if they want me to put their words into the book, if they want

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to help make it an authentic document. And they are always very anxious to help get the great truth over. So, dear readers, if you should find, within these pages, the name of a loved one, I trust you will bear in mind the object of this book, and be proud that some one belonging to you was sufficiently interested in their fellow men to send back to this earth a message which they hoped might save some one else the sorrow they had experienced in not realizing the continuance of life, or the possibilities of continued communications.

The motive of this little volume is not for sensation. It is written in the spirit of helpfulness, and in such a spirit I hope you will receive it. If one person's burden has been lightened, or one mother's grief relieved, you also have helped.

If you are anxious to hear the report of Mr. Drouét's first sitting, really his first sitting, I feel I must get on with the review.

We had asked Francis Fast to join Mr. Drouét and me in this sitting, and so the four of us, Mrs. Stewart making the fourth, repeated the process of darkening the room and seating ourselves, perhaps three to four feet apart.

We did not have to sit very long without some activity from the trumpet. It seemed to be floating about, passing

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us. We could not see it, but we heard it rattling and as we were talking to each other, we heard a voice say, "This is mother, Francis." "Oh, hello, Mother! Welcome! It is good to hear from you again. Who is with you?" This was Mr. Fast asking, and the reply, again, in such a sweet and soft voice, "Tillie is here and she is going to speak with you if she can." We sat a little while without hearing anything, and Mrs. Stewart explained that the people who spoke from the spirit world were people attracted to us by ties of love, or people interested in work we were doing, creative work for instance, or people who were in our vibration through friendship. We could never tell who was coming in to speak to us, but it was some one who could work in our vibration.

Suddenly we heard, "This is Bobby, Bobby Wardlaw, Uncle Francis," "Why, Bobby, I certainly am glad to hear from you again. I told your mother that you had spoken to me in Chicago. Have you any message to send to your father and mother?" Then we heard Bobby's little lisp, as he said, "I want my mamma and papa to know I can send my love, and I want to send my love to Jane, too, Uncle Francis. I play with her every day and go to school with her." Coming closer to me he said, "I am Bobby Wardlaw, do you know my Daddy

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and my mamma? Jane is my sister. This is Bobby. I am all right." Replying, I asked, "How old are you, Bobby?" He replied, "I am seven years old." Then Francis said, "How many people are there in this room, Bobby?" "Ten," said the child. "Ten, why there are only four of us," said Francis. "I see ten," said the child. "There is Tillie, and Uncle Jack, Dr. Clarke and Mrs. Clarke, Lillian and me." That, if you will count us four, made ten. It did not seem to make any difference to Bobby whether people were in the flesh or in the spirit, they were people to him. This was Bobby's first appearance in our circle. He asked Mr. Drou  t if he would be his Uncle Harry, and if I would be his Aunt Betty, and Uncle Harry and Aunt Betty we have been for the three years that this lovely little boy has been coming to us, for there is hardly a sitting that Bobby is not heard from.

This Uncle Jack, whom he mentioned, was the next personality heard from. A heavy booming voice broke the stillness, with, "This is Uncle Jack, Francis." "Oh, Uncle Jack, well, how are you? I am so glad to hear from you." "I am fine," continued Uncle Jack. "I want to speak to this lady here. You know, Mrs. Drou  t, that I did not know you in life, but I could not live in the same house for five years and not know who you were.

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And you remember your father and I passed out of earth life the same day. We did not know each other before, but we know each other now. I am very glad that you are interested in this truth. I was not fully unprepared for it, because I had sat with Francis and Mr. Ford several times."

While we were speaking about these remarks, we heard a low voice saying, "Mother. Harry, this is Mother." Mr. Drouét said, "Yes, yes, Mother, speak to me." She continued, "I want to send my love to your father. Tell him I am close to him all the time. I am so happy to be able to speak to you after all these years. How long have I been away, Harry?" "It must be over twenty-five years, Mother dear. It seems very long to me," replied Mr. Drouét. Then his mother said, "Yes, but now I have found this way to speak to you. You will let me talk often, won't you? Lillian is here and she will speak to you. Bessie dear, I want to speak to you, I love you too."

My mother's voice was heard next, saying, "It is so wonderful to be able to speak to you this way. I think, as I speak, I shall grow stronger and you will be able to hear me better. I hear your prayers for us, dear, and they help us very much." I said, "How do my prayers help you, Mother darling?" and she replied, "I rise upon

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your prayers, for you give me the energy to develop. You show me the light. Your prayers build for us a sustaining power which helps us to progress. Your father is resting now, but later he will be able to work as I do." "What are you doing, Mother?" "I am teaching little children to understand the life here. As it is purely mental, it is necessary to understand concentration." A few minutes' silence, and then this followed: "Lillian, Lillian, Harry, this is Lillian." "Oh, Lillian, dear, I do so want to hear your voice. Have you any messages for your loved ones?" asked Mr. Drouét. "I am well now, Harry. I spoke to Betty in London, through Uvani. I felt she was not quite sure, it is so hard to accept this great truth at once. When I died, as you call it, Harry, it was just like going to sleep. As I had done hundreds of times, I fell asleep, and when I awakened I was with mother. I seemed just the same, the same hands and face, and I looked just the same. Isn't it beautiful that there is no death? I would like G—— to know that I am still alive, but he will not believe it, as it is contrary to his theories."

Lillian Drouét, while at Wellesley College, was the leading woman in her class plays. She had a very beautiful speaking voice, with a most distinctive way of pronouncing her name, Lillian. This peculiarity was most

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noticeable in her spirit voice, and instantly impressed us. Mr. Drouét said that no one could say Lillian as she did, with such individual intonations.

A chap named Thomas Miller spoke next. He was very slow of speech, as in life, and announced himself as follows: "Tom, Tom, speaking, Harry, Tom Miller." "Hello, Tom! I didn't expect to hear from you. Have you any message for C——?" "Yes. Tell her I have no more pain, and I can see again, and I am very pleased with what she has done with the pictures." Some weeks later, when we were in Boston, C—— told us what Tom had meant about the "pictures."

At this time I was anticipating hearing from father, and he was the next to speak, still in a weak voice, "I am glad you are giving us these opportunities for speaking, because we do it ourselves. It is not relayed, and that makes it more evidential for you. I am resting most of the time, dear. Your mother is teaching me many things and ways." "Resting, Father!" I said. "Now is the time for you to get busy! You rested here for a good many years. Get busy there, and do something worth while." At the time I did not realize that I was giving him a direct, positive thought to work on, but you will see later what it did for him. Since that time, I have learned that it is very necessary, when we think of them, to send

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positive thoughts for them to work on. Do not say, help me, say, impress me with the way to do this or that, or impress so and so to do such and such, naming specifically what you desire accomplished. I find they gather force, and direction, and understanding through these prayers, when I pray for them that they may have the desire to use the energy all about them for service, thereby finding their happiness through service; trying to give to them, with the love I send out to them, the power to work. Mother often repeats, in our meetings, my prayers for her development and understanding. She says, "Bessie thinks of things which are helpful that we never even think of ourselves, so earnest is she for our progression."

Mrs. Stewart was in New York for only a short time. But while she was here, we availed ourselves of her talents, not only for our own happiness, but invited many of our friends to sit and hear again the loved voices of their dear ones. Many of the communications were of a personal nature, and consequently of no more interest to the general public than listening in over a private telephone wire, but they contained many assuring words of great value to the sitters, for to the individual it is the simple communication which is evidential, something which may have happened in their relations with

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each other that was so trivial, that one would think it would be forgotten.

I was especially impressed, in my own case, with the fact that every one who had known me before my marriage called me "Bessie," but those who knew me afterwards called me "Betty," as Mr. Drou  t always called me.

I would like to introduce one remark that my father made during a sitting with Mrs. Stewart. He said, "Tell all the world the fact, that life continues beyond the grave, regardless of race or creed, has nothing to do with religion—it is purely a science—it is evolution. But how one exists after their transition depends specifically upon the life they led before. The act of spirit communication is just as scientific an operation as speaking over your telephone, or turning on your radio. No one is conscious of religion entering into those acts. But remember, as it is through God-given intelligence that man is able to have and use these instruments, so it is with direct voice communication between the two worlds."

While father was speaking I heard Mr. Drou  t exclaim, "Some one just stuck their finger in my eye!" and instantly mother said, "That was I, Harry. Don't you remember how I used to poke you in the eye, at

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times, for fun?" And she often had, just to tease him. I said, "Oh, Father, couldn't you touch me?" and he said, "Wait a moment, and I will see what I can do." It was about two minutes later when we heard, and I felt, a kiss upon my forehead. It sounded like the little electric snap one hears when one touches the brass pull of an electric light, after walking over the carpet. The light was seen as well as the snap heard, and father asked, "How was that for a kiss, did you feel it?"

This was our first experience with this sort of demonstration. Although we had been touched by the trumpet, this seemed to be independent of the trumpet, the finger seemed to be like a finger and the kiss like a pressure.

Perhaps you do not realize that mediums who have the quality which gives the spirit forces the correct amount of power to transmit their thought into audible words, are very scarce. While there are hundreds of trance mediums, there is only one here and there who has this other capacity. We did not realize, at the time, that the spirit forces would be as disappointed to be without Mrs. Stewart as we were, but we realized it later when brought in touch with Maina Tafe.

There is no doubt, in my mind, that we were forced to attend a party one evening. I say forced, because I had said I thought we would be unable to be present,

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as we were going earlier to some other gathering. But at the last moment we changed our plans, and dropped in, late, at this other place. There were a number of people there whom I knew were interested in psychic things, and I was interested to hear Nancy Fulwood repeat some very marvelous experiences. Dr. Carrington also spoke. A gentleman sitting next to Mr. Drou  t said, "Why, there is Maina Tafe over there, she is a direct voice medium, do you know her?" "Where," exclaimed Mr. Drou  t, immediately realizing what it would mean to us, to have again in our home a direct voice medium.

And so we met Maina Tafe, who for the last three seasons has brought us the greatest joy and comfort. By whose psychic powers we have received and given hundreds of messages to loved ones, to interested ones. She has become so much a part of our existence, so much a part of our routine, that we could not, nor would not, let anything interfere with the regularity of our sitting, every Thursday night. The fact that we hold a regular time for these sittings means a great deal in this work; although the spirit forces have no clocks or even seasons there, they are aware of distinct time, and they can space events.

These Thursday seances are always held in our own home, the only preparation being to darken the room.

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There are some mediums who can bring the voices in the light, but the guides tell us the voices are stronger in the dark.

Let me carry you along now to more interesting recitals of what came to us. The messages received while Mrs. Stewart was with us were very evidential, but I feel that after we started our regular sittings, then things of even greater import came to us.

CHAPTER III

DR. CLARKE'S DEVELOPMENT

IT may be opportune to say right here, for the benefit of the readers who have never known anything about voice communication, that I wish every one to keep in mind the fact that the voices which we hear and converse with are as audible as our own, and as individual as our own. Often the beginners' voices are husky and low, but when a spirit has been conversing a length of time, there is often more power and vibration in their tones than in mine. They have the full power of raising and lowering their voices and speaking entirely independent of the trumpet; neither is the voice stationary. As it moves about the room, it speaks to different people, seeming to be in front of the person addressed. Though it may seem an almost impossible thing to you, I know that it is possible, for I hear these voices every week, and have for three years, and my friends hear exactly what I hear.

Please bear this great truth in mind as you read on, for it will make the communications more plausible to you, and you will feel, as we do, that the only difference

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in our gatherings from the old times is that now we cannot see our friends, although they can see us.

When you hear an announcement over the radio that Walter Winchell is speaking, do you need to see him to be sure that it is he? Do you race to the telephone and call up Station WEAf and ask for proof of it? Or do you settle down and listen, knowing from the intonation and characteristics of the voice you hear that it is Winchell? That is just the way we sit and enjoy the communications which come to us from Station Astral. But we have an advantage over the radio, because we can reply to the voices, and carry on an intelligent conversation.

One morning, a friend, whom I had not seen for several months, dropped in to see me. She said she had just returned to the city, but she did not have to tell me she was feeling forlorn, she looked it, and I was not surprised to hear her say, "As I was over at the bank I had a very strong impression to run in and see you. You know I have recently lost my only son, and, Betty, I am so broken up over it, I have never felt like this before. I don't seem to have anything to hold to." She was very sorrowful, and I realized, instantly, that she had been directed to my door, and so I said, "My dear, you have come to the right place for comfort. It is pos-

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sible to hear again the dear voice of your son which you believe stilled forever. There is happiness and peace for those who will open the door and let the loved ones in. Then I told her of our experiences.

"I am having Maina Tafe here tomorrow for the first sitting. She is a direct voice medium. Would you like to come and sit with us?" She said, "I have known of spirit communications all my life, but I have never received a personal message, and I have never heard of a direct voice medium, but I should love to come."

At this time we were living at the "Osborne," West 57th Street, and the following day my friend and Maina Tafe came, and, as I had done with Mrs. Stewart, we went out into father's and mother's room, drew down the curtains, and waited.

Let me explain here that when I sat with Mrs. Stewart the voices came in without any previous introductory remarks from a spirit guide, acting as doorkeeper. Now Miss Tafe informed us that the first voice we would hear would be that of "Sunshine," a little girl who acted as a protection from the many souls wishing to come in and talk, but spirits not acquainted with the sitters, who would use all the force, and our friends from the spirit world might not get an opportunity to speak at all. Thus, "Sunshine."

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Although we have been told by different personalities from the Astral plane that these demonstrations, in themselves, are not of a religious nature, but are in accordance with a natural, scientific law, still we feel it is through the mercy of God that we have been brought to this demonstration of these natural laws. And we like to approach these reunions with a feeling of reverence and thanksgiving for the blessings bestowed upon us, so we repeat the Lord's prayer, often recite the twenty-third psalm, and always close the sittings with the Doxology

After the light was out, Maina said, "Let us repeat the Lord's Prayer," then we sang softly, "In the sweet bye and bye." This singing, she informed us, was to take our minds from the people we were hoping would speak to us, for when we concentrate too strongly upon those from whom we are hoping to hear, it is harder for them to demonstrate. When we hold them close to us in mental thought they come within our auras, and when they are within our auras they lose their electrical power,—it is absorbed or diluted by our electrical emanations. This eliminates the thought or possibility of telepathy, as concentration upon an object or person is necessary in telepathy, while in spirit com-

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munications a relaxed mind on the part of the sitter is necessary.

This singing also helps to put us all in the same vibration,—a vibration of harmony with each other and the spirit forces. It was not long before we heard, "Sunshine, this is Sunshine, hello, Maina, this is Sunshine." We said, "Hello, Sunshine, how are you today?" She replied, "I'm pretty good, I want to work hard and bring you lots of happiness, you know I was an unwanted baby and I passed over before they named me, so the spirit forces called me Sunshine, and send me back to earth as a missionary to help sorrowing souls, to bring light and joy to them." Then she seemed to pass toward each of us and speak to us individually. I remember she said to me, "Would you like me to call you Aunt Betty?" I couldn't help wondering how she knew my name. When she said, "Your father is here, Dr. Clarke, I know Dr. Clarke and I love him."

I want you to understand Sunshine, she is such a dear, helpful little spirit. If she finds the sitters are getting tense, she tells some funny joke and gets every one laughing, for a joyous vibration on the part of the sitters helps to bring good results. It seems to me to be the same attitude which you extend to earthly visitors;

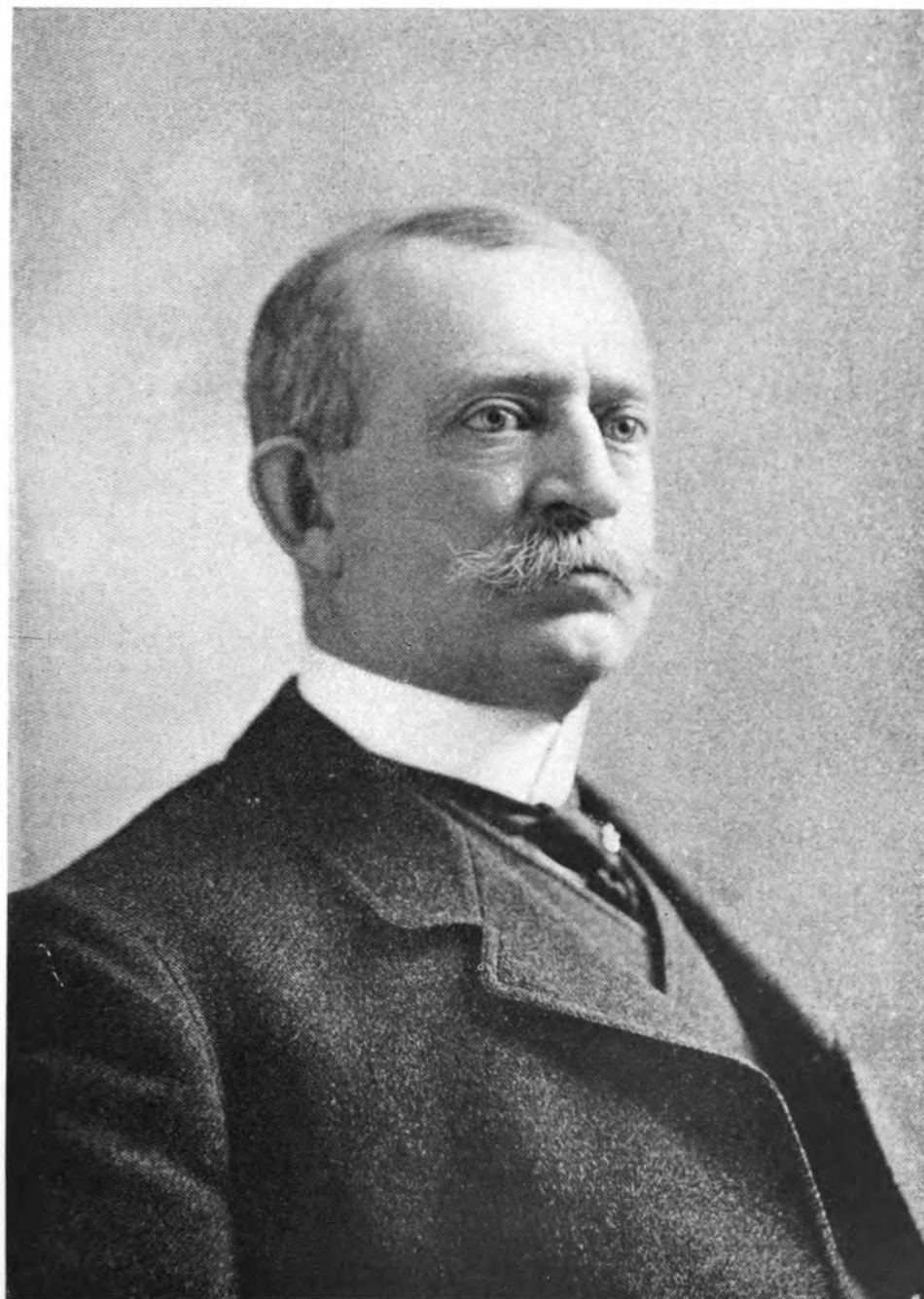
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if you greet your guests with expressions of love and joyous welcome, they immediately respond in the same manner, and vice versa. So it is with the spirit friends, the happier you are the easier it is for them to demonstrate.

To me these are the most joyous occasions in my life. There is no room for gloom, and there is no reason for sadness, but every reason for great happiness and real joy, for "There is no death."

I hope this will give you a little idea of Sunshine, for the following pages include her very often, and I wish you to know and love her as we do, and realize what an important factor she is in our reception of authentic communications.

Now back to the first sitting. Sunshine has introduced herself and spoken of Dr. Clarke, and following that, Dr. Clarke (my father) came in and spoke to me. But you should have heard his voice today! Not the weak little voice that I had heard the last time, but a strong, clear voice, with a tone peculiar to his earth voice. I would have recognized it anywhere. "Why, Dad," I said, "what has happened to your voice, you were resting the last time I spoke with you and your voice was pretty weak?" He said, "Didn't you give me the positive thought to get busy and work? Well, I am working



DR. HENRY F. CLARKE

Father of the author

Photograph taken at the age of fifty-five

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and I am very busy. Hello, Mrs. L——” speaking to my friend, “I am glad to see you here. Your son is standing beside you, and is going to try and speak to you.” Father then made a few personal remarks to me, and presently we heard a voice say, “Mother, this is Forrest.” As the messages which came to my friend were personal I will not repeat them. I will only say, they were satisfactory, and helped her. Soon another voice spoke, saying, “This is J——, I am so happy that I can come and speak to you today, it is as if the Heavens have opened up today for joy, speaking to you again means just that to me, and I want to send my love to the children.” My friend said that the trumpet was passing over her, caressing her shoulders, and she could feel the nearness of the personality speaking. There was some more intimate conversation between them, then finally she said to me, “You know, Betty, I had two husbands, both named J——, which one do you suppose spoke to me just now?” I replied, “It must have been the father of your children as he sends his love to them.” Instantly the voice came again saying, “No, I am J—— L——, why shouldn’t I send my love to your children, I always loved them as my very own?”

My mother spoke to me as follows, “Your father is

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developing very fast. He is going to take full charge of our sittings. He has been looking on at some other seances and learning how they direct them, and from now on he and Sunshine will control all the demonstrations here. I am busy trying to care for many little children who come over here without any parents to care for them. Oh, yes, children go to school, and every one tries to do something helpful when they have developed sufficiently to understand how to work. It is like everything else, perfectly natural and easy after you have adjusted yourself to conditions here."

"We are living in a thought world, I can best describe it to you as your dreams, for in your dreams you see people, you do things, and yet you do not use your physical body or brain at all. Here we operate and demonstrate through thought, with an astral body, which seems to be a duplicate of the physical body, both in form and color." As I asked, "Are people still old there, or do they grow younger?" She replied, "We can be at any age we wish. Your father is quite a young man now. People generally wish to be at the age when they were at their best, that is, old people wish to be at the age when they were most efficient, and children seem to grow up to an age of understanding."

Bobby came and spoke to us, sending his love to his

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father and mother and Jane, and several other spirit friends spoke to my friend. So in all we had a very interesting sitting of about an hour and a half.

Naturally, I wanted Mr. Drouét to have a similar experience, so I arranged a sitting for him in the following week, which proved equally satisfactory. I will review a part of it.

After we had repeated the Lord's Prayer, and sung "In the Sweet Bye and Bye," Sunshine's voice was heard saying, "This is Sunshine, Aunt Betty," and I said, "Do you know who is sitting with us today, Sunshine?" She replied, "Yes, it is my Uncle Harry, you will be my Uncle Harry, won't you?" As Sunshine likes to claim relationship with people whose vibrations synchronize with hers, she often asks people sitting with us if she may call them Uncle or Aunt, and so Mr. Drouét has been Uncle Harry to Sunshine ever since that first meeting.

She continued speaking until she had Mr. Drouét in a very happy mood. He was so amused with her conversation, I think she told him some funny jokes, keeping us all laughing, and then we heard a voice, saying, "This is Annie, Annie Drouét. You are my Brother Harry. Do you remember me?" This voice was speaking so rapidly that we had difficulty in following the words,

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although the intonations were exceptionally clear. She told us that she was on a rapid vibration and could not help speaking so fast. In all her communications since, she has always spoken just as rapidly, but we had become accustomed to it now, as it is very different from all the other voices,—no one ever mistakes Annie Drouét.

Annie passed over when she was five years old, making her now about fifty-five. When we asked Lillian, her sister, who is about forty-four, if Annie seemed older than she, Lillian replied, "Annie seems much younger than I, because she has not had the earth experience which I had." Bobby once said, "Annie is a big woman."

Thinking about Annie, we heard a very strong voice say, "This is John R. Hegeman. I want you to tell your father, Drouét, that I am over there with him a great deal. I was very fond of him, and I think it was mutual, so I enjoy being with him." Coming closer to me, he said, "Good evening, Mrs. Drouét. Tonight I have my coat on." He was laughing as he said this, and I immediately asked him, "Have you the same big hat you used to wear here?" He replied, "Yes, I have the same big hat, the same big hands and feet." Then I added, "And the same big heart?" He resumed, "Well, I don't know about the heart." Turning again towards

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Mr. Drouét, he continued, "Be sure to tell your father I spoke to you. I wish him to know I am close to him. Say the Mrs. is with me,—she is always with me."

Mr. John R. Hegeman, as you probably know, was, for a great many years, the President of The Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. When he spoke of having his coat on, he was referring to the following incident: One morning, about thirty years ago, I went into Mr. Hegeman's office, with Mr. Haley Fiske. Mr. Hegeman was sitting at his desk in his shirt-sleeves, as it was an exceedingly warm morning. I did not think anything about it, until he remarked, rising from his chair to greet me, "You don't mind my shirt sleeves, do you?" When I replied, "No, not if you do not," he immediately put his coat on, giving me, at the same time, one of his amused glances. So it was very interesting to hear him mention this incident. Mr. Hegeman has spoken several times since then, always sending his regards to Mr. E. Charles Drouét, in Somerville, Mass.

Lillian Drouét came and talked again with Mr. Drouét, speaking of her father and husband and her sister still on the earth plane. Mr. Drouét's Uncle George spoke to him, telling him that he had joined our band, and that Dr. Clarke had helped him speak to us. He spoke of another brother and of his sister, Mr.

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Drouét's mother, and then Mr. Drouét's mother spoke, saying, "This is mother, Harry. I want to send my love to your father. Tell him I am close beside him, and at night I sit by his bed and smooth his head. I would like to talk with him as I do with you." Then a grandmother of Mr. Drouét's was heard speaking. She said, "I gave your father a ring years ago with a ruby stone. The stone was given to me as an apport. You know I was interested in these psychic matters when I lived on earth. In fact, I possessed some powers myself. But such things were not thought very highly of in my day, and I didn't speak about them very often."

My father was the next to speak, and after greeting us all, he said, "I wish to impress upon you that it is wiser to listen to new ideas and thoughts, rather than close your minds. If I had listened while I was on earth, I could have helped my wife more from the earth plane, when she came over here. It is so easy to be mistaken. It is much wiser not to say things are impossible, when we know nothing of the subject. Fred was right, I was wrong. He knew more than all of us about life beyond the grave." He spoke of the radio, and how readily it had been accepted by those who knew nothing of its technicalities.

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Father stressed his desire to help any of our sitters, and there are many instances where he has helped them in sickness and trouble, of which I will speak later. He has told us that there are many healing bands in his world, who devote themselves in aiding the sick, and he was learning how they did it through the power of concentration.

When I asked father if he could see me, he replied, "Yes, perfectly. You are sitting in my chair, and Harry is sitting in Mother's rocking chair."

My Grandmother Clarke spoke to me again, at this time, and also to Mr. Drouét, telling us to keep on with the sittings, because we would develop our friends on the astral plane, and they would be able to demonstrate many things which would surprise us. She spoke again of the work that I was doing in the studio, and urged me to keep on.

There were several other communications, but I want to make a few remarks, right here, about Maina Tafe.

Maina Tafe, well-known trumpet and direct voice medium, has the power of clairvoyance and clair-audience as well. She was born in Canton, Ohio.

Thousands of people from different parts of the country are familiar with her work, which is always main-

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tained at a high standard. She has been a public worker for fifteen years, and is a familiar figure at the different Spiritualist camps during the summer season.

Again I wish to emphasize that the spirit voices we hear in the seance do not emanate from the medium. She does not do the talking. The voices come directly from other entities than those visible in the room. Maina Tafe speaks only the English language, and we have received communications, in these seances, in the French language, the German, the Italian, and the Japanese.

Mr. Ford's guide, Fletcher, has said in these seances, "All communications that come with Maina Tafe as medium, are authentic. They are uncolored by the personality of the medium. They are direct communications from the persons giving their names. There are no impersonations here."

There is another thing I wish to make clear,—when you hear me speak of the "band," I am referring to a group of our spirit friends, who have banded themselves together to increase their power through concentration, to enable them to assist us here on our earth, and to protect us from undesirable forces which might attempt to enter our sittings, as it is very necessary to have protection against entities who are always looking for an entrance back into this world, who, when they see an

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open door, or a receptive mind, are apt to force their personalities in. So our band has been formed by our spirit friends, and we feel their protection and assistance continually.

I wish all my readers to get these few facts firmly established in their consciousness, so they may enjoy, unrestrictedly, the communications.

After one has sat a few times in a seance, and the amazement of it has lessened a bit, one is able to collect one's thoughts and ask worth while questions. At first it is like meeting an old friend unexpectedly on the street. You generally speak of the most trivial matters, afterwards wishing you had spoken of more important things.

When some people come to sit for the first time, they know before hand the questions they intend to ask. But when they hear a voice, they are so surprised they seem to forget everything they had planned to say. I have noticed this quite often, so I ask people to tell me what questions they wish answered, if any one speaks with them, and at the proper time, if I also do not forget, I remind them.

After we had had a few sittings in the afternoons and evenings, I suggested to Maina that it would be a good idea if we set aside a regular night for these seances.

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There were so many people asking if they might come, and every one had a friend whom they wanted to bring, or send.

So our regular Thursday night seances started, and they soon developed into both stimulating and instructive gatherings. We limited the number of sitters to seven or eight, although we have had as many as sixteen on special occasions.

There is only one thing I stipulate,—each sitter must come seeking the comforts the great truth, “There is no death,” gives. Skeptics, or curiosity seekers, weaken the forces. They are like a poor valve in a motor. Some people unconsciously freeze the spirit power. At times we have had people with us whose real motive was unknown to us, and the evening was turned into a perfect blank, father telling us at the next meeting what caused it, naming some person who had been with us, and telling us why they injured the power. Naturally that person was not admitted again.

Then there have been sittings when Sunshine would come in and try to say a few words, but her voice would be very weak, and so she would have to close the meeting. So you see it is very important that any one seeking this eternal truth must come in the spirit of seeking and ye shall find.

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If the person who comes to our house for a seance has an interesting mind and character, and does constructive work in this world, they are pretty sure to attract interesting personalities on the astral plane, and these personalities come to them here, and try to assist them in whatever work they are doing on this earth. If one has an affectionate nature, that love attracts to one's self great affection from the other side. The greatest attraction, in my mind, for the spirit forces, is a genuine spirit of love and helpfulness on the part of the person sitting for communication.

Our first few weeks with Maina Tafe were largely filled with personal conversations between families and friends. My personal family often stepped aside, in order that all newcomers might receive a word from some loved one. But father always spoke to us, giving a word of advice about our attitudes in the sitting, or telling some stranger about their relatives who could not always speak. "It is," he would often remark, "like learning to play the violin or piano,—you cannot do it well the first time you try, nor the next time, but if you keep at it, eventually you will be able to do something."

Speaking from the astral plane always seems to me to be done much easier by the men than by the women. Children seem to speak louder and easier than many

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older people, perhaps, because they have no prejudices. They tell us that so many who wish to speak from the spirit world do not believe it possible, and so they try with doubt in their minds, and doubt diminishes the power of concentration.

As Bobby had been speaking to us at nearly every sitting, saying how much he would like to speak to his daddy and mamma, we invited Mr. and Mrs. Wardlaw to a Thursday evening seance, and that was the way we first met them. It made Bobby very, very happy. Mr. and Mrs. Wardlaw had spoken to him previous to this time, at a seance held at a friend's house with Mrs. Stewart as the medium, so this was not their first experience.

At this time, I remember asking mother about re-incarnation, and she said that she heard it discussed in the spirit world along the same lines as she had heard it discussed on earth,—some people believed in it, and others did not. Personally she had had no evidence of it.

It was also at this time that an old friend of ours, Charles Greene, spoke to us, telling us that he still enjoyed his beautiful horses. He said, "There is an animal kingdom here, and we can still enjoy our animal pets, as they are all here." I asked him if the fourth of March meant anything to him, and he replied, "How

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did you remember March fourth? That is my birthday! I am surprised that you should remember that day, but I am pleased you do."

Perhaps at this point I may refer again to the work in my studio. Everything was progressing so easily and well, that I was amazed. I knew perfectly well how hard sculpture was to execute, and I realized the difficulties that I would ordinarily encounter. So I wondered how the work that I was doing could develop as it did.

It was about this time I started, for my first figure, a Diana. Then one day I felt the desire to set up the figure of a diving girl, and a little later I began a recumbent figure. As I was using the same model for all the figures, I was really working on the same figure, only in different positions.

During March, I began the portrait bust of Mr. Drouét. This progressed exceedingly well,—I seemed to have hardly any difficulty, either in the construction, or in reproducing exactly the expression I wanted. Before that head was finished, I began to model the head of my brother. This head had three or four sittings, of an hour each,—it seemed to develop as though some one was working through me, and I was beginning to think there was something strange about it all.

I remember I was especially impressed, one day, with

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this fact, as I was working on Mr. Drouét's head, when he said to me, "Do you realize that you are using both hands with the same dexterity? Are you aware of it?" Up to that moment I had not been conscious of doing this, but ever since that time it has amazed me to find one hand just as efficient as the other.

When I mentioned these things to several sculptors, one said, "You may be psychic enough to use the power in the air about you." That made me think I would ask father who was assisting me with my work.

As the family had often spoken about my work, and seemed so interested, they would surely know if any one from the spirit world was helping me, guiding me.

When I first started the figure of Diana, I had planned to have her holding the leash of a pulling dog,—that would bring her right shoulder forward, and throw the left shoulder back; but, as time went on, I decided I did not want a dog in the composition, so I was at a loss to know just what to do about that outstretched right arm. Consequently, I let the Diana stand for several weeks, while I finished the portraits which I had started.

It was some time later, at a seance, that I thought to ask father, "Is any one helping me with my modeling?" He said, "Yes, some one is helping you in your studio,—

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in fact, there are many sculptors there. I am going to let them speak to you themselves, sometime."

Several Thursdays passed without my receiving any light on this subject, but one evening, I suddenly asked, "Who is helping me with my work?" And just as unexpectedly we heard a voice say, "Bourdelle, Bourdelle." I exclaimed, "Bourdelle, give me some proof that you are Bourdelle!" And again the same voice replied, "You know my daughter-in-law." I asked, "Whom do you mean, give me her name?" "Katharine," came the answer.

The next morning I called Katharine on the phone and asked her if her father-in-law spoke English during his life-time, and she replied, "Why, yes, he spoke several languages fluently, why do you ask?" Then I repeated the experiences of the night before.

Bourdelle was a notable French sculptor, a contemporary of Rodin's. After the passing of Rodin, Bourdelle finished many of his works,—they are now in the Rodin Museum, in Paris. Bourdelle passed into the beyond some years later.

I made a note that Bourdelle did not mention any specific piece of work with which he was assisting me, but as I was finishing the head of Mr. Drouét, at that

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moment, I concluded that it was on that work I was receiving impressions. For, just as I had received automatic writing, so I believed I could receive impressions about my sculpture, and I also felt because of Mr. Drouét, being of French descent, some connection of his might have brought Bourdelle into our vibrations.

Perhaps this didn't make me ambitious, and perhaps it did, what do you think?

To have the inspiration of such a marvelous creative mind, and the assurance of it, gave me great courage and strength to proceed, so under these conditions I finished the bust of Mr. Drouét, and the one of my brother.

Again, during one of our sittings, a voice spoke to me in response to a question I had asked in regard to my work, and this time we heard the name, spoken in German, "Peter Bruer, Peter Bruer, Peter Bruer, Berlin." He spoke for a few seconds, but as it was in the German language, and none of us spoke, or understood German, we could not make out what he was saying, so I said, "Can any one tell us who that was speaking, we do not know Peter Bruer, can you tell me, Sunshine?" But Sunshine did not answer, it was Lillian, who came, saying, "That was an old German Sculptor, named Peter Bruer. He lived in Berlin, and died there about three years ago." That is all the information that I have ever

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had about him, as he has never spoken to us again, and I had no way of looking him up.

As it was nearing the late spring, and Maina was going away for the summer, we arranged to close our seances.

During the time we had been holding these seances, probably seventy-five different people had sat in our circle, and every one had received messages, so we were very well pleased with our first season, and closed it with the anticipation of renewed efforts in the fall.

CHAPTER IV

A DREAM

COMBINED COMMUNICATIONS FROM MY MOTHER

ONE night a year or so after my mother's passing, I had a dream which I remember in detail. I told it to my husband, and he said, "Why don't you ask your mother about it?"

Let me repeat the dream. "I was at a party in a house which was unfamiliar to me, and when the time came for me to go, I went upstairs to get my wraps. As I entered the room at the top of the stairs, I noticed that there were no wraps in sight, so, thinking the maid had removed them into another room, I passed on into the next room. I remember that I noticed all the colors and furnishings of that room, and realized I had never been there before. I walked toward the bed, but still there were no wraps in sight. But, as I stood for a moment, hesitating, I noticed that something was taking place upon the bed. There seemed to be a form developing beneath the covers. I was fascinated, and held to the spot, although my natural impulse was to scream and run away. This form was

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growing until it assumed the entire shape of a body. I wanted to see who it was, and yet, I didn't dare. But finally I found the courage to move up closer to the head of the bed and actually forced myself to look down at the face upon the pillow. It was the face of my mother, rosy and warm, and she was looking directly at me. I began to reason this thing out. I said to myself, how can this woman be here in the flesh, warm and breathing, when we have cremated this body, and it is ashes?

I remembered all that in this dream, it forced itself in upon my consciousness. "Lift me up, dear, that I may see the stars," mother said, and, bending over her, as I had hundreds of times, I raised her upon one arm, while with the other hand, I raised the window shade. "How beautiful are the stars," she said. And indeed, I had never seen such stars, they were magic. Still that thought was in my mind, how could this thing be?

As I laid her gently upon the bed, I noticed her weight. At that moment, Mr. Drouét and my father entered the room. Looking at them, I said to my husband, "Do you see mother here on the bed?" Mr. Drouét looked casually at the bed and said, "No, I do not see anything." I continued, "But mother is here on

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this bed, look again and see if you can see her." The same answer came, and just then father stepped up close to the bed, and I asked him the same question. He replied, "No, I do not see any one." And then he stopped, held up his head, and as you have seen a horse dilate its nostrils at some tense moment, so father's did, and his eyes opened wide as he said, "Yes, yes, I see your mother!"

That broke the dream, but it stayed with me for a long time. At my first opportunity I asked mother, "Did you come to me in a dream and materialize, for I saw you in the flesh?" I could hear her laugh as she said, "No, I did not come to you, you came to me and found me alive and warm. You know, dear, that in sleep, people often leave their bodies, as they do in seeming death. Some go out into the universe and gather energy, others come out into the infinite and travel so far, that when they return into their bodies again, they feel tired, and when they awaken in the morning they wonder why they are so weary."

I have heard people speak about the sensation of leaving the body in dreams, and I have also heard them tell how hard it was to get back into their bodies.

Mother has developed the power of touching me, and I have developed the sense of feeling her touch. It



MRS. MARY EMMA DAVISON CLARKE

Mother of the author

Photograph taken at the age of fifty-five

A DREAM

comes like a sharp electric prickle, like the violet ray they use on one's head at the hairdressers. It is generally upon my forehead, and there is never a night that I do not feel the loved hand upon my head as I am going to sleep.

There have been so many helpful talks with mother during these many seances which we have held, that I should like to group a few of them for you. They have come through a little at a time, because no one speaks for more than three or four minutes at a time, more often much less.

She has said, "The conditions here on the astral plane are so beyond human expression that I am afraid I cannot make you see them as I do." "The most beautiful music that you hear on earth, is as the chirp of the sparrow compared to the music here." "The flowers which you throw away, bloom again here, there is nothing lost." "Still born babies live on, anything which has the spark of life once created within it, lives on." "Whether you wish it or not, you must continue to live, it is evolution." "Earth life is the preparatory school, and if you learn your lesson there of usefulness, and kindness, and the power of concentration, it will be much easier for you to function here." "If you have an imagination and can visualize finished

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work, here you will need to go no further, for what the mind can create in perfection, lives forever." "We find all the reality on our side of the veil." "There is no happiness here for people unless they deserve it." "When people come into this life and find that they can review their entire past, they have many regrets, and it is these regrets which hinder their progress, for there certainly is progression here." "We know that there are planes of understanding so far in advance of us that we are kept wondering, as you are there, about what is ahead of us." "We are still wondering about God." "We know no more of Him than we did on earth." "There are personalities here who say that they lived on other planets than the earth planet, but they seem similar to ourselves." "We build our homes with our thoughts, and everybody's home is a picture of their thoughts." "We make our own environment." "You ask me if there is heat and cold? When we come close to you and you are sincerely fond of us and keep us in your thoughts, we feel what you call a glow, but, if you are indifferent, we have what you designate a chill." "There is no direct light here, as you see the sun, but a bright glow like the reflection of the sun on snow." "I want to speak about the light which surrounds each of you. You call it an aura. It

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indicates the state of your mind to us. When you are happy you are surrounded with luminous light blue or yellow light; when you are angry, or even cross, the light becomes very dark and muddy; when you are sad, your lights are dim and purplish. That is the way we know how you are feeling when we come close to you." "When we cannot see you distinctly, we can still see your auras." "There are times when I can see every detail of your face, and things about you, again I can only sense you and get your thoughts." "You have no idea how much happiness you are giving us holding these regular seances." "Time means nothing to us, but we know regular occurrences and look forward to them." "I can see the preparations going on for this occasion, we know when Christmas time is at hand, for we see you arrange the greens, and we realize it must be Easter time because the lilies are so abundant." "If all the world could only understand that there is no death, how much easier everything would be for them." "You remember we would never discuss it, it was such a sad thought." "Now it holds no sadness, because we are always together." "Why do you go to the cemetery?" "We all dread to see our friends going there, it brings back to us all the earth conditions which were so painful." "We see the loved

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ones grieving, and we are right there with them, talking to them, and trying by every way we know to demonstrate our presence to them." "Do you realize that we can look right into the graves and see those earth bodies in all their hideousness?" "Fortunately, you saved father and me that horror." "There is so much you do not understand, and customs are very dominant." "Tell your friends that they can make their loved ones happier and their development faster, if they will not hold them back with tears." "If you could see the souls over here, when their families are all crying and mourning, when these spirits realize that they have not died but are still very much alive, they are fairly crazy because when they cannot get this fact through to their grieving relatives, their first thought is to get back and help the suffering ones they left behind." "I do not know which suffers the most, that is why we tell them we will show them how we are comforted by talking again to the earth plane." "They come and look on when we are speaking with you, hoping some one whom they love will find their way to either your door, or have the desire to seek a medium somewhere." "This explains many of the new contacts you have made during the past four years." "The friends here have maneuvered to bring into your life their loved

A DREAM

ones, and you have brought them to the Thursday seances and comfort has come to many hearts." "The appreciation here for these benefits is beyond words, and the band which has formed on this side not only serves you, but we are at the call of all who participate." "We want to impress upon you that there are as many harmful forces at work in the spirit world, as good." "One has to be protected from them. You can protect yourself largely by governing your thoughts. When you think of things which are destructive, eject them immediately, and ask for the strength, and the protection of the good forces." "That is where our band plays an important part, there are many of us, all people who are accustomed to speaking with you, and we are constantly adding to it." "You often hear some one say, I have joined the band. Your father is in control of it, and when people wish to join with us in the thought of helping and protecting their loved ones, we welcome them. This band builds a wall, a mental wall, around you, and keeps out all undesirables. That is why you are able to create all the things you do. There is no interference, you are surrounded by great creative forces, who find happiness in demonstrating through you, because you are so eager to help the people here; that is the law of compensation." "There are

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many little children coming over all the time, and they cry so hard for their mothers. It makes it difficult for us, at times, to distract their little minds. If mothers only knew that their darlings were still close to their arms, and would not let the child feel that they thought it was any different in spirit form than in earth form, the child would not realize its transition." "A mother could mentally hold her baby to her heart and keep up the little customs of reading aloud the bedtime stories, and talk to the child, and it would be such a blessing to the child. For children run right back to mothers, and sisters, and brothers, and play as usual, but when they see they are not noticed they are hurt, and then they cry and are forlorn." "There are many of us here who spend a great deal of our efforts on children." "Many women who were not blessed there with babies find them here, and that is a great joy to them." "There is no birth or marriage here in the physical sense, but we get beautiful thrills as you speak of them, we call them vibrations, being with those we love. There is great joy here when people who truly loved on earth are reunited, —all Heaven seems to rejoice." "If only there could be a little more rejoicing there for the good fortune of the one passing, perhaps some of the selfish grief would be abolished." "If people could realize that when a

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loved one passes over, the opportunities of those left upon earth to help those loved ones develop, are increased. Instead of putting people out of your minds and trying to smother your own grief, realize you can still be of service in keeping those precious to you active and contented, by giving them strength through your prayers for the full use of all the faculties they possessed there." "When a friend passes out in a cloudy mental state, clear up that condition for them with understanding prayers for the clarification of their minds, in other words, try to do as much for them after seeming death, as you would if you could still see and hear them as you did when they were on earth."

Perhaps, my reader, you can imagine a little of what has helped me the past few years through these communications.

CHAPTER V

OUR SECOND SEASON

THE fall of 1930 arrived after a happy summer, happy because of the knowledge that had come into our lives. We were continually seeing and feeling the evidences of the protection and love of our dear ones. I remember how happy it made us realizing they were close to us, and that we could still serve them, through our prayers, and keeping them in our thoughts and conversation.

Wherever we went some one would say, "I have heard about your experiences, won't you tell me about them? I have always thought people continued to exist, but I have never had any evidential communications from them." And so I have tried to tell them what I am trying to tell you, feeling I must not withhold any comfort from any one who asked for it. And besides, isn't it perfectly natural to talk about the things in which we are interested?

We resumed our seances about the last of October. It seemed as if every one who had sat with us the previous spring had some one they wanted to bring, or

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send. Whenever I read in the paper, or heard, of the loss to a friend of some one, I would write to them or telephone asking them to come to our house to a seance. I always bore in mind the great joy of the one who had passed over, when they found that I had brought to them the ones they had to leave behind. My experience was teaching me how I could be of service to people on the spiritual plane, as well as to those on the earth plane.

It was at the beginning of this season that father became most emphatic in his remarks about skepticism. Many of us can recall hearing him say, "When I lived on earth, I did not believe it was possible that the supposed dead lived on. I had dissected too many dead bodies to believe there was anything which survived, and I tried very hard to dissuade my daughter from her interest in psychic things, thinking it might affect her general health. Can you realize what my thoughts were when I arrived upon the astral plane, and found that she was right, and I was wrong?" "If she had heeded me I should have closed the door upon myself and deprived her and many others of this great knowledge. That would have been a veritable Hell for me, because I should have known that it was all my own fault, my ignorance, my unwillingness, to listen and learn. For-

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tunately, she was just as positive in seeking as I was in hindering, and I thank God that she had the determination to find out for herself this eternal truth, "There is no death."

Father never tires of repeating these words, and he urges people at almost every sitting to open their minds to new thoughts.

I remember asking him if he had ever seen God, and he replied, "No, we have not seen God, we only see evidences all about us of his love and intelligence, as you do there."

One evening we had an inquiring young doctor sitting with us, and he asked, "Dr. Clarke, will you tell me what is the soul?" And we were pleased to hear father say, "The soul is like the perfume of the flower. It is intangible, still very real to our senses. You cannot understand all this at first, any more than I could, for your work brings you in contact with the physical, but profit by my experience and investigate."

Once in a while, when my brother was in the seance, some old school mates, from the time when we had lived in Portsmouth, would speak. One night one of them said, "This is Billy Ashe, Fred. The old crowd is all here. I see Ned Jones, and Billy Cotton, and Eddie Kimball, very often. We get together and talk over old

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times and often speak of you. They want to speak to you, here, sometime." Then passing closer to me, I heard him ask, "Hello, Bessie! Do you remember me?" I replied, "Why, yes, of course! You lived up on State Street on the corner of Cabot, and I also remember that you were very fond of riding a bicycle,—you could ride faster than all the boys in town. How is your speed now?" He laughed, as he said, "You should see my speed now! Oh my! It is some speed!"

Whenever my brother Fred was with us, his little son, Richard, would speak. Richard passed out of earth life at the age of nine months, and could never speak. Now he speaks as clearly and correctly as any one could wish. He always says, "Oh Daddy, I wish Mother and Constance, and Donald and Phyllis would come here to Aunt Betty's so that I could speak to them. I want to talk to my Mamma." Coming over to me, he said, "My hair is red, Aunt Betty, and I have blue eyes. Grandma says I look like Donald." One night, when his father was absent, he came and said to me, "Aunt Betty, this is Richard. Will you tell Constance that I was there at her birthday dinner? I sat at the table with them all. I saw the ice cream and birthday cake." I had forgotten that Constance's birthday came at that time, and so knew nothing about the ice cream

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or cake, but later, when I telephoned his mother, she confirmed his remarks.

It may interest you to know how some spirit people feel about the conditions on their plane. I had a cousin, who in earth life was George D. Leavens, Vice President of the Coe, Mortimer Co. He also gave lectures at Columbia University, and at the present time is very anxious to find some one to take his writings from the astral plane,—but to go on. George often comes and speaks of the situation of the farmer, and the pity that the farmer gets the small end of the bargain. He said that there should be some arrangement whereby the farmer would receive more profit and the middleman less. Once I asked him if he still had the same beautiful black eyes, and he laughingly replied, “Yes, but if you think my eyes big and beautiful, you should see Lillian’s eyes, they are so large and such a beautiful brown.” Now, George never knew Lillian during earth life, he has only known her in spirit life.

“Do you have hills and valleys, in your country, George, and can every one see what you see at the same time?” I asked. “We have everything here which you have there, hills and vales, trees and flowers, and animals, but people standing close beside can see them as we do, only if they are in the same vibrations as we

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are. That is one good thing about this world, we do not have to be bored with a lot of people who are not interested in the same things that we are. You see everything here is on different thought planes, planes of understanding. I hear you speaking of planes, well, remember they are merely planes of understanding."

As George had been very fond of certain kinds of food in his life time here, I asked, "Do you still like baked potatoes, George?" He replied, "I like to be close to people who are eating the things I enjoy. I receive the same sensation, but you must know, that, although we are apparently the same shape and appearance now, as before, we do not have digestive organs, because we do not need them."

What George said about, "Receiving the same sensation," made me pause and think, how, if a man who was addicted to drink during his earth life returned, through the laws of attraction, to some one on earth who was over-fond of drink, to continue the pleasure of that sensation, how much stronger would become the desire within the man here, because of the desire of the spirit force about him. In other words, how do we know but that drink obsessions are due to these very conditions, and the inability to resist because of the strength and desire of the spirit insistence?

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When I asked about sleep or rest, George gave me this answer, "We rest, we all have our own places for rest, but we do not sleep as you perceive it."

A very interesting conversation took place between Mr. Drouét and Dr. John W. Draper, who had not been over very long at that time. I will repeat the conversation. "I want to speak to Drouét. This is Draper speaking, John W. Draper. I want to speak to Henry Drouét. Is this Henry Drouét, the insurance man?" "Yes, this is Drouét speaking to you, Doctor. What can I do to help you? I have taken care of all your policies and everything is all right here." The spirit voice continued, "Thanks, but what I want to know is, am I dreaming? I am sure I am dreaming. Tell me I am dreaming. The people around me are trying to tell me I have passed over, and I know it is not so. I must be dreaming, because I seem to be doing things, and I know I could not be doing things if I were dead." Mr. Drouét spoke, saying, "No, you are not dreaming, Doctor, but you are in need of assistance to make you realize it. I will send Dr. Clarke to help you, and you will find out that you are not dreaming, that you are still alive, though you think you died."

When father spoke to us later, we asked him to try

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to do something for Dr. Draper, and in about a month we had another conversation with Dr. Draper, as follows: "This is Draper speaking, yes, Dr. Draper. Thanks, Drouét, for the help your father-in-law has given to me. You know I thought I was dreaming. I could not believe that I had died and was still alive. I never had any proof of continued existence, and I have operated on many. What is the use of surgeons operating on people and never discovering this? Now I am stronger than any x-ray I have ever used. I can pass through stone walls. I can pass under water. Nothing can stop me." I spoke to him at that point, saying, "Now that you realize your powers, why don't you try to work and help others, as my father is doing?" He replied, "I do not wish to do anything until I understand all about it. It is all right for your father, he seems to understand what he is doing." Mr. Drouét asked him, "Is there any message you would like to send to your family?" "No," said he, "I will reach them myself."

Please remember this conversation, for a year later he came back, with a different point of view.

One day, during the middle of the winter, a friend of ours, from Philadelphia, came up for a special sit-

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ting. Her mother had been on the other side only a short time, having passed on Nov. 3rd, and our friend was hoping to receive a message from her.

The mother of my friend had been a firm believer in this truth, during her earth life, and had often talked about it with me.

This day there were four of us, my brother, my friend, Maina, and myself.

After Sunshine had made her usual remarks, and greeted the stranger, my friend's mother spoke. Her voice was not very strong, but it was perfectly clear, and she was delighted to talk again with her daughter. She also spoke to me about our past conversations on this subject, of my mother and other friends.

After a moment we heard a splendid voice speaking, and this name, "Bishop Brent, I want to send a message to Floyd Tomkins." Then he gave us the message. Bishop Brent was a very dear friend of Dr. Floyd Tomkins, a friend of many years' standing, and he sent him a beautiful message.

Following him some of our family spoke to us, when suddenly the room seemed to grow very light. Let me mention at this point, before I forget it, that some spirit forces exhibit a very strong light,—sometimes it looks like a floating star, sometimes like a

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haze,—but at this moment the entire room seemed to be illuminated with a flickering light, the same as we used to see in the first moving pictures, and we could hear something like a wind blowing around the room, around and around, and eventually we heard, in a tremendous voice, “I am the Bard of Avon, and I wish to speak to this man.” Stopping in front of my brother, he continued, “You are the man who carried on for me, and I want to thank you.”

My brother, some time in the past, had written, hearing clairaudiently, some things which Shakespeare had dictated. These articles were printed at the time in the “Progressive Thinker.” You can well imagine the thrill we all received. It was a memorable afternoon.

Later in the season, Bishop Brent came in again, asking me to send this message to Dr. Tomkins, “Tell Floyd Tomkins there is nothing sweeter than the communion of Saints.”

I am always receiving messages to forward to the friends of the voices which come to us in the seance. It is a happiness for me to call some one up and say, “Your father spoke to us last night, and asked me to call you and deliver this message,” and then I deliver it.

Just about this time the Reverend Doctor Floyd W. Tomkins, Rector of the Church of Holy Trinity,

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Philadelphia, came up to New York and gave me two sittings for his portrait bust. During these times I tried to talk to him about my experiences, but it is very hard to change one's views of a lifetime, and you must know by now that it is quite necessary to completely alter your whole scheme of things, that is, if you are getting any working hypothesis out of this truth.

The Doctor told me some very interesting psychic things which had been told to him, and experienced, by his parishoners, so I knew he was thinking about this subject. I tell you of this because Dr. Tomkins passed over before I had finished his portrait bust, and it will be interesting for you to see how it was finished, and also to learn what the Doctor said to me one week after his passing.

I have an aunt in the spirit world who delights to come and sing a song called, "The Ivy Green." Sometimes, when I am singing this song, we often hear her voice joining in with us. My mother also has sung for us. Both of their voices are very like their natural voices.

Let me tell you of an unusual character who comes and talks to us in French. He is the great, great grandfather of Mr. Drouét, Jean Baptiste Drouét, Count D'Erlon, Marshal under Napoleon. He comes to us in all the glories of the past.

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Father has described his costume and his gestures. We hear only his voice in rhythmical French. Father has told us that this man is dressed in a gorgeous uniform, with sword, and he stands before Mr. Drouét, and bows; holding in his right hand a goblet, he drinks the health of this his great, great grandson.

To show you how probable this is. For instance, if I am talking with mother, I often say, "What is father doing at this moment?" And she has said, "Your father is standing in the corner of this room, with his hand in his pocket, watching all that is going on. He directs everything, and every one who wishes to speak goes to him first for instructions about how to do it. You must realize that your father has developed into a great force over here, and is doing a beautiful work."

I cannot begin to speak of all the interesting conversations taking place, or the many different people participating from both sides. Some people want advice and help about their personal affairs. If the spirit forces are able to give it, they do, but they cannot always see ahead any more than we can, and they always stress the truth.

One night we heard the beating of a drum. It marched around and around the room, then stopped in

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front of my brother. It was an uncle who had served in the Civil War. After speaking to my brother, he came over to me and said, "Do you remember me, this is Sumner?" I said, "Yes, do you want me to pray for you?" "No," said he, "I don't need it." So that's, that, showing the difference in people.

We seemed to have more or less of physical phenomena when my brother was present. Once we heard the sound of a gong, it sounded like a ship's gong, and immediately following the sound we heard a voice saying, "This is George Dewey, did you hear the gong of my flagship, the Olympia?" Admiral Dewey was a resident of Portsmouth, and my brother had been a playmate of his son, George. My brother recalled to the Admiral's memory that he had been the first man to give him a penny.

We were quite taken back when we heard an extremely loud voice ask one evening, "Is there any reason why I cannot speak here, tonight?" When Mr. Drou  t answered, "No, won't you speak?" we heard: "This is Theodore Roosevelt," pronounced as he was so particular to do it. He continued thus, "I go down to Washington and keep in touch with everything that is going on there, but it makes me sad. There are no more Statesmen, there are only Politicians. Longworth

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is with me. We are interested in the coming election." Then he proceeded to say what he thought about the different candidates, but as I cannot play favorites in this book, it would not be right for me to reveal his views. But you may be assured they were of moment. I said, "If you feel that way, Colonel, I think I will place all my bets on. . . ." He gave a hearty laugh, and said, "I am not infallible, I am not infallible."

The Colonel has been here to speak with us several times, and is always hail and hearty. His is one of the strongest voices that comes.

Can you imagine sitting in a living room and suddenly hearing an aeroplane whirling around the ceiling, and then make a landing right in front of you? Well, we have heard this at least four times, and three times, it was none other than Quentin Roosevelt. This may be where truth seems stranger than fiction, but once when he came there were sixteen people in the room and his voice was very clear and distinct as he said, in reply to my question, "Do you wish to send any message?" "What is the use. I have sent messages, but I am afraid no one believes they are from me."

One evening we heard three planes in the room, and when they had made a landing we heard a voice, saying, "This is John Purroy Mitchel. This is the first

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time I have made earth contact through the direct voice. I am with Lawrence Sperry, and Quentin Roosevelt." Then Lawrence Sperry and Quentin Roosevelt spoke to us.

Father is often asked, by my sitters, to assist some one. I felt that perhaps it was taking him into the depths too much, and asked mother about it. She answered, "No dear, he loves to help people. He is at work all the time doing it."

To illustrate this, I recall the night when he said to Mrs. Harry Smith, "Did you notice how peaceful Mrs. H—— looked in her casket, Mrs. Smith? She was dying of cancer. Your husband and I heard you call us to help her, and we were able to ease her pain, and so make her passing less painful, thanks to you." After the sitting, Mrs. Smith told us that she had been at her friend's house, where the mother was dying of cancer. Mrs. H. was suffering so intensely, that Mrs. Smith, knowing what she did, called Dr. Clarke and her own husband, Dr. Smith, to relieve this sick woman.

Several weeks later, we heard, during the sitting, a very weak voice say, "Ella, this is Mrs. H——, I wish to thank you for sending Dr. Clarke and Dr. Smith to me when I was suffering so much at the time of my death. They were able to help me and make my

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passing much easier." She then came over to me, saying, "I want to thank you also, for it is through you that Ella has the knowledge of this beautiful truth." Then passing back close to Mrs. Smith, she added, "I see you have my earrings on. I impressed my daughter to give them to you. I wanted you to have them." And there they were on Mrs. Smith's ears.

I shall never forget the first time Mrs. Smith sat in our circle. We were all humming a little and feeling very happy, when suddenly came a voice, saying, "Sit up straight, Ella." Ella, evidently, was leaning forward in her eagerness. Sitting up straight in her chair, she asked, "Who is speaking to me?" And then we heard, "It's Harry, Ella dear. The first thing I want to say is that I release you from the promise I made you make to me those many years ago, when I passed on. I have known for a long time that it was pure selfishness on my part, asking for such a sacrifice on your part. But this is the first opportunity I have had to get into direct touch with you."

Mrs. Smith has received many beautiful messages, and held many happy conversations full of tenderness and help from her husband, her father, her mother and other loved ones. She has such a lovely soul, and is so filled with affection, that it is very easy for her loved

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ones to contact. Dr. Harry Smith has been away for fourteen years. In all that time he has watched over his family here on earth and kept them in perfect health. He has been a great inspiration to our circle, bringing love and cheer and conviction to all who have had the happiness of hearing him speak.

About this time we had just returned from spending a few days at Buck Hills Falls. While there, I had been riding horseback every day over the trails, which were very rough. On our return, I remember, during the next Thursday seance, Lillian spoke to me as follows, "Betty, it makes me so nervous to see you riding horseback. You know what happened to me. I do not want anything to happen to you. I watched every step your horse took over those rough trails." I interrupted with, "Do you see any trouble ahead for me Lillian, any accident?" She replied, "No, I do not see any trouble, but we cannot always see, and it makes me very nervous." So I said, "Well dear, if you feel that way I will never ride again, as much as I enjoy it. I enjoy more making things easier for you in your mind, at least I can do this for you." So I have never ridden since.

Sometimes we had with us, on a Thursday evening, Madame Fausta Mengerini, the Italian sculptress. Her

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people come and speak to her in Italian. Her father shows great interest in her work. He advises and encourages her, and her mother comes with great love and interest for her.

An uncle of mine, Marvin H. Leavens, speaks to us quite often. Once he said, "Say, Bessie, this is just like old times, when we used to come to your house. Those were good old times, when the family all got together. George speaks to you often, Julia also speaks to you. Julia likes to sing that old song, 'The Ivy Green.' Hello, Harry! Do you remember our luncheons at the Hardware Club?"

Mr. Drouét's mother often says, "It is so nice to visit here in your home."

In speaking of other seances father has told us of what he sees being done. One night he said to us, "I want to find out why it is that you can only hear us speak to you when Miss Tafe is in the room, or some other medium? Every one has the potentialities of a medium, the same as every one can learn to play a piano. It is an undeveloped faculty. I don't see why you people sitting here so regularly cannot develop the power within yourselves. Children are natural mediums until they reach the age when they become conscious of being laughed at or rebuked. You have heard chil-

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dren conversing with unseen people, that is unseen to you. People think it is imaginary, when really it is psychic."

Some one asked him if this wasn't a form of radio, only a faster vibration than we use. He replied, "It seems to me as if a medium was like an antenna, you do not know what happens to your earth radio messages between the time they leave the broadcast and their reception on your radio, neither do we know what happens when we speak. Can you see me? No? That is because I am vibrating so much faster than you are. Take an electric fan, when it is slowed down you can see all the blades, but when it is going at full speed you cannot distinguish them, and that is the way with us. I can see you all very plainly, there is no darkness in this room for us, and I can see colors,—this lady has blue eyes." Father had never seen the person before, proving that he could see plainly.

Sometimes when we have had strangers, dad would say, "This is my room you are sitting in, and the lady with the gray hair is sitting in my chair. You know this is the room I passed out in, as did mother."

These voices are so natural, so like the person we loved or knew, that if the voices themselves were mere whispers, we would know who it was by their charac-

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teristics, for after all, it is what people say that counts, not merely the tone; if one had a cold the voice would become very changed. I wonder that the voices come to us with an intonation at all, but they are as individual from the astral plane as they were when speaking on the earth plane, and the laughter from them is the same as ours, only I think a lot more genuine.

CHAPTER VI

PLANNING A CHANGE

ONE day, about the last of January, thirty-one, I was trying to find some way of amusing Mr. Drouét, who was at home with a bad cold,—you all know what it means to have a man home, sick,—when I happened to think of a set of plans of a penthouse apartment, recently sent to me. I had not looked them over, in fact was about to throw them out, when I thought they might take his mind from his bad tonsil.

They evidently did, for when he had carefully examined them, he found, not only a suitable living space, but a glorious terrace, and best of all, a studio for me in the tower.

As this building was in construction, we were not able to visit the apartment in which we were interested, we could only view the building from the ground. But when we spoke of it at the next Thursday sitting, the family was so enthusiastic about it, we were surprised.

They, of course, could see what we were not able to see. They told us of the wonderful view, the sun and air up there, and how good it would be for me, and how in-

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spirational for all the forces to work there, as the vibrations would be new and created by them and us,—especially they stressed the value of the studio.

Now, on the strength of all this, and being pleased with it ourselves, we naturally signed the lease for the place. It was not until some time in May that we were able to go up on the top floor and see what we had leased, but we were not disappointed, for it was just as our spirit friends had described it to us. I must not forget to tell you that our spirit friends named the new home for us,—they called it, “The Temple in the Sky.” They have called it that ever since. The name may be suitable for them, but I found it a little too suggestive for note paper, so I call it, “Skyward Studio.”

Lately we heard a man say in one of the seances, speaking from the spirit world, “This Temple in the Sky is as well known to the people in the spirit world, as Carnegie Hall is known to the people in New York City.”

We are often amused, when we are speaking of the “spirits,” to hear Dr. Clarke say, “Why do you call us spirits? You are just as much spirits as we are, in fact more so. You are the ghosts to us. We walk right through you.”

But in writing this book, I think it is easier for you

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to differentiate between the natural body and the spiritual body, if I refer to those who have passed over as spirits.

One night some one asked Dr. Clarke how the spirit people knew when we were going to hold a seance? In replying, he said, "When you gather here for this purpose, it is as if a great flare was sent up into the sky, and it is seen for great distances, not distances as you judge them, but as we commute them, and all the souls know there is going to be a door opened, and they gather around. It is just as if they were in a huge stadium looking down a long funnel at you sitting there in your room. There are thousands of souls gathered about us here tonight, hoping some one who loves them has come to this place to hear from them. You have no idea how disappointed they are when they realize no one seeks them. That is why, when our power is gone, you must close your meeting, for these souls are so anxious to get through that they will push in and use your medium. The wall we build about you is not strong enough to hold them back after the power has been used. As these people are not always desirable, it is unwise to permit them in."

As I continue looking through my note book I see a few interesting notations. One afternoon I was holding

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a seance for several ladies, who could not come in the evening, and as one of them had recently lost her mother, I was hoping she might receive a message. But nothing came to her until we heard a voice say, "This is ——. Your mother has been trying to talk, but she can't seem to do it, so I said, 'Here, give me that horn, and I will see what I can do.' " This was the voice of my friend's father-in-law. He then continued with some remarks of a personal nature. There was another lady present who had lost a daughter, and she had been so unhappy wondering, "Where is she," that I had asked her to come and find out. And the daughter came and spoke both to her mother and to me, mentioning names of relatives and friends sufficiently evidential to prove her knowledge of many previous happenings. We had at another sitting a lady who was very anxious to have her husband help her with some business difficulties. She kept asking him about various things, finally he told her, "Tell me exactly what you want me to do, that will be a positive thought for me to work upon, and I may be able to help you, but I cannot do much for you until you give me this positive thought."

Mr. Drouét had a birthday about this time and it happened to fall on a Thursday, but we did not mention it to any one and waited to see what would happen.

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Hardly had Sunshine opened the meeting before she began calling to her Uncle Harry, "Pretty birthday wishes, Uncle Harry, happy birthday." Following her, each one wished him happy returns of the day and the entire sitting developed into a birthday party.

You can readily understand how a mother, or sister, or daughter, desiring to hear again from a loved one, but having a husband or father who is not a believer in psychic things, want to come and see if she will get any message. And the same with husbands, when their wives are opposed to it. It seems such a pity that there is not enough tolerance between man and wife to allow a perfect freedom in these matters. One of the things I have learned from these communications is, get the other fellow's perspective on life, then perhaps you can be of service to him.

I would like to speak again about the work continuing in my studio. It was now April. I had had only two sittings for the bust of Dr. Tomkins, so while I was waiting for him to give me more, I was trying to finish the three figures on which I had been working during this time.

One day, when I was working on the diving girl, I suddenly left that work, and walking over to the Diana,



PORTRAIT BUST OF REV. ARTHUR FORD

By Bessie Clarke Drou  t

Exhibited at the Forty-first Annual Exhibition of the National
Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, 1932

SEANCES IN "TEMPLE IN THE SKY"

many a night I rolled myself up in a blanket and slept on the ground; but things are different now."

There was a lady with us that evening who had lived at Appomattox, and she mentioned it to the General, who instantly said: "Is that so? I certainly remember Appomattox very well."

In speaking of this communication from General Grant, later, to a friend, he said, "Don't you know it is a historical fact that 'Yankee Doodle' was the only tune General Grant could carry?"

If I remember correctly, Madame Mengarini was with us that same night. Although her father generally speaks in Italian to her, he is able to speak in the English language; he was interested in advising her about personal matters. His voice was followed by a voice which none of us could understand. Several times the spirit voice tried to identify itself. Finally we heard a terrific voice exclaim, "Christo." I suppose he had become as impatient with us, as we sometimes get when we are not understood, and he did not hesitate to show it.

We are coming now to the time when Mrs. Anne Lloyd joined our group. She was just back from her summer home at Bellport, and very anxious to come

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and hear, for herself, the communications I had reported to her during the summer.

She was so intensely interested that first night of her sitting with us, for she had never had any experience whatever along psychic lines; but her affectionate nature and enthusiasm brought to her many loving friends and relatives.

It always pleases us, when we find a new sitter is filled with love and understanding, for it means that many souls on the astral plane will have great joy; they are going to be able to speak, and speak well. And so it was with Mrs. Lloyd,—the voices began coming in immediately.

Charles Field, her first husband, was one of the first to speak. Can you imagine his emotion and joy? Since then, he has proved of great help in the circle, with his words of kindness and helpfulness. Then her present husband's first wife came and told Mrs. Lloyd how happy she (Grace) was that Tom was so happy; and she also has become a frequent speaker here, especially when her husband is present.

We were all surprised and interested, at this point, to hear a man's voice say, "Elmer A Sperry; this is the greatest moment of my life, touching earth plane again. All my experiments are as nothing compared to

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this great experience." Mrs. Lloyd said, "Why, Mr. Sperry, this is so lovely to have you speak to us; is Mrs. Sperry with you?" Mr. Sperry replied, "Yes, Zula and Lawrence are both here with me." Then as Mr. Drou  t said, "Are you Mr. Sperry, the Gyroscope man?" "I am, the same Sperry," he answered. It wasn't long before we heard a lady's voice saying, "This is Mrs. Sperry, Mrs. Lloyd; we are so glad to speak to you. Lawrence is here; perhaps he may speak to you."

Later in the meeting, Lawrence Sperry did speak to us. Mr. Sperry has become one of our most interesting and powerful speakers since that time. His voice was strong and firm, and has continued to have a great deal of power. I remember how pleased Mrs. Lloyd was that evening, because Mr. Sperry spoke of a token which she had given him at the hospital before he passed over, which was very evidential. As Mrs. Lloyd has written an unusual tribute in Mr. Sperry's honor, I will enclose it in this book:

ELMER AMBROSE SPERRY

"Bring your homage and heap it high over the quiet grave
Of this mighty man of science, whom science has failed
to save.

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Stand bareheaded beside him now and murmur a thankful prayer

To the Greatest-of-all-Inventors who fashioned him out of the air!

Now he's developing searchlights longer than comets' tails!

Turning them one day earthward to learn if our zeal prevails—

Now he's absorbed in the "gyro" that balances Venus and Mars!

Studying compasses steering infinite course of stars!

Now he's designing detectors for flaws in the path of the sun!

Riding the sky-rails with caution lest he should miss the least one!

Now he has found the horizon that steadies celestial wings!

At last he is taking dimensions of far, mysterious things!

His memory blossoms like flowers in air, on land, at sea!

Indelibly stamped upon nations the seal of his wizardry!

And who are we to withhold him from mastering heavenly love

Concerning the swing of a planet, or flight of a meteor!"

At this point, let me speak of hearing the voice of Daniel Chester French. The night he came to us and

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identified himself, saying: "This is Daniel Chester French," his dead body was reposing in his studio at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Immediately following his remarks, mother came in saying, "I brought Mr. French here tonight, to show him it was possible to speak to earth again; he will speak to you later."

Mr. Drou  t and I were in Lenox and Stockbridge the day of Mr. French's funeral. On our way from Boston to Lenox, we had stopped for a moment in Concord, to view anew Daniel Chester French's "Minute Man." While I was gazing at that figure, I was thinking of Mr. French, and how he had spoken to us, when we were in New York, while his natural body still reposed far away in Massachusetts. My mother had written a martial poem, taking as a subject this statue of the "Minute Man," and Mr. French had autographed a picture of his "Minute Man," and this picture is used among the illustrations of mother's book of poems.

At the last sitting for Mr. Ford's head, Fletcher said: "There is a sculptor here, who says his name is Daniel French; he tells me you were in Stockbridge the day of his funeral; he wants to tell you that he was very pleased with his funeral, it was so artistic. He tells me he passed over while at work, and when he saw himself lying there, he thought he looked like a

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piece of his own sculpture, and he wanted to go over and pat himself on the forehead."

At this same sitting, Fletcher told me his own family history. He said he belonged to a family in Quebec. His uncle, giving me his name, was a priest in a church at Quebec, naming the church. As his family objected to his use of the family name, he used his middle name, Fletcher. "Have you ever been in Quebec?" he asked me. "When you go there, please go and see my uncle, and tell him I sent you."

Houdon gave me a final criticism on Mr. Ford's head, which I followed.

It does not seem strange to me to know and converse with these people, whom I did not know when they lived on earth. I certainly feel as well acquainted with Fletcher, or Bobby, or Sunshine, or Dr. Harry Smith, or Forrest Goodhue, as I do with any friends I know here. I know the real characters of these spirit friends. I know their hopes and their sorrows. I know what brings a great deal of happiness into their spiritual life, and what depresses them. I know that they are most appreciative of the slightest act of thoughtfulness on our part, and that they are anxious to assist us, to cheer us, and to protect us. To me there is no difference in the friendship I give to John B., or to Forrest, his

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father; to me they are both souls seeking light, and companionship, and love.

We are coming now to the time when Maina Tafe was taken with acute appendicitis, and while she was in the hospital, and for several weeks afterward, we were without our happy gatherings on Thursday nights. Some of us tried to keep the nights for the loved ones by sitting by ourselves, and doing everything as usual; that is, reciting the Lord's Prayer, singing, and hoping, of course, that the dear ones could see and know we were there to greet them as usual.

CHAPTER X

A SPECIAL SEANCE

DURING the period of Maina's illness, there were many people, not aware of it, who were asking if they might come to us for a Thursday seance.

One day, Mr. Francis Fast, as thoughtful as ever, telephoned to me, saying that Mr. William E. Hart, and his working companion, Mr. Clark, were down at the American Society for Psychical Research, and if I wanted to hold a sitting with him, he could arrange it for me at my house. Francis knows I prefer all my experiences, as far as possible, to take place within our own home.

This Mr. Hart is a very powerful direct voice medium from Indianapolis, Indiana, and was in town for only a short time.

I gathered together fourteen people, mostly strangers to psychic matters, some here in New York from other cities, but all hoping to get some comfort and evidence.

When Mr. Hart came to our house, I asked him about his Guides and his way of working, and he said one of his Guides was Professor Rush. "Professor Rush always closes my sittings," he remarked. I said,

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"I wonder if he will in this house. You know my father, Dr. Clarke, always closes the meetings here."

Mr. Hart was very positive that it would make no difference where he was holding a seance, his conditions remained the same. I laughed, saying, "Wait and see who will close the meeting here. You do not know my father."

We darkened the room, as usual, and in the center of the circle, we stood a small table, and on this placed a block of paper, a pencil, and a bell.

After the lights were out, we began to notice very strong lights floating about the room. There was one light exactly like a large illuminated ruby. It floated about for several seconds, and I think nearly every one could see it. A little later, the bell was taken from the table and vigorously rung. Then we began to hear voices, three or four speaking at once; but this condition was cleared up presently, as we could not carry on a satisfactory conversation with so many.

Nearly every one received some message from a relative or friend. I remember so well, we all nearly jumped out of our chairs, when a huge voice exclaimed, "Hello, hello, hello!" It was so loud it blasted on our ears. It continued with, "This is Smith talking. I have been talking through these horns for the past

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sixty years. I come from the West. Say, Mr. Drouét, I heard you talking with Mr. Wood; you are in the insurance business. Well, I don't know much about the insurance business. In my time, out where I came from, we didn't think much of insurance. Say, Mrs. Drouét, would you like me to come in here some time and speak at your regular meetings, or am I too crude?" I replied, "You had better ask Dr. Clarke about that, as he is in charge of our sittings. Any one he admits is welcome." Then he said: "Good-by, good-by, good-by," starting with a full, loud tone, and easing down to a soft tone.

Mr. Wood spoke, again, to Mr. Drouét, telling him that this man Smith had told him that he was a tramp spirit, who went around to many seances.

Dr. Clarke spoke to us, telling about Maina Tafe's condition. He said that all the healing bands were at her side, and that she was doing exceptionally well. He also said that they were able to assist in the healing of the wound, as well as in the operation itself, and for us not to worry; she would be all right, and back with us before very long.

I recall, distinctly, how an elderly man's voice spoke to a young musician present, saying, "This is your uncle." The young man replied, "I do not wish to talk

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to you; I want to talk with my maestro." The uncle was so hurt, because he was not welcome, that we heard him say: "Oh, dear, dear, dear, he does not want to speak to me, and this is the first time I have ever had a chance to speak to earth." A very strong voice was then heard directly in front of this young man, saying: "Your maestro will not speak with you to-night; you do not deserve it."

Dr. Harry Smith was the next one heard, with his great love permeating the entire conversation. He is such a sympathetic spirit that we look forward to his messages.

Suddenly, we all heard the rustling of paper, then a noise like a pencil writing upon it, when presently Mr. Drouét exclaimed, "Some one has just put a sheet of paper in my lap."

When the seance was over, Mr. Drouét read for us these words which had been written upon the paper placed in his lap: "Success is right at hand. Ed Wood."

This seance had given us an opportunity to talk with our friends, after the weeks without Maina, and it helped; so we were sorry when it was over. It made us all the more anxious to begin our regular sittings again. I just wish to add that Dr. Clarke closed the meeting in his customary way.

CHAPTER XI

AUTOMATIC MESSAGES FROM MOTHER

WHILE we were without the happiness and stimulation of our regular Thursday seances, I often felt the urge to take up my pencil and let mother write for me. It was a great comfort, getting these lines from the spirit world, through myself, for now I was sure that they came directly from my mother. They were so like her in expression, and her love permeated every word she wrote.

My experience with automatic writing makes me wish every one would try to cultivate this mode of receiving spirit messages. I think it is quite possible for almost any one to accomplish this, if they are filled with an unselfish desire to assist the ones beyond their sight, and have sufficient patience to sit quietly, and give the spirit forces plenty of time to get within their vibration, so they can demonstrate.

In the beginning of the book, I explained just how automatic writing is received, the position of the hand and arm, and how to hold the pencil. Sometimes it takes quite a long period to develop this power,

AUTOMATIC MESSAGES FROM MOTHER

other times it comes when a person first tries; you never know until you try what will happen.

There are so many of my readers who have no opportunities of sitting with developed mediums, that I am stressing this method for reception of messages. Remember, your spirit friends are close to you, and only waiting for you to open the door.

I will copy one little letter, from mother, so you can see the thoughts she sends to me. These letters are very simple, and natural, the same one would receive if a mother was only in the next town.

"Bessie, darling, just a special word to tell you, dear, I love you now even more than I did while I was on earth, because I understand you better now, and because you send me so much love and helpful thought. Your father and I are trying to be of use here, and we are so proud of you and Harry, and Fred, for opening the door, not only for us, but for so many others. Oh, Bessie, if you could see the poor souls as they come in here, it is pitiable. We understand, now, so much more about assisting them to help themselves. Your prayers help us wonderfully in this assistance, which we render; always keep on praying. We will await your coming with great love and hope. But you must work there until that time comes, and we will

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help here, it is the only thing to do, work and wait for others. I love you dearly, my daughter, very dearly. Mother, Mary Emma Davison Clarke."

Just before Christmas time, mother said she wished to write a Christmas Greeting, and asked me to get ready to take it. So one day I felt she was urging me, and this is what I received, automatically :

"Bessie darling, will you take my Christmas Greetings to you and Harry, and Fred, and dear Dr. Tomkins and all my dear friends who sit with you so often?"

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

"Now that Xmas joy is near
Do try to think of us, so dear,
To you; we try to speak, we hear
You ask us questions of the 'Here,'
And always do we hope to be
Of joy and comfort, give you free
The truth, that God is near,
Is good, is full of cheer
For everyone who knows the truth.

In after life come joyful days,
Days so full of peace and hope,
To us, so full of joy and peace,

AUTOMATIC MESSAGES FROM MOTHER

I long to tell each and all
About the life in spheres above.

We find the greatest joy in work,
So strong are we, through prayers of yours,
Life is full of earnest thought,
And needs, that bring great mercy through
To souls, whose birth on planes above
Is strange, and they in darkness move,
While other souls bring into light
Their conscious mind, which tells them all
That life keeps on, as did before,
It only finds a greater scope.

To motivate their idle hours
We find some active service here,
Place them at some especial work.

Oh Friends, so dear, so true, so close,
We tell you oft how near we come,
Trusting you feel our nearness, too,
For love is such a powerful thing
It makes us vibrate at a pace
That dims the radiance of the stars.

When we hear you speak our names,
And feel the love you send abroad,
We live again in joy and peace,
Knowing from loved ones we're not barred.

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Good cheer, sweet thoughts for Xmas time,
Sweet peace unto you all we send.
Earth is a sphere on which you've learned
That death is not the end."

MARY EMMA DAVISON CLARKE.

CHAPTER XII

MAINA TAFE'S RETURN

BUT it was not until January 7th that Maina came back to us, feeling rather weak but anxious for us to resume our Thursdays, as she understood how much we had missed those wonderful evenings without our astral friends.

Not only had Maina been through the misfortune of an operation, but during that period her mother passed into the beyond.

We gathered this night, our first after several weeks, with great thankfulness in our hearts that our medium had been spared to us. All the astral forces came in and welcomed her back, also, expressing their happiness for her recovery, and telling her about her mother's present condition.

I see in my notes that it was at this meeting that Mr. Wood explained to us how he came to be in our vibration, and so became a regular visitor at our home.

After Mr. Wood had announced himself, Mr. Drouét asked, "How did you happen to find me, Mr. Wood? I knew you by sight, and of course by reputation, but

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you did not know me. I have seen you at our conventions, but I don't remember ever having met you personally, so you couldn't remember me."

It was intensely interesting to hear the reply, as follows: "Don't you remember that last spring you and Mrs. Drouét went down to Atlantic City to attend the Managers' Convention? Well, Mrs. Wood, as you know, was there also. You all attended a dinner at the country club given by Mr. Homans, and during the evening Mrs. Wood seated herself beside you and Mrs. Drouét and began talking to both of you. I was standing right beside Mrs. Wood, and your sister Lillian was standing beside you. She said to me, 'Have you ever talked back to the earth plane?' Surprised, I replied, 'No, have you?' Then she said, 'Why, yes, many times. You don't think it is possible, but it is. If you will come with me some time to my brother's home I will show you how it is done, and perhaps you can speak to him yourself.' I was very much interested, especially as you were in the same business as myself. I felt perhaps I would be more in your vibrations than in those of a person who was not interested in the same things as myself. So I told her I would like to come and try, and that is how I met you."

Ever since Mr. Sperry first spoke to us he has

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never lost an opportunity to give some helpful thoughts. Tonight, after a few personal remarks, some one asked him about his activities, to which he replied, "The scope of our activity is the universe, and our time to plan is eternity."

John B. was sitting with us this evening and his father, Forrest, spoke to him in his usual helpful way. It seems John was trying to open his mind in order to receive impressions from his father. He said, "Father, I ask you questions, when I am alone, do you hear me?" Forrest replied, "Yes, I get your thoughts, but it is hard for you to clear your mind sufficiently for me to get my answers through to you. I think it will be a good idea if you will plan to ask me your questions just as you are going to sleep, then forget them, and go to sleep. While you are asleep I may be able to impress your mind with my thoughts, and when you waken you will be conscious of my answers."

Forrest is always interested in everything his son is doing. They discuss their everyday affairs the same as any earthly father tries to direct his son. But in the case of Forrest he has a greater perspective than any earthly father. He never tells John to do this or that. In fact, he insists that John live his life, and make all his own

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decisions about things. But he is always ready with any help for which John may ask.

This is what happens in the case of Madame Mengarini. Although her father is eager to assure her of his nearness, and love and interest, for fear of weakening her powers of decision he never urges her to act according to his ideas, so he is often greatly concerned about her decisions.

Dr. Clarke, always speaks at these meetings, as you already know, but this evening he addressed most of his conversation directly to Maina, speaking about the details of her operation, how the forces attended that operation, and the part they played, and he also spoke of her mother, whom he had met recently, in the spirit world. Following father's voice, we were greatly puzzled at hearing, what was evidently a child's voice, speaking in a language unknown to us. Finally, I made out a word which sounded like "Shohe." This name was repeated several times, when suddenly, it dawned upon me, that "Shohe" was the name of a little Japanese boy, the child of some very dear Japanese friends of ours, who had died several years ago. So I said "Papa, Mamma," and the child said, "Hideshigi, Hideshigi, Kyota," and following this the voice repeated, "Yusuke, Ichiro, Ichiro."

MAINA TAFE'S RETURN

I recognized the family names of the father and mother and the two brothers, but could not understand anything else. After the voice stopped speaking, father returned, saying, "That was Mrs. Kashiwagi's little baby boy, the baby who died while they were living in New York. He has been here several times before, but this is the first time he has been able to speak. I hope you will tell the Kashiwagis that their dear little boy is well and happy, and is very close to them, and knows what Yusuke and Ichiro are doing at school."

One evening as I was drawing the curtains in the different rooms in the house, preparatory to our sitting, I said to Mr. Drouét, "Why don't we sit in the living room some time? That room is larger, more open, and easier to darken." I had noticed that the room was perfectly dark when I had drawn the curtains, while in the library it was necessary to pin up an extra shade to obtain complete darkness.

That evening we asked Sunshine what she thought about it, and she said, "I think it will be just delicious," a word she was in the habit of using at times when she was especially pleased about something.

From now on, let me group a few sittings, giving you only the things of especial interest.

We arranged our living room for the next seance,

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and I shall never forget how much stronger the voices sounded. When father spoke to us he said, "That Sunshine is a foxy little girl. She asked me if I wanted to hold the seances in the living room, and I said, 'No, I like the library, and all the arrangements there. We are accustomed to those vibrations, and why change?' Then she said, 'Oh, Doctor, won't you try just once and see if it is any better?' And now that I have tried it I see at once that this room is much better. In the first place, the room is larger, and as you are all surrounded by your own auras, extending out about two feet away from your bodies, and as we, the spirit forces, are also surrounded by atmospheric conditions, we need a greater space to work in. So you see, Sunshine knew, if she persuaded me to try it once, I would see the advantages. She is pretty cute."

From that time on we continued in the living room, and it is quite noticeable, that even if a voice is low, it is generally distinct.

Mr. Wood's voice is so very loud that he can be heard out in the entrance hall, and one evening, when Uncle Jack Reilly visited us anew, his voice was tremendous. He was very humorous, for when some one asked him if he would like to be back here on earth with us in the flesh, he replied, "Goodness no, back there to bills, and

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troubles of the flesh? Never! Say, I like this 'Temple in the Sky' so much better than your old place. Not so many people jumping out of the windows here, are there, or other suicides? Mrs. Drouét, your father is kept pretty busy with the suicides you send to him for his care." This was true about the suicides, for when we were living at 57th Street, there were several suicides in the house. I recall vividly having an experience.

One morning, as I was going out of the front entrance of the house, the huge body of a man fell upon the pavement, directly in front of me. Although unknown to me, this person was a resident in my apartment building. My first reaction was, "Come quickly, Father, and care for this soul in distress!" I then passed on about my own business, leaving the curious to stare and wonder.

Upon my return to the house, the elevator boy asked, "Did you know J—— W—— jumped out of his window?" I said, "I saw the accident, but I didn't know who it was."

Later in the day a friend of mine living in the house, and knowing my experiences in spiritism, asked me if I would go upstairs and see the suicide's widow. I was not surprised to find her prostrate, but she was very

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receptive of my help. She told me that, as her husband leaped from the window, he had said, "I am going to my mother."

Two weeks later, in a seance, father remarked, "You know that man, J—— W——, (calling him by name), is not with his mother, as he thought he would be, but is in a sorry state. However, we will try to help him. You have learned when a person breaks a natural law, he has to pay for it. Suicide is the breaking of a natural law. If people only realized this they would hesitate, because they get themselves into greater depths than they had ever dreamed possible."

Several months later, father spoke again of this suicide, saying, "J—— W—— is getting on better than we had hoped, but he is not with his mother, as he desired. You know who I mean—the man who jumped from a window in your house last November."

As I had no remembrance of the month, I had to verify it later.

While I am on this subject of suicide, I will mention another man in the same house, who committed suicide after we had moved away. I knew this man, and as I considered his act an unselfish one, I hoped his fate would be less sad. When I asked father to help him, he said, "You should see him now, he is not the jolly,

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handsome fellow you knew. The corners of his eyes and mouth are drooping. He is a sorry sight. But we are trying to help him. If you see his wife tell her we are caring for him, and ask her to pray for his enlightenment."

As we proceed, you, my reader, will realize how futile is suicide. The one thing our friends from the astral plane wish to impress upon their friends here, is the fact that nothing is gained through suicide. There is no oblivion; there is no release from responsibilities; every one must continue. If they throw themselves into the depths of the utter darkness of remorse, and regrets, how can they release themselves without help? On this side, that is, the earth plane, we must try to keep our friends from thinking of suicide; in other words, try to keep their minds normal, but if they will not listen, we must help them afterwards with constructive prayers.

Along this line I'll repeat a message which came to me one evening from a man who has spoken several times at our seances, "Mrs. Drouét, this is —, will you do something for me? I am very much worried about my wife. She has thoughts of suicide in her mind. You realize what a calamity it would be if she carried out her plans. She and I would not be together,

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as she hopes. It might be eons before we could see each other again, and she would wreck all of our happiness, as well as that of many others. Will you go to her and impress upon her the futility of this act? I beg you to for my sake,—for all our sakes— Don't let her know I am speaking to you of her, but tell her I told you how terrible a thing is suicide."

I delivered this message, and some months afterwards the wife told me that she had planned, in detail, to do this very thing.

Speaking about these unpleasant matters reminds me of the evening we heard for the first time from my grandfather. This man, during his earth life, was a minister. Tonight his voice came through like a preacher, loud and strong, saying, "Bessie, this is Grandpa Davison. I only wish I had known during my lifetime on earth what I know now. The Judgment Day is the day you pass into this life; then you are your own judge of all your past acts. There is not a throne where you stand and confess your sins, you see a memory picture of them, and this picture is what makes your Heaven or Hell. We have not interpreted the Scriptures aright. Our transition is immediate. We are the same people here as we were there until we learn the lesson of a selfless life."

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Then one night we were given about the same impressions from a Rabbi. His experiences were so different from what he had expected, that he wanted to tell us about them in a helpful way.

This reminds me that when the Reverend Lyman Rollins was speaking to us, he tried to emphasize the fact that when a man passes over, he is, at that moment, the same man in every respect that he was before he died. The fact that a man continues with the same opinions, and the same desires, should emphasize the point that here on this plane we should be very careful both in our thoughts and desires.

Another point often impressed upon us, is this: "It is necessary that one should have desire, because, in the spirit world, progression depends entirely upon the individual desire. Without desire for development, the spiritual man stagnates, and there are millions of souls here on the astral plane who are simply floating about, because of that very lack of desire, to do, to be."

I would like to speak now of the time when Mrs. Goodhue first joined our circle. I think it was on January twenty-first that she held her first interesting, constructive conversation with her husband, Forrest. Her Aunt Alpha, her father and others also spoke to her that night, and these people have added much to the interest

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of the circle. As she has written a letter to me containing her reactions to her experiences, I am going to include it in the book, just as she has written it, since it tells her story much better than I could ever hope to do :

MY DEAR MRS. DROUÉT :

You were very kind to ask me to tell my experiences and reactions to the seances which I have had the happy privilege of attending in your home. I will try to tell you all, from the very beginning, and if there is anything which you think will help others to understand, you are free to use it.

When a friend told me last summer of having been to a direct voice seance at your house, she could have been speaking Greek for all that it conveyed to me. I had almost never heard of Spiritualism, and the little I had heard had caused me to associate it in my mind with fortune-telling and such things that most women feel a sort of curiosity about, without really attaching much importance to them. But when I was told in the utmost earnestness that one heard the voices of the family and friends who had departed from our human sight, I could hardly believe it. And when I really understood that not only could you hear them, but any one else in the room could also, I was more than ever pushed to the

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point of unbelief. Was it really possible that by any means whatsoever one could actually converse with those who had passed through the experience we call death?

In October, when my son John B. came here to school, his friend took him to your house. Afterward he told me in the greatest excitement, his experiences. I could very easily understand his interest, for to me it was the most intensely interesting thing of which I had ever heard. But he was also emotionally upset and frankly, I did not quite understand that. What I did not realize at the moment was that he had never really known just what he did think of death. He had surely hoped that his father was somewhere, in some sort of state of consciousness, but he had never been sure. And the certainty, after nearly three years, was a relief.

As matters stood at that time I had no opportunity to go with him to a seance, and for a number of months I had it all relayed to me through him. He fell into the habit of telling me in the most minute detail what was said each time. Naturally, I watched him very closely to see just what effect this interest was having on him. For I think any one will agree with me that if they knew as little as I of this subject, they would be a little concerned for it's effect on an eighteen-year-old boy. But let me say right here that the only way he was influenced by

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the experiences was so decidedly beneficial that I became ever more curious to go and see for myself what I thought of it.

My opportunity came on the twenty-first of January. Even though John B. had told me so much, I found myself quite unprepared for the experience. I am sure that I had never fully grasped the fact that the voices were as loud and distinct as they are, making it not only possible for you to carry on a conversation with the person who was there to speak to you personally, but also that you could hear all of them, no matter to whom they were talking.

Unlike many people, I had a very fair idea of the next state of consciousness that one passes to after death. And I was in no way skeptical as to the possibility of communication with them, although my own belief had never included that possibility until I had heard so much from John B. of his talks with his father, brother and other members of the family, as well as friends.

But as one may believe that Rome is a beautiful city from having heard travelers describe it, one never fully realizes its beauty until they have had the experience of going there themselves. And not once, but many times. So it was with me. It is quite impossible for me

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to describe the way I felt. The things I had believed all my life and tried so hard to understand, were suddenly made so clear.

Ever since the loss of my youngest child, the boy that you know as "Little Forrest," I had been convinced that those whom we lose are never very far away from us, except as we put them away in our own thought. It is nothing but our own deafness and blindness that make us lose them. This conviction came to me in two ways. First I have always had the utmost faith in the goodness of God, and I could not believe that He would let us have a sweet baby, who had never been anything but a joy, and then let us lose him. So if God could not be blamed then surely it was our own fault that we did not still realize his presence. Then there were times when I very distinctly felt his nearness. This latter is not an unusual experience, but is common to all who have lost one near and dear. So my first reaction to the evening's experience was one of confirmation. My faith was proven! Not only were they near, but very conscious of their nearness. We are really the dead ones!

Let me quote from a diary that I keep at irregular intervals. "Jan. 24th. On Thursday I went to the Drouéts with John B. and that really proved an ex-

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perience! I do not know what I think of it, but I have been trying to decide every moment since. That life is continuous, I am certain. That we lose people through death is our own fault, due to our lack of understanding, I am certain. That we know enough to communicate with them I am not perfectly certain of. But my whole desire is to believe it. However, of this I am certain. Truth can be proven and if this is true, I can prove it." And I have been proving it ever since.

I told of my reactions the first time, and then the feeling of vague doubt after a few days. This is, I believe, a very usual procedure. One may feel absolutely convinced the first time and yet after a day or two the belief we have entertained all our lives (that communication is impossible) will argue against it. This I know, no one is in a position to say what they think of the subject until they have been to numbers of seances as well as read and thought very seriously on it.

You understand that where I speak above of proving the truth of this thing I had no feeling of doubting Miss Tafe's honesty or earnestness. Nothing could have been further from my thought. My feeling was one of proving an abstract truth. That what is true

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for one is true for all, the only difference being in degree. Just as you understand the truth of harmony in music. It is true because it can be demonstrated by any one, though one may be able to make the demonstration far more perfectly than another.

At this writing I have sat with your group sixteen times. I have been to five or six lectures on the subject by different people (Miss Tafe's class, Mr. Ford's lectures and demonstrations, Dr. Glen Hamilton's lecture and Dr. Crandon's), and I have read numbers of books on the subject. Long since I have proven the truth of it to my own satisfaction. And the kind of proof that my particular type of mind demanded was to hear an audible voice when I was away from a person who possesses that strange gift we call mediumship. Not that I was aware that I demanded that kind of proof, but when, in February, I was busying myself with some household duties one morning and a voice spoke aloud to me in my own house with no medium within miles, so far as I know, I knew that for me it was proven true. True, the voice only called my name and I was too startled to answer, but since then I have known it to be so. The next time I was at your house Forrest said to me, "I have made you hear

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me at last. I have tried so often without success but I knew you heard me that time because your eyes got as big as saucers."

I hope no one asks me how I would have explained the personalities and voices that I have heard if I had not had this proof. For I assure you I can think of no explanation that is not a thousand times more impossible to accept than the simple truth that the voices are the personalities they claim to be. I, for one, have arrived at that faith which was so perfectly expressed by Mr. Wood recently when asked if that had really been Michelangelo who had just spoken. He answered, "He said he was." And there was no doubt in Mr. Wood's feeling about the matter. He accepted it on the man's word.

Of all the things that have impressed me about those returning to us through the marvelous mediumship of Miss Tafe I feel most aware of the loving kindness that is expressed. Each one comes with a loving thought that we would do well to cultivate. From Sunshine on down, it is our happiness of which they are all thinking. I say "From Sunshine on down" with reason. For her eagerness to help every one is the most beautiful thing I have ever known. She is the per-

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fect example of unselfishness and love for all. A truly radiant little being.

My communications with Forrest features more prominently with me than any of the others for the reason that so much misunderstanding has been overcome. It is always deplorable when people allow a home to be broken up by petty differences and selfishness. This is a very personal matter and I mention it only in the hope that it will encourage others to be a little more sympathetic and understanding in their home lives. But since we did not know enough to overcome our differences while we were within easy reach of one another, I am at least very grateful to have had the opportunity to come to a better understanding through this means.

The first time I went to your house Forrest spoke to me so lovingly that the last vestige of resentment was wiped away. That probably accounts in some measure for my emotional upset at that time. It was really such a relief to have only pleasant and loving thoughts for him again. That night he and Aunt Alpha were both so sweet. She was always a great favorite of mine, and it was such joy to talk to her again after more than eighteen years.

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One of the most interesting things that has ever come to me from any one I have known here was what "Little Forrest" said to John B. He said that he had been skating with him. I tried to recall if he had been able to skate before his passing twelve years ago. It did not seem possible as he was so young at the time. Then he said that it was on ice. That meant nothing to me and I could not understand what he was talking about, and John B. was as much in the dark as I was. Then it deveoped that he was speaking of the last Christmas holidays. There was such absolute proof that the ones we think we have lost are not unaware of us as we are of them. He had been as much with John B. on that skating party as the other boys and girls that John B. saw there.

This experience has caused me to watch my thinking on that score many times, for I am convinced that we make loss real to ourselves by thinking it. The sooner we all realize that they are as near us after the change as before, the sooner the world will be rid of the awful grief we now suffer when one passes.

To recount the exact messages that have come to me, personally, would be a bore to any one who had not known the people, as they are all of a more or less

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personal nature. But the thoughts they have awakened in me might be of more interest to others.

I must say that early in my experiences I was somewhat inclined to look on the state we passed to, after our earth experience, as so much superior to this that it seemed highly desirable to arrive there as soon as possible. But that idea was shown to be wrong by later developments. In the beginning I happened to hear only from those who had lived this part well, and at least, to the best of their ability. Having satisfactorily completed this job, they were prepared to go on to better things or rather, to greater understanding. It was natural that they should find things better. But those, who had not made the most of their chances here, were in a state of confusion and doubt no better than most of us suffer from here.

So I was finally forced to the understanding that our conditions here or hereafter depend entirely on ourselves. And that the only means we each and every one have of influencing them is by thought. "Nothing is either good or bad but thinking makes it so" has been proven true for each of us at some time in our experience. Every one has seen where the same position is good for one and very undesirable for another.

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That shows that the way the individual thinks about it is the whole thing. The actual position or experience has nothing to do with it.

This reasoning has naturally led me to a more careful watching of my own thinking, to be sure that I was entertaining as good thoughts on every subject as my understanding made possible. Not just a superficial kind of cheer that was used as a cloak to hide fear, but good thoughts based on reason. And by listening to those who have passed on I am daily learning to hold more helpful thoughts for myself and fellowman. Not that I mean to say that I have arrived at any noticeable state of perfection in so short a time. Probably few would notice any change at all, but I do. And I am assured that constantly holding any thought in our consciousness causes it to materialize in our experience.

It has constantly interested me that in the next state all tend toward full maturity. My grandfather made this very clear to me the first time he spoke to me. He mentioned that Little Forrest was as grown up as John B. And of course he passed over before he was six. Later in the conversation my grandfather said something about how active and young my grandmother was now. And she was well over eighty when she went.

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Children who pass over grow up and those who were old "advance backwards." Surely, then, our own desire here is justified for we all hold as ideal the full activity of maturity. Why will we not make more effort to realize that ideal here and now? Thought never aged one. Worry (which so often masquerades as thought) does, but never good, wholesome, constructive thought. So they have helped me to live a bit more sanely here. And that is a thing we are all most earnestly seeking.

It was recently said to me, "What good is all this to you? They can only prove to you that life is eternal." But if every one of us could really know that, and understand it even in the slightest degree, it would revolutionize the world! I do not refer to hoping it or just believing it, I mean really understanding it. What we understand we can use, and the least use of this knowledge gives meaning to one's every thought and act.

Many people seem to think there is something morbid or depressing about these meetings. To me they are just the most joyful occasions. I think I can best explain my feeling by likening them to an ideal school that one had the rare privilege of attending. That some of the "instructors" are ones very near and dear

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just makes it all the more charming. In using this simile I would not have any one think for a moment that they are in the least inclined to teach or preach in the sense we are inclined to use those words so often. It is more in the sense of an exchange of ideas. But I must say that I feel they have been able to give me much more than I have had to return. The only thing I see for me to do about that is to keep trying to be ever more thoughtful and loving to others here.

The first time my father spoke to me he said something which I think is very interesting. He was trying to express his great gratitude and appreciation to you and Mr. Drouét for providing a means for so many on his plane to reach their dear ones on this. And he said there were always greater crowds there on his side than we would find at our finest concerts here. Then he said to me "You know, here it is called The Temple in the Sky." At that time I had never heard how your home had been christened and given that name.

Perhaps others would be interested in knowing how I feel about so many whom I have met at your house, whom I never knew in earth life. Your father and mother and Mr. Drouét's sisters, Lillian and Annie, for instance. They have become my friends just as much as you have. And the last time I was at your

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house I was more pleased than you can imagine when both your father and Annie called me Geraldine. It showed that they felt the same way towards me. And I have come to like Mr. Wood's gay and happy personality so much that I always think of him as "Ed. Wood" and really have to remind myself not to address him in so familiar a manner. But he radiates such friendliness that one can't help feeling that way about him. Every one feels gayer the instant we hear his strong voice say "Ed. Wood speaking."

Truths which we have always been taught have taken on a deeper meaning for me with these experiences. For instance, humility has always been a rather hard thing for me to see as a virtue. But it was that I had not had the proper angle on the meaning until Mr. Edison spoke there, after Mrs. Lloyd had recited her beautiful poem about him. Instantly I saw humility in its true light and knew why it was counted a virtue. He had used his gifts for the glory of God and the benefit of mankind, and he felt rather embarrassed at being given personal credit for doing it. Not that he said anything of the kind, but that it was so eloquently expressed in the manner he had of saying his gracious words of thanks.

Some little time ago a friend and I were discussing

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this subject. Her experiences had been limited (she had never sat in a direct voice seance) and she asked if I found these communications as satisfactory as talking to a person here, as she and I were talking then, for instance. I would like to repeat here what I told her, as others may ask the same thing. I am separated from my family here by some twelve hundred miles. Communication with them by letter is surely not as satisfactory as talking would be, but I most certainly do not scorn letters for that reason. And how much more thrilled I would be to talk to them on the phone! Though even that would not be as satisfactory as the sustained conversation which would be possible were we in the same room. And the talks I have had with those who have passed beyond our sight seem comparable to telephone conversations to me. Circumstances over which we seem to have no control at present limit their duration.

However, I am forced to the belief that just as the telephone was in the early days of its use, this means of communication is now. With acceptance and use it will develop beyond our wildest hopes at present. Can any one doubt it when they think of the telephone, wireless and the radio? A hundred years ago how many believed that communication with our fellow-man would

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ever be so swift and simple as we know it today? Each and every person who earnestly desires contact with some one who has left this plane of existence helps establish it. And each time the contact is established, it helps the whole world to come a bit nearer to the truth that, "THERE IS NO DEATH!"

To you and Mr. Drouét I am forever indebted for your great kindness and generosity in allowing me to come to your home to these meetings.

Sincerely yours,

Geraldine Goodhue

CHAPTER XIII

MORE INTERESTING EXPERIENCES

ON the eighteenth of February I have a notation in my notebook that Arthur Ford, Francis Fast, Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Goodhue, my brother and several others were present.

When Mr. Ford, Maina and my brother are together, we seem to have a great deal of power for the forces, and naturally the voices come in louder and they can speak for a longer time. Don't forget, as we proceed, that at nearly every sitting Mr. Wood was giving Mr. Drouét splendid advice about his work. Houdon was speaking to me. Mr. Sperry was telling us interesting things that he was doing. Forrest was having a great experience with Geraldine and John B., and many strangers were receiving their first direct voice communications.

Mrs. Lloyd was sitting regularly with us, and was receiving many messages from friends and relatives, who were grateful to her for opening the door. This evening, I remember how delightful her former husband, Mr. Charles Field, was to her present husband,

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Dr. Lloyd, when he said, "This is Charles Field, Tom, I am so glad you and Anne are together. I want to thank you for all your goodness to her." And when Dr. Lloyd's former wife, Grace, spoke, she thanked the present Mrs. Lloyd for the love and care she had bestowed on "Tom."

It seemed providential that Mrs. Lloyd had all these experiences during the early part of the winter, for it was just after this time that she was called upon to undergo a terrific grief, the loss of a greatly beloved granddaughter, a child so close to her heart, that she seemed to be a part of her very self.

The passing of this child, Anne, placed a great test upon Mrs. Lloyd, and it gave me the greatest joy to see how she passed through it.

With the knowledge which she had gained, that "There is no death," her first thought was for the child, and that the child might not realize any change in her relation to her grandmother, Mrs. Lloyd continued to speak and mentally cuddle that little one. Never for one moment, although her heart seemed as if it would break from the physical separation, did she let either the parents or the child feel there was any difference in their relations.

With the result, that in one week, Anne, was speak-

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ing here, in our circle, to her grandmother. We heard, "Garmie, Garmie, I love you, I love my Marmie." And then we heard sweet childish kisses thrown upon the air.

Every time Mrs. Lloyd has been with us since Anne's passing, Anne has come to her. Such comfort, such love from a child to her grandparent is a very inspiring moment for us all. "A little child shall lead them," is indeed a great truth.

Upon the anniversary of Anne's birthday, which happened on a Thursday, we planned a little party for her, placing in the center of the circle on the floor, a big doll, some flowers, etc.

While we were waiting, singing softly, for Sunshine to open the seance, we were all surprised to hear, "Garmie, Garmie, this is my birthday; I see the big doll, my doll. I see the flowers, Garmie. I love you, Marmie, I love you." Then she sent kisses to the mother, who was present, and her grandmother.

After Anne, Sunshine spoke, saying, "As it was Anne's birthday tonight, we made her the guest of honor, and allowed her to speak first and open the meeting." That was the first time such a thing had happened at any of our sittings.

After the sitting was finished, we celebrated with a



ANNE FIELD EVERITT
Aged five and a half years
1926-1932

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birthday cake, with seven candles, in Anne's honor, knowing she could see and enjoy it as much as we did.

At a later meeting, we had a new sitter with us, a person not only exceedingly fond of music, but equipped with a fundamental understanding of it, also possessing a beautiful voice which she used successfully. Mrs. S—— received a few personal remarks from her recently departed mother, when Sunshine said to her, "There is some one here who says her name is Adelaide, she wants to speak to you,"—meaning the musical member of the circle—"Do you know any one by that name?" Mrs. S—— replied, "No, I do not recognize the name, but I will speak to her if she wishes." Then Sunshine said, "She has such a beautiful light that I am going to let her in anyway."

Perhaps a minute or so elapsed, when we all heard, "This is Adelina Patti speaking. I have been close to you for years. You have such a great love for music and understanding of it that you have attracted me to you." I said to my friend, as Patti stopped speaking, "Sing something." And she sang a very brilliant French song. Immediately we heard the high bird-like tones of Patti's voice singing with Mrs. S——. She sang the entire song, and when it was finished, Patti said, "Sing it again," and Mrs. S—— sang it with the same re-

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sults. Then Patti said, "I hope you will come often, I want to sing again for the earth friends."

Following Patti, mother came saying, "That was Patti, she looks so young, so beautiful and so happy. Mrs. S—— you have made her very happy. Come again so that she can sing with you."

Another singer came in to speak with Mrs. S—— giving us her name, "I am Lucille Weston, a singer; I lived before your time. You do not know of me, but I will tell you more about myself some other time."

None of us had ever heard of Lucille Weston, and although one of my group tried to look up her name at the Public Library, she could find no record of it. It was only about the last of April, when we were dining one night at the Arthur B. Chapins, that I happened to mention this incident, and Mrs. Chapin, a noted singer herself, said, "Oh I knew of Lucille Weston the singer. She was not a Patti, but she was a public singer."

I remember, during this meeting, that I asked Ed Wood if he could see any one in the room, and he answered, "Now wait a minute, what is that you have on the sleeves of your dress, Mrs. S——? It looks to me like feathers or fur, I think it is fur, and your dress

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is the color of the sky, and your eyes are the same color.”

This proved to us that Mr. Wood could see plainly, because Mrs. S—— had on a light blue gown with fur trimmed sleeves, and her eyes are blue.

From these incidents you will realize the laws of attraction, of which I have spoken earlier in the book. Another example proved this one night when we heard a loud voice say, “I am Andrew Jackson Davis. I heard this lady here reading the story of my life aloud to her husband last night, and that has attracted me here tonight.”

Mrs. Lloyd had been reading the “Life of Andrew Jackson Davis,” the greatest medium of his time, to Dr. Lloyd, at the time mentioned.

Another interesting character, well known in the literary world, is Vachel Lindsay, the poet, who passed on not so very long ago. As Mrs. Lloyd is also a prominent poet, he was attracted to her, speaking of her work and how he would like to demonstrate through her at some future time.

Mrs. S—— then said to him, “I met you at Gulfport one summer, do you remember me, Mr. Lindsay?” He replied, “Gulfport, where am I now?” And when

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she replied, "You are in New York," he seemed much surprised. We have heard from him several times since.

Mrs. Garrett's guide, Uvani, paid us the honor of a visit one evening, greeting us and speaking about dear little Anne. It was so unexpected, this visit, that he was in and gone before we realized it.

Several times there has been a man speaking in our circle, who lived next door to Mr. Drou  t and me, when we were first married, and living in Montclair, New Jersey. He first came when a mutual friend was sitting with us. Since then he has spoken to me directly. He is strong in voice and very desirous of getting his messages through to the earth plane. The last time he spoke to us, he said, "This is Jack Wilson, do you remember me? I wish Ralph would believe this fact of communication, I would like to speak to him." I said, "Yes, I remember you, do you remember the dogwood tree between our houses? Do you want to send a message to your wife?" He replied, "Certainly, I remember the pink dogwood tree. I have my youngest boy here with me. My wife doesn't know about these things, but I would like her to know that I have communicated with you."

At another time, there was a young chap sitting with

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us who asked father the following, "Dr. Clarke, can you tell me what the business conditions are going to be in 1935?" Father seemed much surprised as he replied, "What year is it now? You know we have no calendars here. As for 1935, I'm not a business man, and I am not especially interested in such matters. I am a physician, and my work is caring for sick souls."

Dr. Walter A. Sherwood, formerly the head of the Surgical Department of the Brooklyn Hospital, and his wife, Anne, have both spoken here several times, showing great interest in the fact that they can still communicate with their dear friend Anne Lloyd.

If I may digress for a few moments, I will relate the circumstances preceding a very interesting communication received here in our circle.

It was just after my marriage, that a very dear and close friend of mine eloped and married another dear friend. The father of the girl, being such a wealthy man, and very selfish, felt his daughter had deceived him by marrying without his knowledge. It did not interest him that the girl was sincerely and deeply in love with a worthy man, neither did he realize that it was his selfishness which kept him from sympathizing with the romance. They were married, and the father proceeded to disown his daughter. Fortunately, the

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daughter was provided for by her husband with as much as she had received from her father, so there was no reason for her ever seeking him for aid.

My experience with my own people, so filled with love and affection, made me realize that the time would come when my friend might have regrets for not having approached her father with the desire for a reconciliation. For after all, it was not his state of mind which should interest her, it would be her own actions which would later bring regrets.

Consequently, one day, I persuaded her to go to her father's office, and at her request I accompanied her. She went with the hope of convincing him of her continued love, despite his unkindness, and that this separation, because of her great love for him, had hurt her beyond words.

When we were finally ushered into this man's private office, I hoped for a happy result. Imagine our amazement when he said, "Put these women out of my office! Put them out!" With such anger that I thought he would have a shock.

As he meant nothing in my life, walking up to him and shaking my finger in his face, I told him what I thought of his actions, and ended by saying, "The time may come when you may need me."

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This estrangement continued for fifteen years, when the father died. There had never been a moment during these years that the daughter had not grieved over the separation, and when her father passed away she seemed more heart-broken than ever.

It was during a seance this March, twenty-five years since the elopement of my friend, that we all heard a strong, steady voice, directly in front of me, saying, "May I be permitted to speak here tonight?" I asked, "Are you speaking to me?" The reply came, "Yes, this is J—— D——." "Well," I said, "this is a surprise," recognizing the name of the father of my friend. "What do you wish to say to me?" He continued, "You are the only person in all the world whom I can ask to help me in this matter, and you must realize how humiliating it is for me to have to come to you. Do you remember how you came to my office and shook your finger in my face, saying, 'The time may come when you may need me'? Well, the time has come. I beg you to bring my daughter to me in a sitting, that I may ask her forgiveness for what I did to her."

I said to him, "I will try. But you know she does not believe in this truth, as she has had no experience. But I will bring her if it is possible. Now, you must realize how much she has loved you all these years, as she

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has suffered so much." Immediately came the words, "Yes, that is why I have been in Hell all these years, since I passed over, knowing that I had misjudged her and caused her to suffer. It was not until your father came into the spirit world, that I found my first ray of hope. He told me it was possible for me to redeem myself, but he has not allowed me to speak here until I developed a true spirit of humility."

I was both happy and anxious, as I said to him, "Be at peace; I will bring your daughter to you in a few days. I will write every word to her you have said here tonight, and I am sure she will wish to speak to you, as much as you desire it."

The next day I wrote a letter to this friend stating exactly what had happened, asking her, for the sake of her father's future, to come.

Maina Tafe made an appointment for us on the following Tuesday, at one o'clock, and my friend came and had luncheon with me, at which time I repeated to her every detail, also preparing her for the sitting, knowing so well, how much depended upon her attitude in the seance. I hoped she would not break down with emotion as that would lessen the power for the spirit voices speaking.

We arrived at Maina's on time. Seating ourselves,

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we put out the light and waited for Sunshine. Hardly two minutes had elapsed before we heard, "Sunshine. Aunt Betty, I know who is here. We will have a beautiful time today." I said, "Who is here, Sunshine, and how do you know?" "Oh, I have been out to her-house. Your father is here," she said, speaking to my friend. Then came the great moment. The father was speaking. Never before had I realized the torment the mind might suffer from the sins of omission.

This man's soul was overflowing with the desire for forgiveness, and my friend's attitude was perfect, for she, in her great joy and relief, responded in the same spirit, and there was a perfect understanding arrived at between these two souls who had lived apart in great longing for each other, during the past twenty-five years.

Mr. D—— said to me, "What right had I to try to dictate my daughter's happiness? What did I know about her feelings? It was all a selfish desire to keep her for my own happiness which prompted my actions, and they are unforgiveable." "Oh that is all forgotten now," I said, "I want you both to be happy, it is not too late, for now you can always speak to each other." He continued, "There are so many ways in which I want to help her, at this time. She and

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her husband need my help, things have not been so well for them lately, and when I think how easily I could have made her life free from financial worry, it drives me insane." "But," I said, "there are much more important angles to this than the financial side. The emotional feature interests me mostly." "Yes, but I am a business man and I want to help along the lines I understand, and you, Mrs. Drouét, have made it possible for me to start working constructively, by giving me the opportunity of relieving my soul. As long as I was hampered with those terrible regrets, I was helpless to develop. I shall be eternally grateful to you, and I can never tell you how I appreciate what you have done for me. And to think it had to be you!"

Turning to his daughter, he asked, "How long have I been in the spirit world?" She replied, "Ten years, father." My friend's mother then spoke to her, telling how she had tried to influence her father to relent during his lifetime, but he was too stubborn. She also spoke about how happy this reunion with her daughter made her. The grandfather also spoke, telling of the part he had played in trying to persuade her father to act differently. But it was useless. This man was so set in his selfishness, that he could not see the light, until it was, as he thought, too late. Many people spoke to my

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friend. Her little boy was overjoyed at being able to talk again with his mamma, and an uncle, only a week in spirit, also spoke to her.

Some of my friends spoke to me. I remember Houdon came with a few words. I introduced him to my friend. And Lillian came telling me as follows: "Betty, when you pass through the valley of the shadow, there will be no shadow."

Since this experience of my friend, much happiness has permeated her home. For the spirit of peace reigns and the realization that no longer can misunderstandings exist between loved ones, no more torments of regrets, only the knowledge that love is a power which helps on through eternity. No separation can again mar the passing of any member of that family, for they all know there can be no separations. The children realize this new happiness of their mother's, and they understand the reason for it, and all their lives through there will never be any fear of death, for it has been proven to them, that, "There is no death."

I remember all this happened on the twenty-second day of March, because of the message which I received after Lillian's. We heard a low voice say, "Bessie, this is Mrs. Tomkins. Will you tell Sallie that I am close to her father? I am right there with all of them. The Doc-

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tor is very low." I asked, much surprised, "Is Dr. Tomkins sick, Mrs. Tomkins? I didn't know anything about it. I have not heard anything from them since Christmas. Do you think it is serious, that he will pass over?" She replied, "We think so, but I am with him and will care for him."

When I returned home later that evening, Mr. Drou  t greeted me with this remark, "Sally Tomkins has just phoned here saying that her father was passing. She requested me to ask you to send your father to help him." I said, "Why, I received a message only this afternoon, from Mrs. Tomkins, while I was sitting with Mrs. C—— and Maina."

And dear Dr. Tomkins passed the following Thursday, March twenty-fourth.

There is something interesting to record here about the Thursday on which Dr. Tomkins passed over.

If you will note this passing happened at two-forty o'clock Thursday afternoon. As usual, we sat on Thursday evening. I was anxious to hear from father or mother something about his condition. Can you imagine our surprise when nothing happened during the entire evening. We started as usual, repeating the Lord's Prayer, then singing softly, and we kept singing and singing, and still no movement of the trumpets

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or the sound of any voice, except once we thought we heard a tiny voice like Sunshine's, but there was nothing definite.

Of course we were all greatly disappointed, especially as Miller Reese Hutchison, Ph.D., chief engineer for and personal representative of Edison for many years, was present for the first time.

Speaking of Edison, we had been told that he was present several times in our circle, but he had never spoken to us. Mrs. Lloyd had written a very inspirational poem in honor of Edison, and at a previous meeting she had been impressed to recite it, after which, Mr. Sperry had told us that Edison was present, listening to his tribute, and Sunshine had said, "Mr. Edison says that he will make a great light for you here some time."

The following Thursday evening we sat again, and at this sitting we again had Dr. Hutchison with us. Now everything started as usual and Sunshine seemed happy, as she said, "Dr. Clarke will tell you about last time." So when it was father's turn to speak he said, "We did not wish to hold a meeting last Thursday, as Dr. Tomkins had just come over. We felt it was better not, in deference to his passing." I asked, "How is Dr. Tomkins?" And father replied, "At present, he

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thinks he is dreaming, but he will be all right. Perhaps he will speak to you tonight, he is here. Your mother has brought him here to show him it is possible to speak to earth, and prove to him that he is not dreaming."

Later in the evening we heard a voice saying faintly, "Floyd Tomkins. Tell Sally her mother met me. Everything is as you told me it would be." This, if you will notice, was exactly one week after he was supposed to have died.

As I had sat the week previous in "The Church of the Holy Trinity," in Philadelphia, and had seen the face of our dearly beloved Dr. Floyd Tomkins, covered from the eyes of mortal man, knowing my eyes should not behold that noble face again, until I too, had passed through the valley, my heart gave a great bound of joy, for I knew I had only to be patient for a few days and then my ears would hear again the voice of him whom I honor. His voice would come again in all its throbbing intensity—its modulations would never be hushed.

I thanked God, while sitting there, for permitting me to know and experience this great truth, "There is no death." And God in his goodness did not fail me, for I and others have heard this individual voice, plainly. I have a record of it made on the ediphone.

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I have already heard it several times, and all my life I shall be able to hold audible communion with this great spirit of Floyd Tomkins. Is it any wonder that I have peace in my heart, and a song in my soul?

Of course, this evening, Dr. Hutchison was anxious to hear if Mr. Edison would speak to him, so Mrs. Lloyd recited her poem.

“Skywrite the name of Edison! Span it from sea to sea,
The name that’s like a meteor flashed through Im-
mensity—
Brand it on every human heart as long as hearts shall be!

Recount the tale of Edison! Lay bare the noble blend
Of greatness and simplicity—so men may comprehend
That he who bridled thunderbolts was glad to be a
friend!

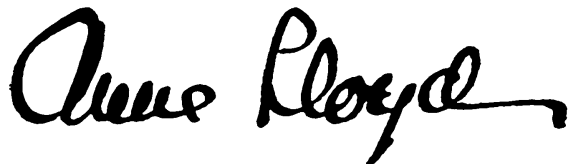
Bow to the brain of Edison! Its quick and curious beam
Pierced the cold fogs of mystery to find truth in a dream,
And caused a filament to glow that hemispheres might
gleam!

Hail the magican Edison! “Wizard of Menlo Park!”
Who, with a frail, transparent pen, tipped with the
lightning’s spark,
Blazoned across a universe—THERE SHALL BE NO MORE
DARK!

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Lit with the zeal of Edison, that shines for low and
high
This world became a firmament more starry than the
sky,
More lustrous than the lambent moon revolving slowly
by....

Prometheus lived on earth again, unbound, with snow-
drift hair,
Because of him this planet swings all golden in the air,
So beautiful, well might a comet pause to stare and
stare."

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Anne Lloyd". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a long, sweeping tail on the final letter.

Courtesy Association of Edison Illuminating Companies

This poem was so descriptive that we were not surprised when we heard a soft, moderate voice, directly in front of Dr. Hutchison, say, "This is Edison, Thomas A. Edison." "Yes, Mr. Edison, I hear you," said Dr. Hutchison, and Edison continued, "This is not a religious matter with which we are dealing, it is an unlimited force. It is purely a matter of chemistry and physics. I feel greatly honored, Anne, by your beautiful poem. My appreciation is beyond human ex-

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pression." Since then Mr. Edison has spoken to us several times, generally at the conclusion of the reading of the poem. I recall that Mr. Edison also made mention, at one time, of the short wave, in which he was interested.

It was during a meeting, following this, that Mr. Field made a remark about the twenty-third psalm. He said, "I love to hear you recite the twenty-third psalm, do it again, and think of those lines, 'Thy rod and thy staff,' it is such a wonderful thought, 'Thy rod and thy staff.' "

After Dr. Hutchison's experience with the direct voice, he sent his ediphone up to our house, so that the forces might try to make some records. If they were successful in recording on the ediphone, later, we would let them make some victrola records.

I think it was the next Thursday that we first tried this experiment. I had connected the ediphone, and had everything ready, and was waiting for Professor Launderville to give me the word to start the machine, which he did right after Sunshine had opened the meeting. He said, "Mrs. Drou  t, now you may start the ediphone, and we will see what we can do."

I immediately started the machine, while Maina held

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the speaking tube as high up in the air as she could reach. Pretty soon we heard some one trying to fasten the trumpet on to the speaking tube. This spirit force placed the large end of the trumpet on the speaking tube. We knew it was the large end because we heard Maina say, "Oh! the trumpet comes down over my hand. I am holding the speaking tube as high as I can." Then we heard a voice speaking into the tube. We could hear almost all of what was being said, but as I was excited and did not write it down at the time, I am entirely dependent in making this report, upon what we heard when we reversed the ediphone, and heard the voices thereon. I'll report these messages later.

After a few minutes' wait, we again heard the racket of the aluminum trumpet being connected. This time it was Sunshine making a record. After this the same thing happened again, and we could hear Dr. Clarke speaking into the ediphone. They all took great pains to speak clearly and slowly, and we should have had a good record. But when we tried it after the meeting, we could get no response, there seemed to be nothing on the record. Can you imagine our disappointment?

The next morning I called up Dr. Hutchison and reported to him just what had happened, so he sent

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an ediphone man up to my house to see what the matter was with the machine. The inspector found that the needle was poor, and that it had an old style motor, so that was why the voices were not recorded, apparently. The next day the Ediphone people brought a new motor, and when, after installing it, we placed the record on it, we found to our surprise that some words had been recorded by the spirit voices the previous Thursday.

I will repeat here just what was recorded. First, we could hear the sound of the trumpet rattling against the side of the speaking tube, then this followed, "Ed Wood, what shall I talk about? Well, insurance business all right. Ed Wood, good-by." This was all we could distinguish. The blanks represent words not distinct enough for us to decipher.

The second voice recorded was as follows, "Hello! hello! Sunshine speaking. Dr. Clarke is going to make a record." The third voice, "Dr. Clarke, Dr. Clarke, speaking, you believe that death is the end, but when you know it is not no one can die we live in the good-night, Dr. Clarke."

You can see from this that we did not get very much. But we planned to try again. However, before we had an opportunity to try once more, Dr. Hutchi-

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son being very much interested, asked the Edison Ediphone Company to send me a brand new, sensitive machine. Then we were ready to try in earnest.

I wish to refer for a moment to what Professor Launderville told us at the meeting on the night we made these records, "I think, Mrs. Drouét, it would be a good idea if you and Mr. Drouét, and Miss Tafe held a special seance once a month, so we from our side can discuss matters of importance with you about the sittings you hold every Thursday night." I interrupted him saying, "We might call it a directors' meeting?" "Why yes, that is a good idea," he replied. "We know you want us to make some records of our voices, and I think it will be better to try to do this when there are not too many friends present who expect messages. The recording takes quite a lot of power, and perhaps it will be better to devote an evening to it." So we decided to sit the first Monday, in each month, for instructions.

The following Thursday, our spirit friends expressed their disappointment about the records. They seemed to know as much about what had happened as we did. Annie said, "It's too bad you didn't get more on the records, Betty," and Professor Launderville told us

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to try again sometime, as they were always willing to coöperate with us.

I think it was at this meeting that a voice spoke to Mr. DeWitt Fessenden, saying, "I am Churchill, Churchill of England. I have been helping you during the past few years, with your magazine. I am very much interested in your work."

As Mr. Fessenden is the Editor of "The Sketch Book," he was very curious about this communication. His father also spoke to him, that evening.

Following Churchill, Lillian came to us, saying, "I am very much depressed. I am having such a hard time with George E——. You know he did not believe in any life beyond the grave, and now he thinks he is dreaming. Although he sees me and speaks to me, he thinks he is dreaming, and I cannot convince him that he is still alive. You see, when he committed suicide, he broke a natural law, and he has to pay the penalty. He had had the thought of suicide in his mind twice before he really did it. Both times, we were able, from this side, to keep him from doing it. But finally, we could not impress him."

Lillian continued, "I heard you and Harry talking about W——. I did not know that anything had happened, until I heard you both speaking about it. You

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remember, she was a college mate of mine. As soon as I realized what had happened, I looked for her, and I have found her. But it is very pitiable. She has broken two natural laws, and she cannot have her children with her. She will have to work out her salvation through a long period. I am doing all I can for her, but, what can you do for people who do not wish to be helped?"

As Mr. Wood's voice was heard next, I asked him if he couldn't help Lillian assist George E., but he said, "Don't ask me to help Mr. E——. I feel sorry for him, but ask your father, Dr. Clarke, to aid him. Your father is a soul Doctor and I am a business man."

This evening, in the seance, it amused us to hear my mother say, "You know, I would never have sanctioned a seance in my own home during my earth life, I was so narrow about those things." It seemed to amuse mother, also, from her present perspective.

Mr. Ford's guide, Fletcher, spoke to me as follows, "Will you tell Arthur to sign contracts at once, etc.?" The following morning, I called Mr. Ford, and delivered the message, and he said, "I have two contracts which came yesterday, here upon my desk. I have not seen or heard from you, Mrs. Drou  t, in two or three weeks."

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Since the passing of Dr. Tomkins, I had been working, on and off, on his portrait bust, hoping, shortly, to finish it. Fortunately, during the two sittings he had given me, I had been impressed to take many measurements, and a few snapshots of his head, something I had never done before. I seemed to feel something might happen to him, as he was nearing eighty-three years of age.

One evening father said, "The Doctor thinks you are making him too old in his bust, he wants to look younger." Mother also told me the same thing. So when Houdon spoke to me, I said, "I was wondering, Houdon, how you could help me with Dr. Tomkins' head, for I think of him as an old man, and you see him now as a young man." Houdon replied, "Yes, you are in a fix. Dr. Tomkins sits up there in your studio, as you work, and he is a young man, and he is impressing you to depict him as a young man. He wants that merry boyish twinkle in his eye. But I am impressing you to make him as you remember him, an elderly man. So first you put in the wrinkles, and then you take them out. Now we must do something about this. I think it will be a good idea if I ask Mrs. Clarke to take the Doctor for a walk while you are working, and so keep him out of the studio, and your

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vibration." I said, "That is a good idea, Houdon, for I must make him as people remember him. I will try to put the merry twinkle in the old eyes, and not make him as heavy about the jaws as he was, for I remember him very well when his face was thinner." Later you will read what Dr. Tomkins told me about the bust.

CHAPTER XIV

ANOTHER GREAT SCULPTOR SPEAKS

WE come now to the evening of April twenty-first. This evening there were eight of us in the circle, including Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Goodhue, Madame Mengarini, Mr. Drouét, and myself, regular sitters, Miss Constance Clarke and Mr. Arthur Scherr, new sitters, and Maina.

Constance, a niece of mine, had been writing automatically for some time. Mr. Scherr had no knowledge of psychic things whatever, but was seeking some assurance from a brother, who had recently met his death in an automobile accident.

After we had settled ourselves, and put out the light, repeated the Lord's Prayer, and had sung our theme song, almost immediately we heard the voice of Sunshine saying, "Hello, Uncle Harry and Aunt Betty! Hello, Auntie Lloyd! Hello, Fausta! Hello, Constance! Hello, Geraldine! Hello, stranger! and lastly she greeted Maina." When I said, "How did you know this was Constance, Sunshine?" She replied, "Oh I know Constance, and Phyllis, I go up to their house with Uncle

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Fred" (their father). Father was the next one who spoke, saying, "Good evening Constance, it is very nice to see you here. This is the first time I have spoken to you, but grandma has written for you. Your Grandfather D—— is here and will try to speak to you. This young man's brother, Frank, is here and he will try and speak to him." (Meaning Mr. Scherr's brother.) Father greeted all the others, saying the conditions were very fine and we would have a good meeting.

He gave us some advice about making the voice records, and spoke of some people who had previously sat with us, telling us something which we did not understand about them. Presently we heard, "Elmer, Elmer Sperry." Addressing Mrs. Lloyd, he continued as follows, "I saw you buying the bracelet, yesterday. I went right into the store with you. I also saw you buy the locket, into which you put little Anne's picture. Were you not surprised to get the impression to go into that store?"

As Mrs. Lloyd was returning home, the previous day, she had stopped and looked into a window containing some antique jewelry; without knowing why, she walked into the store, and asked the woman in charge, if she had a Normandy wedding bracelet? As Mrs. Lloyd had never heard of a Normandy wedding

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bracelet, she was amazed to hear herself asking for such a thing. But if she was surprised, the shopkeeper was still more so, for she said, "This is a very strange thing, that you are asking for that bracelet! It was only yesterday that a man came in here with one, and asked me to take it in exchange for a piece of jewelry, which he saw in the window. We have never done such a thing before, but this time we did make the exchange, and here it is," showing Mrs. Lloyd a thin silver band with two clasped hands carved upon it. Mrs. Lloyd, at the same time, was also impressed to purchase a very small, round, gold locket, into which she placed the picture of baby Anne. Mrs. Lloyd was wearing both the bracelet and the locket at this seance.

While we were digesting this, we heard a sweet voice say, "This is Grossma Scherr." This voice was for Arthur Scherr, and she told him about Frank, his brother, and sent messages to the family. Turning to Mr. Drouét, she said, "I want to thank you, Mr. Drouét, for bringing Artie here tonight, I'm going to help him, and I want to help you also."

At this moment Mrs. Lloyd said, "I feel impressed to recite Mr. Edison's poem." When she had finished it, I remarked, "Now, Mr. Edison, you ought to speak."

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Instantly, the slow, soft voice of Mr. Edison came to us, saying, "Edison, Thomas A. Edison speaking. The poem is too complimentary. I feel unworthy of such a noble tribute." With one accord we all said, "Oh no, do not say that! You are indeed worthy of her beautiful poem."

We were all thinking how descriptive of Edison Mrs. Lloyd's poem was, when Bobby bounced in, for that is just the way he comes. He said, "I was at your lecture, Miss Tafe." "Why didn't you speak, Bobby?" asked Maina. "My mamma and daddy were not there," he said. Then he came over to me and sent his love to his daddy and mamma, and told Constance that Richard was standing beside her.

There were no lulls tonight. The spirit voices were coming as fast as they could find an opportunity. The next voice was my mother's, saying, "We are all so interested in the book, which you have started to write, and we all wish to be quoted in it. I stand beside you all the time when you are typing it. I'm also trying to help Dr. Tomkins. Oh good evening, Constance. I have written for you, very often, at your home," and moving toward Mrs. Lloyd, she said, "I also come down to your house and visit with you, and I enjoy your poetry so much, it is beautiful." I said, "Mother, you

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have said so many times that my praying for you helps you. How does it help you?" And she replied, "When you pray that I may have more power and understanding, it is the same as when you have sympathy for a friend. It helps them to feel you are helping them, for you could not help them if your vibrations did not synchronize. It is also a direct thought, and you know the power of direct thought. It gives us something with which to work."

Hardly had mother finished speaking, when we heard the voice of Forrest. Tonight he was deeply concerned with the work he was trying to do with Geraldine. He was learning all about the power of direct thought, and was anxious to bring to his wife all the assistance, possible, and so this was broadly discussed between Forrest and the others. Forrest expressed his desire to have his experiences recorded in the coming book, hoping it would be helpful. Suddenly we heard the voice of dear little Anne calling, "Garmie, I see the locket, my picture is in it. Marmie saw it too. I love you, Garmie, I love you."

We have become so accustomed to the regular voices, that, when a strange one comes, we are very anxious to get the messages. Sometimes the voices are very strong. Tonight, however, when Constance's maternal

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grandfather spoke to her, his voice was rather weak. But as she responded quickly to him, his voice grew fairly loud and clear, as he said, "It makes me so happy to talk to you, Constance. When I think of all the years that I never knew you, it makes me very sad." Constance replied, "I have always wanted to talk to you, Grandfather. I have thought of you so often, and all my life mother has been telling me about you, and she has always spoken so lovingly of you, for she loves you very dearly." He continued, "I, as well as your grandmother Clarke, have written for you, automatically. I want you to continue to write."

Following this, we heard a rather indistinct voice, say, "Frank, this is Frank." "Frank?" said Mr. Scherr. "Yes, Frank. I am all right, Artie, I want mother to know. I would like to talk with her." Although his voice was not very strong or clear, he returned twice during the evening to try his power for speaking, and his voice grew stronger, and the messages clearer. An Uncle Harry, of Mr. Scherr's, whom he had never seen in life, spoke to him also, saying, "This is your Uncle Harry, you remember your Aunt Carrie, I am her husband. I guess you didn't expect to hear from me. Frank is here, and is so happy that he is able to speak to you."

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The next voice that we heard was speaking in Italian. It was the father of Madame Mengarini. After speaking in his native tongue, he continued in English, telling her he wanted her to remain in New York ; he also spoke of her mother. When she asked him who was helping her in her sculpture, he said, "There is a man here who has been helping you for a long time. He will speak to you himself."

Father evidently thought it was time for him to make a few remarks for he spoke next, saying, "I went out to your lecture, Miss Tafe. It was most interesting and instructive. I wish all these people could have heard it. You know this little woman has a lot in her head. At her lecture she explained about ectoplasms and vibrations, and voices and trances, and gave some lantern slides which interested me very much." As father tries to tell us about the things which he has been doing, between Thursdays, this was very evidential, as Miss Tafe, during the previous week, had given a lecture on psychic matters over in New Jersey. He said to me, "There are going to be many more interesting things for you to put in your new book."

I asked father, "Has Dr. Tomkins been sleeping, since he passed over?" To which father replied, "No,

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Dr. Tomkins has been very active about his home and the church."

No evening is complete without Mr. Wood, and so when his big, pleasant voice breaks the silence, everybody calls, "Good evening, Mr. Wood," and he responds just as heartily. Tonight he was interested in discussing some important business with Mr. Drouét, but when Mr. Drouét introduced him to Mr. Scherr, he said, "Young man, you need to learn some fundamental truths, and then apply them in your work." Mr. Scherr said, "I met you once, Mr. Wood, but you probably do not remember me." Mr. Wood then resumed his talk with Mr. Drouét, and asked if we were going to let them try again to make some more records.

You, my readers, who have never had this experience, cannot imagine what a thrill we receive when some new power demonstrates. Imagine our surprise when we heard, "This is Maltbie Babcock." "Oh, Dr. Babcock, this is wonderful," said Mrs. Lloyd. "Do speak to us." And he did in such a positive manner that I wish every one to receive the benefit of his message. This is the message:

"It is a great privilege to speak here tonight. I wish I could preach from every pulpit in every land, the truth as I now know it. I am convinced that the door

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is open to all who knock, regardless of race, creed or color. Every man has his opportunity. That man shall be born again is true. I interpret the Scriptures here very differently from what I did there. He who seeks shall truly find."

As he finished, Lillian spoke to us, saying, "I'm still sorrowful, worrying about George and Winifred. What am I to do when people will not be helped? It is so hard to do anything for them. George is having regrets." Lillian then spoke to Constance, telling her how glad she was to see her there, and hoped she would call her "Aunt Lillian."

About this time there was a voice speaking which no one could understand. It seemed to be speaking in Italian, and was very close to Madame Mengarini. We kept asking, "Who is it?" but although it came at two different times, we could not get the name. Sunshine came in and said, "That man wanted to speak to you, Fausta, I'll try to help him in again."

But before he was heard again, little Richard spoke to his sister Constance, saying, "I'm so happy, Constance. Tell Mamma and Phyllis I send my love, and tell Donald I was in the car with him, last night, and I like the kittens and the puppies. Why don't you call one of the puppies Richard? What are you going to

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do with the other puppy?" Constance then asked him some questions, which he answered accurately.

Everything was very quiet, when suddenly a voice was heard, so loud, that we were all startled. We heard the name, "Michelangelo, Buonorotti, Michelangelo." Sunshine spoke, directly following this, saying, "That's the man who is trying to talk to you, Fausta, but his name is too long. Let's call him Mike." Can you get our reaction to the visit of this great spirit?

You will see that the people in the spirit world are not always as impressed as we are, for Mr. Wood spoke saying, "What you need, Madame Mengarini, is a good business manager, you have plenty of inspiration." I interrupted with, "Mr. Wood, was that Michelangelo?" He replied, "He said he was, I never saw him before, but I suppose he is who he said he was." At that moment Houdon spoke to us, saying, "Yes, that was Michelangelo. He is helping your friend—here. He has been trying for a long time to tell her." I said, "Do you wonder that we were overpowered when he spoke to us?" "Well, you shouldn't be overpowered," said Houdon, then he continued, "I feel that you will not have shown the proper appreciation of Miss Tafe, if you do not make a bust of her, and put the picture of it in your new book. You are putting a picture of

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Mr. Ford's bust in the book, and I think one of Miss Tafe should be there also."

I said, "All right, I will do it, but it will take some time, and I have Dr. Tomkins' head to finish." "You will be surprised to see how quickly we can do Maina's head," said Houdon.

Another voice was speaking now. At first I could not make out the name, but I finally succeeded in hearing the name, "Dr. Floyd Tomkins." However, by the time we had learned his name, his power was gone, and we did not receive any message. But, the next morning, Constance took, automatically, a letter from Dr. Tomkins, which I am enclosing.

"My dear Constance and Mrs. Drouét: Last night I tried to come in and talk to you and the others, but you did not recognize me until I was too weak to continue. I wanted to say that I am still a little uncertain as to whether you or anybody else could hear me. You see, I get the impression of a dream. All is so different from what I expected it would be, in spite of what Mrs. Drouét and Fred had told me. I shall try to come in again next Thursday evening. They told me I should have tried harder, but I don't seem to be able to get any better results. I am so glad, Constance, that you could talk to your Grandfather D——, it was a bless-

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ing for him, and he wants to talk to Donald and Phyllis, and to you again. May God's blessing be upon you, and remain with you always, your loving friend, Floyd W. Tomkins."

CHAPTER XV

DR. SPERRY GREETES SOME OLD FRIENDS

EVERY meeting is almost like a first time, because there are always people sitting with us for their first experience, and that means we must build up the power, anew. Let me tell you about the meeting on April twenty-eighth.

There were nine in the group that night. One was a new sitter, one had sat once, and two had been with us twice before. We were rather slow starting because of this. But finally Sunshine came in, told a few stories, making every one laugh, and quickly the conditions became more propitious, for we heard Annie Drouét say, "You know, Betty, why it is difficult for us tonight, strangers always make it harder, but I think a little later it will be better." Then she told the strangers who she was, and made a few personal remarks to Mr. Drouét.

Dr. Clarke was the next one to speak. He talked with Mr. Drouét about a kodak picture that Mr. Drouét had taken, out on the terrace. There was a faint picture of the Doctor back of my head. He said, as we had

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asked him to try to show himself in a picture, he had done the best he could. I said to him, "Eleanor Drouét, Harry's niece, is here tonight, can you see her?" And he replied, "No, where is she, I cannot see her. Oh yes, now I hear her speaking." You probably understand by now, my readers, that unless the Doctor was in Eleanor's vibration he could not see her. He then proceeded to give me some advice about the records we were hoping to have them make.

Little Anne was the next one to speak. She was quite excited tonight, as her mother and her aunt were present, as well as her grandmother. She kept sending kisses and referring to things which had happened at her earth home. Her aunt said, "Do you remember how I used to scold you for saying yop instead of yes?" And instantly came the reply, "Yop."

Some one was trying to communicate with Eleanor Drouét, and we finally received the name, "Mason, Aunt Nell." Eleanor asked her how she was, and if she was happy, and Miss Mason said, "I am all right. Don't worry about me, I'm glad to come here and speak to you and Harry," and then she came over to me and said, "This is my first experience in communicating."

About this time, Mrs. Lloyd suggested we sing, "Moonlight and Roses." This song seems to be a fa-

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vorite with many on the other side; but as no one responded, Mr. Drou  t said, "Let's sing, 'In the Good Old Summer Time.'" That brought Elmer Sperry's voice to us, saying, "What is nicer than 'Moonlight and Roses' in the good old summertime?" and he laughed.

Three of the ladies present had known Mr. Sperry during his earth life, and as this was their first opportunity of speaking with him, since his passing over, he greeted them very cordially, and then they proceeded to ask him questions. We were very much amused, hearing one lady ask, "How's your golf, Mr. Sperry? Do you walk as fast there, as you did here?" He replied, "My golf is fine. Yes, I still walk very fast, but the trouble here, is, everybody can walk as fast as I can. But I try to keep ahead the same as I did there. What's the use of doing anything if you can't be ahead? If you are not ahead you might as well drop out."

Another lady then asked him if he remembered the Bellport Choral. And laughing heartily, he said, "How could I forget it?"

Mr. Sperry continued speaking for five or six minutes. He told Anne's mother, that little Anne was, in truth, a little angel, and that she was developing playing with the other children.

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The voices were coming faster now, and presently, two young men spoke to the new sitters sitting with us. One said, "Do not let anything or anybody turn you from this great truth. I think, at times, your husband laughs at you, but do not let any one persuade you that this is not so."

As we were discussing that, Mrs. Lloyd suddenly said, "I feel impressed to sing, 'O That I May Grow,' by Maltbie Babcock." So we all joined in. While we were singing we heard a voice, from the spirit world, singing with us. When we stopped the voice said, "Don't stop singing," so we continued. When the song was finished the Reverend Dr. Maltbie Babcock turned to Mrs. Lloyd's daughter, saying, "My child, I am so happy to speak with you." She said, "Your book has been such a comfort to me." He continued, "Seek and you shall find that if you knock the door will be opened unto you, and the truth shall make you free."

Directly after Dr. Babcock had finished, Mr. Charles Field was heard speaking. Being the grandfather of Anne, he was anxious to assure his daughter of Anne's continued happiness. He told us, "Anne goes to school on the earth plane, still. She attaches herself to some earth child, of whom she is fond, and in that way she has an earth experience. There are many people here

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who care for these children, who have no parents in spirit. But the children like to be with the children they knew upon your earth. The earth is the elementary school for them, and, later, they learn their spiritual development over here."

If I am not mistaken, grandma Gerald came to Mrs. Goodhue, tonight, for the first time. She was so delighted to speak, telling us about little Forrest and other members of the family and speaking of Mrs. Goodhue's mother, who was coming up to New York, and how much she wanted to speak to her.

This is one thing I want you to remember, all the people who communicate with us here, always speak of other members of their family, to whom they would like to speak. They never forget any one who was close to them, and they are continually asking if we cannot bring some relative to talk with them.

Forrest had some interesting things to say to his wife about her psychic developments. She was doing automatic writing at this period, but was not quite sure whether it was her own subconsciousness, or whether it was inspirational? So Forrest told her to blindfold her eyes, relax her mind, and just let her hand do what it would. He was also much interested in his mother-in-law's proposed visit to the city, and

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expressed his desire to speak with her. Then he told me that he would try to make a better record the next time he had an opportunity. I asked Forrest if he would like to have me telephone a message to his mother. And he replied, "I don't like to trouble you, but it would make me very happy to send my love to her, and I think it would make her very happy to receive it. She's going through trying times just now." The next day I delivered his message.

I must not forget to mention Mr. Drouét's mother. She tries to speak as often as she can, and tonight she was delighted to see her granddaughter, Eleanor, there, and she mentioned the brother-in-law of Mr. Drouét, and said that he was going to speak to us. Just then we heard a man's voice asking, "Will you take a message for me, Mr. Drouét? I would like to send a word to my son. This is DeWitt Fessenden's father speaking. Tell him I am with him constantly, trying to assist him. Say, a man is never licked until he licks himself."

When Mr. Wood spoke to us, I told him he had recorded a few words on the ediphone, which pleased him. Then I said, "When you make the next record, Mr. Wood, state that you are the Ed Wood of Pitts-

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burgh," and he said, "The Ed Wood! All right, I'll say I am The Ed Wood," and laughed.

I felt the trumpet touching me gently on both shoulders, and then we heard, "This is mother, Bessie dear; I touched you on both shoulders." As I wanted to find out who had been helping Constance Clarke in her writings I said, "Do you know, mother, who is helping Constance with her writing?" She replied, "There are many writers about her. Sometimes Lucy Larcom is there. Doesn't she realize that I am helping her more than any one?" "But mother," I said, "she is writing fiction, and as you didn't write fiction here, she didn't think you would be interested in fiction now." Mother returned, "Well, is that any reason why I can't write fiction now, if I wish to?"

After mother had finished talking with me we started to sing, "Onward Christian Soldiers," when we were interrupted by, "This is Floyd Tomkins, I am still marching on in the Army of Christ." I asked, "Tell me, Doctor, did you find conditions there as I had told you?" He replied, "Yes, only much more wonderful." Before Dr. Tomkins had spoken, I had seen a very strong light directly in front of me, and had called the others' attention to it. Some could see

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it, and some could not. It seemed as if a very strong light was flickering before my eyes, so close to me that I had covered my eyes with my hand.

There was so little power left after this that Sunshine came in and said the sitting would be closed by Dr. Clarke. Father said, "Sing the Doxology, good night."

CHAPTER XVI

MAKING RECORDS AT OUR DIRECTORS' MEETING

AS Houdon was eager for me to begin modeling the head of Maina Tafe, I made an appointment with her for Monday afternoon, May second. That was the night we had arranged, following the advice of Professor Launderville, to hold our directors' meeting. So I thought that if I worked in the afternoon, Houdon would have an opportunity, at the evening seance, to give me a criticism.

We started the work on Maina's head, (I say, "we," because I felt that Houdon was working with me,) at about four o'clock and everything went well and easily. I was surprised to find how the head developed under my hands. I kept speaking of Houdon, feeling him close to me. I also remarked that Maina's face was so distinct in line and modeling, that it looked like a map.

At eight-thirty we were all ready for the seance, and I am going to try and tell you exactly what happened. This will be very easy because I took notes on everything that occurred.

After the meeting was opened, Sunshine said, "Oh

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Maina, isn't the head beautiful. Too pretty, eh? Aren't you glad you had your hair especially waved? I think it is beautiful."

Almost immediately we heard the voice of Houdon saying, "Houdon, this is Houdon, I cannot tell you how happy I am about the head which you are doing. You know I have had this head in my mind for a long time. I have been intending to ask you to do it. Do you notice how easily you are modeling? I heard you say Maina's face was just like a map, and so it is. Everything is so very distinct. Now, I want you to take just a little bit off the upper lip, it is too heavy. The lower lip and jaw are all right. I was glad to see you blunt the nose a little. I was impressing you to do it for some time. Now blunt up the chin more to go with the nose. I want you to take a full sitting for the eyes, they must be wide open and full. Sunshine seems to be more interested in Maina's hair than in her features. I think the head of Dr. Tomkins is about finished. Just a little more work on the clothes and hair. Dr. Tomkins likes it now, and I also like it. Do you remember I told you we could do Miss Tafe's head in a very short time. I heard you say you were going to repaint the studio. Why not paint it blue? You know I like the vibrations in this studio so

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much better than those in the old studio. We will do some good work here."

All of this was very inspiring. I was sure that Houdon was really doing most of the work, that I was only serving.

Mr. Wood's voice was the next one heard, saying, "Houdon is very happy about your head, Miss Tafe. He keeps running up into the studio, looking at the bust, and then he comes down here and looks at you. I guess he is getting ready for the next time you pose." Then Mr. Wood said to me, "The Professor here says you can start the ediphone, Mrs. Drouét, and we will try to make some records."

So I started the ediphone, and Maina held the speaking tube as high in the air as she could. We could hear Mr. Wood speaking into the ediphone, as he was speaking very loudly, and then we knew that Dr. Clarke was recording, and then we heard Mr. Sperry say, "This is Elmer Ambrose Sperry. Yes, Sperry, the Gyroscope man. Tell Anne Lloyd that I hope to speak to her this summer, at Bellport." After which Sunshine said a few things, then mother, and finally Lillian made a lovely speech. Now at that moment I had the most dreadful thought, "Had I lowered the needle for

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recording?" I was excited and tired, from my afternoon's work, and I had arranged the ediphone before putting out the lights. So with many misgivings, I reached to feel if the needle was down, and to my dismay I found that I had neglected to lower it, and so not a word of our friends had been recorded. I said, "Oh Sunshine, what do you think of me, I was so careless, that I forgot to lower the needle, and we have not received a word of those lovely messages?" Sunshine, bless her, said, "Oh that is all right, Aunt Betty. We will try again, perhaps they will do better this time."

And so we started all over again. But, of course, they had used a great deal of the power and every one could not repeat, though Dr. Clarke, Mr. Wood, mother and Dr. Tomkins recorded some words which were heard, when, after the sitting, we reversed the switch and listened.

Before giving you the records, let me speak just a moment about Miss Tafe's mother. She had never spoken to us here. We were both surprised and delighted when we heard a voice say, "This is mother, Maina." Maina said, "Why, mother, it is very nice to hear from you here at Mrs. Drouét's." Then I said, "Good evening, we are very glad to welcome you. You should come in often and speak to us. We are very fond of Maina, and

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we have heard so often about you, that we are delighted to have you speak to us." She replied, "I do come over here quite often. I heard Maina speak of you, before I passed over. I go up into your studio, Mrs. Drouét, but as I was not a college woman, I do not know what to say to all the learned men there." Surprised, I asked, "Learned men, what do you mean?" And she replied, "Why, there are many learned men up there all the time. When you are working they sit and watch you, and discuss your work."

This was interesting to me. I wasn't quite sure whether I liked it or not. But I know they are trying to help me, so I welcome them, and if it amuses, or gives them any happiness, I am content.

Lillian spoke again to us, saying, "I am still feeling depressed because I am unable to help my friends in the spirit world, who are in such a deplorable mental condition, they do not want to be helped, and that distresses me. But I do love to come here to you, Harry, and Betty, because it strengthens me." I told Lillian that I would pray that she might have the strength to counteract the influence of these depressing mentalities, which she was trying to assist.

Annie then spoke to Mr. Drouét. During her talk to him, Maina and I passed a few words with each other.

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Immediately Annie came over to us, asking, "What were you two girls talking about?" It is evident that curiosity does not die, either.

Now Professor Launderville said a few words, hoping the records were successful, and when I asked him, "Don't you feel, Professor, that the law of appreciation is a very important one?" he replied, "Yes, very, but don't forget there is also a law of compensation, and so few people understand either law."

At this point, Sunshine said that the power was going, they had used so much for the recording, so Dr. Clarke came in, wishing us good luck with the records and saying, "I will stick around to hear what you have on the records. Now sing the Doxology and close the meeting."

After the seance was over, we reversed the switch on the ediphone and listened. I will give you exactly what is possible for any one to hear on the record. The blanks indicate the words not discernible. Dr. Clarke's voice registered very clear and well. Ed Wood's blasted a bit at the beginning, but cleared up later. Mother's voice was so low we could not make out many words. Dr. Tomkins' voice, though low, what we heard of it was very distinct.

Father's was the first voice we heard on the record, as follows: "Dr. Clarke, I'm speaking from Station

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Astral; yes, this is Dr. Clarke, I am speaking from Station Astral. I am living in what you call the spirit world. Do you see my light! Do you see my light! what light can you see? Yes, you know every spirit carries a light, as each individual man carries his shadow with him, or his astral counterpart, and as the Bible says, 'Ye shall know them by their lights.' Yes, that is true, yes, all right, I am glad that I can speak. This is not the first time, I hope you will be able to hear me. Tell Fred I made a record for you. I do not know how many of us will be able to talk to you. All right, good-by."

Following this, we heard on the record, the sound of the trumpet being fastened on again, and this time the voice was so loud, that, at first, it blasted. "Ed Wood, Ed Wood, of Pittsburgh. I was an insurance man. I always thought it was the best business in the world, because, as I have said before, as long as there is life, there is death, and where there is death, there is need of insurance." I had interrupted him at this point of his recording, by saying, "I am surprised to hear you use the word death." The record went on from this point, "When I used the word death, I had to do that because most people wouldn't understand anything else. We talk in a man's language when we say death, because they know what you mean. But of course, we

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know there is no death, that is, no death for the soul.” Mr. Drouét had interrupted Mr. Wood at this point, saying, “The insurance people do not know that there is no death,” Mr. Wood’s voice continued as follows on the record, “Thank God, for that. If many of your clients knew that, they’d think they didn’t need any insurance. It is just as well they do not know.”

The third voice on the record was Sunshine’s, as follows, “This is Sunshine, Sunshine. I want to talk to my Aunt Betty and Uncle Harry, and Maina, too. I am talking from Station (come on in Dr. Clarke and tell me the name of this station) Astral, good-by.” Sunshine evidently couldn’t think of the name Astral, as she called on father to help her out, not realizing it would all be on the record. But she was back in a moment, for the record continued, “This is Sunshine again. I want to ask my Uncle Harry, why doesn’t the Scotchman wear rubber heels?” He doesn’t because they give too much. Good-by.”

Immediately following this on the record came, “Mother, this is mother. No this is mother talking. Dr. Tomkins is going to try to speak here. We are all trying to get our names in the book —————.” As mother’s voice was so low, we could not hear many

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words, but I have given you all that we could understand.

The last words on the record are as follows, "Floyd Tomkins, yes, yes, remember me to all _____ I want to thank you for your prayers for me _____". Tell Sallie I am satisfied with the way things are going in Philadelphia. Yes, I am also pleased with my head. No, I said, I am pleased with my head. Yes, I think it is beautiful. Are you going to send it to the church or keep it in your own collection?" I remember that we had kept calling to him to speak louder, which accounts for his "yes, and no."

I think it will be interesting to include, in this review, the following note:

"I have heard the first records made on the Ediphone of the voices of Dr. Clarke, Ed Wood, Dr. Tomkins, and Sunshine."

Signed,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Edward P. Harris".

Representative Edison Ediphone Co.

CHAPTER XVII

A DAY OF MEMORIES

PERHAPS you will remember what happened on May fifth, in 1929. This year that date fell on a Thursday, and I was very happy, as I hoped to talk with father and wish him a happy anniversary. Three years on the astral plane.

Mr. Cyril Tolley, a former British Amateur Golf Champion, who had sat many times in seances, in his native land, England, and had had most interesting and evidential experiences, was sitting with us, this evening, as well as one or two other strangers to our circle.

After Sunshine had opened the seance, father spied Mrs. L——, and said, "Good evening, Mrs. L——, it is nice to see you here. Your father is close to you, and there are other members of your family here tonight." Father was then introduced to Mr. Tolley, and the other new sitter. Father told Mr. Tolley that his brother would try to speak to him. He then spoke of the good conditions existing, and said that we would have a very successful evening.

I asked father if he knew what this day was, and ne

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said, "Yes," then I said, "I wish to congratulate you, would you wish to be back here?" He replied, "Not for everything in your world, would I come back. You say it is three years I have been on this side? It seems a very short time to me."

A rather interesting thing happened this evening, showing how very important it is for us to continue with our prayers for our unseen loved ones. You remember in the last few seances, that Lillian had come and spoken of her depression. Tonight when she spoke, she seemed very much brighter, as she said, "I'm feeling better now, Harry, I seem to be able to throw off that depression which was bearing me down from the association with my friends who had broken natural laws." I interrupted with, "What has helped you, Lillian, to throw off this depression?" Her reply was, "Your prayers for me, Betty. You prayed that I might have the desire to use the energy about me for strength to overcome the influence of the people whom I was trying to help. You asked that I might become more buoyant."

Mr. Tolley had a brother, who had passed over into the spirit world before Mr. Tolley was born. Tonight this brother came, and identified himself. When Mr.

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Tolley asked him if he had been close to him during his period of capture by the Germans, in the late war, and what he had done for him at that time, we heard this reply, "I heard you calling for some one to take a message to your mother. I came and received your message that you were a prisoner, but well and safe, and I carried it to our mother in England. She was impressed with the thought I was giving her, to the extent that I heard her continually telling our father that you were safe, although she heard nothing from you."

Mr. Tolley told us that his mother had told him, after his return from the war, that she was so strongly impressed with his safety, in spite of no word from him, that she held to the idea, although his father was sure he had been killed.

Then the brother continued, "Tell mother I spoke to you, Cyril. Tell mother not to miss me when she sees me face to face."

There was another lady sitting with us this evening, who had had one previous experience with direct voice, and she was very anxious to hear from her mother. So when her mother spoke to her, she asked her many intimate questions, finally saying, "Give me some proof, mother, that it is you speaking to me. Tell me where I

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was born, or give me my first name. No one here knows my first name."

The mother seemed hurt that the daughter should question the validity of her voice, and she lost her power. But later a voice was heard calling, "Floice, Floice," and this lady answered, "Yes, yes, that is my name, who wishes to speak to me?" and a voice spoke, saying, "This is Grandmother, I called your name to prove that we are really your own people. Your mother thought you would surely know it was she from her reference to your sister, and your own child named after that sister, who is here in the spirit world. You were not expecting me to speak to you tonight, and this is proof that this is a real communication."

About this time, Houdon spoke to me again. His interest in Maina's head was making me very anxious to please him, and as I had made the corrections which he had advised, I was wondering if he had more criticisms to give to me. He said, "I saw you change the chin, as I advised, and you saw for yourself that her cheekbones should be a little wider. Now they are correct. When are we going to have another pose?" I said, "Tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock." He continued, "I will be there, we can finish this head in one or two sittings, I cannot tell you how happy you

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are making me." I said, "You remember, Houdon, I asked you about a head which I thought you had done, and you didn't seem to remember it. I looked it up after our last conversation, and found it was a head done by Carpeaux." He replied, "Well, I couldn't place any head of mine that was like your descriptions. I remember all the heads I ever did. There's a good reason why I didn't recognize that head, and I am glad you learned it was not mine, for I certainly know my own work." I asked, "Shall I put your name on Maina's bust?" He said, "Put your own name on the outside, and put mine under the left-hand shoulder. I shall be most happy if this is done."

I certainly wouldn't dare to do such a thing as use his name without his consent, and proof that he had been working on the composition. But when I have several friends hearing, as I do, his desires and permission, I feel justified in so doing. Another little bit of conversation between us seemed to amuse every one in the room. When I said, "I think you must think I am a glutton for work, Houdon, for you do not hesitate to give me plenty to do," he replied, "No, you are not a glutton, you are a willing instrument." Which made me feel that all my efforts were well worth while.

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While Dr. Sperry was talking to Mrs. Lloyd, I took the liberty of interrupting him, asking, "Dr. Sperry, what do you think about capital punishment?" And this is what he gave us :

"Capital punishment is the most terrible and dangerous act possible. In the first place, you are releasing a soul, and the soul of a criminal that is filled with vicious thoughts, and thoughts are things. This vicious mind, through the law of attraction, fastens itself upon the mind of some earth personality, who has the same desire within himself. And the astral mind is so strong that it obsesses the earth mind, and crime continues. It is the same as releasing an atom. Nobody there knows where that atom goes, or what happens. As long as it is controlled, it can be managed, but once you release it, you are powerless to direct it. And so, that is what happens to the mind of man."

I continued, with this question, "In what state of mind do criminals come over there?" He replied, "They come over here in many different states of mind. Some come with a great indifference, some come with vengeance, some come cursing and damning, some come sorrowfully, some come praying."

Forrest followed Dr. Sperry, speaking to his wife,

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and in reply to a remark she had made about his being, "over there," he said, "I am not 'over there,' I am right here with all of you. I enjoy these meetings, oh so much. They are like pleasant dreams, pleasant memories."

CHAPTER XVIII

MR. EDISON AND DR. SPERRY MAKE A RECORD

SINCE the last attempt of our spirit friends to record their voices, we had been waiting for Professor Launderville to tell us when we might give them another opportunity. On the night of May twelfth, as several friends had telephoned they could not be with us, I thought, "Tonight will be propitious for making records," so I placed the ediphone ready for use.

Although our circle was small, only Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Goodhue, Mr. Drouét, Maina and myself, the power was strong. After Sunshine had opened the meeting, I was not surprised to hear her say, "Hello, Uncle Harry! we are going to make records tonight. I have a surprise for all of you. Maina, I am going to make the first record."

Following Sunshine's remarks, we heard Professor Launderville speaking, as follows, "We will try to make some clearer records for you tonight. The conditions are very harmonious, and the vibrations strong, so we will start right away and make the record, and afterwards, we will give you some more messages. You may start the machine, Mrs. Drouét."

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As I had placed the ediphone machine between Maina and myself, I was prepared to turn on the power. Maina, as before, held the speaking tube as high in the air as she could, and then we waited.

Sunshine spoke to us again saying, "Sing a little to start the vibrations, and I will make the first record."

In a moment or two we heard the sound of the trumpet being attached to the speaking tube. At first she could not connect it, and we could hear her fumbling with it. I had separated the parts of the trumpet, leaving the two smaller sections together, as the end of this second section, I found, just fitted the end of the speaking tube of the ediphone. You remember the last time they tried, they used the complete trumpet, and the end was so large most of the words escaped the speaking tube. Now Maina said, "Sunshine has the trumpet on. I think, Mrs. Drouét, that it was a good idea of yours for them to use the smaller end of the trumpet as I can feel a firmness in their hold." Now the voice was speaking, and we heard no rattling of the trumpet.

So Sunshine made a record. I will read from the transcription, which I made after the sitting was over, everything that was made on the record. We could not hear the words tonight, when they were spoken into the ediphone, as the connection was so close.

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After Sunshine had finished recording, we thought we should have to wait awhile. But no, immediately we heard the trumpet being again attached and a voice speaking. As we could not make out distinctly whose voice it was, one of us asked, "Is it Edison? Is it Dr. Clarke?" You will understand the "yes and no" on the record, because of this question.

We were all amused to hear the voice of Baby Anne calling to Mrs. Lloyd, "Garmie, Garmie, I want to talk on the machine." And when Mrs. Lloyd said, "Yes darling, you try," we heard her trying. Evidently some one helped her get the trumpet up, for in a second we knew she was talking into the ediphone. Immediately following this, we heard another voice at the machine. This time there was no doubt about whose voice we were hearing. It was Ed Wood's, and Mr. Drou  t called, "Don't blast, take it easy." You will notice in the transcription there seemed to be an interruption during Mr. Wood's recording. This interruption came from Mr. Drou  t, who had repeated what he thought he heard Mr. Wood say, and Mr. Wood had picked up the trumpet, and recorded his correction on the ediphone.

Professor Launderville was heard from at this time, saying, "Keep the vibrations going, sing a little more."

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So Mr. Drou  t started, "I can't get them up, I can't get them up." You remember the tune. We were conscious all this time that some one was speaking into the trumpet. Later you will read how it was Lawrence Sperry whistling into the ediphone, whistling the same tune that we were singing.

All of which was proving most interesting. As we were not able to hear very much of what they were saying, we were hoping, through their close connections, that their voices were being well recorded.

Before the next attempt was made, Dr. Clarke told us that he would make a record for some man in the spirit world with him, who couldn't make his own, and then we heard father speaking into the machine.

Just as we never know who is going to speak to us, giving us messages, so, we did not know who would be the next to make a record, but we were delighted when we heard Forrest at the machine. He continued speaking for quite some time, and we were very anxious that it should all be recorded.

Every one was wondering if Mr. Sperry was going to desert us. We were talking about it when he spoke, saying, "This is Elmer." I exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Sperry, will you record something for us? Tell us, what is the relative position of your world to ours?" Then

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he fastened the trumpet on to the machine, and what he said, I will give to you later with the others.

I was feeling of the record to see if they were nearing the end, but there seemed to be about two inches left, maybe a little less, so I thought I would let one more voice on, and then I would change the record, when along came Bobby, Bobby Wardlaw. Bobby made a little fuss getting his connection. We could all hear him shouting into the trumpet, and we couldn't help laughing, for he is such a darling kiddie.

As he finished, I started to remove the record, when we heard Professor Launderville, say, "That will be all of the recording tonight, Mrs. Drouét. I hope you will find good results when you listen after the meeting." I replied, "Thanks so much, Professor Launderville, but I am disappointed, you didn't record anything for us."

He spoke again saying, "Now sing some more, as the power has been diminished from making the record. We want to build it up, and then we will come in and talk to you for a while."

So we started singing, "Pack Up Your Troubles," which always seems to please them, both the words and the vibrations of the tune. From that we slipped into "Moonlight and Roses," another favorite of our

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spirit friends, when we heard a voice speaking. It was Mr. Drouét's mother, saying, "Good evening, Harry. Every one is so interested in the making of these records. We are all trying to do something for Betty's book, 'Station Astral.' Miss Tafe, I think your head is beautiful. It is too bad Betty cannot show the lights around you. We all love you for the good work you are doing for every one."

I said, "Yes, it is too bad, Maina, that I cannot do as she suggests, but I'll try to make your eyes shine."

We were all laughing and talking as usual when the delightful voice of Geraldine's Aunt Alpha was heard, "This is Aunt Alpha, Geraldine. You were not thinking of me. You were thinking about John B. He is all right, having a good time on that ranch. I'll take care of him, don't worry. When is your mother coming? I want to talk to her so badly I can hardly wait. I hope I shall not forget the things I want to say to her. I think of so much I want to say, and then I forget. I am afraid I shall forget something when she comes."

All this shows us how similar to ours are their thoughts and words. I know I often think of something I wish to speak about in a meeting, but when I become interested in the things coming through, I forget about what I wanted to say. So I told Aunt

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Alpha, "Don't worry, we will give you plenty of opportunities when Mrs. Richardson comes."

We kept up the singing, trying to help them in, when a voice was heard saying, "I want to send a word to Louise, Louise Goddard." Both Mrs. Lloyd and I remarked, "She is not here tonight." Then the voice continued, "This is Gus, Gus Holly. I want you to tell her not to worry about me, for I am all right, I want her to come more often to these meetings. She always enjoys coming, and I want her to know that I wish to talk with her frequently." Turning to Mr. Drouét, he continued, "Did you know me during my earth life? I knew S. H. Is he still playing football?" And Mr. Drouét answered, "No, you did not know me. S. H. is playing golf now." Mr. Holly then remarked, "That is an old man's game."

We were laughing over this, when another voice hushed us, and we heard, "This is Eddie, Eddie Kiam, yes Kiam. I came in here today with a letter which my wife sent to Mrs. Drouét, and I have been hanging around all day waiting for this meeting. What are you trying to do here, broadcast? Dr. Clarke, your father, Mrs. Drouét, said he would broadcast for me, and he did. Could you hear what he said? I hope he made a good record." This was quite a long speech, and Mr.

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Drouét spoke to him saying, "We certainly are glad to hear from you again, Eddie. It must be two years since you have spoken to us in this circle, and at that time your wife said it could not be you because you said Kiam, with a long 'a,' while in life you always pronounced it as with no 'a,' like Kime." Instantly, Mr. Kiam was speaking again, "Kiam, or Kime, it is Eddie Kiam." Then Mr. Drouét continued his conversation as follows, "Say, Eddie, are you as good looking, now, as you were here?" He replied, "Better, I have on my button shoes and my trousers are better creased than ever. I think, Drouét, I am dressier than ever. I'm glad to talk to you and Mrs. Drouét. Thanks for letting me, I'll come in again. Good-by."

We had known Mr. Kiam very well in life. He was very handsome and most fastidious in his dress. It is quite evident that he is the same natty personality we knew. That morning I had received a letter from his wife, with some papers, on psychic matters, which I had given her to read, but Mr. Drouét knew nothing of this.

The power was very strong now, and the voices were coming without any long waits. We were all thinking about the pleasant personality who had just communicated, when we were aroused by hearing, "This is

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Salter Storrs, Richard Salter Storrs." Mrs. Lloyd greeted him with great enthusiasm, and he continued with, "It is a pleasure to speak here tonight, and a great privilege to be able to speak again to the earth plane, after you have passed through the stage called death. I come to confirm a message and tell my appreciation."

Not knowing the gentleman, and as he evidently had come in on Mrs. Lloyd's vibration, I asked her, "Who is Mr. Storrs?" She told us, "I received a message from Dr. Storrs this week, through my daughter's automatic writing. That is what he is confirming. Dr. Richard Salter Storrs celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as the Pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, in Brooklyn. He was a contemporary of Henry Ward Beecher, and incidentally, he married me to Charles Field." I asked, "How long has he been over?" And Mrs. Lloyd replied, "I think about twenty years."

As mother had not spoken to me for one or two sittings, I was very glad to hear her voice next, saying, "This is Mother, I cannot wait until the new book is out and on the bookshelves." I hastened to interrupt with, "I don't want it on the shelves, Mother, I want it in people's hands." And she replied, "But it must be on the shelf first. We are all so interested in it, and so happy to see you doing it, for it is different from al-

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most any other book ever written, because you are using both the authentic names of the sitters in your circle, and the names of the spirit friends communicating, and any one can write or telephone to any earth person named therein and confirm all these reports."

I am quoting this exactly from my notes. I think mother meant there were more people mentioned in my book than in other books. I am sure any of my friends named within this book will always try to help any one seeking more confirmation.

It is always a pleasant surprise when one realizes that their friends remember one's expressed wishes. You will recall that I was disappointed when Professor Launderville did not record, so when his was the next voice heard, I knew he had realized this disappointment and was going to tell us something of interest. Let me quote his remarks, "Mrs. Drouét, I know you wish me to give you something of usefulness for the book, so I will give you a few words about cremation.

"In my own case my wishes were not carried out, as my wife did not think as I did about it, and my body was buried. But I was, and I still am, a firm believer in cremation.

"Perhaps you do not realize that the mind of man demonstrating through his physical body so long, still

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feels a great attraction for that body; all his pleasures and experiences have come through that body, and he still feels the desire for the things of the body. When that body is left to decay in the ground, the mind of its owner frequently returns to it, and the sight of it depresses the spirit, and it becomes morbid. Fortunately, for your father and mother, you eliminated all that. I cannot tell you how fortunate it is for them, for they are not hindered by any hideousness of their former habitations, their bodies.

“The custom of keeping the body three or four days before burial, is a very old one, going back to the time of the Egyptians. They felt that time must be given the soul to free itself from the body. Now in cremation the astral cord is severed instantly, and there is nothing for the soul to return to through sympathetic vibrations.

“I feel it is a great pity that one’s personal wishes are not adhered to after their passing. The least others can do is to carry out the desires of the one they loved. So I want you to know that cremation is the only way to clear the soul of unhappy returns to unpleasant sights and remembrances.”

This certainly gave us something to think about, and made us doubly glad we had cremated the bodies of our loved ones. It reassured us in our judgment.

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No one was thinking about Arthur Ford's guide, "Fletcher," so we were taken wholly by surprise when we heard him say, "Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Drou  t, I bring you greetings from Arthur. He told me to come here to you tonight. He knew it was your night to sit, and he is thinking of you all. He is very fond of you both. I want you always to help my boy in this great work he is doing. You know how I appreciate your help. Beyond words, I am gratified." Turning to Maina, he continued, "You have your head now, I like it. I like the expression. I am bringing Arthur back to New York soon."

I had a feeling we were about at the end of the seance, and so was not surprised when we heard Sunshine say, "The power is going, we used so much for the recording. Dr. Clarke will close the meeting. Good night, good night, Maina."

After a moment, father spoke, saying, "I hope the records will be better than last time. I will wait around after the close of the meeting and listen to them. Sing the Doxology and close. Good night, good night."

I hope you are as interested to hear what we heard on the record as we were. We were delighted and happily surprised, and I want you to feel the same way.

Just as soon as the lights were on again, I reversed

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the machine, and this is what came to us, clearly and loud enough for every one in the room to hear. All the voices, with the exception of Mr. Wood's, which blasted a little at first, came very distinctly and individually.

As you will remember, Sunshine was the first to speak into the ediphone machine, and this is what she recorded: "Sunshine, we are going to make records from Station Astral, The Temple in the Sky, and Skyward Studio."

The second voice on the record proved to be that of Thomas A. Edison. This is his exact message. "Yes, no. This is Thomas A. Edison. Yes. It gives me unbounded pleasure to know that there is a continued existence of mortal life, that I am able to witness one of my inventions being used to communicate with the two worlds. Good-by."

The third voice was that of Baby Anne, saying, "Garmie, Garmie, I love you and Marmie." And there were many kisses recorded.

The fourth voice was that of Ed Wood. "Hello, friends, Ed Wood, I want to say a word from Station Astral. Yes, I am talking from Station Astral. There are two things that everybody should have: insurance, and assurance that their existence goes on after they

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have left the worn-out body." Mr. Wood returned, recording, "I didn't say after you had left the world, I said, after you had left that worn-out body. I don't want you to misquote me, for I can't get back at you. Good-by."

The fifth voice belonged to Lawrence Sperry, whistling the tune "I can't get them up," Lawrence, no, Lawrence, yes Lawrence Sperry." Then more whistling.

The sixth voice was that of Dr. Clarke. "Dr. Clarke. Yes. I want you to know there is a gentleman here whose voice, I think, is not loud enough to be heard from Station Astral. He couldn't talk on the machine, so I will broadcast for him. Eddie is here; I said Eddie is here. No, not Lillian; Eddie Kiam. He says he followed his wife's letter here. I will be in again later. Good-by."

The seventh voice was Forrest Goodhue's. "Hello, Geraldine! this is Forrest. Little Forrest is here with me. You are going to have me here on this broadcast, too, from Station Astral. Dr. Clarke has been training us for a long time so we should be able to record so you can hear us. I just wish I could have the record preserved. Dr. Clarke says the more you run the record the fainter it gets. Dr. Clarke said you couldn't keep

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these records. Geraldine, when is your mother coming? Oh, that's fine. Well, tell her I want to talk to her. Won't you give my love to mother too, when you see her? And I certainly cannot tell Mr. and Mrs. Drouét how much I appreciate what they have done for both of us, for they certainly bridged the deep gulf between the two worlds, and they certainly bridged the gulf of understanding for both of us, dear. Good night, good night."

The eighth voice was an answer to my question, "What is the relative position of our world to yours?" Given by Dr. Sperry, "Elmer Sperry. Yes. How do you do? Good evening. Well, I don't know if I can give you the exact location, because we seem to be vibrating in every place that is space; and as space is everywhere, it is difficult for me to answer that question, and give you any fixed location, any more than it is possible to give you some fixed position in the universe of your earth.

"You can only give its relative position in regard to its relative position with other planets known to men.

"There are many planets unknown to the earth's vibration.

"All I can say is, we vibrate around and about you all the time, except that our rate of vibration is so much

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more rapid than yours, you cannot see us with normal sight. That's all. Now I will try to talk to you again, for I want to leave space here for others to tell their experiences. It has been a great honor for me to come in and talk to you from Station Astral. Good-by."

The ninth voice was that of little Bobby Wardlaw. "This is Bobby, Bobby. Bobby Wardlaw. I want to send love to my Mamma and Daddy. Tell Daddy that half-back Bobby sends love to him. Good-by."

We were quite overwhelmed with the concrete evidence these records gave us. I could not help but remark how evidential it was of the true natures of Edison and Sperry, speaking on the same record with two little children, still the simple spirit of unconscious greatness.

This record has been transcribed and will eventually be made into a permanent record.

CHAPTER XIX

A SPECIAL SEANCE WITH HOUDON

AS I needed one more pose from Maina to finish her head, we chose Tuesday, May seventeenth, at ten-thirty. She arrived on time and we worked until about twelve o'clock. Then I felt a few more touches and smoothing down and the bust would be finished. I have never done anything as easily, or perhaps as well as this head of our medium. But I was anxious for Houdon to give me a final criticism.

At about twelve o'clock Mrs. Harry Smith came in, and we three came down from the studio, darkened the room, and held a seance. Sunshine immediately spoke to us. She has been having a lot of fun over this head of Maina's, joking about it being prettier than Maina, and trying to tease her. We were laughing at her remarks, when we heard the voice of Houdon speaking, "I'm very well pleased with Miss Tafe's head. In fact, I'm satisfied. Now all that is necessary is to treat the texture a little." When I asked, "How?" he said, "Why, use your thumb the same way as I do. You move it with a rolling movement, and that gives you my

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texture." I then said to him, "I think I have made Dr. Tomkins' nose a trifle too long. What do you think?" He replied: "Just wait a moment." We did, and in two or three moments he was speaking again, as follows: "I've just been up in the studio looking at Dr. Tomkins' head. I don't think the nose looks too long, but he is not there today, and so I cannot say. Have you the measurement of his nose? If you have, measure it and see whether or not you are right. Make it exactly like your measurements."

I asked Houdon if he had ever done a portrait bust of himself, because I would like to find either a picture of it, or a replica, to put in the studio as my patron saint. Houdon said: "Yes, I did a self-portrait; I'll see if I can locate it. Wait and I will tell you where you can get a picture or a small reproduction of it." I then asked Houdon if there was any head, that he was interested in, which he would like to work upon with me during the summer, and he replied, "Yes, there is one I should very much like to do, your head."

To this I said: "That would be very interesting. Letting you impress me, I will work without looking in the mirror, and see what you can do." Houdon continued, saying, "That's a good idea; don't look in the



PORTRAIT BUST OF MAINA TAFE
By Bessie Clarke Drou  t
1932

A SPECIAL SEANCE WITH HOUDON

mirror, unless I tell you to. I am sure we can make a very fine portrait head."

I asked Houdon if he could give me my criticisms through my own automatic writing, and he replied, "Yes, I will do that."

Dr. Harry Smith spoke to Mrs. Smith, seemingly very happy for the opportunity. And her mother also spoke, telling her that she was impressing her with patience, and saying, "Pray, Ella, that I may be able to give you more patience."

As this seance was solely for the purpose of giving Houdon an opportunity for an immediate criticism, after Maina's last pose, father came in and said to us, "This will be all for today. Ella, I am glad you are identified with this book; I want to say, all the people identified with this book of Betty's, 'Station Astral,' are under the protection of the forces demonstrating through it."

So we sang the Doxology and closed the seance.

While we were having lunch, Mrs. Smith said, "Betty, I wish you would quote me, as saying, 'The one thing which has annoyed me most in my life has been intolerance,' but my experiences in these seances have taught me to be tolerant even of intolerance."

CHAPTER XX

THE REV. DR. FLOYD TOMKINS SPEAKS AGAIN

AT our seance on May nineteenth, we were anxious to tell our spirit friends about the successful records they had made on May twelfth, and hear what they had to say about them.

This evening we had two new sitters with us, a young Doctor and his wife, and of course we did not know just how receptive their minds would be. So much depends upon the attitude of the sitter. But just as soon as we had repeated the Lord's Prayer, we heard the voice of Sunshine, very strong and clear, which fact told us that we were going to have a good evening. And we were right. For our new young friends proved to be wonderfully sympathetic sitters.

Sunshine was full of fun, telling the strangers some funny stories, and every one seemed in a jolly mood, so much so that when the next voice spoke, our friends, sitting for the first time, felt no hesitancy in speaking to the spirit voice. As it was father's voice, I introduced him to Dr. and Mrs. H——, and he welcomed them into our circle, saying to me, "We are rounding

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up all the doctors, Bessie, are we not?" Then father proceeded to speak with Dr. H—— about a case in which Dr. H—— was at that moment interested, but as father had never seen this young man before, he told him this, "Let me work in your vibrations awhile. When you go to this case tomorrow, think of me, and I will come and see what the matter is with the child."

I then asked father a question, which is often asked of me. "Tell me, Father, does this earth communication keep you earthbound?" And he replied, "Certainly not. We do not have to come here and communicate. We come because it helps us to develop, and it comforts you. You know many souls have come into these meetings here, from the spirit world, and unburdened their souls of regrets, and that has freed them, and they are now happier and better able to progress. These communications are of the greatest value to us. Do you suppose Dr. Tomkins, Dr. Babcock, Bishop Brent, or Edison would come here and speak if there was anything harmful about it to their development?"

The Reverend Maltbie Babcock of the Brick Church, New York, was the next speaker. He greeted Mrs. Lloyd, saying, "My blessings be upon you and the daughter who is away. May she realize and know our presence is ever near. Not a lamb is lost. Except as ye

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suffer, shall ye know, and it is the truth which shall set men free. We are watching over her and also the little one, who is with us." Dr. Babcock was referring to Mrs. Lloyd's daughter who had just gone away for the summer, and later, to Little Anne. After this a voice was heard saying, "This is Donald." This proved to be a communication for Mrs. Lloyd. Then Annie Drouét, with her rapid vibrations, saying that she had been trying to get into the pictures we had been taking on the terrace, and she spoke to Maina Tafe also.

After a moment or two of singing, we heard Forrest, saying, "When is your mother coming, Geraldine? I have been waiting so long for her. I hope she comes soon." I then introduced Forrest to Dr. H——, and he said to him, "You will be much impressed with your experience here tonight, and it will give you much food for thought. Who was it that said, 'The impossibilities of yesterday are the possibilities of today?' "

Our new friends were the next to receive a message. A brother came and spoke to Dr. H——, saying: "I have tried very hard to reach you. I am always near you, and I am helping you both."

Sunshine followed, speaking about the baby, which belonged to the strangers in our circle, mentioning the color of its eyes, and that it was sleeping at the present

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moment. She said that she had just taken a look at it. The voice of my Aunt Julia was heard, saying, "This is Aunt Julia; I haven't had a chance for a long time to speak to you. Dorothy and George and Henry are here tonight. They have all given you something for the book. You have no idea how interested we are in that book. So many souls wish they might have their names appear in 'Station Astral.' "

We did not know that today was Mrs. Lloyd's birthday, until we heard little Anne saying to her grandmother, "Garmie, Garmie, I love you. Today is your birthday. I love you." Mrs. Lloyd was very happy to know that Anne realized it was her birthday. She was also happy when she heard Mr. Sperry say, "I wouldn't miss speaking to you today either, especially as it is your birthday. When are you going to Bellport? I'll be down there; Anne and I will be with you as much as we ever were." I asked him what he thought his family would say when they read about him in "Station Astral," and he replied: "I don't know. As they have had no experience, they probably won't believe it. But I am honored to be in this book, and I want to be quoted." Then Mrs. Lloyd said, "I think they will believe, Mr. Sperry. I have talked to one member of your family about it, and she is interested." Mr. Sperry re-

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joined, "Take it easy, a little at a time, and then they can digest it."

Mr. Ed Wood's was the next voice speaking. He amused us all by saying to Dr. H——, "Say, young man, do you carry any insurance? You'd better carry more. Not that you are going to die, but if you are covered you will not worry whatever happens, and people do have accidents." Mr. Wood never loses a chance for business. As I was laughing at his remarks, he continued, "Nobody has enough insurance." Then Dr. H—— asked him a few questions, to which he replied, "The only thing you can do, is search out the truth for yourself, and stick to it."

Mr. Wood and Mr. Drouét then proceeded to discuss in detail Mr. Drouét's business, and we were amazed to hear Mr. Wood speak of things of which we did not realize he could even know, or remember. For instance, he said, "What did you do about that \$25,000 policy for ——, and did you know, Drouét, they have cut the salaries again down at the T—— Company?"

Mr. Wood seems to have the same analytical business sense he must of had here on earth, and his enjoyment about business is very keen. When I asked him what he thought about making some victrola records, he said, "Say, it's a long way from the insurance busi-

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ness to the recording business. I think there is more in the insurance business for me."

Laughing, I said, "I wasn't referring to any business about the records, Mr. Wood. We want our spirit friends to make them, because they will be concrete facts, and every one can understand them." But Ed Wood is all business.

At this moment Mr. Drouét said to Mrs. Lloyd, "I feel impressed to ask you to repeat your poem to Edison," which she did. Then I said, "Now, Mr. Edison, we should love to hear your voice." In a moment we heard: "Thomas A. Edison speaking. I am complimented beyond all human expression." And turning to Mr. Drouét, he continued: "You received the impression of my nearness, when you asked for the poem."

A grandmother of Mrs. H—— was the next to speak, saying, "This is grandma G——; you look very much like me, dear. Your father is here, and he wishes to talk with you." And then the father spoke to Mrs. H—— about the baby, saying, "The baby sees me and laughs at me. I am close to you, and often talk to you, but you do not hear me. Tell mother I am all right, and I would like to talk to her." When he was asked about various members of his family, he said, "I am very proud of them," and speaking of one person,

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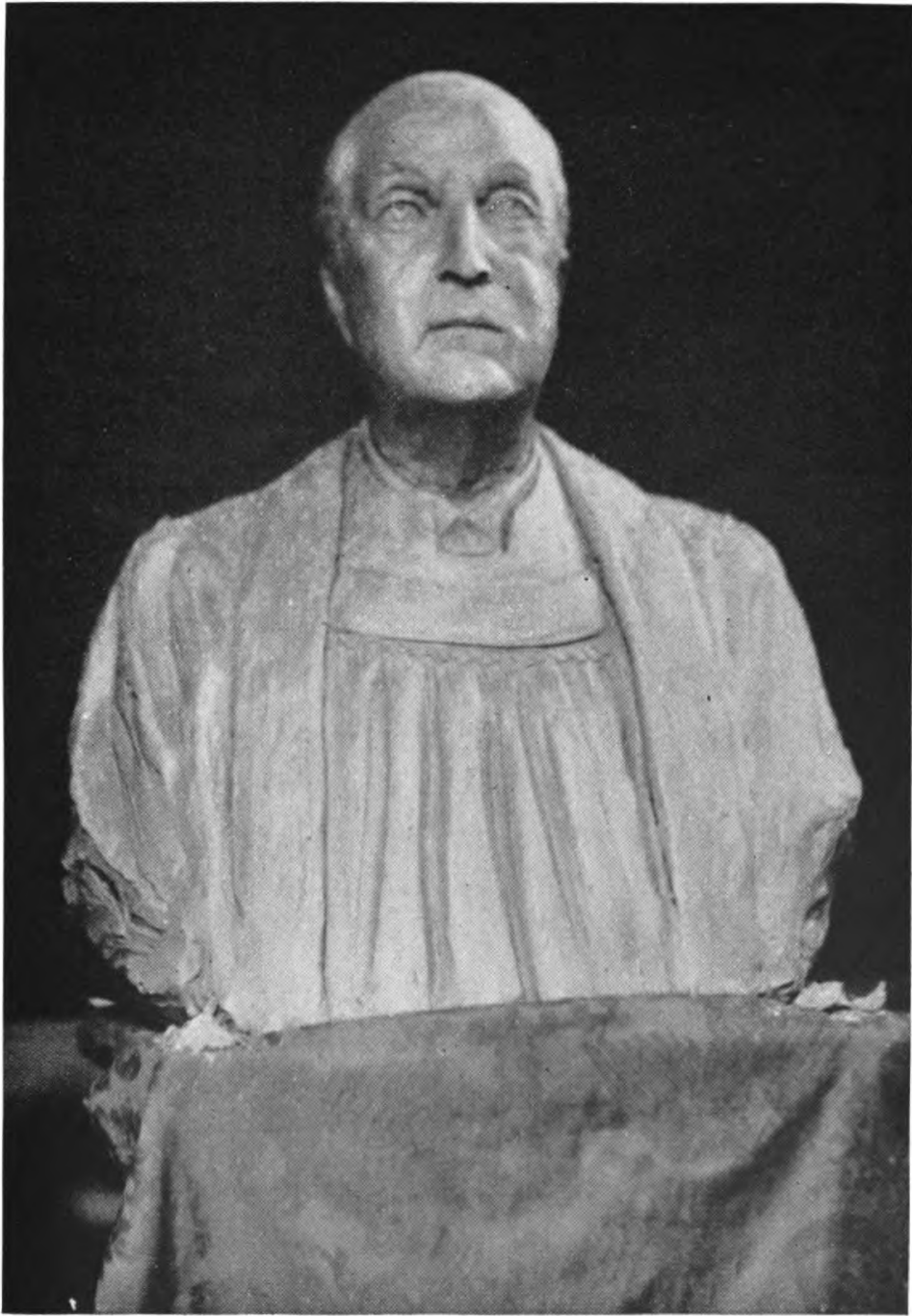
especially, he said, "She is well, that I know, because when I am close to her, I am happy, and take on her vibrations. That is all I know."

Presently we heard a voice, and finally made out the name, "Bertie Fessenden, I want to send word to De-Witt, I am with him all the time. Tell him not to worry."

Dr. H—— recognized the voice of a person who declared himself to be "Charlie G——. I knew you were coming to some place like this, so I stayed close to you and came along. I thought I could speak to you."

When Aunt Alpha spoke to Geraldine, she was so excited and full of inquiry about the intended visit of Geraldine's mother that I will quote her, as follows, "When is your mother coming, Geraldine? I am so excited about it. I want to talk with her so much that I can hardly wait." Then Geraldine's father spoke, saying, "I am also excited about it, Geraldine. I am still looking for your mother. Every time I go close to her I hear her talking about coming. She is looking forward also to talking to me. Say, she'll be surprised, won't she? It will be the happiest moment of my life, but it seems so long waiting for her coming."

At this moment I saw a very brilliant light in front of me, and sensing the presence of Dr. Tomkins, I



PICTURE OF THE UNFINISHED PLASTERLIN PORTRAIT BUST
OF THE REV. DR. FLOYD W. TOMKINS

By Bessie Clarke Drouét

Taken in "Skyward Studio" by Dr. Miller Reese Hutchison

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said: "Come in, Dr. Tomkins; I feel you are here." And directly we heard, "Is it possible that you can see me?" I asked, "Who is speaking?" And the voice replied, "Why, Floyd Tomkins; didn't you know? I like my head very much, but I am sure I haven't as many wrinkles in my face as Houdon wants you to put there. Houdon is very much interested in this head you are doing of me. He is especially interested in Miss Tafe's head." I then asked, "Do you remember, Doctor, how you used to say my interest and speech about these psychic matters, that is, spirit communication, was blasphemous?" And he returned, "Yes, but I did not understand about it then. When I found myself still living, I came here with Mrs. Clarke, to see if this was what you had spoken about to me, and I find you were right. I thought we should not try to tear aside the veil, but things look differently to me now. I am down in the church most of the time. The church seems filled with my vibrations, for I lived there so long. Tell Sallie I am there in the church and house all the time, as busy as ever. Let me say, no man should ever be ashamed of his religion, no matter what it is."

The Doctor's voice has become firm and strong, and the intonations are very familiar to us.

Following Dr. Tomkins, Lillian Drou  t spoke to

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us, saying, "I want to give you something special for the book. During the past few weeks I have been feeling, as you know, very depressed because of the help I have been trying to give to George E——, and Winifred. Over here when you help a person who is in the depths, it is the same as helping a drowning person there. They cling to you so desperately that unless you are very strong, they drag you down to their depths. But I am feeling, through the prayers you, Harry and Betty, have been sending out for me, greater strength of resistance. Thanks, dears, for your help."

Two or three other personalities spoke with us, and of course, there was more in the conversations than I have recounted. If I tried to repeat everything that has been said in our seances, there would be enough to fill three or four books the size of this one.

As I said before, Sunshine was feeling, as she put it, "Delicious," tonight. She spoke again, answering some questions which Mrs. Dr. H—— asked of her. When I inquired about Dr. Clarke, she said, "Oh, Dr. Clarke, I just love him. Tonight he is dressed in a coat with long tails. He has his hand in his pocket. He always stands that way, Aunt Betty. Sometimes he has wickers (meaning whiskers), and sometimes he shaves them off."

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As the power was about gone, father spoke a word or two, and then said: "Now close the meeting with the Doxology, good night."

As we are nearing the time when "Station Astral" will be signing off, I am giving you many details, hoping they will interest you, although most personal remarks are a bore to a stranger. Still, I have repeated many, during the last few reviews of the seances, because I am anxious to give you as much as possible within this book.

CHAPTER XXI

GOOD-BY TO MRS. LLOYD

WE had fully expected Geraldine's mother here for Mrs. Lloyd's last sitting with us before she left for Bellport, and we were all very disappointed to learn, at the last moment, that the boat, on which she was coming, had been delayed.

After the meeting was open, we realized how disappointed the spirit relatives were, also. Aunt Alpha was getting positively excited about it, and was beginning to worry whether her sister would arrive before our season was over, so I told her, "'Station Astral' will keep on the air until she comes, don't worry."

Geraldine's father said, "Oh, I am so excited, it seems as if she would never get here. Are you going back to Beaumont with her, Geraldine?"

By this time I am sure all my readers are expecting to hear from Forrest, and he spoke, saying, "You look so lovely tonight, Geraldine. What have you done to your hair, cut it?" As Geraldine had not removed her hat until after the light was out, none of us knew that

GOOD-BY TO MRS. LLOYD

her hair had been bobbed, but Forrest spotted it at once.

He continued, telling his wife, "I hope you are going home for the summer with your mother. I will be with you, and I think it would be a good idea if you studied short hand, so you can take the notes, next year, in these sittings. I certainly hope your mother arrives soon, for your father is so anxious to speak with her."

Many of Mrs. Lloyd's relatives spoke to her, telling how sorry they were that she was going away. Mr. Field said, "I am right here in front of you, Anne, can you see me? I am trying to show myself to you. When you are in Bellport this summer, pay attention to us, and you will find yourself developing. Your vision will be adjusted, and you will see us out here in space, for we are here. Give my love to the children. We are all going to Bellport with you."

Little Anne was very generous with her kisses to-night, throwing them to all of us, and saying to Mrs. Lloyd, "Garmie, dear Garmie, I'll take care of Garmie. Garmie has my picture, and my marmie has it too. I see Luckie, Garmie, I put my hand on Luckie's head." Luckie was Anne's dog, that had recently been killed in an accident, so Mrs. Lloyd said, "Is Luckie with you

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all the time, Anne?" and Anne replied, "No, Garmie, sometimes I see him."

Mr. Sperry also spoke to Mrs. Lloyd, and as usual he gave a helpful word for the book, as follows, "This is Elmer, I want to impress upon you one point. Inspiration does not deprive a man of his individuality. A man's heredity and experiences create a background through which the spirit forces are able to demonstrate. Everything that every inventor has invented he has gotten out of the air. He does not always realize this, and it is not necessary that he should. But when he does, his receptivity becomes greater. A man cannot lose his individuality, because it is the man himself. Personality is another thing."

My mother was the next person speaking, and I had made up my mind to ask her, tonight, what she meant by "Progression," and where they were progressing. She answered me, when I had asked this question, saying, "We progress mentally. It is understanding. Things which we saw from one side only, when we were on earth, we see now from many sides. We progress intellectually. That is all."

Mother, as usual, had many things to say about this book. She said: "There are thousands of souls who

GOOD-BY TO MRS. LLOYD

wish their names might appear in Station Astral, so their earth friends will know that they are close, but you have now many names, and the book will help many souls, both here and there."

Houdon spoke to me, and Ed Wood spoke to Mr. Drouét, and little Bobby was heard from, asking, "Am I in the book, Aunt Betty?" Then Professor Launderville spoke to me as follows: "Have you decided upon the cover of the book, Mrs. Drouét?" And when I said, "Yes, I am planning a sky-blue cover, with 'Station Astral' in gold," he said, "Have you been talking to your father about this?" and I replied, "No." Then he continued, "That is funny; your father and I decided those were the right colors to use, as blue is the vibration of truth, and gold is the vibration of knowledge; so you see, as you have truth and knowledge within that book, the colors are appropriate." Then the Professor proceeded to instruct me in the business of producing a book, and told me not to sign any contract until I had consulted with him again. He said, "I shall be with you when you are talking to the publisher, and I will tell you what to sign."

I feel as long as this is really the book of our Spirit Friends, we, at least should do all we can to please

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them, so I shall follow Professor Launderville's advice to the letter.

When Dr. John W. Draper was heard speaking to Mr. Drouét, I was intensely interested in his words, which were as follows: "This is Dr. Draper, Drouét. I wish to talk again to you, and say how much you have helped me. And now I want to help you in your work. You know that case on which you are working, the disability case? Well I am very much interested in it." Then he proceeded to give Mr. Drouét his opinions about it. When Mr. Drouét said to him, "I am so glad, Dr., that you have the desire to work, and be helpful. You know there are many times when our friends here need assistance. There was that young Dr. — who was here last time, he would like to have you give him some advice." Dr. Draper said, "I want to help you, Drouét. I want to work with you on your cases. I understand the work, and as you have been so patient and kind to me, through the law of compensation, I come back to work in your vibration."

I was so happy to know the Doctor was ready and anxious to work, that I said, "That is all right, Dr. Draper, I am delighted you have the desire to help. When I first suggested it to you, you had no desire

GOOD-BY TO MRS. LLOYD

to work. It shows development, this desire for work.”

There was a great deal of personal conversation this evening, so I am giving you just a few important remarks. We cannot expect every meeting to be of equal interest to the stranger, although it is to us, for we enjoy the sweet personal communion with our loved ones.

We shall sit once more for this book, and then we separate for the summer. “Station Astral” will sign off, and we shall have to be patient until the fall.

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CHAPTER XXII

STATION ASTRAL SIGNS OFF

TONIGHT we were all very happy for our spirit friends, for at last Geraldine's mother was here with us, and we realized just what that was going to mean to the souls who had been waiting so long for this moment.

Even Sunshine seemed to be excited. She welcomed our new sitter with enthusiasm, and when father spoke, he, also, welcomed her into our circle, saying, "I am very happy to meet you, and I hope you will enjoy every moment of your visit, and when you return to Texas I trust you will remember all this."

When Mr. Wood came to us, he said, "This is a pleasure," which was as natural as if we were all of flesh and blood. I remember Sunshine remarked, "Geraldine's mother has a beautiful soul, Aunt Betty."

As Aunt Alpha's remarks, and Mr. Richardson's, were strictly personal, I will not repeat, only say, they showed great delight, and great excitement while speaking to the dear one, who had come from so far to talk with them.

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Forrest was very deeply affected when his mother-in-law asked him about his belief before his passing. He said: "I always hoped, but I cannot say I believed. But what a revelation this is! It has broadened my understanding of life, and it is the great truth which has brought me to Geraldine, and you to me. It is more wonderful than words can express. If ever there were miracles, this is one."

Following Forrest's remarks we heard a voice say, "This is grandma, Harriet Amanda Taft." After a few words to me, I heard another voice, saying, "This is also your grandma, Susan. I have been helping you with the book. As I was a school teacher when I was young, I enjoy it." I said, "You have spoken just in time to have your name in the book," and she replied, "Yes, I want to be in Station Astral."

Both of these ladies were the wives of my mother's father, and Susan was the only near relative who had not spoken to me.

Mr. Wood was quite concerned over the depression in business, but he told us that he felt the tide was slowly turning upward. From his perspective, it seemed as if the general trend was upward.

Annie, as usual, made herself heard by saying, "We are all so happy for Geraldine's people here tonight. Oh,

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they are so happy! And Lillian is feeling better now. You know, George E—— realizes at last that he didn't do the right thing. He knows he did not have the right, and he is working out his salvation, and that makes Lillian happier. She has tried so hard to assist him."

We are always glad when Mr. Cyril Tolley sits with us in the circle. He attracts very happy and helpful spirits and tonight his great-great-grandfather, "Prince Barclay de Tolley," spoke to him.

This great-great-grandfather was a General in the Russian Army which defeated Napoleon at Moscow.

There were other communications for Mr. Tolley, interesting, but personal.

When Ed Wood spoke again to us, we were very much interested to hear him say, "You know, Drouét, I listened the other night when you were running the ediphone, and I heard myself talking. It was really weird. It sounded so queer to hear myself talking there when every one thinks I am dead. If only every one could know the truth, 'There is no death,' how much easier it would be for them all. I want you to send this book to my wife, Mrs. Drouét, with my compliments. If I said anything flowery, it wouldn't be me, as I did not do it there. Say, Drouét, who do you think has just come in here? It is Hegeman; you know, John R.

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Hegeman. I saw him over at your father's the other day. I sensed you were thinking of your father, so I went over to see him, and Hegeman was there. Tell your father of this, will you?"

We are always happy when Dr. Floyd Tomkins speaks to us, and tonight we heard him say, "Floyd Tomkins, speaking. I am so anxious for all my people to know I am there in the church with them. Oh, if only they could see me in my pulpit, for I am there at every service. I am there in the church and the house. The place is filled with my vibrations, and I want them to know this. I hope I am in the book. Say all this in the book." I hope those who have loved him, will feel his presence near, as they sit in the church he loves so dearly. Hearing him speak made us all realize how deeply he still loves his flock and his church.

Mother spoke to us, saying, "I am always glad when Dr. Tomkins speaks to you. It is helping him, and making him happy." When I asked her if her world was as beautiful as ours, she replied, "Our world is more beautiful than yours. We have everything here you have there, but in a finer degree. This is the real world, the world we are living in. Your world is a reflection of ours, and I would not want to be back there, oh, not for anything. This is so wonderful."

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When my Aunt Julia spoke to me, I asked her about the same question, and she replied, as follows, "When we realize that we must continue to exist, it is wise to try to see the best of everything, for things are as you visualize them here, and we all want to be happy." When I asked her if she was heavy as ever, she said, "Yes, I think so, I do not mind being large. Your mother is thinner than she was there, because she never liked being stout. She still has her white hair. She thinks it gives her dignity."

Several times during the evening we had heard a voice saying, in a very husky tone, "George, George." It called another name but no one was able to recognize it. I asked my aunt if that was my cousin George trying to speak, and she said, "No, my George speaks very well. There are several Georges here tonight. This man is with Lillian, she is trying to help him to speak."

When a little later we heard the dear voice of Lillian we knew that she was feeling better, because her voice was strong and happy. She said, "Oh, Harry, I am feeling so much happier tonight. You know how I have tried to help George Eastman. Well, he is beginning to understand things. That was his voice you heard calling 'George.' He tried to speak. He wanted his name to appear in the book, and he was so disappointed you did

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not recognize the name Eastman. I thought I should never be able to repay Mr. Eastman for the wonderful things he did for me during our earth life, but now I realize that I am doing a great deal for him. He will get stronger, and then he will talk to you all here again."

As almost all the time and power was taken for long personal conversations, we were not surprised when Professor Launderville was heard saying: "There is not very much power left, and as this is the last chapter in the book, let me speak about the present condition of depression.

"There is only one solution, people must change their view-point. People have a fear complex. They are unhappy, and they make others unhappy by going about telling how depressed they are, and how worried they are, and those thoughts have a depressing influence out here in space. Until you are willing to change your thoughts, we, on our plane, are helpless to aid you, as our only way to touch earth, or help any one, is by thought, and when your minds are so saturated with the fear complex, our thoughts do not register with you.

"As soon as the individuals right about face, and have faith, then we can work, and help them.

"This depression is not local, it affects the entire world. It is universal in scope. Each country depends

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upon the other. The keynote to the whole situation is a change of mind.

“A great dynamic personality, filled with enthusiasm, is needed to start a fever of optimism. During the last great war men stood on the street corners and excited a spirit of war. Today men should stand and excite, not a few, but fives and tens of thousands of men into a fever of optimism, and then the pendulum of circumstance will swing back, and prosperity will again be over the land.”

At this point Dr. Clarke took up the conversation, saying, “That seems to be a very encouraging thought with which to leave you. I bid you all good-by for a while. Now sing the Doxology, and ‘Station Astral’ will sign off for the summer.”

EPILOGUE

“OF WHAT USE IS IT TALKING WITH THE DEAD?”

SOMETIMES this question is asked, of either Mr. Drouét or me, and so I wish to tell you, in a few words, just what these spirit communications have proved to me.

Personally, unless a belief or theory will give me a concrete working hypothesis, which I can apply in my every-day life, to me it is absolutely valueless.

These few years of continued communications with my family, my friends, and many personalities whom I did not know during their earth life, have impressed me, anew, with the importance of some very vital principles.

In the first place, I must continue to exist, and the state of that existence depends upon my development upon this earth. Consequently, I realize that it is most essential, during this elementary stage, for me to acquire all the necessary attributes for an unhampered progression in the next form of existence.

That we do not jump from the usual into the unusual, is very evident to me. I know that I shall func-

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tion mentally in the spiritual body, the same as I have functioned in the natural body. Knowing this, I wish to arrive at a point, here, from which the continuance will be a steady advancement.

To accomplish this, I must be free from regrets, free from the impression of the possessiveness of material things, free from the hindrance of neglected duties.

My time and my energies, during this earth life, must be employed constructively, no obligation slighted, and if possible, obligations should be considered privileges.

When I can see my neighbor's viewpoint with tolerance, when I assist in the furtherance of others' happiness, when I fulfill my daily duties, with a song in my heart, then I shall be living each hour with the blessings of peace filling my entire being.

My constant prayer has become:

May I never be found lacking in sympathy, nor in the desire to use my understanding for the benefit of those who are upon this plane, or any other plane.

May I fully realize the true interpretation of service.

To be worthy of this great truth, "There is no death," which has been given to me, with an appreciation unstintingly acknowledged.

That I may be so imbued with the true values of

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life eternal, that I may be impervious to things which are trivial.

No doubt, many of my readers also feel exactly the same as I do, but during this period of revelations, I have daily spent a few moments in self-analysis, and have found myself to be very lacking in the fulfillment of these requirements. These Astral associations have impressed me so forcibly with the necessity for the renewed cultivation of these characteristics, that I have come to a fuller realization of their importance, and the fact that my future depends entirely upon myself. "Although of myself, I can do nothing," still, I must be "The Master of my soul, the Captain of my Fate."

Bessie Clarke Drouet

A WORD FROM MAINA TAFE.

PERHAPS you will notice that, although my name has appeared constantly in this book, I have had very little to say. So I would like to remark here that the evenings spent at Mr. and Mrs. Drouét's home, during the past three years, have been very pleasant experiences for me. I trust the readers of this book, "Station Astral," will derive as much comfort and constructive help from the reading as Mrs. Drouét and her friends have received from the direct communications. I would also like to say that the spirit of kindness and service which permeates these meetings has much to do with the wonderfully loving and helpful conversations which have taken place there, as sympathetic understanding, on the part of the sitters, has everything to do with spirit communication.

Maina Tafe

After participating in several of the sittings at Mrs. Drouét's home, I am glad to testify to the truth of her recording.

P. M. Lloyd