

THE  
PATIENCE WORTH  
RECORD:  
VOLUME I

Edited and Produced by  
Keith Ringkamp  
2008

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Book number one of the records of Patience Worth's communications  
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*The Patience Worth Record: Volume I*

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## About This Book

Patience Worth, a disembodied spirit, communicated through the mediumship of Pearl Curran from June 1913 to December 1937. At first, Patience communicated through Pearl by actuating Pearl's movements (i.e. having Pearl spell out words) while she was using an Ouija board. Later, Patience was able to communicate through Pearl more directly by activating Pearl's repertoire of mental images and thoughts. Over the course of this extraordinary relationship, Patience, through Pearl, dictated six books and engaged in lively conversations with hundreds of individuals from all walks of life. Scattered throughout Patience's conversations were numerous poems, essays, short stories, character readings, witticisms, and parables – all of a high spiritual and literary quality. These conversations, which consist of some four million words, were carefully recorded, first by Pearl's husband then by friends. They fill eleven bound volumes, which are kept at the Missouri Historical Society. This book contains the text of Patience's conversations found in volume one. It covers the period from her first appearance in June 1913 through August 1915. -KJR

Other Books Produced by  
Keith Ringkamp

*The Gospel of Jesus Christ  
According to Patience Worth*

## Editor's Note

Volume I of *The Patience Worth Record* contains 200 type written pages, with varying formats and conventions. This book faithfully reproduces the main text, but ancillary text, conventions, and formats were modified to increase uniformity and eye-appeal. Numbered footnotes refer to information that is part of the original record. Symbolized footnotes refer to information added by this editor.



The Patience Worth Record:  
Volume I

I, John H. Curran, on this day, January 5, 1915, do here begin to transcribe and compile a complete record of certain communications received through Mrs. John H. Curran by means of the ouija board.

The plan will be to enter the date on which the sitting was had and the names of those who were present during the sitting. Unless otherwise specified, it is understood that the sittings were all held at our home wherever that may be.

From about August, 1912, Mrs. Curran had been playing with the ouija board simply as a means of entertainment without seriously considering that anything of value might come over it. The one person who has been most persistent for her to continue the sittings is Mrs. C. E. Hutchings. It may be well to state here that Mrs. Curran did not like to have these sittings and they bored her a great deal, but she was persuaded out of friendship for Mrs. Hutchings to have the sittings.

No record had been kept up to June, 1913, and none since then except that that was kept in the following manner up to date. Mrs. Hutchings or someone else have always been at the board with Mrs. Curran, Mrs. Pollard transcribing the words as they came from the board. Mrs. Hutchings would then take them home and rewrite and punctuate the matter. Also she would make interpolations of her own in the record and, we found since, she would add to and take from and change ad libitum. She kept one copy of the record and gave us the carbon copy. In making up this preliminary record it is well to state that these interpolations have been eliminated entirely as has everything else that in our judgment has not come from Patience Worth, in the effort to make this entirely a record of the words of Patience Worth. We have no desire to hear

from any other and none other has come to us as far as we know.

From this date on the record is being transcribed by myself as Mrs. Curran calls the words except in very few cases where this is impossible. At first Mrs. Curran believed in the idea conveyed by Mrs. Hutchings that it was absolutely necessary for Mrs. Hutchings to be at the board with Mrs. Curran in order that anything might come. At this date this has been entirely disproven and the following people have already sat with us, there being no difference in the character or quality of the result no matter who sat.

Mrs. C. Edwin Hutchings, Mrs. Mary E. Pollard, Mr. John H. Curran, Mrs. Allen Bacon, Mrs. C. S. Cornman, Mrs. Josephine Goodloe, Mr. Fred W. Arnold, Mr. C. S. Yost, Mr. & Mrs. Charles Underliner, Dr. & Mrs. L. C. Stocking all of St. Louis, Rev. C. H. Stocking and Mrs. C. H. Stocking of Cleveland, Ohio and Mr. D. W. Stocking, Deluth, Minn.\*

The record follows:

On June 22, 1913, Mrs. C. E. Hutchings and Mrs. Curran sat at the board, the sitting began as usual, a curious play and after a mass of unconnected letters and fragmentary sentences the board began a rotary movement and persistently spelled out the letters p-a-t, p-a-t, p-a-t, and continued with the following:

“Oh, why let sorrow steel thy heart?  
Thy bosom is but its foster-mother,  
The world its cradle and the loving home its  
grave.”

The thought impressed us and after discussion and expressions of real amazement we decided to take a copy of

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\* These are individuals other than Mrs. Hutchings who “sat” with Pearl

this and should we be fortunate enough to produce more, anything that might follow.

To our genuine surprise many beautiful thoughts continued.

At this time we had no clue as to who delivered the messages to us except the repeated p-a-t, p-a-t, p-a-t. The following messages came at this first sitting:

“Rest, weary heart. Let only sunshine light the shrine within. A single ray shall filter through and warm thy frozen soul.”

“A leaf falls and nestles close to the earth, but ah, the message she once sent to Spring! So ‘tis with thee. Then nestle close on thy last day, but leave a message, like the leaf, to come again in Spring.”

“Touch, taste and smell are homely facts, but thy heart-beats are a record for Him.”  
(This matter is doubtful).<sup>∞</sup>

“Your deeds are nothing. Often the heart prompts what the circumstances will not permit.” (This matter, also, is doubtful).

This sitting was interspersed with exclamations and conjectures which had no bearing whatever upon the material received – the board disregarding questions.

After this successful effort it was decided to continue persistently in sitting and keeping a careful record of each.

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<sup>∞</sup> There is some doubt as to whether Patience Worth is the source

July 2, 1913  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mrs. Hutchings

The board moved swiftly and surely, delivering the following messages:

“Dust rests beneath, and webs lie caught  
 among the briars. A single jewel gleams as  
 a mirrored vision of rising Venus in a  
 mountain lake.

“One hovers near, whose flower-like face  
 and sorrow-laden eyes reflect on the golden  
 cup. One tear falls, and from the spot the  
 tendrils of a tiny vine springs forth.

“A tiny form appears, as delicate as the  
 tracery on a leaf of Fall, and fades as the  
 rainbow, hidden from the sun.

“As windblown clouds appear, a face as  
 twisted as an oaken limb, leers like a  
 drunken seaman and laughs at storm.

“A bluet<sup>1</sup> springs from ‘neath the moss, and  
 the eyes of her who trod thereon are bluer  
 far. A lazy zephyr fans the curls she wears.

“Around come trooping myriad forms, and  
 plucking all the flowers, cast wide upon the  
 lake their wanton plunder, and lo, a wreath  
 appears.”

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<sup>1</sup> Bluet – a small Spring flower resembling the forget-me-not

We asked for enlightenment being unable to grasp the full meaning of these words. The following message seemed to be an effort to explain.

“All those who so lately graced your board are here, and as the moon looks down, think ye of them and their abode as a spirit lake, a spirit song, a spirit friend, and close communion held ‘twixt thee and them. ‘Tis but a journey, dost not see?” (This matter is doubtful.)

We asked again for a clearer meaning.

“‘Tis all so clear behind the veil. A glimpse of life with us, and portraits, should convince.” (This matter, also, is doubtful.)

Question here as to who sent this message.

“Should one so near be confined to a name?  
The sun shines alike on the briar and the  
rose. Do they make question of a name?”

This closed the second sitting and left us mystified, although we had tried to connect the p-a-t, p-a-t, received at the first sitting, with the names of various departed friends. I still believe that this was an effort to spell the name which appears in the following:

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July 8, 1913  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mrs. Hutchings

At this period it may be well to state that Mrs. Mary E. Pollard acted as amanuensis at all of these sittings and those to follow.

The board seemed to be possessed with unusual strength at this sitting and started immediately as follows:

“Many moons ago I lived. Again I come –  
 Patience Worth my name.”

We expressed wonder, but resumed.

“Wait, I would speak with thee. If thou shalt live, then so shall I. I make my bread by thy hearth. Good friends. Let us be merrie. The time for work is past. Let the tabby drowse and blink her wisdom to the fire log.”

From this point it will be best that the parties connected with these sittings be known by initials. (See reference.)

Mrs. C.: “How queer that sounds.”

Patience: “Good Mother Wisdom is too harsh for thee, and thou shouldst love her only as a foster-mother.”

Mrs. P.: “Patience Worth must surely be the party who is delivering these messages. It sounds like a Quaker name. Let’s ask her when she lived.”

This date followed:

Patience: "1649" "94"

The table seeming to be uncertain.

Mrs. H.: "Patience, where was you home?"

Patience: "Across the sea."

Mrs. H.: "In what city or country?"

Patience: "About me you would know much.  
Yesterday is dead. Let thy mind rest as to  
the past."

Mrs. P.: "She doesn't want us to inquire into her  
(jokingly) past. Perhaps it wasn't creditable."

Patience: "Wilt thou but stay thy tung! On rock-  
ribbed walls beat wisdom's waves. Why  
speak for me? My tung was loosed when  
thine was yet to be."

Mrs. P.: "I suppose she was a regular type, rather  
hard and severe in her ideas and speech."

Patience: "This otherwise, good-wife knows much  
thrashing would improve. Am I then so  
hard?"

The sitters laughed and asked Patience if she had singled  
out Mrs. P. for this rebuke.

Patience: "A secret held too close may inflame quite  
as sorely as one talked over-much."

This was interpreted as a general rebuke and Mrs. Curran laughed her appreciation. It evidently annoyed the “influence.”

Patience: “Wilt thou, of too much speech pray silence the witch? Much clatter from a goose. An owl is silent and credited with much wisdom. A wise hen betrays not its nest with a loud cackle.”

The continued rebukes caused the sitters to believe she wished consideration, and in respect they asked if she would kindly continue.

Patience: “If the storm passes. Thanks, good souls. Could I but hold your ear for the lesson I would teach! A striving for truth will not avail thee. Watch and listen. We are ever near. Thy paltry prayers are but a comforter to heal the wounds of thine own conscience. Mistake not their true worth, but live, and work and work and work. This alone can earn thee rest.” (This matter is doubtful.)

“If thou wouldst please thy Father, and fatten the golden store of deeds well done, beat not upon thy bosom and cry in a loud voice of thy infirmities, but live thou as a disciple who follows Him, and ever crucify thy meaner self, to resurrect thy purified and God-given better self.” (This, also, is doubtful.)

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July 13, 1913  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mrs. Hutchings

Patience: “Professing piety can heal too foul a conscience as surely as a sunny summer saves the wheat when rain is shy.”

“Wanton plunder is the same, be it gold or rust.”

“Shadows to the weary are cooling balm; but as youth basks in the sun, so at twilight comes shade and rest.”

Mrs. P.: “She has taken away my dread of dying and made me feel that what is to be dreaded more is a life of emptiness.”

Patience: “Thistledown is as rainbows spun, yet flax the linen makes.”

Mrs. P.: “It is not the fine things of life we should look for, but be satisfied to be useful like the flax.”

Patience: “When manna falls, fill thyself and question not.”

“Can you catch a star? Then, and only then can you alter the Great Plan.” (This is doubtful.)

The comments upon this were that if the shaping of our destiny was taken out of our hands, we could surely have no moral responsibility for our lives.

Patience: “Cradle thy heart in love, cloak thy deeds in pity, strengthen thy soul with long draughts of wisdom, culled from the vine of truthful knowledge, and go forth, a warrior indeed.”

“Oft an eagle is housed in the nest of a dove.”

“Put faith in meager efforts, and I promise ye much.”

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July 26, 1913  
Mrs. Curran  
Mrs. Hutchings

Patience: “Amid the song of the lark sounds the discord-cry of the hawk. Harken, then, and lay the trembling dove to thy breast.”

“A golden stringed lute may sorrow in its song, should a wanton hand to touch it.”

“Clouds at eve may treasure all the gold shed upon the day by the sun, but lo, the moon, like a thieving sprite, steals all the store, and looses the strings of treasure-trove, and where dull gold shone, burst sapphire and amethyst, and ropes of pearls festoon each blade of grass. Ah, then is gold of cloud-birth one half so precious as moon-lit dew?”

“A blighted bud may hold a sweeter message than the loveliest flower, for God has kissed her wounded heart and left a promise there.”

“The snow flakes bank and drift only to warm the mosses, who, in the Spring, will weave a carpet for the foot-sore traveler.”

“A cooling draught of that same lake, received of the purling brook, will quench his parching thirst. Again, the flakes of Winter shall cool the breeze of summer noon.”

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July 31, 1913  
Mrs. Curran  
Mrs. Hutchings

Patience: “Dost crave to touch the wounded side or kiss the quivering flesh from whence those precious drops were wrung, to prove the love song sung in Galilee?”

“A cloak of lies may clothe a golden truth, the warmth of sunlight may fade its glossy black to whitening green, and prove the fault of wek<sup>•</sup> and shoddy dye.”

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• A Worthism or possible misspelling of “weak”

August 8, 1913  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mrs. Hutchings

Patience: “Wouldst thou inquire into the universal truth, and make a culture of the tissue of thy long diseased pouch of knowledge? Oh, rest from the heated sands of the desert of thine own make, and study thou the smile of an infant’s lips in sleep, where hallowed angels whisper the world lore thou wouldst choose to believe that thou hast taught, and clasp one tiny hand. The whole secret is sealed in one rosy palm, and the answer lies within each dimple kissed by thee.”

“Dost need to cry for proof, O, thou of word-ridden creed?”

Patience: “Aye, oft a shadow trails her graceful lines across a field, and saves the grain, quivering in its plea for shade and cool. And Summer casts on Fall her shade of withered grass, while Spring leaves Winter only shadow smiles. The universe is shadowed too, by ghosts of seasons gone before, and world-knowledge, treasured for precious store. Then canst thou laugh at the poor fool, the knave of the court most high, the world named “Philosopher.”

“Then years roll on and on, and on one day of Fall one blade of grass, cast wide at noon today, will bear a seed which Spring will call to bloom. Oh, watch the shadow of Divine Truth, and let each season call to

bloom her various flowers, a withered blade,  
a mossy rose, a shadow-smile or e'en an  
earth-born philosopher."

"The brightness of the summer sun shines  
on thee, let him who will, bask in the  
shadow's shade."

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August 10, 1913  
Mrs. Curran  
Mrs. Hutchings

Patience: "Another day will dawn and in the early  
flush of the rose tints will blaze the rising  
sun, and through the rifted clouds a circlet  
pale, and jeweled, the robe of night, like  
softest woven silk of royal dye. The day is  
here. Arise and pluck the ripened grain, ye  
people, sorrowing through the night."

Just here the discourse was interrupted by one of the  
sitters asking questions, for enlightenment of family worry  
and annoyance.

Patience: "Perchance thee wouldst desire the old  
wife's ducking! Thee knowest why the  
yeast so often fails thee? 'Tis from over-  
kneading of the loaf. A daughter's duty lies  
within the fireside circle; but some insistent  
creatures ply too strongly on the bellows,  
their young and vicious strength, to rid them  
of the old and smoldering log and cast  
another in its place."

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August 16, 1913  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mrs. Hutchings

Patience:

-The Song of Peace-

“Oh, Peaceful Heart, thou art thrice blest and protected as by mother-love. Only mist and shade of borrowed rainbow hues, the secondary colors made mist by the filter, Sorrow, can pierce thy tented abode.

“And Sorrow – who is she but the glee-maiden<sup>1</sup> of the earth, and like to her, a bonded soul that cannot rise to higher realms.

“And Peace the minstrel is, who weaves fantastic colors in his song, and at his call we see the iridescent gleam of veiled heaven or catch the fiery glow sent up from hell. Yet through the song we sit with parted lips to catch each drop of melody. And, lo, the minstrel singeth on until the dying sunbeams sink to rest in even’s arms, and on the wing of song the first tint of the new world’s day is cast – and, lo, the minstrel’s song is o’er. The song rings forth again, but the angel choir shall then the singers be.

“If thou wouldst catch the smile of Love himself, and one wan smile of the wayside beggar’s lips, and force the smile through sorrow’s bitter rain, and pluck one hateful blossom from the thorny bush of crime, and catch the hidden fortune in the gold of contrite heart, let all be woven in cloud-wreath –

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<sup>1</sup> Glee-maiden – A bonded female entertainer

then wilt thou see the portrait of thy Father,  
crucified.”

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August 25, 1913  
Mrs. Curran  
Mrs. Hutchings

Patience:

-My Elder Brother-

“O Elder Brother, mine, I see thy promise in the early dawn, when slender cloud hands rise to hide the blush the young sun’s kiss has called to bloom. And from the lark-song-laden breeze that bears the scent of dampened grain, comes fresh assurance of Thy love. Sendest Thou one sorrow or infirmity that is not paid a thousand fold? And yet we cry to Thee and wail aloud! O brother mine, send Thou sorrow, bitter as stricken mother-love, and call Thou me to bear it all. Scourge thou me, and let the bitterness of thy folly-wise creation turn its acid streams on me, for Thou, my Brother, art my shield, and Thy hand my sword. While Thy love shall be my coat of mail I shall rise victorious, and to Thy will shall cry, Amen, Amen.

-Mary Mother-

“O Virgin Mother mine, the tenderness of thine azure eyes will penetrate the stricken soul and cause a fount of charity to spring forth. The hungry souls of lost ones shall be crushed to thy bosom and feed there-from. One precious drop shall save the fainting ones; for blessed one, thy mantle is of love,

thy scepter a lily stalk, thine upturned hands hold  
Faith a prisoner, and, ah, the wondrous piety and  
compassion of thy smile.”

Following these messages, Mrs. H. endeavored to engage Patience in personal conversation. Results follow:

Patience: “Wilt thou but stay the brush? The hearth is barren now from over-brushing.”

Mrs. H.: “What do you mean?”

Patience: “Mean – ness is not o’ my making.”

Mrs. C.: “She is certainly quick.”

Patience: “The cat doth drowse, my good folk, but when the fire is over-hot doth rouse.”

“Put faith in farthings and let the shillings rust.”

Mrs. H.: Patience, won’t you please put this into more modern English?”

Patience: “Oh, worry, worry, canst thou understand the purring of the cat?”

Mrs. H.: “I truly did not mean to offend.”

Patience: “I oft have seen the tung split for less.”

Mrs. H.: “I apologize. Won’t you kindly repeat the date you gave us on your first visit?”

A confusion of numbers, 1-4-6 – No. – 164 – 9. By this the reader can see that there seemed to be no certainty as to this date.

Patience:        “Thou art over-wise. Then use of thy  
                          Store?”

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September 2, 1913  
Mrs. Curran  
Mrs. Hutchings

Patience:

-The Bitter Cup-

“Why live the paltry span of years allotted thee in  
desolation, while all about thee are His promises?  
Thou art indeed like the withered hand that holds a  
new-blown rose.

“Verily I would cry to thee, Behold thy Brother,  
who, at the bitter hour, shrank not but waiteth thee  
and attendeth thee in the vale and on the mountain  
peak, who cried aloud, not for Himself, ‘Ah, Father,  
if it be thy will, take thou the bitter cup from me,’  
but for thee, and thee and thee.”

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“Sayest thou my heart doth mourn,  
Or ache or swell with love,  
Or is attuned with every note  
Of yonder cooing dove?

“And dreams of other days  
May call the quickening beat,  
While the smile of mem’ry-fancies

May start a quaking fleet!

“Ah, canst thou call in fancy’s realm  
 One ray of heaven sent light  
 That came to thee from out the gloom  
 Of sorrowing and night –

“One sunbeam shed upon thy soul  
 From angels’ smiling eyes,  
 To warm the barren soil of dead  
 And desolate “good-byes?”

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September 11, 1913  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mrs. Hutchings

The board seemed reluctant to deliver messages and those present were a little anxious and expressed the desire that it would hurry.

Patience: “Beat the hound and lose the hare.”

Mrs. Pollard: “That seems to be a rebuke. I wonder is<sup>•</sup> she is particularly fond of Mrs. C., and if that is her reason for coming always to her.

Patience: “To brew a potion, needs must have a pot.”

After this there followed a maxim that had no bearing whatever upon the foregoing conversation.

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• A possible misspelling of “if”

- Patience: “A whale may swallow thy good friend Jonah; but a smaller fish would suffice should character count for size.”
- Mrs. C. “She seems to have very little use for us. I wonder what she thinks of the women of this day.”
- Patience: “A good wife keepeth the floor well sanded and rushes in plenty to burn. The pewter should reflect the fire’s bright blow.”<sup>∞</sup>
- “Clip the wings of a goose. ‘Twill teach thee clever tricks and brush the dust of long standing away.”
- Mrs. P. “I wish we could get something besides sarcasm. I wish ...”
- Patience: “From constant wishing the moon may tip for thee!”
- Mrs. P.: “I don’t wish for anything but I do want a lot of things.”
- Patience: “The swine cry, ‘Want, want, want.’”
- Mrs. P.: “I yield to Patience. She’s cleverer than all three of us.”
- Patience: “Some folk, like the bell without a clapper, go clanging on in good faith believing the good folks can hear.”

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<sup>∞</sup> A possible misspelling of “glow”

- Mrs. P.: "I hardly think I need that scolding."
- Patience: "Nor does the smock need the wimple."
- Mrs. H.: "Just what do you think of Mrs. Pollard?"
- Patience: "The men should stock her!"
- Mrs. P.: "She should not select me for her sarcasm. It's you two who interrupt and laugh at her. It's that that makes her angry."
- Mrs. H.: "Do you mean that Mrs. P. should be put in the stocks?"
- Patience: "Aye, and leave a place for two!"
- Mrs. P.: "I knew she didn't mean all that solely for me. I wish, though, that she would give us something nice."
- Patience: "Mayhap thou wouldst have a pumpkin tart!"
- Mrs. P.: "If she cannot forego sarcasm then I wish she would stop all together."
- Patience: "Then beat the hound."
- Mrs. C.: "We ought to be satisfied with what is given us."
- Mrs. P.: "Well I don't feel as though I am to blame. I have been trying all evening to encourage you to be nice to her so that she would give us a nice message."

- Patience: “Gad – zooks, hear her!”
- Mrs. C.: “You’ve been listening to what we’ve been saying, Patience.”
- Patience: “A whip in time saves nine.”
- “Get thou thy kettle of brass and burnish bright its sides, so she may see herself therein.”
- Mrs. C.: “Whom do you mean?”
- Patience: “She of the peppery tongue.”
- Mrs. C.: “She wants you to see yourself as others see you.”
- Patience: “A look around would not be amiss!”
- Mrs. P.: “She means it for each one of us.”
- Mrs. H.: “She is caustic, but what she says is full of homely wisdom.”
- Patience: “Oh, then thou hast looked beneath the goose’s feathers and discovered the down!”

A rather heated discussion ensued, no one wanting to take the blame for having put Patience in such a bad humor.

- Patience: “Dost know what war is? Hell.”
- Mrs. C.: “That is the first thing she has ever said that was out of keeping with her time. That

expression originated during our own Civil War.”

Patience: “Dost thou flatter thyself that today’s thoughts and deeds were born today, by such a fledgling as thou?”

Mrs. H.: “Whew! She must have been wonderful at repartee when she was young.”

Patience: “Young? Am I not young?”

Mrs. H.: “Then just what is your age, Patience?”

Patience: “Seven is odd. ‘Tis so my age. ‘Tis odd, I forget it!”

Mrs. P.: “She will not betray her age. It is when we begin to get old that we are touchy about it.”

Patience: “Let the cat have her nine lives.”

Mrs. H.: “Tell us something of conditions when you were here on earth, Patience. You told us once that men were a farthing-worth to you.”

Patience: “A man loveth his wife; but, ah, the buckles on his knee-breaks!”

The sitters clamored for more.

Patience: “Overfeeding will kill the Yule-tide goose.”

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September 19, 1913  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mrs. Hutchings

At the time of this sitting, Miss R. was the houseguest of Mrs. C. During the day there had been considerable talk of Miss R's approaching marriage, and in the evening Miss R. was invited to take part in the sitting. It seemed that Patience was well aware of all this as her first remark indicates.

Patience:        Would I had pine shillings to her weight to  
                       dower her. The wench is buxom, I vum."

Miss. R.:         "Why does she call me a buxom wench?  
                       Does she mean I'm too quick with my  
                       tongue?"

Patience:        "A fiery tongue belongs to one worth  
                       burning."

                      "The cat is drowsing."

This looked almost like a reflection on the sharp wits of those present and Patience was asked if that was what she meant.

Patience:        "Aye."

                      "Yesterday the pallid moon of early spring  
                       shone for thee, a sickly shade of fall's most  
                       previous<sup>•</sup> orb that riseth from the wheat-  
                       root, showing gold across the plenteous  
                       field."

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• A possible misspelling of "precious"

The sitters were inclined to believe this last a message to Miss R. and asked Patience from whence it came.

Patience: “Ah, question not. Her voice is low, but reacheth the straying lamb.”

“Through thorns broke His most precious smile.”

“Weave sorrow on the loom of love and warp the loom with Faith.”

“On morrow’s break the sun shall laugh, and at the even’s close the hallowed moon shall rise, ah, all for thee! But one bud shall brush thy cheek to bear my kiss to thee.”

“May blossoms may bloom at hoar-frost should the smile of May be coaxed to flash.”

“O Thou, who art my all, I cry to Thee not for strength, nay, nor for guidance, but from my glad heart, singing of Thy mercy and love.”

“Dare I question Thy wisdom, oh, Thou who dryest every tear? For at Sorrow’s birth comes added strength, and Thou, O God, to smile through every mist.”

In the hurry of getting this down in writing the sense of the last line was lost for a minute. The sitters started a discussion and criticized the use of “thou” where they thought it should have been “thee.”

Patience: “Enough that ye quibble o’er the builder’s beam!”

Mrs. C.: “She thinks we are not deserving of any more because of the fault we found with the structure of the last sentence.”

Patience: “A half-baked loaf is porridge soaked to fit for eating. Perchance thou wouldst crave the question “thee” or “Thou” asoaked for thee?”

Mrs. P.: “Her tongue is sharp. I should like to have her show us her amiable side.”

Patience: “A lollypop is but a breeder of pain.”

This line was misinterpreted too, Mrs. P. thinking it a reflection on her appetite.

Patience: “An old goose gobbles the grain like a gosling!”

Mrs. P.: “I can’t say that that is an improvement over the last! The idea of her calling me an old goose!”

Patience: “Youth taketh a homestead at early and late life.”

Mrs. P.: “Whew! She is rather hard on me, but I am getting used to it.”

Patience: “So ye take the squills without the quill?”

- Mrs. P.: "I'll take all the bitter doses you give me Patience, if you will reward me afterward with something that I may love."
- Patience: "Love hath shining eyes. Dost flatter thyself to be his chosen?"
- Mrs. C.: "I believe I should prefer to have her call me an old goose!"
- Mrs. P.: "I don't believe that she really means to be uncomplimentary."
- Patience: "A timber, falling, to thee would be a splinter."
- Mrs. C.: "She surely ought to say something kindly after that."
- Patience: "Too much sweet may spoil the shortbread."
- Mrs. H.: "Can't you give us some message, Patience, for Miss R. Perhaps you were a bride yourself."
- Patience: "Ye gods, let bygones be bygones."
- Mrs. H.: "Can it be possible that you were a maiden lady?"
- Patience: "A maid surely may see the folly of over-married hussies."
- Mrs. H.: "Now I am sure she was a spinster or she would not be so touchy about the subject."

- Patience: "In ye days of better times, a maid dare not to ask a man."
- Mrs. Curran: "She is implying that you proposed to your husband."
- Patience: "Dost see her blush?"
- Mrs. H.: "I am not blushing because I am guilty of what you accuse me!"
- Patience: "A russet should be given thee in view of thy virtue."
- Mrs. H.: "What do you know of the circumstances of our engagement, Patience?"
- Patience: "The answer would fluster thee."
- Mrs. H.: "And how did Mr. and Mrs. C. manage about their engagement?"
- Patience: "A heated term oft turns the addled brain."
- Mrs. H.: "Tell us what you think about Miss R. and her engagement."
- Patience: "The pound for pound loaf was never known to fail!"
- Mrs. H.: "Patience, won't you tell me what made you think I had to make the advances in my case?"
- Patience: "Oh, dry bones shine from repicking. The sober sides need tickling."

Mrs. H.: “What do you mean by that?”

Patience: “Again the cat sleepeth.”

Mrs. H.: “Why have you chosen Mrs. P. and me to vent all your spleen on? Mrs. C. should have her share!”

Patience: “Weak yarn is not worth the knitting!”

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September 25, 1913

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Hutchings

Dr. and Mrs. S., friends who had dined at the house on this evening, were asked to join the sitters and watch the board.

Dr. S.: I should like very much to hear from Patience. I hope she comes tonight.”

Patience: “Dost then desire the plucking of another goose?”

Dr. S.: “Why she is right there with the grease all right!”

Patience: “Enough to baste the last upon the spit!”

Dr. S.: “There is no doubt about her quickness of wit! It would be pretty hard to catch her.”

Patience: “The salt of today will not serve to catch the bird of tomorrow.”

Dr. S.: "I wonder where she could have developed such a tongue."

Patience: "Dost crave to taste the sauce?"

Dr. S.: "Ask her to tell me how she makes the table spell out her words."

Patience: "A wise cook telleth not the brew!"

Mrs. P.: "Patience, won't you give us one of your helpful messages. Something that will do us all good?"

Patience: "Then dost thou hug unto thy breast the spectre of distrust, and clothe its ghastly form with the shroud of murdered love, while the maggots of unrest consume thy very vitals."

"Oh, bid the phantom go, and warm Love's freezing soul, lest he droop his wings and die."

Just here Dr. S. interrupted the sitting to examine the board, declaring that there must be some mechanism under it to guide it.

Patience: "Thou wilt bump thy nose to look within the hopper."

Mrs. P.: "We certainly do not count for much in her estimation."

Patience: “The bell-cow doth deem the good folks go to sabbath house from the ringing of her bell!”

Dr. S.: “Do you suppose she was referring to herself as bell-cow? If she meant it for me I would be satisfied.”

Patience: “So the donkey loveth his song!”

Mrs. S.: I think I will hold my tongue. I don’t want any of her abuse.”

Patience: “E’en the mouse will have a nibble. Didst ever see the brood-hen puff up with self-esteem when all her chicks go for a swim?”

Dr. S.: “I don’t believe she means that for my wife. Let’s ask her to tell us just what she does mean.”

Patience: “Strain the potion. Mayhap thou wilt find a fly.”

Mrs. P.: “We never know what Patience will give us. She is a constant surprise.”

Patience: “Fish for a whale and catch an eel.”

Dr. S.: “She is slippery. Lunch is ready, won’t you go out with us Patience and have something to eat or drink?”

Patience: “Thou art ever-thirsting for shallow drink. The sponge is dry for other waters.”

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October 11, 1913

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Hutchings

Patience: "Oh, bother!"

Mrs. H.: "Who is this speaking?"

Patience: "A sight of me would flee the witches."

Mr. C.: "That's Patience, surely. You can always recognize her!"

Patience: "Doth taste the sugar he spreadeth?"

"A stinging fly doth die at the first nip; not so the dragon."

"The dragon maketh a fearful flurry."

There was a discussion here about the dragon-fly. It is harmless except to mosquitoes and smaller insects. A dead dragon-fly hung in a room will keep mosquitoes away.

Patience: "Doth he too then feed on little mites?"

Mrs. H.: "What mites do you mean?"

Patience: "A tempest in an ant-hill. Yea, but the ant hath a queen who filleth the hill."

There was a pause of some length here and when the sitting was resumed Patience was asked if she had anything more to say.

Patience: “Mayhaps thou doubttest.”

“He hath a straight face but a merry heart.”

Mrs. H.: “Do you mean that for Mr. H?”

Patience: “In truth. Oh, he will not mistake and stroke the cat. A wife shall brush her man’s blacks and polish his buckles, but a maid may not dare e’en to blow the trifling dust from his knickerbockers.”

Mrs. H.: “You don’t think I am jealous of the compliments given my husband, do you, Patience?”

Patience: “Doth the cow not enjoy rechewing the cud?”

At this, Mrs. H. kissed her husband somewhat playfully and asked Patience what she thought of it.

Patience: “The smack of the peasant.”

Mrs. C. asked Patience if she was having any fun out of all this.

Patience: “Watch the cat lap the cream. The licking of her paw is quite as good.”

Doubts were expressed here as to whom the words were directed and what they meant.

Patience: “Words should be shouted at thee – or wouldst thou even then harken? Plant the rose and dig for turnips. Should I present

thee with a pumpkin, wouldst thou desire to count the seed?”<sup>•</sup>

Mr. H.: “Do you think I am stupid, Patience?”

Patience: “It taketh a wise man to make a good fool. He of great girth hath fatten on feeding from goose milk.”

Mr. C.: “What do you mean by goose milk, Patience?”

Mrs. H.: “An excrescence<sup>∞</sup> of the goose?”

Mr. C.: “Do you mean me, Patience?”

Patience: “Yea.”

Mrs. H.: “And what do you mean by goose milk?”

Patience: “The skimming of the pot.”

Mrs. H.: “In your day is that what they called the fat from the goose?”

Patience: “Not so. All geese are not feathered.”

Mr. C.: “I’ve enjoyed this. Patience don’t you like me just a little?”

Patience: “As the donkey loveth the thistle!”

Mr. C.: “I know how much that is!”

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• A Worthism or possible misspelling of “seeds”

<sup>∞</sup> A possible misspelling of “excrescence”

- Patience: “Thou canst miss a boulder and see and catch a pebble.”
- Mrs. H.: “Patience, have you talked to any one else in these two hundred years?”
- Patience: “Nay. Do I not seem over-glad to wag?”
- Mrs. H.: “Does it give you pleasure to come and talk to us?”
- Patience: “Dost thou inquire that of a friend? Oh, giddy, giddy me! It hath cost me sorrow long ere this.”
- “But let the bird in a sheltered nook sing through the storm. He knoweth not it rains.”

It was remarked here that in the gloomy age in which she lived it was probably a crime to smile.

- Patience: “A smile a crime? Why the teardrop then would spot thy linon!”<sup>1</sup>
- Mr. C.: “With her intelligence she would certainly have been popular in this age.”
- Patience: “I’ve cut the thong to tie the barricade in my day.”
- Mrs. C.: “Were the Indians bothersome in your day?”

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<sup>1</sup> Linon – Old spelling for linen

Patience: “A nest of skunk. Hast ever spat upon a wad?”

It was thought here that she was referring to a muzzle-loading gun and the wet wad rammed down upon the shot.

Mr. C.: “Was your party ever attacked behind the barricade by the Indians, Patience?”

Patience: “Worse – caught!”

Mr. C.: “And were you killed by them?”

Patience: “Me killed? Nay mere death is naught.”

Mrs. H.: “Perhaps this is something you would rather not tell.”

Patience: “Would I then, if thou hadst but one eye, blind the other?”

There was some discussion after this of her life and her time.

Patience: “A sharp tounge . . . . .”

An interruption here to laugh at the misspelled word.

Patience: “When thou canst strain the potion . . . . .”  
“ . . . . .cutteth a dull hour!”

Mr. H.: “Do you read thoughts, Patience, just as well as our spoken words?”

Patience: “Canst thou taste the pudding when thou smellst the sauce?”

Mr. H. asked the question silently, “Are you dark or fair?”

Patience: “Shall I then wade through the marsh in a fog?”

The question is much the same as before.

Patience: “My age, my life and death are naught to thee.”

It was explained here that the question had been a personal one and the others at the sitting were told what it was.

Mr. C.: “Is that what you meant, Patience?”

Patience: “Would I had a letter book with rhymes for thee!”

It was suggested here that the sitters stop for a midnight lunch. Patience was asked if she had anything more to say.

Patience: “Art thou full?”

Mrs. H.: “I don’t believe she wants to go home.”

Patience: “Nay, the coin clinketh!”

One of the men in the party had absently been rattling coins in his hand.

Mrs. H.: “Won’t you stay and have a drink with us, Patience?”

Patience: "A horn would not be amiss."

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October 17, 1913

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Hutchings

Mrs. Fred Arnold's Home

This sitting took place at the home of a friend, after a dinner party there.

Patience: "Look ye well upon the cupboard and floor a sight to gladden the heart of the house-wench."

Mrs. A. explained that she had put in the afternoon making linen covers for all her pantry shelves.

Mrs. C.: "I would like them myself if I had the time to make them."

Patience: "Ye hanker but toil not!"

Just here the host entered the room and volunteered to explain the trick of the ouija board to the ladies. Patience was asked what she thought of a man who attempted to expose her.

Patience: "The cock who croweth loudest to call the hens seldom hath a real fat worm, but expecteth a loud cackle!"

Mr. A.: "I believe you girls are manipulating the board. Let me put a silent question to her."

Patience: “The game cock is over spoiling for fight. I ween he believeth the gander to be a squab.”

“Oh, feed him upon pine dust.”

“He who receiveth grain thanklessly deserveth but the dust from the saw.”

Mr. A.: “I won’t be convinced until I ask a question that you people know nothing at all about. What is her name – Daisy did you say?”

Patience: “Thy question is as empty as thy hat!”

Mr. H.: “But I haven’t asked it yet.”

Patience: “Then wouldst thou have a daisy blossom upon a thistle?”

Mr. A.: “The thistle is more in keeping with her character, isn’t it honey?” (Addressing Mrs. A.)

Patience: “But<sup>•</sup> sugar upon thy hearthstone, and bait the trap for bear with vinegar.”

“Our proctor friend hath sorry humor.”

Mr. A. left the room here.

Patience: “Nay, the Lord Chamberlain hath deserted.”

In a few minutes he returned with Mr. C.

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<sup>•</sup> Possible misspelling of “Put”

Patience: “But honey tasteth full sweet, and the bait is not upon the hearth, for hunting in my day was an art!”

Mr. A.: “I still feel that she will have to answer a silent question for me before I am convinced.”

Patience: “Ah climb not the stars to find a pebble.”

Mr. A: “She evaded my question. She cannot meet the test.”

Patience: “Thou wouldst untie the knot tied by the Master Hand?”

Mr. A.: “If she has been in the spiritual world all these years she ought to be able to explain some of those secrets.”

Patience: “Believe me good souls, life is there as here.”

“Nay, the Master tieth the knot, and thy cutting tung is as the evening zephyr to the typhoon.”

Mr. A’s interest got the better of his skepticism and he begged to be allowed to operate the board with Mrs. C.

Patience: “Wash thy hands. W-a-s-h t-h-y h-a-n-d-s!”

“Pleg the stupid! The stock for him.”

Mr. A. left the board saying he was convinced that there was something supernatural about it and Mrs. H. returned.

Patience: "Why strip the rose? The scent is thine without the waste."

"Close not thy soul unto the gentle rain of truth!"

"Oh, heart of mine, beat thou so strong that only truth may share with thee my busom."

"Oh, hell itself is but a home for doubters."

"Waste not the perfume of God's garden upon jackals."

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October 24, 1913

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Hutchings

There were four people in the room when this sitting began, Mr. C. and Mr. H. having joined the others.

Patience: "Old friends, like new wine, fill thee to comfortful on shallow drink."

"The bell-cat strayeth."

This was considered a reference to Mrs. P who was busying herself in the next room. Mr. C. offered to call her if Patience wished it.

Patience: "Yea, the stroking maketh the purr."

“Set thee a dog to carry mice to tabby.”

Mr. C. left the room to call Mrs. P.

Patience: “The whorl set up by tempest needeth rain.”

Just here Mrs. P. entered the room and the whole party discussed the meaning of the word “whorl.”

Patience: “Oh, piff! The story’s stale.”

“Thou wilt, like the goat, devour thy very bed.”

“Rust not the steel by shedding tears upon the blade.”

There was wonderment here as to what was meant.

Patience: “Oh, virtue has sway among ye tonight.”

Mrs. H.: “You think us very stupid, Patience?”

Patience: “Nay, but hide ye behind a mask.”

Mrs. H.: “What kind of a mask?”

Patience: “Virtue!”

Mrs. P.: “Do you think me the virtuous one?”

Patience: “Nay, in truth not.”

Mrs. P.: “Well give me my message, Patience, if you have anything nice to say. You sent for me to come in.”

- Patience: “So wouldst thou, upon humble knee and with the beggar’s whine, ask alms of Him, when He has made thee man? Then crave it as thy right and thank as man to man.”
- Mrs. H.: “What do you mean, Patience?”
- Patience: “The quill will tell thee.”
- Mrs. C: “I don’t believe it is Patience who is with us tonight. Twice she has said ‘has’ and Patience always says ‘hath.’
- Patience: “My tea is brewed.”
- Mrs. H.: “Do you mean supper is waiting and you are going to leave us?”
- Patience: “Nay, the ‘hath’ doth contain the ‘t’.”
- Mrs. P.: “You ought to give me a message, Patience.”
- Patience: “Let he who stealeth apples suffer.”
- Mrs. H.: “It ought to be, ‘Let him who stealeth’.”
- Patience: “Nay, say ye the road to good song is by the staff?”
- Mrs. C.: “Patience, what *are* you trying to say to us tonight?”
- Patience: “A mug of beaslings. Thou hast stripped the cow.”

- Mrs. H.: “Do you mean we have taken all you had to give and you won’t come back?”
- Patience: “Nay, but a heifer needeth good care.”
- Mrs. P.: “She doesn’t like our discussions. Well I would be satisfied with the message she has for me.”
- Mrs. H.: “Patience, have you a message for Mrs. P?”
- Patience: “Drat the witch!”
- Mrs. H.: “She doesn’t mean that for Mrs. P. She calls Mrs. C. the witch – she may even have meant me.”
- Patience: “A triple wash!”
- “Mayhap thou canst find the rainbow’s end by a damning of the fairie’s reed.”
- Mrs. H.: “What does she want us to do?”
- Patience: “Wash thy hands.”
- Mrs. H.: “Patience, do you mean that conditions are wrong tonight and that is why communications are so broken and unsatisfactory?”
- Patience: “Oh, my poor heart would beat most faintly ‘neath my kirtle, did I feed upon thy faith.”
- “Rest.”

Mr. C.: “We have hurt her. She wants to stop for tonight.”

Patience: “Cleanse thy heart and start anew.”

“Carding cotton doth not weave the cloth.”

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December 6, 1913

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Hutchings

Patience:

-Building the Garden-

So thou hast trod among  
 The tansey tuft and myrrh and thyme,  
 And gathered all the garden's store,  
 And gluttoned on the lillie's sensuous sweet  
 And left thy shade to mar the sunny path  
 And only pause to strike the slender humming bird,  
 Whose molten-tinted wing but spoke  
 The song of fluttering joy, and in thy very hand  
 Turned to motley gray. Then thinkest thou  
 To build the garden back by trickery? Nay!

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O, weariness o'ertakes the striving soul  
 That expecteth on each morrow's dawn  
 The fulfillment of his dearest wish.

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-The Fisherman-

To cast thy net  
 And watch the corking full long,  
 And have a nip to cheer the waiting –

Then sing the fisher's song and lend thee  
A hand to the full haul! Art weary, Lad?

-----

Then does the tenuous web, beset  
With dew-drops, at every danger shed  
Its precious store, and vibrate  
At the early morning breeze's kiss,  
To warn the leaf-green spinner  
Of a rude approach.

-The Song of the Couch-

Then listen ye. A faint singing  
Comes, like tender waftings from the conk,  
Or shells along the ocean's edge.  
Dost hear? Or hath the sand, from rubbings  
Of the day, so stifled thee that only  
Hollow roar is thine, and silenced  
Siren voices that would sing?

-----

Ah, Pain, the very dimple  
Of Life's smile. A very jokester, Life!  
A mask of pain to bait the paltry fool  
To believe by pain, he earneth  
Verily, the pay. Ah, suffering  
Then, a lout may be a king?

-----

Roll thyself in rose-leaf  
And crushed lily flowers; but should  
A thorn pierce to thy flesh, why take it  
As the day's full wage to thee.

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## -Mignonette-

The mignonette of yesterday,  
 Sends forth unto today, sweet messages  
 Of troths sealed with crimson drops,  
 And breathes into the lovers of today,  
 The fire and riches, her poor, bruised head,  
 Trod from a faithful breast in battle field,  
 Has earned and keeps unto today.

-----

A personal letter to Mrs. P. was placed upon the board to see if it was possible to get a communication concerning it. A friend had written that she had entered politics and was going to run for the office of mayor in her town.

Patience: "A whirl wind, as I live! A match for me."

"Mayhap her sandy head doth itch for larger bonnet."

"Waxing forth shall fill her chair. A sounding whack from the hammer falls all before it."

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December 15, 1913

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Hutchings

There had been a dinner guest at the house and the talk at table had been about the approaching holiday, etc.

Mrs. C.: "Patience, tell me what I ought to give Mr. C. for a Christmas gift."

Patience: “A patch would suffice – roasted apple or seed cake.”

“Have ye yet the holly bough?”

Mrs. C.: “Are you coming to spend Christmas with us, Patience?”

Patience: “E’en a sorry shade may yield ye brightness ye know not of.”

“Dead violets, crushed, will yield a breath of Spring; but mould beneath the live oaks sighth only for the leaves that could not cling.”

Mrs. Curran and  
Miss W.  
Same date.\*

Patience: “Go thou and fetch thy blanket, wench. Thou canst fashion from a forest bough a fitting nest. A red winged bird shall show thee God’s message to thee. Wouldst thou then behind the hut, blaspheme?”

“Ah, the race of her were mine enemy.”

Mrs. Curran and  
Mrs. P.  
Same date.

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\* Miss W., who is likely the unidentified dinner guest, joins Mrs. Curran at the board.

Mrs. P. had been cheering herself and trying to impress upon others that if one only wished hard enough for the things one wanted they would be granted.

Patience: “So wishing then, will change thee from a dolt?”

“Oh, cast a faggot to the fire. A cold hearth shall drive from thee Fortune’s shade away.”

“Hunger, then, oh, ye who empty life’s cupboards to the dogs and remember not the doves who coo for but a crumb.”

The sitting was interrupted.

Mr. C.: “We must go now, Patience. Have you a parting message?”

Patience: “A thankless clown would send the departing crowd at least a vacant smile!”

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December 20, 1913

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Hutchings

Patience: “Ah, Christmas tide and day. Ah, little day – day of loves. Come, let the cap and bells partake in Martinmas, for the wise ones drone the carol, and he would sing full free!”

“To God the fool and babe are dear.”

“Ah, whither friend? Let the holly-berry  
and mistletoe wax in thy heart a fire of dead  
resolves; and cleanse thy over-fed  
conscience, for dead resolves are sorry fare.”

This brought on a lively discussion.

Patience: “Ye rattle like rush brushes.”

This was given at the request of Mrs. Pollard who asked for a word from Patience to accompany a pipe she was to give Mr. Hutchings for Christmas:

Patience: “Draw ye thrice and blow a silver cloud;  
once a deep draft of spicy wisdom another  
for a foolish whimsy, and then a third for  
Friendship’s sake. For wisdom or for folly,  
what care a friend?”

“The Babe shall smile upon thee on the Holy  
Eve.”

Mrs. H.: “How can we recognize the smile?”

Patience: “Canst paint the young moon’s bridal  
fairness?”

“Watch ye for a dimple then.”

“Sages’ learning is but a shrunken clout for  
naked fools, while fools are swathed in  
winding sheets of homely wisdom.”

Because weighty discussion had been going on during the whole of this sitting Mrs. C. suggested that this last was just Patience’s nice way of “taking them down a bit.”

Patience: “A scarlet kirtle would set thee up!”

“Oh, quills of sages were plucked from geese.”

This called for more comments, the sitters having no doubt whatever that it was directed at them.

Patience: “So patient coddling would hatch a weavel.”\*

Mrs. P.: “What a brilliant woman she was and how curious she must think us, everything has changed so since her time.”

Mrs. H.: “You remember how she reveled in Mrs. A’s china closet?”

These remarks were later recognized as references to other gifts and found right.

Patience: “Get thee to the strong box, Mistress. ‘Twill make the cupboard groan.”

“Apron, tidy, towel and scissors; but all thou hast is money.”

Mrs. H.: “What has Mrs. C. for me for Christmas?”

Patience: “Fifteen pieces and one cracked.”

Correct for on delivery the kitchen jars Mrs. C. gave Mrs. H. the vinegar jar proved not only cracked but broken.

---

\* A possible Worthism for “weevil”

The delivery was made the day following this sitting. This also was correct, as Mrs. H. gave Mrs. C. table linen.

Mrs. H.: “Do you know what I have for her?”

Patience: “Table store, cross stitched. Nay, then, stitched across.”

Mrs. C.: “What is it good for?”

Patience: “A waste ye cannot eat!”

Mrs. H.: “What is the color?”

Patience: “Sun shade ere moonshine.”

Mrs. H.: “Will my other gift please her?” (This gift was aprons)

Patience: “An over-want for work – aday was never hers!”

Mrs. P.: “Give me an inscription for my gift to Mrs. C.”

This gift was a Bayberry candle and shade and stick.

Patience: “A burning desire never to be snuffed; a waxing faith, ever to burn.”

“Canst thou not fill the porringer?”

Mrs. H.: “Fill it with what?”

Patience: “A flower, perchance? Ye dip full often!”

Mrs. H.: “We won’t ‘dip’ anymore tonight, Patience, if you will tell my husband something about the business that is worrying him.”

Patience: “A wench who beareth tales should have a slitted tung!”

Mrs. H.: “We don’t want you to betray anything but you could advise him.”

Patience: “He should build his road and travel thereon. A dark horse shall prove a donkey.”

Mrs. H.: “Has he neglected anything he should have done.”

Patience: “He soweth, but diggeth not to depths.”

Just here Mr. H. wrote a question in shorthand on a scrap of paper and placed it on the board.

Patience: “Oh weary not. ‘Tis trifle. Thou hast the trump. The knave shall fall at that.”

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January 11, 1914

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Hutchings

Patience: “To clap the cover on a steaming pot of herbs will modify the stench!”

Mrs. H.: “Is that some of your own wisdom, Patience?”

Patience: “Nay, the moonshine is but reflected, wish ye to weave, then get ye a bobbin. The babe expecteth his every whim from whence he knoweth not, but holds a faith.”

“Ah, little spot within my heart, wherein the wasted love of all the world finds rest, and nurtured there, blossometh as a fragile flower, to be cast unto the winds and carried to the desolate in tears of sympathy and words of comforting. Oh, potent is the balm of love and smiles.”

“The home of the land of Desire can but tickle thy heart, and lo, the sprite whose fair reflection satisfies thee is a dream child called Peaceful Heart.”

“So thou art then afraid that half thyself shall be the first to go, or that thou must the journey make alone. Oh, puny fear! Wilt thou then not look in vain for the morrow’s sun, lest he should fearful be that the mist of early dawn should quench his burning and, trembling, fall into the ether?”

Mrs. P.: “The world is crying for just such proofs of immortality.”

Patience: “To prove a fact, needest thou a book of words when e’en a sparrow’s chirp telleth thee more?”

“A tale unfolded by the Bishop’s drudge may hold the meat for thousands, while dust and web are storing on his Eminence. The

road to higher plains leadeth not along the steeple.”

“Drop ye a coin and expect the gods to smile. Chant ye a creed and wordy prayer, reaking with juice squeezed from thy mug, fat store of self-love, expecting favor of the God who but enjoys the show?”

“A gilded altar is not the price of heaven, and work done in His name needeth no touch to brighten.”

“Need I tell my brother in loud chant, of my mother’s love? She knows. Feed my lambs.”

“To weep is naught, to work is naught, to suffer counteth not, to bear fruit counteth naught, for such a debt as thine cannot be paid. And does thy Heavenly Father demand, when the debt might have been paid at beginning, and he so willed?”

“He who knoweth worth is rich indeed. A golden coin is deemed a binder for the sand along the upward way.”

“Despise I my brother on a week-a-day, and on the Sabbath don cloak and doublet, and with them a love for him – and use it for a weapon wherewith to prod his short frock of virtue and expose his naked belly?”

Mrs. H.: “You could say that more politely, Patience.”

Patience: “Nay, choose not a puff to feed swine.”

Mrs. H.: “No, the swine would not appreciate cream puffs I am sure. Will you go on, Patience?”

Patience: “Deem it fitting to dig deeper when water is there?”

In the very beginning of these sittings it was understood by some of the people interested that these messages were coming from spirits of people who had been near and dear to them in Life. It was some little time before they gave “Patience” the credit. Even at this time, when the writings themselves had proven that they were all from one source Mrs. H. held to the belief that her mother and Mrs. C’s father and some others had returned to them at these sittings. Because of this belief she asked Patience on this evening:

Mrs. H.: “Patience, have you been added to our “clover-leaf?”

Patience: “The stem perchance!”

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January 22, 1914

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Hutchings

During dinner there had been some little talk of a man who had incurred the displeasure of those present because he had misused an opportunity to boost a young musician who was struggling for a foothold in his home city, and incidentally for his daily bread.

Patience: “So then the donkey singeth the wine song!”

Remarks regarding the effect certain criticism that had fallen upon the gentleman in question might have.

Patience: “A basting but toughens an old goose.”

Mrs. H.: “He deserves punishment of some sort but I don’t believe it would do much good.”

Patience: “Think ye to strip the thistle?”

-The Sea’s Story-

Long lines of leaden cloud,  
A purple sea; while gulls, skimming  
‘Cross the spray. Oh, dissonant cry,  
Art thou the death cry of desire?

Ah, wail ye winds, and search ye  
For my dearest wish along the rugged coast,  
And down where purling waters whisper  
To the rosy coral reef. Ah, search,  
Ah search! And when ye return,  
Bring ye the answer!

Do I stand and call unto the sea  
For answer, ah, Wisdom, where art thou?  
A gull but shows thee to the southland,  
And leaden sky but warneth thee of storm;  
And Wind, thou art but changeling.  
So shall I call thee? Not so!  
I build not upon the spray, and seek not  
Within the smaller world, for God  
Dwelleth not abroad but deep within.

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Ah, strike ye then a deadened branch,  
 And lo, a blossom springs, and up  
 From slime and death and frost, warmed  
 By Spring's sun, comes the crocus gold!

A waste may bear the fruit of love,  
 Should love desire to sow.

Mrs. H.: "Patience, is it you who are giving us these beautiful things?"

Patience seemed provoked at Mrs. H's persistence.

Patience: "To scratch would tear the flower."

"Doth need a tansey tea?"

Mrs. H.: "Why should we need a tansey tea? What is it for?"

Patience: "A sorry belly. Not the kettle but the fire doth cook the stew."

"Plaster never flew to spots where leeches hung."

Mrs. C.: "We don't get your idea, Patience."

Patience: "To pull the yarn already knit."

Mrs. H.: "She is provoked. She has always objected to going over a subject."

- Mr. C.: “Well if she will give me a message all to myself, I’ll be willing to let her off for this evening.”
- Patience: “Wear a double seat to thy knickerbockers.”
- “Didst thou know the teaching of the cat, to drowse but keep an eye to the corner gnawed!”
- Mr. C.: “Does she liken me to a cat?”
- Patience: “Nay, more chatter – a whimsy of a foolish maid.”
- Mr. C.: “All right then. Give me my message, just anything. I don’t care what it is.”
- Patience: “A verse, perchance short. ‘Jesus wept.’”

This astonished every one present.

- Mr. C.: “Well she is just the brightest ever!”
- Patience: “A drink of asses’ milk would nurture the swine; but would thou then expect his cry to change from ‘Want, want, want, want?’”
- Mr. C.: “She is provoked again. Let’s stop for tonight. Ask her if she will ‘take a cold one’ with us.”
- Patience: “Ah, cold but cracketh heated metal! Good-bye.”
- Mr. H.: “But I want to ask you a silent question!”

Patience: “Ah, little wreaths of curling blue will speak to thee.”

Mrs. H.: “Won’t you tell him more definitely what he wants to know?”

Patience: “Plant ye a boulder, then. Good-bye.”

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January 25, 1914

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Hutchings

A scrap of paper was put upon the board on this evening by a guest of Mrs. P’s but the messages that came at first were not personal ones nor did they have any bearing on the questions asked.

Patience: “A flight of doves, a brace of flitting butterflies, an eagle’s flight and drift are naught to me, but ah, the joy of motion. I tie not my faith to fleeting bird or drift. Nay, the soul feedeth not upon the fluttering, but layeth low to devour the meat of learning. To watch the eagle’s flight doth not satisfy an hunger for God’s truth.”

“Think ye the tiny drop sent forth by the fountain, falleth like one sent from on high? Nay, to join the river, not a shallow bowl cometh God’s drop. And ever seeking upward – only to fall again, the font to find – the pent and prisoned drop shall waste and vanish.”

“Ah, glittering frost and Spring’s warm dew; ah, Winter’s blast and Summer’s breeze; ah, tiny hut and marble hall, as like as ye are my brother and I. Ah, lion’s lair and chipmunk’s hole; ah, mighty wave and dimpled stream, as like as ye are we. Ah, dimpled palm, oft kissed by me, and little home among the green, our love is here – and here, alike are we! Draw I a pattern for my brother’s life? Nay, liken not his life to mine but share alike, though he be unlike.”

Because the sitters didn’t grasp the meaning of this immediately and fell to discussing this last one Patience came with this:

Patience: “Ravel the yarn of perfect knitting and find thee hast but a ball.”

Mrs. H.: “She will not permit a criticism but I think anyway that she should have said ‘thou hast but a ball’ instead of ‘thee hast.’”

Mrs. H. found fault with the use of “thee” in the foregoing.

Patience: “Ah, take ye a turnip for a russet if thee wisheth.”

Mrs. H.: “I wasn’t finding fault. I just wanted to know if it was customary in her day to use it that way.”

Patience: “In my day the turnip tasteth full as well.”

“Pullest thou the teat of Wisdom, like ye,  
she oft drieth.”

Mrs. P.: “I am sorry we interrupted the other  
messages. When Patience herself starts in it  
is ‘good-by’ to poetry.”

Patience: “Call ye to the lark for a song only to find  
thee hast the goose’s quack.”

Mrs. P.: “Don’t be cross, Patience, but tell me what I  
can do to be happy.”

Patience: “Search for lentils in the ashes.”

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January 31, 1914

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Hutchings

Patience:

Speak ye a true tongue,  
Or waste ye with words the soul’s song?  
A damning evidence is with wasted words;  
For need I prate to yonder star when hunger  
Fills the world wherein I dwell?  
Cast I a glance so precious  
As His, which wakes at every dawn?  
Speak I a tongue one-half so true,  
As sighing winds who sing amid asolian harps,  
Strung with siren trees? For lo,  
The sea murmureth a thousand tones,  
Wrung from its world within but telleth  
Only of Him, and so his silence keeps.  
When we would cry, Ah, sea,

Speak thou to me, and cease thy knowing nod,  
 An hunger gnaws her and her long  
 And sinuous arms shall cradle thee,  
 Lest a singing should tell thee more.

Crave ye for carrion, then feed  
 Upon the vitals of them that labor not  
 For love, but prey upon the sheep.  
 For such an one would strike the death smile  
 From an infant, to buy his way on high!  
 If thou shouldst see His face  
 On morrow's break 'twould but start awagging!  
 Oh, ope the tabernacle and look not  
 On high, for when the filmy veil shall  
 Fade away, ah, wouldst thou but know  
 That He who waits has looked, aye, looked  
 On thee and thou hast looked on Him  
 Since time began.

Build ye four walls and call it  
 God's country? Then strain the sea and call  
 The whale a minnow. Catch a toad  
 And save the spittle to dose a chosen people!  
 Choke a lark and claim his song.  
 But ah, the drooping wing and heart  
 So still, ye claim not!

Sea foam is but the blubbers boat  
 From dead and unwise creatures who claim  
 A home therein. Feed ye upon foam?  
 When purified, it flows the crystal stream of Truth.

Mrs. P. remarked here that she had had such a vivid  
 dream of her husband.

Patience: “Dream ye or travel ye, knowest thou that fair land to which the traveler is loath to go, but loath, so loath to leave? Ah, the mystery of the snail’s shell is deeper far than this.”

“Fleet as down blown from its moorings, seeking the linnet who dropped her seed, so drift ye, ever seeking, when at the root still rests the seed pod. Think ye the earth is so reeked in planet lore that only upon beaten path ye travel.”

This question was asked, “Is it possible for the human mind to comprehend the life beyond?”

Patience: “And ever cloak ye the naked truth. Needst thou see that God Himself sealet thine eyes to make thee know?”

It was suggested here that the sealing of the mortal eyes is death and it is only then that we can fully comprehend the mystery.

Patience: “Sounds, ‘twas hard coming! The Sabbath house smell is on ye yet!”

“Twirlie, twirlie goes the mill, still grinding stale grain.”

Mrs. H.: “It is probably the same old grinding of the grist of doubt. We are no nearer today to the solution of the riddle than they were in her day.”

Patience: “Ask the cat. She dieth full oft!”

Just here Mr. C. and Mr. H. entered and there was a discussion as to how the world was going to take these revelations that had come.

Patience: “A pot of wisdom should boil to nothing ere a doubter deemeth it broth worth tasting.”

Mr. C. asked for a personal message from Patience.

Patience: “The dumpling needeth gravy, but thine is water. The dripping of good goose milk hath improved his flavor.”

This was given when the sitters asked for something for Mr. C. and Patience gave in the two lines a character reading which was understood.

Patience: “The sport of gods – and overlake for feast. To burst arage and mend the rent with smiles.”

This referred to Mr. H. who is very quiet but has strong opinions:

Patience: “Didst thou ever search for clams and get thine eye spit full?”

Mr. C.: “Yes I have, Patience. Have you?”

Patience: “Nay, he who keepeth most peace here is liken to one who burieth himself till molested.”

Mr. C.: “Oh, till molested! She means you, Mr. H. But Patience, he doesn’t really spit at you

when you try to dig him out of his natural reserve.”

Mrs. C.: “Tell us something more about these men, Patience.”

Patience: “A taste of vanity belongeth to every good broth, but many a good brew was spoiled from overseasoning.”

Mrs. C.: “Which one of them is vain?”

Patience: “A flock of geese may have two ganders.”

These two sayings were given following a conversation about the work and a wish had been expressed that we might know more of its origin.

Patience: “Roast apples on knitting needles, but sorry the yarn knitted thereafter.”

“Wish ye on the cat’s left whisker at mideve to find the rainbow’s end, only to fall into the briars and tear thy Sabbath frock.”

Mr. C.: “That’s great, she is certainly a trump.”

Patience: “A flurry doth o’ercome me.”

Mrs. H.: “She’s all flustered with Mr. C’s compliment.”

Patience: “But shall I hope to poke a clam?”

- Mrs. H: “She wants your approval too, E.,<sup>•</sup> why don’t you say something to her?”
- Mr. H.: “Can’t you tell by my face that I approve?”
- Patience: “The cock hath a red tail and strong wings, but, ah, the red-tailed bird is not a thrush nor yet a crow. Look ye then to his face.”
- Mr. C.: “What do you really think of this crowd anyway?”
- Patience: “The man of yesteryear doffed and smirked but for all that, maids were measured for brawn. Why then, to satisfy thy soul’s desire, choose such a sparrow – and he a patrich?”<sup>∞</sup>
- Mr. C.: “Come have a refreshing drink with us.”
- Patience: “To whet my tung –“
- Mrs. C.: “She persists in spelling it that way.”
- Patience: “A letter-book for me.”
- Mr. C.: “Tell us some more, Patience.”
- Patience: “Sows then know not their pigs are small hogs, but ah, she whose pigs have grown, falleth aquaking for her most!

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<sup>•</sup> Perhaps the first initial for Mr. H’s first name, Edwin

<sup>∞</sup> A possible Worthism for “partridge”

(Bally! When Geese feed they clatter for more.)

This in brackets to the sitters who did not understand the foregoing.

Mrs. P.: “Dear me, this is enough for me. I’m going to bed. Patience, will you kiss me good-night?”

Patience: “A peaclam would I prefer.” (Mr. H. has a beard.)

Mrs. H.: “She has always referred to Edwin as the ‘clam.’ What about a kiss from him, Patience?”

Patience: “A furry kiss!”

Mrs. H.: “And Mr. C. How about his?”

Patience: “Too wide.”

Mrs. H.: “Well, shall Mrs. C. or I kiss you good-night?”

Patience: “Drat the love which buyeth more and more!”

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February 7, 1914

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Hutchings

The sitting on this evening was unsatisfactory to every one and only the first messages were recorded.

Patience: “Thinkest thou to fill the lily cup with mire  
and mar the gold? Nay, ‘tis fool’s gold that  
tarnisheth in mire.”

“A ransom for thy soul would be a plain  
creed. Drink ye not the muck and swill  
brewed by seers and creedests. Wash thy  
paunch and eat ye a full measure of wordy  
meat, so ye may fatten for the prize day.”

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February 15, 1914  
Mrs. Curran  
Mrs. Hutchings

Patience:

-The Farewell Song-

Heed I the singing of my soul  
For truth? Am I a mighty tempest,  
Breaking all barriers and laying low the forest,  
Distrust, where lingers mine undoing?  
Or but the night breeze gently blowing  
And only piling leaves as mine own barrier?

Ah, for my last rest and farewell song  
To this, my stalk. Let me rest upon twigs  
Of mine own breaking, lulled by the soughing  
Of the echo of my last tempest.  
Wrap me then, in sweet herbs  
Of deeds well done, that, like  
The rose of seasons gone, breathes back  
A scent and smile of yesteryear.  
Pillow not my head upon my good intent,  
For rest would surely flee.

A stone would better be.

Ah, Peaceful Vale, wherein my soul  
 May be my soul and call not  
 As the night-bird his mate, who but re-echoes  
 His song. Nay, as cold stars warm  
 The heavens to light, so must coldly culled  
 Truth warm my soul, and I  
 Shall show myself, myself, not a fanged  
 Or painted thing, nor yet the gently smiling,  
 Oily thing I would crave the world to believe.

Strike ye the sword or dip ye  
 In an inken well, smear ye a gaudy color  
 Or daub ye the clay? Aye, beat  
 Upon thy bosom then and cry,  
 'Tis mine, this world-love and vainglory

Ah, master-hand, who guided thee?  
 Stay! Dost know that through the ages,  
 Yea, through the very ages, one grain  
 Of Hero-dust, blown from afar,  
 Hath lodged and moveth thee?

Wait, wreath thyself and wait.  
 The green shall deepen to an ashen brown,  
 And crumble then and fall into thy  
 Sightless eyes, while the mouldering flesh  
 Droppeth away. Wait, and catch thy dust.  
 Mayhap thou canst build it back!  
 Ah, World! Ah, Folly, thou art king of her!  
 She will not, but is like unto the monk  
 Who prays within his cell, unheedful  
 Of the timid sunbeams who would light  
 The page his wisdom so befogs.

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“A whiffle for a crown! A look behind the scene would fatten thee!”

“Ah, when upon this march of thine ‘twould plague thee sore should thy comrade then the swine-herd be. (The tittle-tattle of the world would indeed wag, were all known.)”

“Art thou a Man? Then march! The comrade who puts shoulder to shoulder is he who waits for no prize but fights!”

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February 28, 1914  
Mrs. Curran  
Mrs. Hutchings

Patience: “Thinkest thou to cheat Sir Lucifer by holding silence when thy heart houseth a tempest? Hide ye beneath a lily bud and expect ye shelter from the icy season? Thou art indeed a knave! Why, hell’s own belly would ferment were’t fed on such as thou!”

“Weep thou a rosary of tears. Count thou the beads with smiles whose warmth shall vanish the string e’en in thine own hand.”

Mrs. C. remarked here that the thought was trite, also the thought was old.

Patience: “So then, the rose may fear to bloom lest the ghosts of sisters prove their right to foremost in the garden!”

“Ye expect a fox’s brush upon an ass’tail.”

Mrs. C.: “I still maintain that the ‘rosary of tears’ is not original.”

Patience: “All your cunning hath gone for naught. A prayer was ne’er known to curd the milk.”

Mrs. H.: “I don’t believe Patience said that about the rosary. She was not a Catholic.”

Patience: “To catch a flea needs be a dog?”

Mrs. P.: “She meant the very first part of her lecture for me I feel sure. I haven’t been in any too pleasant frame of mind today and I believe she knows it. She evidently thinks me ‘a bad egg.’”

Patience: “Should I blow an egg ‘twould still remain puffed.”

Mrs. P.: “Her wits are always at their best when she is giving me a drubbing.”

Patience: “Prod ye the donkey’s rump thou art sure of a kick!”

There was some little pause here.

Patience: “Ah, me, the world about me – the leaden violet that surrounds my soul! Fain would I break the fetters and send my soul to thee across the trackless space I call my dream-world. But stay, mine own! Watch thou the

clouds wherein thy wished-for sun shall  
rise.”

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The sitting from here on was not satisfactory but a few of the remarks were recorded. They have no bearing whatever upon the character or poetry of “Patience” so have not been set down here.

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March 1, 1914  
Mrs. Curran  
Mr. Curran

Patience:

-Thine Own Song-

When I would sing,  
Thou hast struck me dumb!  
When I would make a glorious noise,  
My lute respondeth not. Oh, e’en the songbird  
Thou hast favored more. ‘Twould grieve me sore,  
Were’t not I know his fittingness.  
Where waves the willow bough betasseled  
With Spring rain, there resideth he  
Whom God so loves. Perchance my borrowed song  
Belongeth not to me; but when the winter  
Cometh, ‘tis my ward for him, my brother.

Mayhap the fool, who, tired  
From paying for his bread with jest,  
Hath hid his leering ‘neath his cowl.  
And listeneth to the song  
Flowing from the meadow there.  
And in the dark of his retreat,  
Meets all the faerie folk, while he  
Who sits in regal robe, heareth

But the brass of yonder bell.

Halt thou, in this maddening rush,  
 And reckon with thyself. Hast snapped  
 The cord bound round thy book of song  
 And stopped to read thy note? Or dost thou  
 Listen to thy heart, which singeth not  
 One line of borrowed song?  
 A babe should teach thee more,  
 For from his sleep he wakes  
 To coo the song sung to prove unto  
 His bearer her God's faith in her trust.

And on a day, a day that's yet to be,  
 One feathered chorister shall try a melody  
 And find it not his own; but, listening,  
 Hear this note of thine, a wayward breeze  
 Hath blown from 'neath a fresh-turned sod,  
 And growing bolder, sing thy song  
 To heaven and God!

The foregoing is the first poem produced by Mrs. Curran  
 with one other than Mrs. Hutchings.

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March 2, 1914

Mrs. Curran

Mr. Curran

Mr. C.: "I wish we could get something from  
 Patience Worth."

Patience: "Wait!"

Then –

Patience: “A goodly lesson is Patience and Worth a wait.”

Mr. C. exclaimed loudly to Mrs. P.<sup>•</sup>

Patience: “He who bawleth may expect the cow’s licking. Careful, brother, lest she take ye for her calf.”

Mr. C.: “That’s the limit.”

Patience: “Nay, the limet –“

Mrs. C.: “She misspelled it.”

Patience: “Drat ye! the limit is the barn loft and the garden gate for the bull calf.”

Mrs. P.: “Let’s stop and fix up that poetry before it gets away from us.”

Patience: “Ye who carry pigskins to the well and lace not the hole, are a tiresome lot.”

Mr. C.: “Give us light on this, Patience.”

Patience: “A light would blind thy blinking eyes. A coon-skin cap hath covered many a pate of wood.”

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<sup>•</sup> As given in the record, which seems incomplete here

March 4, 1914  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mrs. Hutchings

Patience: “He who arrays his person in linon and purple, or yet the frock, and standeth upon an exalted pinnacle to bawl aloud of a God who resideth in the sheep-cover he poundeth, is but a trixter. Did he who chose the apostles prate of gods agone? Nay! He who maketh free to do – not mouth – is a chosen servant.”

“Around the crumbling wall of your faith,  
 bind ye a tendril of love’s own vine. Build  
 ye with a filler of friendship and point ye  
 with comfort-knowledge culled from  
 nature’s folk. Ye’ll find the patch  
 sufficeth.”

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Mrs. C.: “I hope we’d get some good poetry tonight.”

Patience: “So ye thought to find the chipmunk’s hole and found a skunk.”

Mrs. H.: “Patience, how did your name happen to be in the book, ‘To Have and To Hold’?”

Patience: “A faggot findeth the fire should ye cast it, -  
 - Hast peeped into the steel?”

Mrs. H.: “I wonder what she means.”

Patience: “Aha, the wise’un hath never yet a polished steel beheld, to do her dudeing!”

The word “dudeing” was discussed at length. The word “dudeing” proved to be “dudding” as she used it later.

Patience: “Hast thou combed the wool? Should I bake thee a bannock, thou wouldst weigh the loaf.”

Mrs. H.: “I didn’t mean to be hypercritical, Patience. I’m sure I received anything you want to tell me, with gratitude.”

Patience: “E’en a snow-chirp giveth thanks for crumbs.”

Mrs. C.: “Snow-chirp! How charming.”

Mrs. H.: “Was that the term in use in your day, or did you invent it?”

Patience: “The parson hath no lid on learning.”

Mrs. P.: “I wish you’d stop asking her foolish questions and give her a chance to tell us something worth while – something to make us broad and big.”

Patience: “Feed, feed, feed, and fatten large.”

Mrs. H.: “I think the personal things are of very great importance to us.”

Patience: “My pettie-skirt hath a scallop. Mayhap that will help thy history.”

Mrs. C.: “The little villain, she’s caught on to the fact that we’re planning to put her in a book.”

Patience: “Yea, and tell thou of my buckled boots – and add a cap-string.”

Mrs. P.: “She’ll give you all the details. I hope you’re satisfied.”

Patience: “Hast thou the length o’ my tung, or wilt thou measure more?”

Mrs. P.: “We know all about your tongue.”

Patience: “The witch hath nine.”

Mrs. H.: “What has that to do with yours? You weren’t a witch, Patience.”

Patience: “Nay, I speak of her.”

Mrs. C.: “I’m disappointed in what we got.”

Patience: “Ye gods! Dost thou look for butter in skimmed milk?”

“To drink an ocean and yet die of thirst.”

“Waste ye the buds by plucking, when the flower hangs low and full-blown?”

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March 8, 1914  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mrs. Hutchings

Patience: “So my dudding<sup>1</sup> is thine interest, eh?”

This opening remark evidently refers to the previous conversation in which “dudding” was misconstrued as “dudeing.”

Patience:

-The Drifting Leaf-

“Ah, pale and faded leaf of spring agone, whiter<sup>•</sup>  
 goest thou? Art speeding to another land upon the  
 brooklet’s breast, or art thou sailing to the sea to  
 lodge amid a reef, and, kissed by wind and wave,  
 die of too much love? Thou’lt find a resting place  
 amidst the moss, and, ah, who knows, the royal gem  
 may be thine own love’s offering.

“Or wilt thou flutter as a time-yellowed page and  
 mould among thy sisters, ere the sun may peep  
 within the pack?

“Or will the robin nest with thee at Spring’s  
 awakening? The romping brook will never chide  
 thee, but ever coax thee on, and shouldst thou be  
 impaled upon a thorny branch, what then? Try not  
 a flight. Thy sisters call thee. Could crocus spring  
 from frost, and wilt thou let the violet shrink and

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<sup>1</sup> Dudding (obsolete) – To dress, to dud

<sup>•</sup> A possible misspelling of “whither”

die? Nay, speed not, for God hath not a mast for thee provided.”

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-Slave or King-

“Heart of my soul, beatest thou in accord with that of thy tabernacle, which singeth the song – on, on, on? Or singest thou a secondary melody, afeared, afeared, afeared?”

“Am I a broken lyre, who, at the Master’s touch respondeth with a tinkle and a whir, or am I strung in full and at His touch give forth the full chord?”

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“I waste my substance on the weaving of web and the storing of pebbles.

“When shall I build mine house and when fill the purse? Oh, that my fancy weave not but web, and desire picketh not but pebbles! Bah! ‘tis bally reasoning!”

This reference was not quite understood.

Patience: “Mayhap the goose hath reason to tickle herself for the bargain, but I am wiser.”

Mrs. C.: “We don’t understand.”

Patience: “Treacle runneth slowly.”

Mrs. H.: “Patience, do you think that you made a bad bargain when you came to us?”

Patience: “Thou hast a goodly store of heart and love. May I not neighbor with thee? A pot loaned is not lost.”

Mrs. P.: “Not if you lend it to the right one.”

Patience: “Nay, should ye crack it, the crack would surely grin, -- and set an herb agrowing in it.”

Mrs. H.: “Then you enjoy spending part of your time at Mrs. C’s house?”

Patience: “She keepeth sadly the cupboard, but the larder neglecteth she not. To keep the hair pegs well up, doth not improve any hearth or knitting.”

Mrs. H.: “Patience, won’t you give me a personal message tonight?”

Patience: “A Sabbath song for you, my dear. Rest and love and hope and cheer.”

Mrs. H.: “With all my heart I thank you, Patience. What’s the matter with your ‘pea-clam’?”

Referring to Mr. H.

Patience: “He hath sand within.”

Mrs. H.: “What shall I do to make him sweet and nice again?”

Patience:       “Poke his lid. Thou’lt see him back up.  
Pound thou a gourd. ‘Tis fitting music for  
his mood.”

Mrs. H. and Mr. C. attempted to operate the board,  
without success. Mrs. C. then placed her hand on the  
board, with the following result:

Patience:       “Dost then think to let the gander share the  
owl’s nest?”

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March 15, 1914  
Mrs. Curran  
Mrs. Hutchings

Patience:       -Unlearning Learning-

“And do I put upon the store of sunrises and sunsets  
a weight of value? Nay, nor do I see within the  
robin’s nest a ducat or a precious stuff, but promise  
of new life. Am I then drunken on the chaff of  
knowledge supped by mine elder-born? Nay, my  
forefolk drank not truth, but sent through my veins  
– coursing – chaff, chaff, naught but chaff. (Nay I  
then quench the burning thirst of my brother by  
drinking mine own health?)

“I pipe of learning and fall silent before the fool  
who singeth his folly-lay. Where, then, are those  
who would commune with me, while he hath  
childhood’s sweet companionship? A whit for  
gold? Or do I fasten to my nights and days the price  
of my labor? Nay, all is paid in God’s good gift of  
friends.

“Thou knewest all before thy coming, and ah, the labor set thee to unlearn thine inborn fancies! Who then is he who, on the highway where stride thy boldest reasonings, aye, and all thy petted ‘isms, walketh with thee, never tiring? Stop ye! Ask of him the password and listen, ah then, listen. The answer cometh – a Friend!”

Mrs. C. complained that the writing of this message hurt her head.

Patience: “The gold is pigged in iron to form.”

Then added:

“Go ye to the Sabbath house to find thy straying milk heifer? Why then, a prayer would find a pig-sty.”

Mrs. P.: “Patience has a big message for you if you would let her give it.”

Patience: “So thou findest her in the pew!” (The heifer)

Mrs. C.: “I confess I don’t understand it at all. It worries me.”

Patience: “My kerchief-holder would hold thy faith. Ah, weary, weary me from trudging and tracking o’er the long road to thy heart. Wilt thou not let me rest a while therein?”

Mrs. C. expressed some resentment at the evident questioning of her faith and remarked that some credit was due for having been the means of producing the writing.

- Patience: “So doth the piggie who scratcheth upon an oak deem his fleas the falling acorns’ cause. The soap kettle needeth not a shape. I cut my soap to fancy.”
- Mrs. C.: “Oh, I don’t say I am writing these things. If I were I’d improve on most of them.”
- Patience: “He who eateth a bannock well made, flattereth himself, should his belly not sour.”
- Mrs. C.: “Oho, not a good bannock but a good digestion!”
- Mrs. P.: “Why don’t you let her alone so that she can give you a good message?”
- Patience: “The guinea clattereth, ‘Peatrack-come-back.’”
- Mrs. H.: “Well, Mrs. P., if she does call you a guinea, she admits that you invite her to come back. Go on, Patience.”
- Patience: “Pulling yarn is not to my fancy.”
- Mrs. P.: “She said that once before. What does she mean?”
- Mrs. H.: “Unraveling what she has knitted, I suppose.”
- Patience: “Nay, the fleece is pulled to yarn, I fain would weave.”

Then it was understood that she wanted to do literary composition instead of merely giving incidents.

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Same Date  
Mrs. Curran  
Mr. Curran

Patience: “So thou deemest wisdom to drop for thee like hose from him who looseth his points.”

Mrs. H.: “Did you say that last word was ‘points?’ What does that mean?”

Patience: “A lacing.”

Mrs. H.: “I don’t see the meaning. Maybe we didn’t get it correctly. I’m sure there’s no sense to it as we got it.”

Patience: “Ne’er leap afore ye search. Want ye a wall built, then cease pulling stones away.”

The word “points” was then looked up, and found to be “a lacing” to hold the clothes together, as we now use buttons or hook and eye, and was in use in the 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> centuries.

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March 18, 1914  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mrs. Hutchings  
 At Mrs. H's home.

Patience:

-Earth-Brown Brother-

“Ah, wee plumed earth-brown brother whose nest hangs damp at dawn! Hast thou begun at day's fair break to sing of night's soft wooing? The note of thy song of yesterday is but dying away – a prisoner of the evening zephyr. Why then carol to this day? Art thou afraid thy brother will lose faith, and tellest thou of Him who keeps thy swinging house so safe, though 'tis but a hair that bindeth?”

-The Crying Earth-

“Ah, mist that lifts her veil, like one who hideth charm within the Orient but to dazzle thee with beauty she discloseth 'neath the gossamer, like Beauty's smile shall flash the sun, and, like unto Love's stirring, wake the earth.

“And tears shall wash thy noon, and tempest toss thine eve. Oh, let me dream a song to coax thy smile once more. Nay, chide me not, nor deny me light, for 'mid thy frown the moon betrayeth thee. And hark! My brother's song re-echoes, borne again to Southland by the vagrant breeze. Canst thou then deny me? Lo! Sun, moon, mist-painted dawn and black-angered storm, thorn-buckled nest and throbbing throat cry out 'My God, my God, my God, thou lovest me!’”

## -Prayer or Labor-

“And dost thou bend the knee and lay thy hands along each other’s palm in supplication? ‘Tis not fitting. The hand which grasps, soweth and reapeth.

“Around thy helmet shall ivy twine while thy lance groweth blunt with prodding tough and rigid world-knowledge. Aye, let thine armor rust. Canst thou pluck a star upon thy lance’s point? Thou knowest all, wouldst pick knowledge like a nut-meat from the world, while the hollow shell holdeth the truth thou searchest. ‘Tis not the monk’s store of page nor yet the wise one’s wag that telleth thee. Nay, thou art listening to the badlam\* of the braying asses who pluck the meat and cast thee a bone. Ah, learn the song of God’s chosen. Hark thee, to thine inner land, and wake to truth.”

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March 22, 1914

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Hutchings

This sitting was also at the home of Mrs. Hutchings.

Patience: “Go ye to a lighted hall to seek for learning? Nay, ‘tis a puddle, not a stream ye search. Mayhap thou sendest thy men for barley-corn. ‘Twould then surprise thee, should the asses eat it.”

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\* A possible misspelling of “bedlam”

It was thought that this referred to Mr. C. and Mr. H. who were at the theatre, and the question was asked what they were seeing at the theatre.

Patience: "Ne'er a timid wench, I vum."

Mrs. C.: "Do you think they shouldn't have gone there tonight, Patience?"

Patience: "Thee'lt find a hearth more profit. Better they cast the bits of paper."

Mrs. C.: "Throw away their programmes?"

Patience: "Nay, painted parchment squares."

It was understood that she referred to their playing cards.

Mrs. H.: "Are they likely to get their morals corrupted, Patience?"

Patience: "He who tickleth the ass to start a braying, fain would carol with his brother."

Mrs. C.: "What about the show, Patience?"

Patience: "My pettieskirt may ye borrow for the brazens."

The meaning of "pettieskirt" was discussed, which was both an underskirt and stiffly starched ruff for the neck.

Patience: "My bib covereth the neckband."

Mrs. H.: "Where do you wear your pettieskirt?"

- Patience: "Neath my kirtle."
- Mrs. C.: "Kirtle is the same as girdle, isn't it? Let's look it up."
- Patience: "Art fashioning thy new frock?"
- Mrs. H.: "When Patience is known to the public she'll revive Puritan styles."
- Patience: "'Twere a virtue, egad!"
- Mrs. H.: "Clothes were very different in your day – far more sensible?"
- Patience: "Many's the wench who pulled her points to pop. But ah, the locks were combed to satin. He who bent above could see himself reflected."
- Mrs. H.: "What were the young girls like in your day, Patience?"
- Patience: "A silly lot, as these of thine."
- Mrs. C.: "How do our styles strike you?"
- Patience: "Not as quills to adorn to red-man doth the gobbler sacrifice his tail, but for the chaste bonnet of thy women. Wait."

After a three minutes' wait –

- Patience: "'Tis a sorry lot – not harming but boresome."

Mrs. H.: “Oh, Patience, have you been to the theatre?”

Patience: “A peep in good cause could surely ne’er harm the godly.”

Mrs. C.: “Advise us how to take care of our men.”

Patience: “Thine ale is drunk at the hearth. Surely he who stops to sip may bless the fire-log belonging –“

The board appeared to spell t-e-h-e-e.

Mrs. H.: “She said ‘te-he.’”

Patience: “Art thou a simpering fool to take me so? – belonging thee.

Mr. C. and Mr. H. returned.

Patience: “’Tis better so. Thou hast baited not thy fox trap with young fowl. He returneth to his lair.”

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-Fear-

“I stride abroad before my brothers like the roaring lion, yet at even’s close, from whence cometh the icy hand that clutcheth my heart and maketh me afraid? The slipping of myself away, I know not whither, and lo, I fall atremble! When I would grasp a straw, ’tis then I find it not. Can I then trust me on this lone journey to the country I deem peopled, but know not? My very heart declareth

faith, yet has not thine been touched and chilled by  
 this same phantom? Ah, through the granite sips<sup>•</sup>  
 the lichen, and hast thou not a long, dark journey  
 made – why fear?

“As cloud-wreaths fade from spring’s warm smile,  
 so fear shall be put to flight by faith.”

-The Answer of the Swallow-

I pluck me buds of varied hue  
 And choose the violet to weave a garland  
 For my loved and best. I search for bloom  
 Among the rocks and find but feathery plume.  
 I weave, and lo, the blossoms fade  
 Before I reach the end, and, faded, lie amid my  
 tears,  
 And yet I weave and weave. I search for jewels  
 ‘Neath the earth and find them at the dawn,  
 Besprinkled o’er the rose and leaf,  
 And showered by the sparrow’s wing,  
 Who seeketh ‘mid the vine a harbor for her home.  
 I search for truth along the way,  
 And find but dust and web, and at the smile  
 Of infant’s lips, I know myself betrayed.  
 I watch the swallow skim across the blue  
 To homelands of the South, and ah,  
 The gnawing at my heart doth cease,  
 For how he wings and wings to lands,  
 He deemth peopled by his brothers,  
 Whose song he hears in flight.  
 Not skimming on the lake’s fair breast is he,

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• A possible misspelling for “slips”

But winging on and on, and dim  
 Against the feathery cloud he fades into the blue.  
 I stand with withered blossoms crushed,  
 And weave, and weave, and weave.”

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March 29, 1914

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Hutchings

Patience:

-The Search for Him-

“I searched amid the hills to find His love and found  
 but waving trees and stones where lizards flaunt  
 their green and slip to cool adown the moss.

“I searched within the field to find His treasure-  
 trove, and found but tasseled stalk and baby grain  
 encradled in a silky nest.

“I searched deep in the rose’s heart to find His  
 pledge to me, and, steeped in honey, it was there.  
 Lo, while I wait a vagabond with goss’mer wing  
 hath stripped her of her loot and borne it all from  
 me.

“I searched along the shore to find His heart, a-hope  
 the lazy waves would bear it me, and watched them  
 creep to rest upon the sands who sent them back  
 again, asearched for me.

“I sought amid a tempest for His strength and found  
 it in its shrieking glee, and saw man’s paltry blocks  
 come crashing down and heard the wailing of the  
 trees who grew afeared, and, moaning, caused the

flowers to quake and tremble lest the sun forget  
 them at the dawn, while bolts shot clouds asunder,  
 and e'en the sea was panting with the spending of  
 His might.

“I searched within a wayside cot for His white soul,  
 and found a dimple next the lips of one who slept,  
 and watched the curtained wonder of her eyes,  
 aflutter o'er the iris-colored pools that held His  
 smile, and touched the warm and shrinking lips, so  
 mute and yet so wise, for can'st thou doubt whose  
 kiss still lingers on their bloom?

“Amid a muck of curse and lies and sensuous lust  
 and damning leers, I searched for Good and Light,  
 and found it there – aye, even there – for broken  
 reeds may house a lark's pure nest.

“I stopped me at a pool to rest, and toyed along the  
 brink to pluck the cress who would so guard her  
 lips, and flung a stone strait to her heart, and lo, but  
 silver laughter mocketh me! And as I stoop to catch  
 the splash, pale sunbeams pierce the bower, and ah,  
 the shade and laughter melt and leave me, empty,  
 there.

“But wait! I search and find, reflected in the pool,  
 Myself – the searcher – and on its silver surface  
 traced my answer to it all. For Heart of mine, who  
 on this journey sought with me, I knew thee not, but  
 searched for prayer and love amid the rocks, while  
 thou but now declare thyself to me.

“Ah, could I deem thee strong and fitting as the  
 tempest to depict His strength, or yet as gentle as  
 the smile of baby lips, or sweet as honeyed rose or

pure as mountain pool? And yet thou art, and thou  
art mine – a gift and answer from my God.”

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April 6, 1915  
Mrs. Curran  
Miss Hutchings  
Miss Wigger

Patience: “She hath a downy head, the wench! The  
day that breaketh gray may coax the rose’s  
bloom, while too much sun may shrink her  
velvet cheek.”

The foregoing evidently referred to Miss Wigger, a girl  
friend who was present. Also the following:

Patience:

-Renewing Love-

“Amid a garden of rue and tuft and spice-pinks  
grew a rose, who crept from ‘neath the wall and  
clung unto an oak who sheltered her. And all the  
flowers were afraid, lest his gnarled limbs, set  
dancing in the storm, would crush her tender stalk.

“Not so the rose. She clung, and wrapped his stark,  
ungainly rack with garlands, and her red lips  
brushed his knotted joints until, with tapestry hung  
and pinned with golden butterflies, he stood. And  
scented breezed sung his lullaby, and ah, he slept  
and dreamt that ne’er again would robins leave him  
lonely for a sweeter bower.

“But, waking, found the rose – his love – had  
reached his topmost branch and clambered back and

o'er the garden wall to join a jackrose, blooming at  
its base, and leaving stark and dead his gaunt old  
frame.

“Well, lackaday, 'tis fitting, dear, old loves should  
die, but round them build a loving for the new. A  
nodding plume is wont to start a maiden's heart, and  
spear, and shield to wake thy truant forekin's blood.  
Ah, ah, the conquest! Put ye faith in knighthood  
valor, and veil thy maiden eyes to false and cheating  
maiden fears, the heart that will not believe.”

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April 9, 1914  
Mrs. Curran  
Mrs. Hutchings

Patience:

-Memory-

“'Tis mine, this gift ah, mine alone to paint the  
leaden sky to lilac-rose or coax the sullen sun to  
flash, or carve from granite gray a flaming knight,  
or weave the twilight hours with garlands gay, or  
wake the morning with my soul's glad song, or at  
my bitterest drink a sweetness cast, or gather from  
my loneliness the flower – a dream amid a mist of  
tears.

“Ah, treasure mine, this do I pledge to thee – that  
none may peer within thy hand, and only when the  
moon shines white shall I disclose thee, lest,  
straying, thou shouldst fade, and in the blackness of  
the midnight shall I fondle thee, afraid to show thee  
to the day.

“When I shall give to Him, the Giver, all my treasure’s store, and darkness creeps upon me, then will I for this return a thank, and show thee to the world. Blind are they to thee, but ah, the darkness is illumed, and, look, thy name is burned like flaming torch to light me on my way. Then from thy wrapping of love I pluck my dearest gift – the memory of my dearest love.

“Ah, Memory, thou painter, who from cloud can’tst fashion her dear form or from a stone can’tst turn her smile, or fill my loneliness with her dear voice, or weave a loving garland for her hair, thou art my gift of God, to be my comrade here.”

-Easter Poem-

“Didst thou, then, with those drops so worth, buy the throbbing at thy memory set aflutter, and is this love of mine so freely thine by that same purchase, or do I love thee for thy love of Me? And do I then my Father’s telling for Love of Him, like Thee to shed my blood and tears for reapers in an age to come, because he wills it so? God grant ‘tis so.

“I made a song from the dead notes of His birds and wove a wreath of withered lily buds and gathered daisies that the sun had scorched, and plucked a rose the riotous wind had torn, and stolen clover flowers, downtrodden by the kine, and fashioned into ropes and tied with yellow reed, an offering unto Him.

“And lo, the dust of crumbling blossoms fell to bloom again and smiled like sickened children,

wistfully but strong of faith, that mother-stalk  
would send fresh blossoms in the Spring.”

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May 20, 1914

Mrs. Curran

Mr. Curran

Patience:

-When I am Gone-

“A day shall dawn when I shall be not, and when  
the busy world wags, on. Not a pebble cast by me  
nor yet a work may I claim. The morning sun shall  
warm the world to life, and rain fall on the rooting  
grass where I am laid.

“But on a day whose dawn breaks gray, shall I not  
play a part? E’en like a sunrise, prisoned as a  
painter’s stroke within a mussel’s shell, the beauty-  
store of its full life, this past of mine shall gleam  
through mist to glorify another day.”

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-Faith-

“I called my heart to read my book of fate, and  
answer came in trembling. I called my fancy then  
to aid, and florid color palled me. Then my soul I  
bid to mount the mount of foolish fears, and frozen  
was my heart, and fluttering fancy, like a golden  
butterfly driven by a storm, sought refuge ‘neath the  
blanket of darkness wherein I loose my fears and  
show myself myself.

“Think ye! From out this awoke a morning fair,  
and fate was born with her and died at eve. New  
day shall bring thee faith anew.”

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May 22, 1914  
Mrs. Curran  
Mrs. Hutchings

Patience:

-My Seasons-

“My youth is promising as Spring, and verdant as  
young weeds whose very impudence taketh them  
where bloom the garden’s treasures. My midlife  
like the Summer who blazeth as a fire of blasting  
heat, fed by withered, crumbling weeds of my  
Spring.

“My sunset like the Fall who ripeneth the season’s  
offering, and hoar-frost is my Winter night, fraught  
with borrowed warmth and flowers, and filled with  
weeds which springs e’en ‘neath the frozen waste.

“Ah, is the Winter then my season’s close, or will I  
pin a faith to hope and look again for Spring who  
lives eternal in my soul?”

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These two offerings were in response to a discussion  
over a certain poet. One of the sitters had said his poetry  
would vanish like dew, another, day would never see it.

## -On Tagore's Poems-

“Ah, child of my fancy, art thou indeed a dream child, or have I called thee from thy dreaming of mystic worlds? Nay, I call thee by a name, and thou art not my fancy's weaving. Art thou then a sprite of other days, and is this song of Thine, whispered unto me, arisen too?”

“Say not that one as truly born should vanish into a cloud or perish like the dew at dawn. Doddering age but gapeth at an infant's sleep, and only one who bendeth o'er her love-born knoweth why he sleepeth long, and turneth from the weasened visage, hanging o'er to smirk and buy a smile from Youth.

“God but tuned the assess' bray to sound the brasses of His harmonies. Wouldst thou love thine evening, were the stars ne'er to peep, and should the morning lack the lark's song, and should the sun forget to tease the daylight forth, wouldst thou not lose faith with Him who watcheth?”

“Wait! awake and sing a thank-song, that thou shouldst see the working of His plan. If it be thy gift to hear the song and see the light and know the deepest truth, then thank – and bear the hounding of thy sightless brother.”

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This referred to the same poet “Tagore” and came it seemed, in his defense, as one of the parties in the foregoing discussion declared him a man who had not the love of Country.

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## -The Flag of India-

“A splash of color daubed upon a streamer’s face – ah, God, can I then hope this flying ribbon telleth of my love of fatherland unto the world? God, God, my very God, thou knowest who offered to thy lands thy Son! Have not my people’s vein shot scarlet into a thousand sunsets of this, my land, and have not the mothers of my kind borne sons to buy her freedom? Crave ye then to barter o’er the rag while I send forth a song of love, penned in her tongue?”

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“The smile thou cast today that passed unnoticed by the world, the handclasp of a friend, the touch of baby palms upon its mother’s breast, whither have they flown along the dreary way?

“Perhaps thy smile hath fallen upon a daisy’s golden head, to shine upon some weary traveler along the dusty road, and cause a softening of the hard, hard way.

“Perchance the handclasp strengthened wavering love, and lodged thee in thy friend’s regard. And where the dimpled hands caress, will not a well of love spring forth? Who knows – but who will tell the hiding of these fleeting gifts?”

-----

May 25, 1914  
Mrs. Curran

Patience: "So then, the porker hath favor today's eve."

Mr. Bacon: "She's punning on my name."

Patience: "Hath thee salted that?"

Mrs. C.: "She often gives us this kind of wit before we get the beautiful messages."

Patience: "Ye like the taste? I deem ye crave for soldier meat."

Mr. B.: "I think this kind of message as convincing and important as the other kind."

Patience: "Whyffs to him who draws are fancy-breeders; but he who hungers filleth not 'pon smoke."

Mrs. H.: "Patience, will you tell us what you really meant by that remark?"

Patience: "Yea to draw a full pail and cast it back into the well, to draw again is to my fancy."

Mrs. C.: "She always keeps to the ideas of her own times. I wonder if she knows how times have changed."

Patience: "Nay, but geese are geese unto the world's end."

Mrs. C.: “After she’s given us a roast she lets us have some beautiful poetry.”

Patience: “Perchance thee hath a hope o’ feeding upon folly and dining upon choicer viands at thy meal’s end.”

After a pause –

“Whose fingers plied the needle to build the coverlid thee prizeth so?”

Mrs. H.: “Which coverlid, Patience?”

Patience: “A garden’s friendly blossom bloometh thereon.”

Mrs. Bacon told us the comforter had been made by her brother for her wedding and was much prized.

Mrs. H.: “What do you think of the cosmos coverlid that Mrs. B’s brother made her?”

Patience: “A soft lining to her nest.”

Mrs. H.: “What else do you see in the little Wren’s home?” (Referring to Mrs. B.)

Patience: “To build upon a mountain top thy home and call the mount its base, is folly, for love needeth not a mountaintop to strengthen its foundation. A home founded upon love itself is thine, and when quakes shall cast asunder mountainside and valley, love remaineth.”

Mrs. H.: “Patience, have you entered into the perfect love of this little home?”

Patience: “A prosy spinster may but plash in Love’s pool.”

Mrs. C.: “She always has a clever answer.”

Patience: “Knowest thou ‘tis eventide and thou art trifling with thy humble servant’s wits?”

Mr. B.: “Are we supposed to be brighter in the evening?”

Patience: “Nay, candle light should shoo the chickens to roost.”

Mrs. C.: “We ought to be asleep instead of crossing wits with her. Give us some more.”

Patience: “Thee hath a gnawing void?”

Mrs. C.: “In what way? I don’t see that.”

Patience: “Didst ever see a void?”

Then the following poem came.

-Where Should I Sing-

“Can I then hope to tear from out my heart the song  
 ‘twould tell to thee? Were I to sing unto the  
 woodland, ‘twould be thy song. Or should I pipe of  
 happy days when thou wert absent in my life,  
 thou’dst creep within the singing and every note be  
 thine.

“Or should I make a song unto my saddest season,  
 thou still wouldst sing, e’en through my sorrowing.  
 Thou who wert not the essence of my song’s wine  
 hast blossomed long before, within the very grape,  
 and ripened with my seasons’ heat and cold. Who  
 then denies that from my first voiced crooning, thou  
 hast been the vibrant chord?”

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“Waft ye through the world sunlight. Throw ye to  
 the sparrows grain that runneth o’er the full  
 measure! Scatter flower petals like the wings of  
 fluttering butterflies, to streak the dove-gray day  
 with daisy gold and turn the silver mist to fleece of  
 gold.

“Hath the king a noble who is such a  
 wonderworker, or hath his jester such a pack of  
 tricks as thine?”

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May 31, 1914  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mrs. Hutchings

Patience:

-God’s Temples-

“Did he<sup>•</sup> who sang unto the world the hope-song for  
 ages hence devise a house of rank and file, ribbed  
 and armored ‘gainst the gentleness and tranquility  
 of the summer days, when the multitude listed to the  
 words of comforting? Nay, fields all daisy-kissed,

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• A possible typographical error for “He”

and choirs of songsters who sang from o'erhanging nests while cool waters flowed a lazy song of dreaming, to sound the harpsichord of music to His words, while brother smiled to brother and love clothed all.

“Wilt thou at this day then seek the field? Ye build a tower and place upon its peak a sword or lance. What a crown of blossoms! What an offering of peace to one whose soul ahunger is! E'en God's sun is shut away, and armored priests chant haunting songs of gods who know you not. Does brother there reflect his love for brother?”

“At salute each soul is held, in dread lest the awful silence break. Is this thy comfort? This stone on which thou buildest is indeed a stone. Build thou a tabernacle upon a turf. Call thither all God's offerings – the birds, the blossoms, the pool, the clustering vine, and set not up an altar. Choose rather to discourse 'mong thy brethren. Bring hither thy sorrows, thy hopes, thy fears to this, thy house, for God's house first must be thine.”

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#### -Questioning Love-

“All silverlaced with web and crystal-studded hangs a golden lilly-cup as airy as a dancing sprite. The moon hath caught a fleeting cloud and rests in her embrace. The bumblefly still hovers o'er the clover flower and mimics all the zephyr's song.

“White butterflies whose wings bespeak late wooing of the buttercup, wend home their way, the gold still clinging to their snowy gossamer. E'en

the toad, who old and moss-grown seems, is  
wabbled on a lily pad, and watches for the moon to  
bid the cloud adieu, and light him to his hunt for  
fickle marsh-flies who tease him through the day.

“Why, every rose had loosed her petals and sends a  
pleading perfume to the moss that creeps upon the  
maple’s stalk, to tempt it hence to bear a cooling  
draught.

“Round yonder trunk the ivy clings and loves it into  
green. The pansy dreams of coaxing goldenrod to  
change her station, lest her modest flower be ever  
doomed to blossom ‘neath the shadow of the wall.

“And was not He all wise to leave her modesty as  
her great charm?

“Here snowdrops blossom ‘neath a fringe of tuft,  
and fatty grubs find rest amid the mould. All love,  
and Love himself is here, for every garden is  
fashioned by His hand.

“Are then the garden’s treasures more of worth than  
ugly toad or mould? Not so, for love may tint the  
zincy blue-gray murk of curdling fall to crimson,  
light-flashed summertide. Ah, why then question  
love, I pray thee, Friend?”

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June 13, 1914  
Mrs. Curran  
Mrs. Hutchings

Patience: “The cockshut finds ye still peering to find  
the other land.”

Mrs. H.: "What is cock's hut?"

Patience: "Cockshut. Thee needeth light, but cockshut bringeth dark."

Mrs. Hargan: "The time to shut up the cock."

Patience: "Yea, and geese then too may be put to quiet. Would ye wish for cockshut?"

Mrs. Hargan: "She's calling us geese."

Patience: "She who quacketh loudest deems the gander not the lead at waddling time."

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June 28, 1914

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Hutchings

Patience: "Thee hath fetch thee to the hearth and spit."

Evidently referring to the kitchen.

"A goodly feast ye bellied."

The Hutchings had come to supper.

Mrs. H.: "They were coarse in her day."

Patience: "Yea, coarse cloth weareth well. Ye would sack the pumpkins in silk. A lady o' the knight may broider a banner with her tresses; but a wench o' the land may but card and weave. Ye thirst for the broidered

cloth. Lackaday, 'tis ever so! Swine among  
a melon patch.”

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-My Choicest Gift-

“Ah, greet the day, which, like a golden butterfly,  
hovereth 'twixt night and morn, and welcome her  
fullness – the hours 'mid shadow and those the rose  
shall grace.

“Hast thou among her hours thy heart's desire and  
dearest? Name thou then of all His gifts thy  
greatest treasure. The morning cool and damp,  
dark-shadowed by the frowning sun – is this thy  
chosen?

“The midday, flaming as a sword, deep-stained by  
noon's becrimsoned light – is this thy chosen? Or  
misty-startide woven like a spinner's web and  
jeweled by the climbing moon – is this thy chosen?

“Does forest shade or shimmering stream, or wild  
bird song, or cooing dove, bespeak thy chosen? He  
who sendeth light sendeth all to thee – pledges of a  
bonded love.

“And ye who know Him not, look ye! From all His  
gifts He pilfered that which made it His, to add His  
fullest offering of love. From out the morning, at  
the earliest tide, He plucked two lingering stars who  
tarried, lest the dark should sorrow. And when the  
day is born, the glow of sun-flush, veiled by  
gossamer clouds and tinted soft by lingering night  
and rose petals, scattered by a loving breeze. The  
lily's satin cheek, and dove cooes, and wild bird

song, and Death himself is called to offer of himself, and soft as willow buds may be, He claimeth but the down to fashion this – thy gift – the essence of His love – thine own first born.”

-----

-My Road Fellow-

“Jesus died for his blind brothers, aye, and yet they will not see. Does thy heart show thee not the light? Who, then is my brother, and am I but a transient here?

I stop me to behold Him who walketh with me on the highway, and marvel me. Is this man he whom I have known for aye, or am I but a traveler to show him the light?

“His separateness and mine appall me. I fain would tarry here within the tabernacle, but lo, the caravan moveth on toward Mecca.

“Up, then, and wend thy way, O Brother, with the wise who travel well chosen byways, lest dawn find thee asleep within thy tent. On brother, on!”

-----

-Star Dust-

“My fancied joys are but star-dust – are woe-begotten ills a price for buying gain from Him who sets no price. I mouthe at God who needeth not a rule of three. I warp my soul through sogging up the tears I shed for all my fellows, and, drying out from the heat of their railleries, might soak me in the wholesome rain of truth abroad and save my

slattering stays. But nay, I fain would warp me to a cup and crack before I drink!

“Hast e’er beheld a man so steeped in righteousness that from the corners of his mantle flowed a sticky stream of deceit wherewith he trapped sinners? To rend his righteous robe, thee needs but prod his vanity, and piety will merge to purgatory.”

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July 10, 1914  
Mrs. Curran  
Mrs. Hutchings

Patience:

-My Other Self-

“I found thee, and finding thee, found full expression of the self that none but mine own self had known – the self that reacheth to heights and strayeth not along the valley, so shrouded that none may see his brother’s face, but knoweth him only as a shadow-shape that vanisheth at the sun’s height. I found thee and knew thee, companion-heart, the gem of life’s diadem, my Friend.

“Oh, but this heart of mine is sorely bruised. The days have torn it to tatters, and balm refuseth to soothe its aching. A Dryad perches upon the sun’s departing ray and winks at Orion, wisely wagging, for she knows that young Night brews a potion in which to drown our sorrow and stanch the bleeding heart, for new day brings new love. Then why nurse the old and useless wound?”

The question was asked who gave this message.

Patience: "Oh, crave a loaf and have a buttered slice."

Mrs. H.: "Please tell us, Patience."

Patience: "Aye, and a bit of treacle ye ask. Well, God-speed, and love o'ertake thee. Good-bye."

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August 28, 1914

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Hutchings

Patience:

-Thou and God-

"Spring! Thou art but His smile of happiness in me.  
And sullen days of weariness shall fall when Spring  
is born in winds of March and rains of April's tears.  
Methinks 'tis weariness of His, that I, His love,  
should tarry o'er the task and leave life's golden  
sheaves unbound.

"And Night! Thou too art mine, of Him. Thy dim  
and veiled stars are but the eyes of Him, that  
through the curtained mystery watch on and sever  
dark from me.

"And Love! Thou too art His – His words of  
wooing to my soul. Should I then crush thee in  
embrace and bruise thee with my kiss, and drink thy  
soul through mine, what then?

"'Tis He, 'tis He, my love, that gaveth me thee.  
And while my love is thine, what wonder is it

causeth here this heart of mine to stifle so, and seek expression in a prayer of thanks?

“Did night or day, until thy coming, fill this earthly measure, and does not an hour fill full an age since thou art come?”

-----

-Patient God-

“Ah, God, I have drunk unto the dregs and flung the cup at Thee. The dust of crumbling righteousness hath dried and soaked unto itself e’en the drop I spilled to Bacchus, while Thou, all patient, sendest purple vintage for a later harvest.”

The meaning of this was discussed.

Patience: “Tish, tish, thee driveleth.”

Mrs. H.: “Let’s get the rest of it.”

Patience: “Hath thee measured the tabbie’s tail?”

Mrs. C.: “Patience, I don’t think you ought to treat us this way.”

Patience: “Ought is naught. Thine own barleycorn may weevil, but thee’lt crib thy neighbor’s and sack his shelling.”

The table circled slowly. Then it spelled, very haltingly, this story.

“At Sabboth house, at midmorn prayer, one, Faith Todd, did smile ahind her hymnol, and good man

Pritchett did look a lesson upon her. Poor Faith had but espied a stinging fly smash upon the words, "Jesus, I my cross have taken." And believe ye, she told me after she read it so, "I my *crush* have taken."

-----

September 17, 1914

Mrs. Curran

Mr. Curran

Patience:

-My Love Song-

"Each day hath robbed thee of a treasure, love, my love. Whom may I challenge to defend thy waning radiance? Thine eyes, my dear, my dear, their brightness, whither flown?"

"Ah love, my love, my tears have washed my heart in seamy, gaping, aching waste, and last I saw the brightness of mine eyes aglitter on the brine, dashed on the billow like a glinting sprite who mocked me ere she sank. Thy song, my dear, my dear, I list for it in vain.

"I sing, my love, my love, unto the night where blackness drapes my singing. The gull, far beaten from its path, doth hear and deems my wailing, broken through my aching throat, his mate's distress, and screecheth a response.

"Thy heart, my love, my love, where may I cradle it? Its beating fleet hath stifled this my pledge to thee; but ere thy faith hath flown, believe its torn and bleeding valves do drop each drop for thee.

“Thy soul, my love, my love, where may I seek communion?”

“Away, my dear, my dear, where brooding clouds shall rest aweary, on the crest of yonder hill. Where at the eventide from ‘neath a darksome mass the sun shall shoot his scarlet rays, and wings of gold shall fly, that fain would hover all the earth.

“Thus do I veil my treasures, dear, my dear, that given they may return to thee with every morrow’s break.”

-----

“He who hath a house, a fire and a pot, hath world’s chaff. He who hath a house, a hearth and a friend, hath a lucky lot.”

“The door to thine abode should need nay key, for he who enters opeth thy heart long afore.”

“Thee’lt peg thy shoes, lad, to beat their wearing, and eat too freely of the fowl. Thy belly needeth pegging sore, I wot.

Mr. C.: “Patience doesn’t mean that for me.”

Patience: “Nay, the jackass ne’er can know his reflection in the pool. He deemeth the thrush hath stolen of his song. Buy thee a pushcart, ‘twill speak for thee.”

Mr. C.: “Do you mean me?”

Patience: “Nay, thy sex protecteth thee.”

-----

September 18, 1914  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mr. Curran

Patience:       “Rain! Art thou the tears wept a thousand  
 years ago, and soaked into the granite  
 walls of dumb and feelingless races?”

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-Lullaby-

“Oh, baby mine, soft upon my breast press thou and  
 let my fluttering throat spell song to thee – a song  
 that floweth so, my sleeping dear.

“O, buttercups of eve, oh, willy nilly! My song  
 shall flutter on, oh, willy nilly! I climb a web to  
 reach a star, and stub my toe against a moonbeam,  
 stretched to bar my way, oh, willy nilly!

“A love-puff vine shall shelter us, oh, baby mine!  
 And then across the sky we’ll float and puff the  
 stars away, oh, willy nilly, on we’ll go, willy nilly  
 floating.”

Mrs. H.:       “Let’s stop this foolishness.”

Patience:       “Thou art o’er fed on pudding. This sauce,  
 ‘twere but a butterwhip.”

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October 4, 1914  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mrs. Hutchings

Patience:

-My Scattered Days-

“My days I have scattered like autumn leaves,  
 whorled by raging winds, and they have fallen in  
 various crannies ‘long the way. Blown to rest are  
 the sunny, spring-kissed mornings of my youth, and  
 with many a sigh did I blow the sobbing evening  
 that melted into tear-washed night.

“Blow, on, thou zephyr of this life, and let me throw  
 the value of each day to thee. Blow, and spend  
 thyself, till tired, thou wilt croon thyself to sleep.  
 Perchance this casting of my day may cease, and  
 thou wilt turn anew unto thy blowing and reap the  
 casting of the world.”

-----

-A Sigh-

“What, then, is a sigh? Ah, man may breathe a  
 sorrow. Does then the dumbness of his brother bar  
 his sighing? Nay, and hark! The sea doth sigh, and  
 yonder starry jasmine stirreth with a tremorous sigh,  
 and morning’s birth is greeted with the sighing of  
 the world. For what? Ah, for that coming that shall  
 fulfill the promise and change the sighing to a  
 singing, and loose the tongue of him whom God  
 doth know, and, fearful lest he tell the hidden  
 mystery – hath locked his lips.”

-----

- Patience: “I have brought me some barleycorn and a porridge pot. May I then sup? Yay.”
- Mrs. H.: “What is ‘yay’?”
- Patience: “Thee needest a reading crystal.”
- Mrs. C: “They didn’t have spectacles in her day, did they?”
- Mrs. H.: “Yes, they had lenses long before her time, and reading glasses.”
- Patience: “I dub thee twins – piety and pertinence.”
- Mrs. P.: “Which one is piety?”
- Patience: “She who tempteth the devil, well thee knowest should be piety.”
- Mrs. H.: “I wonder if she finished it.”
- Patience: “Nay, my finish lyeth far adown thy road. Ye are but fledglings – chicks.”
- Mrs. H.: “What do you think of the new house?”

The Currans had moved.

- Patience: “Man’s roof may be new, but it houseth a ripened heart.”
- Mrs. H.: “Patience, when you gave Mr. & Mrs. C. that proverb about the hearth, did you know they were going to move?”

- Patience: "I'll tell thee naught save riddles."
- Mrs. H.: "You always treat me that way."
- Patience: "Why then, in the name of the gray goose, canst thou not improve thy guessing?"
- Mrs. P.: "Tell me if I am going to be happy."
- Patience: "Thee'lt ever stuff the pot and wash the dish cloth in thine own way. Woe is he who looketh at the moon when he hath the evening star. Seek a river in the sea? I'll tell thee more. Thine abode is within."
- Mrs. P.: "I want you to help me, Patience. I profit by all your advice to me."
- Patience: "Go brush thy hearth and set pot aboiling. Thee'lt cook into the brew a stuff that tasteth full well unto thy guest."

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October 14, 1914  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mr. & Mrs. Bacon

- Patience: "Ye have a painted bauble. Careful lest thine eye betray thee. One whom the moon so loves, she left her shimmer o'er her hair and coaxed a star in either eye, where then is she?"
- Mrs. B.: "Perhaps she means Mr. B's mother."

Patience: “Thine old-un, nay! Thy sire hath starlike eyes, then? My stays crack at thy wisdom. I plant a bean to grow a crocus and ye pluck a dandy-flower.”

“Could I deserve and receive my coveted gift, what value would I set? But do I earn its worth, what value do I add?”

Much discussion as to the meaning.

Patience: “I needs bring thee a shuttlecock to show thee the wind’s path, then?”

Mrs. B.: “I beg your pardon, Patience.”

Patience: “A beggar must whine e’en after receiving alms, at least till the giver passeth on.”

Mr. B.: “I like her so well that nothing she says offends me.”

Patience: “The dog bayeth the moon but never deems the sleeper loveth his bark. Ye would send the star on a track and swing the sun on a spider’s web.”

Then, evidently referring to Mr. B.

“He hath a bur, ye have a line o’ cheer. He hath a note o’erdue, but thee hath cleft unto righteous lives – and scored an uproar when ye read.”

Mr. Bacon is a pianist.

Mr. C.: “Patience, give me something for myself.”

Patience: “Thee art o’erfull now.”

“Whiff, sayeth the wind.”

The following poem was produced, which appeared in the Sunday Globe-Democrat, February 14, 1915.

-The Wind-

Whiff, sayeth the wind.  
 And whiffing on its way, doth blow a merry tale,  
 Where, in the fields all furrowed and rough with corn,  
 Late harvested, close-nested to a fibrous root,  
 And warmed by the sun that hid from night there-neath,  
 A wee, small, furry nest of root mice lay.  
 Whiff, sayeth the wind.

Whiff, sayeth the wind.  
 I found this morrow, on a slender stem,  
 A glory o’ the morning, who sheltered in her wine-red  
 throat  
 A tiny spinning worm that wove the livelong day,  
 Long after the glory had put her flag to mast  
 And spun the thread I followed to the dell,  
 Where, in a gnarled old oak, I found a grub  
 Who waited for the spinner’s strand  
 To draw him to the light.  
 Whiff, sayeth the wind.

Whiff, sayeth the wind.  
 I blew a beggar’s rags, and loving  
 Was the flapping of the cloth. And singing on  
 I went to blow a king’s mantle, ‘bout his limbs  
 And cut me on the crusted gilt.

And tainted did I stain the rose until she turned  
 A snuffy brown and rested her poor head  
 Upon the rail along the path.  
 Whiff, sayeth the wind.

Whiff, sayeth the wind.  
 I blow me 'long the coast  
 And steal from out the waves their roar;  
 And yet from out the ruffles do I steal  
 The rustle of the leaves, who borrow the ruffle's song  
 From me at summer-tide. And then  
 I pipe unto the sands who dance and creep  
 Before me in the path. I blow the dead  
 And lifeless earth to dancing, tingling life,  
 And slap thee to awake at morn.  
 Whiff, sayeth the wind.

-----

October 16, 1914

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Hutchings

Mr. Yost

Mr. Yost: "Is Patience much of a musician?"

Patience: "Nay, I but blow the windreed. He who buildeth with peg and cudgel, but buildeth a toy for an age who will but cast aside the bauble as naught; but he who buildeth with word, a quill and fluid, buildeth well."

Mrs. H.: "Patience, who is this message for?"

Patience: "Pet." (Mrs. Yost's name for Mr. Yost.)

## -My World-

“I desire, and lo, the world is mine own. I may ruthlessly fling her stores to the chafing wind. But do I cease in my desire, my hands may touch all that my heart coveteth and mine eye hath gluttet o’er the beauties that I claim. Yet, what have I? The thing I most desire the touch would sully. Ah, woe is me, my hand hath reached and received not, for truly empty is the earth, and I am loth to leave unbagged.”

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October 18, 1914  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mrs. Hutchings

Patience:

“Ah, wake me not, for should my dreaming work a spell to soothe my troubled soul, wouldst thou deny me dreams?

“Ah, wake me not, if ‘mong the leaves where shadows lurk, I fancy conjured faces of my loved, long lost;

“And if the clouds to me are sorrow’s shroud; and if I trick my sorrow then to hide beneath a smile, or build of wasted words a key to wisdom’s door – wouldst thou deny me?

“Ah, let me dream! The day may bring fresh sorrows but the Night will bring new dreams.”

Here Mrs. C. began to cry. After some time the following came on the board.

-The Weeper-

Patter, patter, briney drops,  
 On my kerchief drying;  
 Spatter, spatter, salty stream  
 Down my poor cheeks flying.  
 Brine enough to 'merse a ham,  
 Salt enough to build a dam!  
 Trickle, trickle, all ye can  
 And wet my dry heart's aching.  
 Sop and sop, 'tis better so,  
 For in dry soil flowers never grow.

-----

“Two singers there be, he who should sing like unto a trabadour, and brayeth like an ass, and he should bray, that singeth.”

-When I Arise-

“Shall I arise and know thee, brother, when like a bubble I am blown into eternity from this pipe of clay? Or shall I burst and float my atoms in a joyous spray at the first beholding of this home prepared for me and thee, and shall we together mingle our joys in one supreme joy in Him?

“It matters not, beloved, so comfort thee. For should the blowing be the end, what then? Has not thy pack been full, and mine? We are o'erweary with the work of living, and sinking to oblivion would be rest. But sure as sun shall rise, my dust

shall be unloosed and blown into new fields of new days.

“I see full fields yet to be harvested, and I am weary. I see fresh business of living, work yet to be done, and I am weary. Oh, let me fold these tired hands and sleep. Beloved, I trust and expect my trust, for ne’er yet did He fail.”

-----

October 25, 1914

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Hutchings

Patience: “Dost thee wish the goat to sing like unto the linnet?”

Mrs. C.: “I said it made me nervous for the canary to sing.”

Patience: “Thee art e’er atrembled. ‘Twould fatten me, shouldst thee meet with real amiss.”

Mrs. H.: “What do you mean by that, Patience?”

Patience: “Gad! The fog is clearer!”

Mrs. H.: “Yes, I know I’m dense; but you are so cryptic. We can’t always be sure of what you want us to understand.”

Patience: “Will I then choose the cudgel? I card and weave, and ye look a painful lot, should I pass ye a bobbin to wind. – Shall ye look for witches on the eve afore Sabboth next?”

Mrs. P.:            “That’s Hallowe’en. I wish she would materialize.”

Patience:         “Wraiths are a wiley lot, dears.”

“What carest, dear, should sorrow trace where  
dimples sat, and should her dove-gray cloud to  
settle ‘neath thine eye! The withering of thy  
curving cheek bespeaks the spending of thy heart.  
Lips once full are bruised by biting of restraint.  
Wax wiser, dear. To wane is but to rest and rise  
once more.”

-----

-The Builder of Dreams-

“Go to the builder of all dreams and beg thy timber  
to cast thee one. Ah, Builder, let me wander in this  
land of softened shapes to choose. My hand doth  
reach to catch the mantle cast by lilies whom the  
sun hath loved too well. And at this morrow, saw I  
not a purple wing of night to fold itself and bask in  
morning’s light? I watched her steal straight to the  
sun’s bedazzled heart. I claim her purpled gold.  
And watched I not, at twi-hours creeping, a heron’s  
blue wing skim across the pond, where gulf clouds  
fleeted in a fleecy herd reflected fair?

“I claim the blue, and let my heart to gambol with  
the sky-herd there. At midday did I not then find a  
rod of gold, and sun’s flowers, bounded in by  
wheat’s betasseled stalks?

“I claim the gold as mine, to cast my dream. And  
then at stormtide did I catch the sun, becrimsoned in  
his anger, and from his height did he not bathe the

treetops in his gore? Wait! The red is mine. I  
weave my dream and find the rainbow, and the  
rainbow's end – a nothingness.”

-----

October 31, 1914

Mrs. Curran

Mr. Curran

Patience:

-Come Brother, Let's On Together-

Hi-ho, alack-a-day, whither going?  
Art dawdling\* time away adown the primrose path  
And wishing golden dust to fancied value?  
Ah, catch the milch-dewed air, breathe deep  
The clover-scented breath across the field.  
And feed upon sweet-rooted grasses  
Thou hast idly plucked.  
Come, Brother, then let's on together.

Hi-ho, alack-a-day, whither going?  
Is here, thy path adown the hard-flagged pave,  
Where, bowed, the workers blindly shuffle on.  
And dumbly stand in gullies bound  
The worn, bedogged, silent-suffering beast.  
Far driven past his due?  
And thou, beloved, hast thy burden worn thee weary?  
Come, Brother, then let's on together.

Hi-ho, alack-a-day, whither going?  
Hast thou begun the tottering of age?  
And doth the day seem over-long to thee?  
Art fretting for release, and dost thou lack

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\* A possible Worthism for “dawdling”

The power to weave anew life's tangled skein?  
Come, Brother, then let's on together.

-----

-War-

Ah, thinkest thou to trick?  
I fain would peep beneath the visor.  
A god of war, indeed! Thou liest!  
A masquerading fiend,  
The harlot of the universe –  
War, whose lips, becrimsoned in her lover's blood,  
Smile only to his death-damped eyes!  
I challenge thee to throw thy coat of mail.  
Ah, God! Look thou beneath!  
Behold, those arms outstretched!  
That raiment o'er-spangled with a leaden rain!  
O! Lover, trust her not!  
She biddeth thee in siren song.  
And clotheth in a silken rag her treachery.  
To mock thee and to wreak  
Her vengeance at thy hearth.  
Cast up the visor's skirt!  
Thou'lt see the snakey strands.  
A god of war, indeed! I brand ye as a lie!

This toast was given Hallowe'en night at the request of  
Mrs. Pollard.

Patience:        “I pledge confusion here to fate! Let's click  
the bumper to her own undoing. I wish ye  
sorrow, then, enough to fill my cup already  
overfull and joys to fill it now I've drunk.  
Thy toast.”

-----

November 15, 1914

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Hutchings

Patience: “How loving did I hover my desire, like to a nesting wren, but to find the brood bescattered by the blast of mine own impotence.”

“Thee’dst smirk and doff to lordlings and cast a crown unto the swine. Perchance thee’dst sty the king.”

Here Mrs. H. asked Patience what she thought of Mrs. C.

Patience: “She doth boil and seethe, and brew and taste, yet I have a loving for the wench.”

We asked if she would give us a grace, or a table thank.

Patience: “Send thou the bread to make, a hearth to bake, and take thy thanks from out the porridge pot.”

We asked if this was a grace.

Patience: “Nay – disgrace.” (Then ...) “A pudding string. P’st! Thou are ever hungered; wouldst stop to thank?”

Mrs. P.: “Patience, do give me something sweet.”

Patience: “A lavender bud.”

Then the following grace was given.

“Blessed are all these. Thou sendest  
 blessings with a gift; we ask not more – we  
 thank.”

-----

-The Sleeping World-

Dead, all dead!  
 The earth, the fields, lie stretched in sleep  
 Like weary toilers overdone.  
 The valleys gape like toothless age,  
 Besnaggled by dead trees.  
 The hills, like bony jaws whose flesh hath dropped,  
 Stand grinning at the deathly day.  
 The lily, too, hath cast her shroud  
 And clothed her as a brown-robed nun.  
 The moon doth, at the even's creep,  
 Reach forth her whitened hands and soothe  
 The wrinkled brow of earth to sleep.  
 Ah, whither flown the fleecy summer clouds,  
 To bank and fall to earth in billowed light,  
 And paint the winter's brown to spangled white?  
 Where, too, have flown the happy songs,  
 Long died away with sighing  
 On the shore-weave's crest?  
 Will thy, too, take echo as their guide,  
 And bound from hill to hill at this,  
 The sleepy time of earth,  
 And waken forest song 'mid naked waste?  
 Ah, slumber, slumber, slumber on.  
 'Tis with a loving hand He scatt'reth snow,  
 To nestle young spring's offering,  
 That dying earth shall live anew.

-----

November 20, 1914  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mrs. Hutchings  
 Mr. & Mrs. Yost

Patience: “Thee’lt tie thy God within thy kerchief, else have none of him, and like unto a bat, hang thyself a topsy-turvy to better view His handiwork!”

“Who, then, doth hold the distaff from whence this thread doth wind? Thou art shuttling ‘twixt the woof and warp, but to mar the weaving.”

“Thou art lily-livered. Ye build a wall of cunning and at the building fatten that the beams do hold against a wise man’s reasoning; but to find thy cunning lost and the wall undone.”

Mrs. H.: “Go on, what may come next may throw light on it.”

Patience: “Yea, a torch might brighten thee! Full well I know ‘tis ‘gainst me ye lean.

“Puddings fit for lords would sour the belly o’ the swine boy.”

-----

-Brother, Tarry Not!-

“Oh, brother, tarry not, the sun hath long betopped the hill’s crest there, and thou art not bestirred! Cease then thy wagging. Let me paint for thee from

out the Master's pot. I see thy reasoning as mirror's  
glint and read thy anguish from thy downcast eye.  
Ah, let me spread for thee the colors of His putting!

"I see thee gaze upon a form which beareth nature's  
blight, and wag. Ah, then, thou hast fastened blame  
on Him all merciful! Not so, oh brother, for blame  
shall rest like a mantle of pitch upon him who  
barged for his coming.

"I see thee plodding wearily adown a dun-gray path  
and wagging. To pause beneath dead branches and  
rattling trees and wag anew. Oh, wilt thou ever  
blinded be? See, brother, from dead leaf and stone  
thou see'st but the dirt and twigs.

"Ah, be not so, but let me walk with thee and  
fashion with a loving brush thy scene of action.

"I saw thee at the hour when night surrendered to  
the morn; thy jaw agape in sleep. Didst thou then  
see the sun send her heralds forth – the stirring of  
the winged beetle and the scraping of his song; and  
didst thou see her golden light to stain the night's  
bedimming rim to green as verdant as Spring's new  
field? Nay, thou but slumbered on to wake and wag  
at the sparrow who did bruise her bosom to speak  
His word to thee. And thou art wagging still!

"Canst thou not see within the crowded mart a dog  
whose softened eye doth look a loving to thee? And  
wilt not the day, though perfect, gain a beauty by a  
rain o' flittering tears of heaven, flung from His  
hand?

“Ah, let me loose thee from thy blindness. Thou hast woven through thy wagging a casing to enshroud thy very life. Ah, brother, cast it to the wind, and try thy wing in flight to flutter like a moth unloosed, and cease to sag beneath thy load as oxen overdriven. Enough! Thy wagging then would snap thy marrow string!”

Here Mr. Yost asked permission to sit.

Patience: “He is over anxious then to hold the yarn for my winding.”

Here Mrs. Yost made mention of the black on Mr. Yost’s fingers from sharpening a pencil.

Patience: “He but swung the pot to hook.”

Mrs. Curran Laughed.

Patience: “Her cackle surely will betimes bear fruit. I vum! ‘Tis like feeding the hound. Thou’lt bolt a tid-bit like a liver over-ripe.”

“Were I to tell thee that the pudding’s string were a spinnet’s string, thou would’st make ready for the dance.”

Here someone asked for an explanation for the foregoing poem on “wagging.”

Patience: “I fain would sew thy seam, not do thy patching.”

Here Mrs. Yost took the board with Mrs. C.

Patience:        “She’ll hactor• the saints. Porridge best for thee would be a brew of bitter-sweets; a sweet to tempt thee and a bitter for thy good.”

Mr. Yost again took the board, begged a pardon for smoking, and asked Patience if they smoked in her day.

Patience:        “Aye. And cured many the green pork. Thee wouldst stir thy batter well, and faith, thee hath forgotten the leaven!”

-The Triumph of Faith-

“O sea! The panting bosom of the earth,  
 The sighing, singing carol of her heart!  
 I watch thee and I dream a dream  
 Whose fruit doth sicken me.  
 Ah, sea, who planted thee, and cast  
 A silver purse, unloosed, upon thy breast?  
 My barque, who then did harbor it.  
 And who unfurled its sail?  
 And yonder moon, from whence her silver coaxed?  
 Methinks my dream doth wax her wroth,  
 Else why the pallor o’er her cast?  
 Dare I to sail, to steer me at the wheel?  
 Shall I then hide my face and cease my murmuring,  
 O’erfearful lest I find the port?  
 Nay, I do know thee, Lord, and fearless sail me on,  
 To harbor then at dawning of new day.  
 I stand unfearful at the prow;  
 At anchor rests my barque, away thou phantom moon,  
 And restless, seething path!  
 My chart I cast unto the sea,

---

• A Worthism

For I do know thee, Lord!

-----

November 26, 1914  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mr. Curran

At this point "The Fool and the Lady" was given. This  
 consumed two sittings, two hours each.

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December 5, 1914  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mr. Curran

-Strumm, Strumm-

Strumm, strumm!  
 Ah, wee one;  
 Croon unto the tendril tipped with sungilt,  
 Nodding thee from o'er the doorsill there.

Strumm, strumm!  
 My wheal shall sing to thee.  
 I pull the flax as golden as thy curl,  
 And sing me of the blossoms blue.  
 Their promise, like thine eyes to me.

Strumm, strumm!  
 'Tis such a merry tale I spin.  
 Ah, wee one, croon unto the honey bee  
 Who diggeth at the rose's heart.

Strumm, strumm!  
 My wheel shall sing to thee.  
 Heart-blossom mine. The sunny morn

Doth hum with lovelit, dear.  
 I fain would leave my spinning  
 To the spider climbing there,  
 And bruise thee, blossom, to my breast.

Strumm, strumm!  
 What fancies I do weave!  
 Thy dimpled hand doth flutter, dear.  
 Like a petal cast adrift  
 Upon the breeze.

Strumm, strumm!  
 'Tis faulty spinning, dear.  
 A cradle built of thornwood,  
 A nest for thee, my bird.  
 I hear thy crooning, wee one,  
 And ah, this fluttering heart!

Strumm, strumm!  
 How ruthlessly I spin!  
 My wheel doth whirr an empty song, my dear.  
 For tendril nodding yonder  
 Doth nod in vain, my sweet;  
 And honey bee would tarry not  
 For thee, and thornwood cradle swayeth  
 Only to the loving of the wind!

Strumm, strumm!  
 My wheel still sings to thee,  
 Thou birdling of my fancy's realm!

Strumm, strumm!  
 An empty dream, my dear!  
 The sun doth shine, my bird;  
 Or should he fail, he shineth here  
 Within my heart for thee!

Strumm, strumm!  
My wheel still sings to thee!

-----

A bit of the “Stranger” given to show date.

“And hark ye! At the time when Winter blast doth  
sound, thee’lt hear the wailing o’ the Lady Maryo’s  
pipes, and know the Stranger bideth o’er the Earth.”

-Finis-

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December 7, 1914  
Mr. & Mrs. Curran  
Mr. And Mrs. Hutchings

At this date the “Stranger” was given. This narrative  
was finished in three sittings. (Printed in Globe-Democrat)

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December 16, 1914  
Mrs. & Miss Ravenscraft

Immediately following the “Stranger” without even the  
usual conversations, Patience gave the “Phantom and the  
Dreamer.” (Printed in Globe-Democrat)

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*(Editor’s Note: At this point in the record, the short stories  
“The Fool and the Lady”, “Lady Mary” - also known as  
“The Stranger” - , and “The Phantom and the Dreamer”  
are presented in their entirety. These stories appear in the  
book Patience Worth: A Psychic Mystery by C. S. Yost,  
1916. In the interest of keeping the length of this book*

*within reasonable bounds, these stories are not included here.)*

December 18, 1914

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. A. Bacon

Patience:

-The Voice of Spring-

The streamlet under fernbanked brink  
 Doth laugh to feel the tickle of the waving mass  
 And silver-rippled echo soundeth  
 Under over-hanging cliff.  
 The robin heareth it at morn  
 And steals its chatter for his song.  
 And oft at quiet-sleeping  
 Of the Spring's bright day  
 I wander me to dream along the brooklet's bank,  
 And hark me to a song of Her dead voice,  
 That lieth where the snowflakes vanish  
 On the molten silver of the brooklet's breast;  
 And watch the stream  
 Who, over-fearful lest she lose the right  
 To ripple to the chord of Spring's full harmony,  
 Doth harden at her heart  
 And catch the song a prisoner to herself;  
 To loosen only at the wooing kiss  
 Of youthful winter's sun,  
 And fill the barren waste with phantom spring.

-----

December 20, 1914

Mrs. Curran

Mr. Curran

Patience:

-The Yule Sprite-

I did hie me to the glen and dell  
 And o'er the heights, afar and near  
 To find the Yule sprite's haunt  
 I dreamt me it did hide  
 Where mistletoe doth bead  
 And found an oak whose boughs  
 Hung clustered with its borrowed loveliness.  
 Ah, could such a one as she,  
 Bide her in this chill?  
 For bleakness wraps the oak about  
 And crackles o'er her dancing branch.  
 Nay, her very warmth  
 Would surely thaw away the icy shroud  
 And mistletoe would die  
 Adreaming it was spring.

I hied me to the holly tree  
 And made me sure to find her here.  
 But nay,  
 The thorny spines would prick her tenderness.  
 Ah, where then doth she bide?

I asked the frost who stood  
 Upon the fringed grasses 'neath the oak,  
 "I know her not, but I  
 Am ever bidden to her feast  
 Ask thou the sparrow of the field.  
 He searcheth everywhere. Perchance  
 He knoweth where she bides."

“Nay, I know her not  
 But at her birthday’s time,  
 I find full many a crumb  
 Cast wide upon the snow.”

I found a chubby babe  
 Who toddled o’er the ice and whispered  
 Did she know the Yule-sprite’s haunt.  
 And she but turneth solemn eyes to me  
 And wags her golden head.

I flitted me from house to shack  
 And even missed the rogue,  
 But surely she had left her sign  
 To bid me on to search.  
 And I did weary o’ my task  
 And put my hopes to rest  
 And slept me on the eve afore her birth,  
 Fullsure to search anew at morn.

And then the morning broke  
 And e’er mine eyes did ope  
 I fancied me a scarlet sprite with  
 Wings o’ green and scepter o’ a mistletoe  
 Did bid me wake and whispered me  
 To look me to my heart.  
 Soft nestled, warm, I found her resting there,  
 But heart o’erfull o’ loving!  
 Thee’It surely spill good cheer!

-----

December 25, 1914

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Hutchings

Patience:

-The Old Year-

The year hath sickened;  
 The dawning day doth show his withering;  
 And Death hath crept him closer on each hour.  
 The crying hemlock shaketh in its grief.

The smiling spring hath hollowed it to age,  
 And golden grain-stalks fallen  
 O'er the naked breast of earth.  
 The year's own golden locks  
 Have fallen, too, or whitened,  
 Where they still do hold.

And do I sorrow me?  
 Nay, I do speed him on.  
 For precious pack he beareth  
 To the land of passing dreams.

I've bundled pain and wishing  
 'Round with deeds undone,  
 And packed the loving o' my heart  
 With softness of thine own;  
 And plied his pack anew  
 With loss and gain, to add  
 The cup of bitter tears I shed  
 O'er nothings as I passed.

Old year and older years –  
 My friends, my comrades on the road below –  
 I fain would greet ye now,

And bid ye Godspeed on your ways.  
 I watch ye pass, and read  
 The aged visages of each.  
 I love ye well, and count ye o'er  
 In fearing lest I lose e'en one of you.  
 And here the brother of you, every one,  
 Lies smitten!

But as dear I'll love him  
 When the winter's moon doth sink;  
 And like the watery eye of age  
 Doth close at ending of his day.  
 And I shall flit me through his dreams  
 And cheer him with my loving;  
 And last within the pack shall put  
 A Hope and speed him thence.

And bow me to the New.  
 A friend mayhap, but still untried.  
 And true, ye say?  
 But ne'er hath proven so!

Old year, I love thee well,  
 And bid thee farewell with a sigh.

-----

Following this poem, Mrs. Hutchings expressed dislike for the simile<sup>•</sup> “the watery eye of age” saying it was vague. She wrote another line for it which Mr. Yost threw out for the original.

Patience:        “Thee hast a measure full, or would'st thee  
                       put it to balance? Thee'lt find that homely  
                       truth bedudded may please thee well.”

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<sup>•</sup> A likely misspelling for “simile”

“Thee doth speak thee countless tungs, I fear me, lest ye hear Him not.”

Here Mrs. H. asked for a clearer explanation.

Patience: “I then must set the pot abrew anew. I spit a pig to catch the drip.”

Mrs. H.: “Won’t you give us some poetry, Patience?”

Patience: “Thy hunger hath cost thee sore, afore this.”

Mr. C. then entered the room and began laughing at this reply.

Patience: “He shaketh like a pot o’ goose jell.”

Mr. C.: “I ‘back up,’ Patience.”

Patience: “And thee’lt find the cart.”

Mr. C.: “Ah, Patience, say something nice to me.”

Patience: “I must, then, feed thee thistle-bloom to prove I love thy bray.”

-----

December 27, 1914

Mrs. Curran

Mr. Curran

Patience:

-I Beseech Thee Lord for Naught-

I beseech Thee Lord, for naught!

But cry aloud unto the sunlight  
 Who bathes the earth in gold  
 And bold breaketh into crannies  
 Yet unseen by man.  
 Flash thou in flaming sheen!  
 Mine own song doth falter  
 And my throat, it is afail!

And thou, the greening shrub along the way  
 And earth at bud-season,  
 Do thou spurt thy shoots  
 And pierce the air with loving!

And age-wabbled brother  
 I do love thee for thy spending  
 And I do gaze in loving at thy face,  
 Whereon I find His Peace, and trace  
 The withered cheek for record of His love.  
 Around thy lips doth hang  
 The child-smile of a trusting heart  
 And world hath vanished  
 From thine eyes, bedimmed  
 To guard thee at awakening.  
 Thou too art of my song of love.

I beseech Thee Lord, for naught.  
 These hands are Thine for loving  
 And this heart, already Thine  
 Why offer it?

I beseech Thee, Lord, for naught.  
 Amen.

-----

January 2, 1915  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mrs. Goodloe  
 Mrs. Bintliff

Patience:        “The parson would need approve o’ her.  
                       She hath a merry laugh and a heart o’ gold.”

Reference to Mrs. Bintliff’s bright disposition.

Patience:        “ Their nest did house a queerish lot; a dove,  
                       a hawk, and a gray chick and a parrot and  
                       ones who could not withstand the storm.  
                       Dost see?”

This described the Bintliff family.

Patience:        -Where Windeth the Road-

“Where windeth the road along the mountain side or  
 adown the valley way? Yonder pine doth point thee  
 to the heights and mosses cover rock along the way  
 below ah, traveler look ye unto the east, thee’lt see a  
 glinted dew-wet tree, who waveth thee; and yonder  
 path doth sparkle to invite ye thence. But stay thee!  
 Doth see yonder in the West a cloud bebanked? Art  
 thou afeared? Nay, keep ye within thy heart a song,  
 and murmur thou this prayer:

‘My God, am I then afraid of heights or depths, and  
 doth the dark benumb my quaking limbs, and do I  
 stop my song in fear lest thee do then forsake me  
 here? Nay, for I do love thee so, I fain would  
 choose a song built from my chosen tung, and  
 though it be but chattering of a soul bereft of

reasoning, I knew Thou wouldst love it as thine own, for I do love Thee so!”

Here Mrs. Bintliff asked it she might ask a mental question. The following came:

Patience: “I cast a faggot to thy fire, and thee doth bid me sup. I put me wishes for thy good – not those thee chooseth, then mayhap, but best for thee, good friend.”

-----

February 3, 1915

Mrs. Curran

Mr. & Mrs. Anderson Brown

Patience: “’Tis a day adeed! The friends o’ yesterday do walk them to today.”

-----

-Sorrow and Regret-

“The fields aloaded, left unharvested. Thy father’s sowing do thou then reap. Her whose locks do shine aglimmer at the harvest sun’s kiss is thy trust.

“Do thou then leave my tears to flow. Nay, stay not my sorrowing. Day that creepeth o’er the brow o’ yonder hill hath naught within her hours beloved by me more dearly than sorry hours, for sorrow washeth well upon the border-land, and eye thus washed beholdeth fairer lands.”

Mr. C. came in during the sitting, having just returned home from a business engagement in the city.

Mr. C.: "I'm hungry for a message from Patience!"

Patience: "Art thou not o'erfed e'en now? Thy paunch astretch!"

Mr. C.: "Aw, come, now Patience, give me a little word or *something*."

Patience: "Ah, well-a-day, 'tis a loaf, and sweet."

Mr. C.: "Well, that's pretty nice anyway."

Patience: "Ye feasted, now make fast. I be a spinner in truth, but e'en the wheel may crack. Do put arest. The morrow dawneth, ye know!"

-----

February 5, 1915

Mrs. Curran

Mr. Curran

-The Fear of Death-

How have I caught at fleeting joys  
 And swifter fleeting sorrows!  
 And days and nights, and morns and eves  
 And seasons too, aslipping thro' the years, afleet.  
 And whither hath their trend then led?  
 Ah, whither!

How do I stop amid the very pulse o' Life,  
 Afeared? Yea, fear clutcheth at my very heart;  
 For what? The night? Nay, night doth shimmer  
 And flash the jewels I did count  
 E'er fear had stricken me.

The morn? Nay, I waked with morn atremor,  
 And know the day-tide's every hour.  
 How do I then to clutch me  
 At my heart, afeared? The morrow? Nay,  
 The morrow but bringeth old loves  
 And hopes anew.

Ah, woe is me, 'tis Emptiness, aye, Naught –  
 The bottomlessness o' the Pit that doth afright!  
 Afeared? Aye, but driven fearless on!

What, promise ye 'tis to mart I plod?  
 What, promise ye new joys?  
 Ah, but should I sleep, to waken me  
 To joys I ne'er had supped,  
 I see me stand abashed and timid,  
 As a child who cast a toy beloved  
 For bauble that but caught the eye  
 And left the heart ahungered.

What should I search in vain  
 To find a sorrow that had fled hence  
 Afore my coming and found it not!  
 Ah, me, the emptiness!  
 And what should joys that but a prick  
 Of gladness dealt and teased my hours  
 To happiness, be lost amid this promised bliss!  
 Nay, I clutch me to my heart  
 In fear, in truth!

Do harken ye! And cast afearing  
 To the wiles of beating gales and wooing breeze.  
 I find me throat aswell and voice attuned;  
 Ah, let me then to sing, for joy consumeth me!  
 I've builded me a land, my mart,  
 And fear hath slipped away to leave me sing.

I sleep, and feel afloat.  
 Whither! Whither! To wake,  
 And wonder warmeth at my heart,  
 I've waked in yester-year!

What! Ye? And what! Is't thou?  
 Ah, have I then slept, to dream? Come,  
 Ne'er a dream-wraith looked me such a welcoming!  
 'Twas yesterday this hand were then afold,  
 And now, ah, do I dream?  
 'Tis warm-pressed within mine own!  
 Dreams! Dreams! And yet, we've met afore.

I see me flitting thro' this vale,  
 And tho' I strive to spell  
 The mountains' height and valley's depth,  
 I do but fall afail!  
 Wouldst thou then drink a potion  
 Were I to offer thee an empty cup?  
 Couldst thou pluck the rainbow from the sky?  
 As well then, might I spell to thee.

But I do promise at the waking  
 Old joys and sorrows ripened to a mellow heart.  
 And e'en the crime-stained wretch, abasked in light,  
 Shall cast his seed and spring afruit!  
 Then do I cease to clutch the emptiness  
 And sleep, and sleep me unafear'd!

-----

February 7, 1915

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Hutchings

Patience: "He who learneth well deserveth wage. Did I not then spin a lengthy tale?"

"Ye drink tears and feed thee upon sweets. I fancy to make a feast of fat breeders, and ye, forsooth, feed the waysiders. Did ye then make price?"

(Question): "Did we get that correctly?"

Patience: "Yea. He who feedeth Winter's bird needs not fear for Springtide's song."

As asked if she meant to ask if we got pay for the writings.

Patience: "Needs price be purse?"

Discussion as to what was meant.

"I sneeze on rust o' wits!"

Mrs. H.: "I don't understand this. Just as well be honest and admit it."

Patience: "'Tis full many honest men that boast o' naught but stupid heads, I vum!"

Mrs. H.: "Have you any idea what you want done with your work after this?"

- Patience: “He who portions out the loaf may feed the waysiders, but thou needst not strain to hear a thank. ‘Twere surely not thy notion. I set the geese aquack and the goose-herd ran amuck.”
- Mrs. H.: “What do you think of my ideas, then? Are you satisfied so far with what has been done?”
- Patience: “Did I not lay the pave with mine own cunning? Do I fail ‘twill ne’er be with thine aid.”
- Mrs. H.: “What would you have us do after these five articles are written?”
- Patience: “I left the husbandman (Mr. Yost) to break the loaf.”
- Mrs. H.: “I don’t mean that; I mean when this is all done?”
- Patience: “To break then is to nibble? Paugh!”  
  
“I fain would spin a spin o’ wisdom and ye would have me weave a folly.”
- Mr. C.: “Patience has been talking to a bunch of nuts. I think it’s wrong not to understand her better.”
- Patience: “He eateth the rose and puffeth up with self esteem, athinking he hath sprung a thorn and soon shall fall abloom.”

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Here the story *Telka* began February 7, 1915.

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February 10, 1915

Mrs. Curran

Mr. Yost

Patience:        “Thou hast fed upon crumbs and filled upon  
                          water thy crannies, and thanked. I promise  
                          ye a full feast.”

This seemed a foretelling as Mr. Yost was made Editor  
about three days following this.

Patience:        “He who sacketh the grain hath a cunning  
                          for the leaks.”

                          “My son, ‘tis weary weather, but winds shall  
                          blow awither gray of clouds.”

There were remarks here about her having used the  
appellation of “son” in addressing Mr. Yost.

Patience:        “A dame unwed may mother a waif do she  
                          choose.”

A coal fell from the grate to the floor. Apologies to  
Patience from the company for the disturbance.

Patience:        “It taketh a beam to build a siding to such a  
                          pit as I do dig.”

*Telka* was indeed a “pit.”

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The second installment of *Telka* began here.

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February 11, 1915  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Dr. Sarah Badger

Patience: “Do ye to cast thy net and sort yet out the fish, aback unto the sea cast ye the sorted lot, for ‘tis ne’er the whole o’ haul afit to eat.

“Thy dame o’ today be not o’ her liking as ‘tis to me. So be it.

“Ah, that my hand did strike as surely as hers, and smitten loved the smite so well.

“The heart o’ her hath suffered thorn, but bloomed a garland o’er the wounds.”

Dr. Badger was moved to tears.

Patience:

-Tears-

“Come, then, my dear, do let thy tears to tickle o’ thy heart. I be a chanter o’ sad lays, but ‘tis well. The brook springeth from the spring, also it burst its banks.

“Know ye in my heart’s mansion there be a part a place wherein I treasure my God’s gifts. Think ye to peer therein? Nay. And should thee by a chance to catch a stolen glimpse, thee’dst laugh amerry, for lord would show but dross to thee. Afriend’s<sup>•</sup> regard ashrunkened and turned to naught, but one

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• A possible typo for “A friend’s”

bright memory is there. A hope now dead but  
 sheweth gold hid there. A host o' nothings –  
 dreams, hopes, fears. Love-throbs afluttered hence  
 since first touch o' baby hands caressed, my heart  
 store ahidden. Yet, I tell it thee – I've peered full  
 oft into thine and left a wistful smile and dropped a  
 loving tear for thee.”

-----

February 27, 1915  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mr. Curran

We asked for a personal message to Mr. Yost upon his  
 promotion to Editorship of the Globe-Democrat.

Here Patience gave about three hundred words of the  
 story, *Telka*.

The story was interrupted by a telephone message from  
 Mrs. Yost after which the sitting was resumed, when the  
 following message came, which evidently was the one  
 asked for Mr. Yost.

Patience: “He who tracketh upwards o' the hill's side,  
 weareth weary o' the climbing, but 'tis a joy  
 adeed to view the valley aneath, atracked  
 and marked o' stumble and rest at crest.

“Take ye as burden on thy leveled walk this  
 love o' mine as pack, and put as balm to  
 bruise, and cloak thee therein awarm. Do  
 then to wear thy cloak as gift o' me.”

-----

February 28, 1915  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Miss Jennie Buelinger

Patience: “She hath an ear upon her every fingers’ tip  
 and ‘pon her eye a thousand flecks o’ color  
 for to spread upon a dreary tale and paint a  
 leaden sky aflash – what need she o’ ears?”

Miss Buelinger, who is a writer, is very deaf.

Patience: “Thou thinkest for to voice my tale – do  
 thou then to hark to her.”

This came after Miss Buelinger had read *Telka* aloud,  
 and continued with the following:

Patience: “‘Tis echoed voices love athrob awaft  
 through days and nights, ahang ‘pon tilting  
 leafy branch and hid ‘mid wastes afar and  
 near, come nestled like to a mother’s song –  
 a breath o’ joy, to babe be-mothered not,  
 save by the songs and loves o’ them along  
 agone.”

The foregoing was not understood by Mrs. Curran and  
 Patience showed displeasure by the following:

Patience: “I piddle. ‘Tis a much! Fetch bobbins for to  
 spin.

Here Miss Buelinger explained that she had never known  
 her own parents, and was an adopted child. She therefore  
 understood the foregoing message, and was much touched.

Patience: “How do ye then to put thy tears adry.  
Think ye I be atricked? Thine eye doth tear  
and thou ahide.

Miss Buelinger asked if Patience knew why she cried.

Patience: “Yes, ‘tis aloosing o’ thy heart’s beat.”

We asked if she would not please give us some more of  
*Telka*.

Patience: “I be atom. It seemed ‘twere awishing that I  
but had a tung to loose to her.”

Remarks here to the effect that she seemed very fond of  
Miss Buelinger and evidently wished to speak to her.

Patience: “Think ye ‘tis a strange I be awhisper  
abroad?”

Discussion here of the queer coincidence of Miss  
Buelinger having guessed that Mrs. C. was the producer of  
Patience Worth’s work.

Patience: “I be trickster adeed.”

“‘Tis nay a sorry o’ one branch or twig thou  
hast. Nay, ‘tis well abranched. ‘Tis then the  
tears o’ them who hid their tracery that  
blossom forth a heart’s flower. Doth seed  
aplanted ‘pon the earth’s crust aspart its  
tender leaf and reach a high to flower? Nay,  
‘tis seed aplanted deep.”

-----

Same date  
Mrs. Curran  
Miss Chappel

Patience: “So thou hast fetched a finch?”

Reference to Miss Chappel being so tiny of stature.

Patience: “She nesteth full well. ‘Tis a brow a spin,  
and many’s the tho’t unspoke.”

Here Miss Chappel explained that she kept house for  
Miss Buelinger.

Patience: “There be a barb here too, asunk to heart.  
There be a nest unhovered too.”

The visitors explained that each had lost their mother and  
made their home together.

Patience: “Were she to lack a sweet she then would  
sip a salt.

“’Tis full well; the earth doth hold the  
butterfly and scented spray but ah, the  
tiresome lot wert not the moth and gray dove  
did rest the eye and comfort o’ the heart.”

Patience: “He be a loth but hath a loving for a maid.  
It taketh an old goose to trick the goose-  
herd. Think ye he drinketh? Nay, he listeth  
but spats the sup, save that which he  
needeth.”

Mrs. Corman: • “That strikes him right.”

Patience: “Yea, strike, and ‘tis many o’ the blows struck at which the smitten blinketh not, fearing o’ the tell-tale o’ the blow.”

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March 3, 1915

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. J.

Those present were Mr. & Mrs. C. P. Johnson, Dr. & Mrs. L. C. Stocking, and the immediate family.

Mrs. J.: “Does Patience distinguish the various visitors who come?”

Patience: “So, ye do fetch a sage! Did he then pluck from out the goose’s tail his quill? Nay, ‘tis he who storeth grain, not he who scratcheth hard-baked earth, who filleth up.”

Mrs. J.: “I must be the ‘hard-baked’ earth.”

Following several requests for a message to Governor Johnson, the following came:

-The Ever-Joy-

“Didst thou e’er to look thee to the sunrise and sunset? ‘Tis He allwise who willed it so. He who backeth unto the sunset vieweth the sunrise, and he who backeth unto the sun’s rise vieweth o’ the sun’s

---

• Possibly “Cornman”

set. And ever so, thee canst ne'er to hide thy face.  
From set or rise a joy awaiteth thee."

We told Mrs. Johnson that she would likely be roasted if she asked a personal question, and she said then she would let Mr. Johnson ask it.

Patience: "She deemeth then, her sire should take the lash!"

Mrs. J.: "No, I'll stand on my own bottom."

Patience: "Nay, sit! (And then) "Fetch ye the yarn; I fain would wind."

Here Dr. Stocking took the board and remarked that he wasn't sure what use he was to the proceedings.

Patience: "Thou art but a stuffing for the geese, but woe, thou art a sour! 'Tis to my liking to put the browning drip to finish o' the bake. 'Tis full long thou hast roasted, eh?"

We then asked again for something for Gov. Johnson.

Patience: "Do I to prate to him who dealeth o' the town's rule?"

Mrs. Johnson then said the Governor had made good with Patience as he did with all the women.

Patience: "Aye, but she who holdeth o' the tether string needs boast to unwed maid. 'Tis sorry trade!"

Mrs. Johnson apologized meekly.

Patience: “Thy whine doth sound acracked! He who holdeth silence speaketh wisdom, else doth blind the world. But he who gabbeth putteth full many the mouths-full he fain would spit amuck.”

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March 3, 1915

Same date

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Stocking

We then asked Mrs. Stocking to sit, which she did.

Patience: “Yea, I do see the mouse aworking o’ her nose for a bit o’ curd.”

She then complained of Mrs. C. for talking too much.

Patience: “’Tis a clatter I put me through. She be aprate. Doth thou love her for her prate? I find me at a pet at times.”

We asked how she recognized Mrs. Stocking as it had been a year since she named her “the mouse.”

Patience: “I knit full many a toe and rounded off the heel.”

Mrs. Johnson then asked for a good thought for the morrow.

Patience: “Thou hast a fullish paunch o’ tho’t. Then sleep and at the morrow’s break do thou but wait till smile be coaxed. ‘Twill then be me. Do then to think o’ me a goodish tho’t.”

March 4, 1915  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Visitors

Those present were the immediate family and the following invited guests:

Prof. Wallen,  
 Prof. Withers,  
 Dr. Lowes,  
 John H. Gundlach,  
 Mr. & Mrs. C. R. Hutchings,  
 Mr. Yost,  
 Mr. Blewett,  
 Dr. Stocking

After about thirty minutes of discussion, reading of the poems and much exchange of conjecture, the board was brought and at once began:

Patience:        “All o’ this and that and naught to show o’  
 me.”

A remark from some one that we were here to hear from Patience.

Patience:        “He who deemeth to show must then put ope  
 his pack. Do ye to gab and voice o’ what ye  
 know not? I be a trickster and thou a piddle-  
 speller.”

The interruption here was so great that Dr. Lowes suggested that we not disturb her but let her express herself without hindrance.

Patience:        “Do ye to drink o’ his potion.”

Dr. Wallen then asked to establish what he termed “test” conditions, by turning the board over and placing a veil over Mrs. C’s eyes.

Patience: “Thee’dst tie the goose’s legs and steal  
‘ithout a thank the nest.”

Here Dr. Lowes took the board by request.

Patience: “He hath a mug and wish for to measure  
aright. I do waddle so and preen; would’st  
thee then to have me for to quack?”

“I do fancy for the bake and brew for thee.  
Do then to fetch the pot.”

By this we knew she desired to continue on the story of *Telka*, and Dr. Withers and Dr. Lowes aided in writing about two hundred words of the book, the words taking up the tale where it had been dropped two days before. Prof. Wallen, however, here claimed not to see any meaning to the words of the story or any expression of ideas, and introduced what he termed “test” questions, interrupting the work at the board. Patience seemed to finally give up the thread of the tale and said resentfully:

Patience: “There be a fox and he hath sought a fill o’  
fowl, but sorry be, for he hath plucked the  
feathers and eaten thereof, and woe, be over-  
full to eat the meat!”

Here Prof. Wallen insisted on his questions and finally Dr. Lowes said he would like to know if Patience would answer any questions at all.

Patience: “I be at a fancy for to put answer to full ask, but ne’er to prattle.”

Here Dr. Lowes asked about the word “woe” in the parable and said she might have meant to use the old word “wol.”

Patience: “‘Tis well, then, that there be amid the flock one who doth spell aright.”

Dr. Lowes then asked how it was that she used the language of so many different periods.

Patience: “Do I then tung from mouth awide, I then do put question at awide, or do I prate through mouth aslant, ‘tis then aslant, and crooked tale I spin. ‘Tis so, eh? Brother, thy tung doth hang atilt and straight upon its middle.”

This not being an entirely lucid answer to the question, the Dr. put it in another form, this time very carefully and completely.

Patience: “‘Tis put. List ye! Did I not tell thee o’ the mouth aslant! I do plod a twist o’ a path and it hath run from then till now.”

Here Prof. Wallen insisted on putting a question, and asked: “Tell me something of your previous existence.”

Patience: “Tell thou then thine own to me.”

Dr. Lowes: “Ask patience....” (The board started off.)

Patience: “Ye see, he then doth speak unto me my very self!”

Dr. Lowes then asked her a very involved question as to why she used so many words that were not used in her time or any other time.

Patience: “A twist ye put it then! Yea, atruth. Did he who fashioned o’ the letters buy the right to tung as I do choose?”

Here Prof. Wallen again interjected a question. “How many people are in this room?”

Patience: “Thee hast an eye!”

Here Prof. Wallen took a pencil from his pocket in such a way that Mrs. C. could not but see it, and hiding it behind him, asked the board: “What have I in my right hand?” The pencil was in his left hand.

Patience: “Do I see aright? He hath a bit o’ dust thereon. I do to see 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10 fingers and a thumb – and another thumb. And do I not betray me, he fain would tie the goose’s legs.”

Mr. C.: “Patience, you counted too many fingers; he has only eight.”

Patience: “He wisheth overmuch, then let him take fingers as gift.”

Dr. Lowes: “What word from English slang are you rather fond of using?”

Patience: (Evidently ignoring the question and referring to the Wallen questions.) “I wot

'tis me awrath that putteth ahot my tung.  
Paugh! 'Tis piddle!"

Dr. Lowes: "How does it happen that in the poetry you write there are echoes of poets who wrote since you lived?"

Patience: "There be aneath the every stone a hidden voice. I but loose the stone, and lo, the voice!"

Dr. Lowes: "Do you feel the things you write now as if they were your own experience?"

Patience: "Yea, and thine, and thy neighbors."

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March 6, 1915

Those present were the family, Mrs. C. P. Johnson, Miss Lucille Erskine and Miss May Cerf, invited guests.

Miss Erskine and Mrs. C. at the board.

Patience: "She hath drunk o' nothing-wine and needest not a loaf to fill. (Referring to Miss E. and Miss Cerf) I do boast o' sweet loaf and whole-bake o' grain. I know not which to nibble."

Miss E.: "Patience, why does my father never talk to me."

Patience: "Do ye then deem it ne'er a truth tho' it be not aspoke?"

Miss E.: “What should I do about my work and my life?”

Patience: “I wot she hath an ear and eye. Do watch. Seest thou a path astretch, tho’ bestoned. ‘Tis o’er the climb, thy mart. Do then to track! Tho’ ‘tis near thy gift to view aback the traveler who ploddeth after shall trace thy step to learn him o’ the way.”

Here Miss E. mentioned that her life had been rather hard.

Patience: “‘Tis but a posey bethorned thou hast plucked. Do then to play a bit in sun and strip it o’ its thorn.”

Miss E.: “Patience, do you know my father?”

Patience: “Aye, thy neighbor and thy neighbor’s neighbor.”

Miss E.: “Then tell him I love him.”

Patience: “Didst thou then not upon thy infant breath hanging o’er the lips he pressed bedrunken him on love’s wine when he did press?”

Here Miss Cerf took place at the board.

Patience: “I do to love a level path.”

“She putteth pebbles and doth build full many’s the wall.”

The company here put much comment on the truth of Patience's characterization of Miss Cerf.

Patience: "Ye should see then the pace the goose did put, on eve afore!"

Here Mrs. Johnson sat with Mrs. Curran.

Patience: "The Gabber, I do swear!"

On a previous visit of Mrs. J. Patience in a spirit of railing good fellowship had called her this name. We asked her for a special word for Miss Cerf and the following came slowly:

Patience: "I be weaving o' a garland; do leave me then a bit to tie its ends. I plucked but buds and woe, they did spell but infant's love. I cast ye then a blown bloom, wide-petalled and rich o' scent. Take thou and press atween thy heart's-throbs – my gift."

Here Miss Erskine asked for another message and Patience said:

"A cloud-fashioner!"

Here Mrs. Curran admonished Miss Erskine not to take things too seriously and become at all excited. Patience said:

"Thou wouldst stay a star-flash! Were I to fashion loaf for her I then should bake from sun's dip to sun's climb."

Here we remarked that Patience had never said anything nice to Mrs. Johnson and Patience said:

“List ye, were I to see a wound would I then touch? Nay, but balm. She hath a heart whose beat doth mark it steady, but she cloaketh in a word. Would not I then love one who puts alike to me?”

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Exact date not recorded  
Written during January 1915  
Mrs. Curran  
Mrs. Hutchings

Patience:

-The Building of My Song-

Bird skimming to the south,  
Bear thou my song!  
Sand slipping to the wave's embrace,  
Do thou but bear it too!  
And shifting tide take thou  
Unto thy varied path  
The voicing of my soul!

I'd build me such an endless chant  
To sing of Him  
That days to follow days  
Would be but builded chord  
Of this, my lay.

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January 1915  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mr. Curran

Patience:

-Slip Away My Heart-

Slip away my heart  
 Away where fancies of my youth have flown  
 Ah, weave me not. Nay, let me flee with thee  
 To that fair border land where  
 World hope now long perished on  
 This plane doth blossom forth anew.  
 There shall I find my cherished dream web,  
 And fondle its fair strands  
 And there behold the deeds I dreamt to be  
 And there abideth in that land  
 The fancy children of the earth  
 And beings ne'er beheld by mortal eye.  
 Ah, slip away my heart,  
 But leave me not for long.

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March 11, 1915  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Dr. H. P. Goetz

Patience: "Aye! Sober-sides, I swear, who eateth  
 whole grain loaf and careth not for sweet  
 loaf.

"He putteth word amuck and heart spelleth  
 lie to them. Do I put atwist? It be not a lie.

"Dreams o' yesterday becloud today to thee.  
 Do put to sun thy moulded, damped and

shrinking self. Thee art a barter for others than thyself; do make purchase for thy hoard.”

Dr. G.: “I understand.”

Patience: “A thank.

“Hast thee dreamed to bask in light, and slunk again to dark? ‘Tis not thy purchase, lad. Do barter but for thy purse.

“Gray-banked the cloud, but, ah! I be a seer, for light doth flash ahind! ‘Tis he who looketh aneath to see the fleece awhite and hid ‘neath the soil.

-Yesterday-

“Ah, yesterday! Thou wraith arisen to laugh and mock! Do thou then to put thee to aflight, for do ye to deem thy smirking lips to burn within this heart, then art thou amise<sup>•</sup> at reasoning. Nay, for I do put to thee a loving for cure o’ hate and twist thy lips to softer smiles, and where thou hast prodded at heart, thy barb a warmth hath sprung, and tears but nourished withered hope and sprung abloom ‘mid waste.”

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• A possible Worthism or misspelling for “amuse”

March 12, 1915  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mr. Yost

Those present were the family, Mr. Yost, Robertus Love and Miss Viola Wigger.

Patience: (Referring to the visitor, Mr. Love) "I be aflurry! He hath astolen out my pack."

Mr. Love had recently written a poem, quoting from Patience Worth.

Patience: "He hath a pack o' tricks and weaveth 'pon days adark o' Spring, and putteth bloom to winter's day; and yea, doth sing o' snow and cold 'mid heat.

"And more! For He did put a lute unstrung unto him, and he hath strung and struck full chord therefrom. 'Tis well, but woe! he hath amerry 'mid a sorrow.

"Do ye then put it as thy dream thy song? Nay, 'tis the whirr o' string aneath thy stroke o' loving."

Here it was remarked that the last sentence was not very clear.

Patience: "Do peer. 'Tis plain the viewing through.

"Do I then tell to thee a tale? Well-a-day, 'tis so.

“He who weaveth garlands for casting to the earth and brothers, weaveth thanklessly; but do ye weave for him who knoweth thee and whom thou knoweth, ‘tis thank and loving – a piffle for the thank!”

“Would ye to choose that I do ope the pack and show o’ wares? Do fetch.”

(Long pause.)

“Wait thee! He be like to a nut aclothed in burr, save the spines do turn them in’ards. I have a liking for the lad.”

(To Mr. Yost)

“List brother!”

This was a letter in answer to one Mr. Yost wrote  
Patience:

“From the land o’ here to the land of there –  
I pinned my faith to such a loving.”

(Signed) Patience Worth

Here the story of *Telka* was resumed.

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March 14, 1915  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mr. Curran  
 Judge Newstead

First there was some discussion as to the coming of Patience Worth and how little prepared we were for the seriousness of her coming.

Patience: “Yea, the stranger came and found nay smile to greet, but hearts awarmed, and nestled there.”

Here it was remarked that we hoped Patience would not hold this against us.

Patience: “Doth the sun put blame to clouded day who hideth him?”

Judge Newstead remarked that he was more mystified than ever at his second visit to Patience Worth.

Patience: “He hath drunk deep and still he thirsteth.”

Mrs. C. said here that it was a little hard to receive the messages as she had been somewhat disturbed mentally.

Patience: “Think ye to curtain o’ thy heart? Nay, I do see a torn and blight and then a balm and peace. Thou hast put faith, and lo, the faith hath rusted!”

Time proved this to be a sort of foretelling to the Currans of a sorrow that soon followed. Miss Cordingley’s death and circumstances surrounding it.

(A short pause here and then the following prayer was given.)

-Teach Me, O God-

Teach me, O God  
 To say, "'Tis not enough."  
 Aye, teach me o' Brother,  
 To sing, and though the weight  
 Be past this strength,  
 Teach me, O God, to say,  
 "'Tis not enough – to pay!"

Teach me, O God, for I be weak.  
 Teach me to learn  
 Of strength from Thee.

Teach me, O God, to trust, and do.  
 Teach me, O God, no word to pray.  
 Teach me, O God, the heart thou gavest me,  
 Teach me, O God, to read thereon.  
 Teach me, O God, to waste not word,  
 Teach me that I be Ye!

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March 16, 1915  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Dr. Lowes at board

Mr. Lowes  
 Mrs. Lowes  
 Mr. & Mrs. Spamer  
 Mr. Yost  
 Mrs. Pollard  
 The family

Patience: “Merry day to thee! Long have I longed to drink from out yonder brother’s cup. Wait ye. He hath the blossoms o’ the world cast for him to trod and eat thereof do he choose, but he doth nose awry and pluck but grasses for to feed ‘pon. The earth doth shake at side to side but still he plucketh but the grass. So should he!

“Ye tho’t to see a wag ‘pon brother there, and ye be at a twist for he doth know me myself.”

“Nay, I feed the other. He weareth mane like to a lion.

We knew she referred to Mr. Spamer.

“I be a chooser and I do know him who knoweth wine o’ worth. The world doth spat awither good mug o’ drink and doth smack at ayle besoured. Not he!”

Here Patience took a shot at Mrs. Spamer.

Patience: “See ye the hen, apuffed!”

“There be ahere a full chord; nay a sharp or flat.”

For once we felt that there was not a jarring influence in the entire company and evidently Patience was enjoying the harmony.

Here Mrs. Lowes came and hung over the back of Dr. Lowes’ chair. Patience said:

“What heart she hath and eye atear for all the earth and heart awarmed to suffering.”

Here we asked her for a message for Mrs. Spamer and Mrs. S remarked: “Anything for my good, to make me better.”

Patience: “A better? Nay, thy flower reacheth wide. Do ask o’ him along thy path. She be a star-bloom blue that nestleth to the soft grasses o’ the Spring but ah, the brightness cast to him who seeketh field, awearry.”

Here we remarked that Patience was good to us all and she broke in with:

“I be a wag, atruth, and lo, my posey-wreath be atripped. Do ye to fetch, here be the ends to tie.”

This last was a request that we bring the *Telka* story and get to work on it, which was done and Dr. Lowes aided to get about 200 words of the story. Since Dr. Lowes had desired to ask some questions we then asked if we might put them and the answer came at once:

Patience: “Yea, since thou hast plied the bobbin.”

Dr. Lowes: “Please understand that any question is put in a spirit of high regard and with no frivolous intent.”

Patience: “Think ye I be no friend and doth thee not then trust?”

Dr. Lowes: “Are these plays and poems thought out between the sittings?”

Patience: “Doth the spider think o’ web?”

Dr. Lowes: “Have you been silent through all the years till now?”

Patience: “Yea, as North wind atie about the crest o’ earth; ever round and ne’er aloosed – well-a-day – till now.”

Dr. Lowes: “What did you mean the other night when you spoke of a path atwist from then till now?”

Patience: “Didst e’er to crack a stone and lo, a worm aharded? ‘Tis so, for list ye, I speak, like ye, since time begun.”

Dr. Lowes: “Do you mean that all that time you have been disembodied – (Interruption below)

(Mr. Curran, on the evening of the 17<sup>th</sup>, the day next following the sitting which is being now recorded, was writing up this record on the typewriter, with Mrs. C. looking on. She suddenly called for a pencil saying she “had something” and transcribed the following without an instant’s pause: “Ye weave a warp o’ ought and a woof o’ naught. What think ye that ye weave?”)

Dr. Lowes: (Continuing the above question) or were you in human form?”

Patience: “’Tis not I, brother, who stoppeth. My lips do trip to spell. But ask not. The body, yea and the lips thereof do prattle.”

We commented that probably she was not able or permitted to reveal certain things.

Patience: “Yea. Hath thee not ahidden here ‘pon thy globe, within thy heart, words ne’er spelled?”

Dr. Lowes: “Have you read the works or spoken with the great authors of your times?”

Patience: “Nay, for did they to read save from out His book.”

Dr. Lowes: “Did you know Will Shakespeare?”

Patience: “Doth thee then know thy brother?”

The following is evidently a change in thought.

“Ah, I tell thee thou hast lost not. Nay gained. ‘Tis tear and thee should smile. Thee knowest. Lost? Nay, ‘tis he who tracketh first the path that doth lead the way.”

We were all rather confused here but after the following remarks by Patience we decided she had in mind the funeral of Captain King and the death of Ripley Saunders.

Patience: “Blind, paugh! Thee be at sorry o’ the heart. Nay, ye cast flower to the dead, I to the living. Nay, he who sorryeth, forgetteth!

Hath thee a brother? Yea, and thou lovest him; for I do tell thee 'tis his memory that be him. I be no sorry-singer, and ah, that thee could'st see, ye'd laugh amerry. Look thee 'pon the spirit-reft. Thee'lt see the jest the Master played upon his love, and read the trust-smile there."

Dr. Lowes: "Why did you make King Charles, in Redwing, stutter?"

Mr. Spamer takes the board.

Patience: "The blood taint."

Dr. Lowes: "Were you parodying King Charles I?"

Patience: "Think ye I know a fool as King? Ye then may put his Lordship as a king. Nay me!"

Dr. Lowes: "Were you a Cavalier or a Roundhead?"

Patience: "I be a russet and asour."

All: "Please, Patience, give us a hint."

Patience: "Were I to spell o' mouth awide I then could prate, but she hath hair pegs – ne'er a tho't."  
(More urging) "Nay, he rideth 'pon a nag, skirt and lance and boot-alegged, ablade and aplumed. Is't nuff?"

Dr. Lowes: "Why did you make your King Charles stutter when the Cavalier King really stuttered?"

Patience: “May I not pettiskirt about a King do I to choose?”

Dr. Lowes: “What was a shack called back in Redwing’s time?”

Patience: “Thee’lt pin the tale to word. I put atwist do choose. Hut. Cot.”

Dr. Lowes: “Did you know George Fox?”

Patience: “Did I not tell thee o’ my brother?”

After a light lunch Mrs. Lowes sat at the board.

Mrs. Lowes at board.

Patience: “She sippeth from the bud abloom the flowers-wine and storeth honey at the heart.”

Then followed this poem:

-Love for the Loveless-

Ah, could I love thee  
 Thou, the loveless o’ the earth!  
 And pry aneath the crannies  
 Yet untouched by mortal hand  
 To send therein this love o’ mine.  
 Thou creeping mite and winged speck  
 And whirled waters o’ the mid o’ sea  
 Where no man seeth thee.  
 And could I love thee, the days  
 Unsunned and laden with hate o’ sorrying.  
 Ah could I love thee

Thou who beareth blight  
 And tho' the fruit bescorched  
 And shrivelling, to fall unheeded  
 Neath thy mother-stalk

Ah, could I love thee, love thee!  
 Aye, for Him who loveth thee,  
 And blightest but through loving;  
 Like to him who bendeth low the forest's king  
 To fashion out a mast.

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March 20, 1915

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. Salmon

Mr. Salmon

Patience: "She hath a full strung harp and teacheth deep stroke, till strings do tremble out its very soul. And yet she be but thrush, afeathered throat, scarce but a mite!" (This referred to Mrs. Salmon) "Think ye he hath an eye and looketh but its scan? Nay, he hath sight adeeper." (Referring to Mr. Salmon, who is a pianist)

"There be brew to finish, would ye to wish me on?" (This referred to *Telka*)

Then followed 1500 words of *Telka*.

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March 23, 1915

Mrs. Curran

Mr. Curran

Mr. C.: "I wonder if she would answer Mr. Love's poem."

Patience: "Would'st thee to brew, or do I put ahead?"

Mr. C.: "Well, Patience, you can go ahead with *Telka* if you wish, but we'd like to have a little message to Mr. Love."

Patience: "To brew for Love be but a loving task."

Then followed this:

-The Poet-

Long road astretched for trod o' earth  
 There blossometh 'pon the way 'mid gardens  
 Loved to bloom, the lily and the jasmine,  
 Yea, and yet the rose. And deep  
 Athin the woodskirt 'long the way  
 Anestleth heart's-ease for Spring;  
 And wet amid the rushes  
 Grown to fringe the pool aside, standeth  
 Lily o' the water-sprites,  
 And hyacinth, to sweet the air  
 For him who seeketh there.

And 'tis he who tracketh at aseek  
 For gardens chosen, who plucketh.  
 Yea, Brother, and 'tis thine and mine  
 The blossom he doth pluck, -- and yet,  
 What care be thine and mine?

For though 'tis lilies' waxen sheen  
 And flash o' garden fair,  
 'Tis he who plucketh folly.

See ye, we two together seek  
 Anew and gather not the loved;  
 Nay, but pluck a posey  
 O' the footcloth o' the earth –  
 A fringe o' grasses purpled, a full  
 O' seed, the promise o' the next o' Spring.

What think ye, Brother  
 That he who sought but perfect bloom  
 And garlanded for offering to cast away  
 The bloom ahid by o'erloveliness,  
 Or be it he who bindeth  
 But the grass and poseys o' the field  
 Who at the Winter's season hath a breath  
 O' Spring to mind him  
 O' her loveliness?

For I do tell thee,  
 'Tis bud that bursteth but to flaunt  
 Her bud abloom and ope  
 Her well o' sweets unto the sun,  
 Who dieth but to crumble to a naught.  
 And bud, who loveth o' the earth  
 And stayeth with the Spring,  
 And yet the Summer's tide,  
 Doth steal their fullness and  
 Store their scents to cast abroad  
 At Winter's gray.

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March 24, 1915  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mrs. McKee

Those present were Mr. & Mrs. McKee, Mr. & Mrs. Yost and two ladies, Miss McKee and Miss ----- . First the story of *Telka* was read and discussed at length.

Patience:        “They be like to the wee-squeals – o’er loaded.”

“There be a man who buyeth grain and he telleth his neighbor and his neighbor’s neighbor, and lo, they come asacked and clamor for the grain. And what think ye? Some do make price, and yet others bring naught. But I be atelling ye, ‘tis not a price I beg. Nay, ‘tis that ye drink my cup.”

Here the company remarked that they came to see and learn of Patience and that they were willing to “drink her cup.”

Patience:        “Think ye to see a nothing, o’ the land o’ Naught?”

“I be aflurry! ‘Tis time I be at brush and stew, and I be achatter.”

Mr. C.:            “Let her alone, now, let her alone! She wants to go on with her story.”

Patience:        “See ye, the tempest tho, would blow me awither. Nay, I prate. I choose a time beliked by me.”

“Thou art at stacking o’ the straw; would’st thee that I do reap o’ other harvests?”

To Mr. Yost, referring to her poem to Mr. Love:

“Brother, I be a trickster, and did chant o’ Love.”

It was remarked that Patience was telling that which was meant to be kept secret – the Love poem – until a more opportune time.

Patience: “They do stop the wine, oh? ‘Tis at pick and choose they prate. I weave, ‘tis nuff.”

Mr. C.: “Let’s get the story and see what she said last.”

Patience: “I need not a peep, but on ...”

Then took up the story *Telka*, where she left off.

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March 27, 1915

Mrs. Curran

Dr. Woodruff

Mrs. Woodruff

Louise Woodruff

Dr. Stocking

Mrs. Stocking

Patience: “How do I to flurry. There be here twain who cunger ‘gainst the God himself. Yea, and ‘tis a crooked cunger at times.”

Evidently Patience referred to the two doctors present.

Dr. Woodruff & Mrs. C. at board.

Patience: “He who followeth looketh deep to God’s wonders and doth marvel and lo, knoweth his secrets, aye, and loveth him.”

This referred to Dr. Woodruff, who followed at the board.

Patience: “See he bumpeth his nose.”

This to Dr. Stocking who leaned over the board.

Patience: “Do I to spin a tale for the wee ones?” (Julia Curran and Louise Woodruff.)

“There be aside the market’s place a merchant and a brother merchant. Aye, and one did put price ahigh and gold aclinkeith and copper groweth mold atween where he did store. And his brother giveth measure full and more for the pence o’ him who offereth but pence at measure that runneth o’er to full o’ golds price.

“And lo, they do each to buy o’ herds and he who hath full price buyeth but the shrunk o’ herd and he who hath little, buyeth the full o’ herd. And time maketh full the sacks o’ him who hoardeth gold and layeth at aflat the sacks o’ him who maketh poor price. And famine came and made waste o’ lower lands and lo, he who hath plenty hoardeth more and he who had littly buyed o’ seed and sowed and reaped therefrom. And famine crept it nearer and fringed ‘pon the

land and smote the land o' him who sacketh  
o' gold and crept it 'pon the land o' him o'  
pence.

“And herds did low o' hunger and he who  
hath but gold hath naught to feed thereon.  
For sacks achoked 'pon gold. And he who  
had but pence did sack but grain and grass  
and fed the herd, and lo they fattened and  
did fill the emptied sacks with gold, while  
he who hath naught but gold did sick and  
famine wasted o' his herd and famine's sun  
did rise to shine 'pon him asticken 'pon gold  
asacked.”

Mr. C.: “Now Patience say something nice to me,  
you have nice things for every one else.”

Patience: “He hath a lick for sweet.”

Mrs. Woodruff took the board with Mrs. C.

Patience: “She be like to a branch aswing 'pon  
summer's air, she goeth here, there and yon  
but knoweth not. Still she doth believe.

“I fain would spin. I have the yarn.”

Dr. Woodruff: “Doesn't chattering annoy Patience?”

Patience: “Did I to put me athrough clear I'd be  
ablinded. *She* chattereth like to an ape, and  
yet her brothers.”

Here Patience gave about one hundred words of the story *Telka* after which Mrs. W. asked that her daughter Louise take her place and Patience remarked:

Patience: "I have a spring's bloom." (Miss Louise is this.)

Mrs. Stocking  
Mrs. Curran

Patience: "Think ye the wraith be a gab? I tell thee I do know a something. 'Tis heart asored that beateth ahere and 'tis ahealed and grown green o'er wound."

Question as to who this was for.

Patience: "He knoweth me."

Dr. Stocking had become so interested that he hung over the back of Mrs. C's chair.

Patience: "Do leave the peep-o'er have a hand."

Dr. Stocking takes Mrs. S's place.

Patience: "He bindeth and asmears and looketh at merry and his eye doth lie. How doth he smite and stitch like to a wench and brew o'er steam. Yea, 'tis a twist he be. He runneth whither and, at a beckoning yon, and ever thus, but 'tis a blunder-mucker he be. His head like to a stool. Yea, and heart a summer's cloud athin enough to show athrough the clear o' blue."

Mr. C.: “There you go, Patience, being tood • to him! Haven’t you a little something nice for me?”

Patience: “Thee art agrunt like to a swine for mast.”

Mr. C.: “I believe Mrs. C. wrote that.”

Patience: “Nay, ‘tis a piddle speller she be.”

Mr. C.: “Go on, Patience, give me something nice.”

Patience: “A grunt amore. Thee’lt lie like to a sheep’s dog aback adown and belly at the sun and mayhap a posey then shalt tickle thee.”

“The web o’ sorrow weaveth ‘bout the days o’ earth and ‘tis but folly who plyeth o’ the bobbin. I tell thee more, the bobbin’s stick and threads o’ day-weave go awry. But list ye, ‘tis he who windeth o’ his web ‘pon smiles and shuttleth ‘twixt smiles and woe who weaveth o’ a day full and plenteous. And sorrow then wilt rift and show a light athrough.”

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• Not sure what word belongs here

March 26, 1915

Mrs. Curran

Dr. Lowes

Mrs. Lowes

Patience: "See ye I did cast unto the sea the sort o' fish and lo that which be afit to eat remaineth."

Mr. C.: "Am I one of them?"

Patience: "Yea, and blubbered 'bout."

Dr. Lowes: "You have twice said to me what interests me and more than interests me very deeply. You said that I do know thee thyself. Will you tell me a little more clearly what you mean?"

Patience: "Yea, I be o' fancy to spin a tale. Do list!

"Long yea, long agone, aside a wall atilt who joined unto a brother-wall and made atween a gap apoint abacked, there did upon the every day across legged sit a bartmaker amid his sacks aheaped, and ne'er a buy did tribesmen make. Nay, but 'twere the babes who sought the bartman and lo, he shutteth both his eyes and babes do pilfer from the sacks and feed thereon. Till sacks asink and still at crosslegs doth he sit.

"Yea, and days do follow days till Winter settleth 'pon his locks its snow. Aye, and lo, at rise o' sun 'pon such an day as had followed day since first he sat, they did see that he had ashruncked and they did

wag that ‘twere the wasting o’ his days at sitting crossleg.

“And yet babes did fetch for feast and wert fed. Till last the day did dawn and sack ashowed it empty and no man woed but babes did sorry ‘bout the spot till tribesmen marveled and fetched alongside and coaxed with sweets their word. But no man found answer in their prate and they did ope remaining sacks and lo there be anought save dry fruit and babes did reach forth for it and wert fed and more, it did nurture them and they went forth alater to the fields o’ earth astrengthened and fed, ‘pon what brother? List ye! ‘Pon truth. Know I not thee thyself?”

Dr. Lowes: “I asked you if you were Cavalier or Roundhead. When you answered that you were a russet, you meant – did you not – that you were not city bred?”

Patience: “Think ye I meant a broked twig? A rustic.”

Dr. Lowes: “Rustic means russet. Do you mean rustic in the affirmative?”

Patience: “I have but one frock! And yet a cart and ox and yet do fetch to village not save by length road.”

Dr. Lowes: “Your speech is racy of the lanes and hedgerows; of spinsters and of knitters in the green. Were the gardens long withered from which you culled your spice in Dorset or Summerset?”

- Patience: “Thee hast ‘bout mine heart a sick. What would ye to have me speak? Not so. I be abirthed awither and bide me where.”
- Mr. C.: “Don’t you think she thinks that we should leave it to her judgment as to what she chooses to tell?”
- Patience: “I judge not a meat fowl by its quack. Do I to fetch pack and make offer then do ye to ask did I to pilfer it.”
- Dr. Lowes: “You said to me that I did but pluck the grass, not gather o’ the blossoms o’ the world. ‘Tis so. Will you be patient, and let me pluck a little grass just now and pin the tale to word once more? In Red Wing you spelled: ‘The stripping-maid hath left a drop to beasel and thou dost know ‘tis havoc to the kine.’ Wilt spell to me your meaning? What would come to beasel?”
- Patience: “Do leave me to pluck the grass. I see not.”

Here we explained to Dr. Lowes that the meaning was perfectly plain to us, as if milk is left in the bag it “beasels” and the cow will soon dry up. He declared his question answered.

- Dr. Lowes: “In Red Wing again you spelled: ‘I but hear the bergers prattle.’ What do you mean by b-e-r-g-e-r?”
- Patience: “Burg.”

Dr. Lowes: "On the crest in Red Wing what did Unicorn and Bugle hold between them?"

Patience: "Crown."

Dr. Lowes: "Is there a crest above the crown?"

Patience: "Thee'lt have the King to spill my blood."

Dr. Lowes: "Did the King spill the blood of a lady?"

Patience: "Yea the dog! Did I not tell he wert fool?"

Mrs. Lowes: "Patience, I am a very happy woman tonight and will be happier tomorrow. Are you not glad for me?"

Patience: "'Tis thine but well o' earn."

Mrs. Lowes: "You are right, Patience. My boy will be here for his vacation and I have earned this through denying myself all year, the joy of seeing him."

Dr. Lowes: "How many ladies' blood did the King spill?"

Patience: "I take it ye would drink blood. There be 'nuff. A twain aspill and 'twere not astruck aright."

Dr. Lowes: "I think I am on the right trail. What kind of a bugle do you mean?"

Patience: “A cup ‘pon a stem, blast aye a blast. Thee art ‘pon the road but at a branching o’ its long.”

Dr. Lowes: “I must be on the wrong trail.”

Patience: “Not so. I did spin ‘pon cloth not mine own and see the threads awry. Think ye a tale could stand athout a leg?”

Dr. Lowes: “Do you know another kind of bugle?”

Patience: “Thee art a nibbler o’ grass adeed. Didst thee to prate from lips save thine thee’dst find a muck. I did ope the pack and thou did’st eat and there be but dried fruit. Do fetch aback and eat.”

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March 30, 1915

Mrs. Curran

Mr. Love

Patience: “I did bake the loaf; do feed.”

Mr. Love: “Won’t she give me something new and special for my story?”

Patience: “He then may soak the staled.”

Mr. Love: “I don’t quite understand.”

Patience: “He putteth a muck to my planting.”

Mr. Love: “I certainly wish that I could draw my stories out of the clouds like this.”

Patience: “’Tis wish he hath to pull from out the cloud his song and so he hath. Yea, and out o’ nothing, he fetched this o’ me.”

Mr. Love: “I wonder if she will not give me something to say to the readers of the Republic.”

Patience: “’Tis wish o’ mine that hungering be fed. List!”

“There wert a man and his brother and they wrought them unalike, yea, and one did fashion from wood and ply till wonderwork stood, a temple o’ wood. And his brother fashioneth o’ reeds and worketh wonder baskets. And he who wrought o’ wood scoffeth, and the tribesmen make buy o’ baskets and wag that it is a-sorry wrought the temple, and spake them that the Lord would smite, and lay it low. For he who wrought did think him o’ naught save the high and wide o’ it, and looked not at its strength or yet its stand ‘pon earth. And they did turn the baskets ‘bout and put to strain and lo, they do hold, and it were the tribesmen, who shook their heads and murmured yea, yea, they be goodly. So ‘tis he who doth fashion from wood o’ size doth prosper not, and he who doth fashion o’ reed and small, doth thrive verily.”

Mr. Love: “That is very nice but I do so want something special.”

Patience: “I bid thee eat and rest ye and eat amore for ‘tis the wish o’ me, that ye be filled.”

Mr. Love: “That is very nice and will do fine. I wonder if she would take up the story *Telka*

if you were to sit down and ask for it specially?"

Patience: "He deemeth that the cat doth drowse."

Here she continued *Telka* giving about one hundred words.

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April 1, 1915  
 Dr. Stocking & Mrs. Stocking  
 Mildred & Lois  
 At the Stocking home  
 Mr. & Mrs. Curran at board

I wonder if Patience will April fool us. This was the general thought as we sat down.

Patience: "I need not to put a fool, not needest thee make day."

(Loud and prolonged applause)

Patience: "I did set him at a buzz at 'blunder-mucker!' Think ye 'tis finger or thumb at blunder-muck? Nay, 'tis he who putteth athrough e'en the thick o' the wall his head."

This referred to her calling Dr. Stocking a blunder-mucker some days previously.

Patience: I weave not. 'Tis thee who plyed the bobbin at a fast and wore the hours away."

This was a reproof to us for using up the greater part of the evening reading *Telka*.

“He who plucketh o’ grass dost wish  
agrowing to a deep o’er the night.”

This refers to the fact that Dr. Lowes, who she says  
“plucketh grass” had an engagement to come over the  
following evening.

Mildred Stocking now sitting.

Patience: “Think ye ‘tis he who followeth, who  
spinneth? Nay, ‘tis the hand o’ her who do I  
to choose could weave.”

Indicating the fact that only Mrs. Curran mattered in the  
writing. We commented on the probable reason of this and  
Patience said:

“‘Tis he who hideth treasure, who seeketh o’  
a hiding that shalt put the seek to flight.”

This was taken as a joke on Mrs. Curran, and Patience went  
on:

“Nay, there be a gold ahid in pots ungainly.”

Lois Stocking, 5 years old, sitting.

Patience: “Ye seek to level unto her but thou art awry  
at reasoning. For he who putteth him to  
babe’s path doth track him high and lo, the  
path leadeth unto the door. Yea, and doth  
she knock it doth ope. Cast ye wide thy soul  
doors and set within such love for brother. I  
do tell thee that though the soul o’ ye be  
torn, aye and scarred, ‘tis such an love that

doth heal; the love o' babe be the balm o'  
 earth. See ye, the sun tarrieth 'bout the lips  
 o' her, aye and though the hand be but thy  
 finger's span, 'tis o' a weight to tear away  
 thy very heart."

The first remark in this paragraph refers to the remark of Mrs. C. that she had to get down low so that she would be on a level with little Lois.

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April 2, 1915  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Dr. Lowes at board  
 At home

It was the Doctor's phoned request that we say nothing when he arrived this evening, but merely get out the board and begin writing. This was complied with.

Patience: "Did I not promise a deep grass this eve?"

We all laughed at recalling what she had said the evening before at Dr. Stocking's residence. Then referring to Dr. Lowes' insatiable desire for her writings, she said:

Did he at wish, and yea, at wish 'pon me to  
 have the fruit o' wish, he then should be  
 overfull. Yea, he be like the kine and doth  
 pull at ups what he hath already plucked and  
 chew it o'er."

We then told her that she could do as she pleased, either work on *Telka* or answer a few questions.

Patience: “I be wishing to weave, but ye may put a bobbin’s full.”

We again said we would be perfectly satisfied to have her go on with the story unless she wanted to gossip awhile.

Patience: “Be I not Dame?”

She then proceeded to give about 1300 words of *Telka*.

Dr. Lowes then asked her how it was that she could bring into play all the wonderful things from every part of the earth and from such a wide space of time in such a wide variety of tungs<sup>•</sup> and modes of expression.

Patience: “I be like to the wind who leaveth not track but goeth ever ‘bout and yet like to the rain who groweth grain for thee to reap.”

We remarked that this was not a definite answer and yet probably contained all she was willing to give.

Patience: “Aye, there be a something e’en amid naught.”

Here we discussed her apparent freedom as to time, place, language, etc.

Patience: “I be at wish for to toss this grain where’er I choose and do I choose to put a lie, I do then do it so. Aye, and I did put a lie amid a world o’ truth and lo, they did pluck forth the lie and eat thereof and turned them from the good grain.”

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• A Worthism

Here Dr. Lowes turned suddenly to the board and asked:  
 “Who are you?”

Patience: “I be Him – alike to thee. Ye be o’ Him.”

We here remarked that if she were part of the Allwise it would account for her knowing so much of everything.

Patience: “He who knoweth all o’ a grain o’ sand, hath wisdom for to fill the earth.

“I tell thee I do know thee thy very self, yea and thy neighbor and thy neighbor’s neighbor. Do leave athin the cup a drop. I share. Morn hath broke and ye be the first to see her light. Look ye wide-eyed at His workings. He hath offered ye a cup.

“I brew and fashion feasts and lo, do ye to tear asunder thee wouldst have but grain dust and unfit to eat. I put not meaning to the tale, but source thereof.”

Mr. C.: “Patience, we have long been in doubt as to whether the date which we got long ago of your birth and life on this world came from you as a direct answer or whether some influence forced it on the board. Will you tell us about it and if it is true, confirm it?”

Patience: “There be a one who pinned word to tale.”

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Mr. & Mrs. A. Wise  
 Mr. W. at board  
 At home

Patience: “He putteth forth a hand and lo, doth expect anaught.” (Mr. Wise said she had told him the truth.) “Aye, lad, but I might spell to thee a something thou wouldst list at bend aclose to hear. Who art thou the memory o’?” (Continuing as though reminded) “I tell thee ‘tis he who putteth thy path ‘long the way acleared for thee and thy brothers. Think ye ‘tis thy wisdom that ye go at lead? Nay, ‘tis that asapped o’ him.” (Mr. Wise here stated that he and his brothers had inherited an established business from their father and what Patience had said was certainly true.) “Ye speak and yet do house doubt.”

Mrs. Wise at board

Patience: “I’d weave, but lo, the head o’ her be amuck.”

It was true that Mrs. Curran was suffering from a very bad cold in the head, and was too miserable to write much.

Patience: (Speaking of Mr. Wise) “He raiseth a loud crow and lo, the hen but scratcheth grain; she knoweth he hath not a worm. Nay, and did he for to have, he then would bolt thereof. He be one to shut the doors o’ his hut and like a view to his neighbors. She (Mrs. Wise) hath trod a path agray, and stopped for to put a seed, and it hath blown

and bloomed. Yea and yet she doth brush  
the hearth.”

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April 7, 1915  
At board  
Mrs. Curran  
Mr. Yost

Patience: “They be at driving thee awhither, lad, with  
word o’ what and why. I did wind and wind  
and wind and ne’er a weave.”

Mr. Yost: “Well, we won’t interrupt you, Patience. Go  
right ahead.”

Patience: “Ah well-a-day, then on.”

Here followed 2000 words of *Telka*.

Mr. Yost: “Patience, one who loves you and is trying  
to help scatter the grain, would like a little  
light on one or two points. Will you help  
him?”

Patience: “’Tis my wish, but I be at a tether.”

Mr. Yost: “Some months ago a date came upon the  
board which we thought was the time in  
which you lived upon earth. For the sake of  
the Book,\* are you willing to confirm that  
date or hint at any other date in which you  
lived?”

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\* *Patience Worth: A Psychic Mystery* by C. S. Yost, 1916

Patience: “I be like to the wind. And yea, like to it do blow me ever, yea, since time. Do ye to tether me unto today, I blow me then tomorrow and do ye to tether me unto tomorrow, I blow me then today. Do eat! ‘Tis oft and oft that he who baketh o’ a loaf awry and knoweth o’ the good wife ahow ‘tis wrought, yet doth add to or take therefrom and lo, there be not loaf afit to eat, a nothing save spoils.”

Mr. Yost: “You said the other night to Dr. Lowes that ‘Morn hath broke and ye be the first to see her light’. Did you mean that just for him, or for all of us in the company of disciples?”

Patience: “Yea, ‘tis so, and thou didst see amid the dark.”

Mr. Yost: “Years ago, I wrote a poem which comes so near to some of the things you have been saying lately that I want to read it to you and ask you if I was on the right track when I wrote it.”

Here Mr. Yost read a poem, the central thought of which was that the ultimate goal of man is God.

Patience: “New, ye say? ‘Tis but a touch from out thy years aback, and unto me but drawn to now. For Brother ‘twere a path o’er stones I trod and builded to this day. Ye who eat, little dream o’ seasons who bore the seed. Think ye I builded then my path awry? Nay, ‘twere to day and ye!

“I be all that hath been and all that is, all that shalt be, for that be He.”

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April 13, 1915  
Mr. & Mrs. Lowes  
Mrs. L. at board

Patience: “He doth feed and hunger more.” (No doubt referring to Dr. Lowes’ insatiable appetite for what was coming.) “I do then to fashion a loaf.”

We here remarked upon the length and quality of *Telka* and Patience said:

Patience: “’Tis a length o’ spin, but cloth to wear and stand o’ strain.”

Here followed about 1000 words of *Telka*. During the work, at one place, we had some difficulty in getting a certain passage but finally Patience straightened it out for us. Dr. Lowes, naturally very curious to know just what had occurred from the side of Patience, both when the mistake was made and when it was corrected, asked about it and received only the following laconic reminder: “He plucketh grass.”

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April 15, 1915  
Mr. Yost at board.

Patience: (As usual tattling to Mr. Yost) “I’d tell thee something.”

All: “Go right ahead. We certainly want to hear.”

Patience: “’Tis at ahide I be, and at atitter o’ the hunt. They deem to loose them every stone asearch o’ word. Yea, ‘tis abroad and they look them at ahere. Think ye to cast to field each word and only ye to reap therefrom? Nay, I be at areap o’ word.”

Here we mentioned the big pear tree in our back yard which was in full bloom.

Patience: “The bloom decked branch o’ stripped trunk but decked o’ babe leaf and bloom, standeth like to a bride await to wed the Spring and bear fruit for Summer. Think she dreameth o’ Winter season?

“On to wind.”

Here followed about 1500 words of *Telka*.

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April 23, 1915  
Mr. & Mrs. Curran

We had just received a wire announcing the death of Nellie Cordingly, Mrs. Curran’s aunt, Mrs. Pollard’s sister. Naturally we were all stricken and turned to Patience for a crumb of comfort.

Patience: “I tell thee the day hath broke, and ‘twere but the weight o’ night’s wing that tarried o’ her coming.”

Nell's illness had been long.

“’Tis the drop o’ sweet and thou abittered!”

We spoke of Nell's invalid mother whom she had sheltered so long and who now was left.

“She hath a wing afold and one alight.  
Needst thee sorry o’er one so hovered?”

Then she quoted from one of her great poems.

“How have I caught at nights and days.”

We could go no further.

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April 27, 1915  
Mr. & Mrs. C

Patience: “I be at fear o’ tearing ope a wound, but I’d tell thee a something.”

All: “Proceed, Patience, we know it will be for our good.”

Then followed this poem. It would be well to set down here that Mrs. Curran's aunt and dearly loved friend, Nellie Cordingly, died on the 23<sup>rd</sup> inst., and we all were grieving sorely. As the poem proceeded we realized it as a direct communication from Nell.

-Speed, Speed, My Heart-

Speed, speed, my heart across the vale.  
Speed, speed, and throb awarm to love.

Speed, speed, my love, across the trackless plain,  
 Alike to a lover's vow, to love.  
 Speed, speed, my smile, across the deep o' all  
 Speed, speed, to love,  
 And nestle to the heart o' them  
 And fly aback to me!

Free! Free! Like winged moth across the way.  
 Free! Free! To love.

Flown, flown, the youth  
 Across the pathless way  
 Flown, flown, the woes and happiness,  
 Flown, flown to love.  
 Flown, flown, the heart o' mine  
 To love.  
 Till, reft of all, I stand  
 At wishing 'pon the Borderland.

Spent, spent, the days o' me,  
 Spent, spent for love.

Speed, speed, my Heart  
 But fly aback to me.

Nellie Cordingly had given her life, latterly filled with pain and trouble, to the constant care of an invalid mother, who strangely enough, survived her at last. This poem sounded so like her that we marveled until Patience said:

Patience: "I speak not the tung o' me."

"Who then did you speak for?" asked one of us.

Patience: "Do ask thy heart."

We knew then it was Nell, and this followed, quickly,  
Mrs. Curran's mother is named Mary.

Mrs. Pollard's name is Mary and this verse, excepting the  
last two lines, Nellie used to say to her in play.

“Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?  
Silver bells and little Nells  
And sweet smiles all arow.”

We laughed and said sure enough it was Nell, but  
certainly Patience was doing the talking.

Patience:        “I tell thee I put not the tung o' me. I be the  
bearer o' another pack.”

Mrs. Curran:    “Dear Patience, we thank you and love you  
for bringing our Nell so near and giving us  
her message.”

Patience:        “'Tis love that purchaseth love and I but fill  
a measure out love's own pack.

“I speak the tung o' loves. Waste not o'  
tears. Nay fling their glitter to the sun's  
warmth, love, to dry.”

Here we fell to discussing the poem and Mrs. Curran  
asked if the meter was all right. This seemed to stir  
Patience to say:

Patience:        “I be afull o' word.”

All:                “Do you want to start on *Telka*?”

Patience: "Nay, nor would I sing."

Mr. Curran: "She wants to talk. Don't you, Patience?"

Patience: "Yea."

-God Speaks-

"Put ye a value 'pon word and weigh ye the line to measure, then the gift o' Him, 'pon rod afashioned out by man?"

"I tell thee He hath aspoke from out the lowliest, and man did put to measure and lo, the lips astop!"

"And He doth speak anew, yea and He hath spoke from out the mighty, and man doth whine o' track ashow 'pon path he knoweth not, and lo, the mighty be astopped.

"Yes and He ashoweth wonders and man findeth him a rule and lo, the wonder shrinketh and but the rule remaineth.

"Yea, the days do rock with the work o' Him and man doth look but to the rod, and lo, the word o' Him sinketh to a whispering, to die.

"And yet, in Patience, He seeketh new days to speak unto thee. And thou ne'er shalt see His working! Nay.

"Look ye unto the seed o' the olive tree, aplanted. Doth the master, at its first burst athrough the sod, set up a rule and murmur him 'Tis ne'er an olive tree! It hath but a pulp stem and winged leaves.'

Nay, he letteth it to grow and nutureth it thro' days,  
and lo, at finish, there astandeth the olive tree!"

"Ye'd uproot the very seed in quest o' root! I bid  
thee nuture o' its day astead. I tell thee more. He  
speaketh not by line or word, nay by love and  
giving. Do ye also this, in His name."

Here we fell into a general discussion in which Mr.  
Curran, as usual, made a remark about the mental caliber of  
Mrs. Pollard.

Patience: "He hath not yet astrip him o' his thorn."

Mr. Curran apologized.

Patience: "I tell thee o' a nut aburred."

We remembered. Mr. Curran reminded Patience that she  
was full of words and asked if she wanted to continue.

Patience: "I be full o' words, awashed."

Required humility furnished by Mr. Curran.

Patience: "I be aputting o' a rule!"

Mrs. Curran: "Better something straight!"

Patience: "A stay!" (Laughter) "I band not thy heart,  
but paunch!"

Here Mrs. Pollard complained we were spoiling the  
sitting with levity.

Patience: "Take thee a jest as salt."

All: "Why, of course."

Patience: "In His name, anight!"

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May 2, 1915  
Mr. & Mrs. C.

Patience: "Time and time shalt thou seek and wise men wag, aye and still do I put a tangle. What, do they to eat the fruit athout sniff, and I do perfect o' it, it then be gone and o'er. I tell thee I grow new fruit and 'tis asorry, the belly o' him, who eateth athout the sniff. For though he eateth, lo, there astandeth more and more till he be asorried and still do I to grow afruit."

The above evidently referred to the work she was doing and the trials of all to fathom it.

Here followed 800 words of *Telka*.

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May 3, 1915  
Mrs. Curran  
Mrs. C. B. Rohland

Patience: "She fetched hither a sage, who as I live did she to live her at my day, would set to stocks as witch. A gardener, verily. For he who gardeneth hath 'pen his every fingers' tip a stream of love, else it doth thrive not. She pruneth and plucketh at its beauties height.

“She hath an ear that listeth not to world’s song. Nay, but to soul’s song. She hath dream and listeth to a land ye know not. Deep hath she planted ‘mid her tears, songs that wail o’ sorrow but she hath preened ‘mid brambles there and the garden o’ her standeth in its beauty. I love the tears o’ her, ‘tis the wash o’ soul-white.”

Asked for a further message by Mrs. R.

Patience: “Eat o’ my loaf. Long ago did I fashion for ye. Fetch thee my wheel.”

Then followed 200 words of *Telka*.

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April 30, 1915  
Mr. & Mrs. C.

Patience: “Think ye I be aloth to spin? I tell thee ‘tis a wench who putteth to her fireside circle word and feedeth bread to them ahunger who oweth not a word o’ tell o’ whats and whys. I weave not till I do put the hearth aright. I tell thee ‘tis man who fatteneth ‘pon truth and good and ‘tis evil, and words o’ wrath that feed and fatten ‘pon man. He who casteth evil casteth blight but to his own heart. Now do I weave.”

Remarks as to the pointed character of this advice which related to family matters.

Patience: “Do ye to do as thou wouldst were she  
asmile aside thee.”

This was a continuation of the foregoing advice and referred to Nellie Cordingly.

“She hath made purchase through price o’  
love.

Fetch ye the yarn.”

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May 3, 1915  
Mrs. Curran  
Mr. Yost

The sitting began at once on *Telka* and about 1500 words of the story came very rapidly.

Mrs. Curren then suggested that maybe Patience would give them a poem.

Patience: “’Tis a love I put to thee. I then do fashion  
out a tiny loaf for babes, eh? I feed ye to  
asleep, thou are afull and grain adrivel from  
thy lips and still ye do root for more!”

Mr. Yost: “You know I haven’t been here for a long  
while, Patience.”

Patience: “Not so. Ye bide aside the hearth. I see the  
star-eye o’ ye and know ‘tis a twinkle at the  
spell o’ me.”

Mr. Yost: “Did you see me, Patience, since I was here  
last?”

Patience: "What, ye to ask o' see? And ye do see me not?"

Mr. Yost: "You can see me then?"

Patience: "Yea, and yet 'tis adeep thou seest. List. Ye, eat, but 'tis the eat o' hunger. I tell thee there be ones who eat not o' hunger, but o' fill."

Mrs. Curran here made some laughing remark.

Patience: "The tung o' her putteth but dizzy pace and spelleth naught."

Mrs. Curran protested that she tried at least.

Patience: "Yea, but thou dost weave not. 'Tis thy master afore thee that putteth pace. (After a pause:) "Word meeteth word, and at touch o' me, doth spell to thee."

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May 5, 1915

Mrs. Curran

Mrs. C. P. Burns

Patience: "Think ye a road yea a path ye trod alone? I do bid ye for to seek them o' blood's tie; man prospereth not lone nay ye need o' brother."

Mrs. Burns is the cousin of Mrs. Curran and had not visited the family for two years.

We took this as rebuke that we should not neglect each other.

Patience: “Ye o’ little love o’ housewifery take heed o’ her, she be a wench who loveth o’ her hearth and keepeth her pewter abright. The line o’ ye hath departed o’ her track.”

Mrs. Burns is noted for her beautiful housekeeping and Patience evidently wished us to follow her example.

Mrs. P.: “Patience, is that for any one of us in particular?”

Patience: “Ye? Yea, the whole o’ ye I fashioned a loaf. Bid that they do leave thee have a crumb.”

Here we remarked that she evidently referred to the message she gave, from Miss Cordingly, and asked her if she wished Mrs. B. to share it.

Patience: “Yea. I fetched a pack not o’ mine own. I’d cast a bit o’ sweet unto the wench.”

“Fields hath she trod arugged aye and weed agrown. Aye and e’en now, where she hath set abloom the blossoms o’ her the very soul, weed aspringeth. And lo, she standeth head ahigh and eye to sky and faith astrong. And foot abruised still troddeth rugged field. But I do promise ye, ‘tis such an faith that layeth low the weed and putteth ‘pon the rugged path asmothe, and yet but bloom shalt show, and ever shalt she stand head ahigh and eye unto the sky.”

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May 7, 1915  
Mrs. C. B. Rohland  
Mrs. Usher  
Mrs. C. C. Allen  
Mrs. F. Richardson

Mrs. Richardson with Mrs. Curran at the board.

Patience:       “Woe is me; they fetch them dames. I fear  
not o’ the sage but they do come them  
armed o’ brush-broom and wing for to fan  
awhither the dust acling. I be atremble in  
fearing.”

Here we fell into discussion and Mrs. Rohland remarked  
that we had best to let Patience continue.

Patience:       “Ye prattle and ‘tis her o’ head astrong who  
bideth thee on.”

Mrs. Richardson asked Patience if she was conscious of  
higher planes than the one on which she now lived.

Patience:       “What think ye the globe be a bubble and  
holdeth it ahere the all?

Mrs. Rohland here asked for a personal message.

Patience:       “I’d put aneath thy very hand.”

Mrs. Richardson was about to ask another question about  
the hereafter.

Patience: “Ye peer at straining to the land ahere and I do tell thee ‘tis thy gift to see. Ye believe not e’en what thine eyes do tell thee. I tell thee more. ‘Tis he who listeth long who heareth o’ the echoes neath the stones.”

Mrs. Richardson asked does Christ mean as much to you there as to us here.

Patience: “Eat ye the loaf I did fashion.”

Mrs. Allen took the board with Mrs. Curran.

Patience: “Love hath kissed each finger tip. They sing, aye, sing o’ love. ‘Tis like o’ her that beareth love unto the earth.”

(To Mrs. Richardson) “I bid the ask to fetch aback alater that I do cast a sweet.”

Patience: (To Mrs. Allen, a pianist:)

#### -The Pianist

“Days born aswathed in gray do soft unfurled the misty gray and fling forth a glory o’ brightness. And birds do wake to trill forth the love o’ Him unto the listening crannies. And up from earth asoars the bright and song. And ‘tis the hand o’ her that doth aloose this magic to thy heart and to the earth.”

Mrs. Rohland here took the board, and asked: “What good can possibly come from this war?”

Patience: “I bid ye to look to Calvary and to the blood abathed o’er the side o’ Him.”

Mrs. R: “Give me a message. I’ll take sweet or sour.”

Patience: “Yea, a sweet athout a bitter doth sicken. I’d tell thee a heart so full as thine, ‘twould be afitting thee.”

“She beareth bloom athin each o’ hand and hideth o’ the thorn. Ahungered is thy heart. I promise thee such an feast as shall cause thee a happy.”

“’Tis truth o’ earth that ‘tis the seed aplaned deep that doth cause the harvester for to watch. For lo, doth he to hold the seed athin his hand, ‘tis but a seed. And aplaned, he doth watch him in wondering. Verily do I say, ‘tis so with me. I be aplaned deep, do thee then to watch.”

(Evidently to Mrs. Usher) “I yet do weave for thee.” (To Mrs. Richardson) “Do leave the mite aside a hand.” (Here Mrs. Usher took the board) “Fetch thou the brush, that I do ply.”

Here followed 150 words of *Telka*.

Mrs. Allen remarked that perhaps Mrs. Curran’s music was not up to the standard desired by Patience for her work, so she switched her over into literature.

Mrs. Richardson again at the board.

Patience: “’Tis the wish o’ her that she knoweth o’ me. I tell thee, Dame, ‘tis the wish o’ me that ye do eat afull and I do fashion out loaf for thee. Do fetch aback. Put ask atrip ‘pon the tung o’ thee.”

Mrs. R.: “Are you conscious of a higher plane than the one you now live in?”

Patience: “The tung o’ me be astopped. Do eat that which I offer thee, ‘tis o’ Him. I but bear the pack apacked for the carry o’ me by Him. ‘Tis them ahungered who do fetch unto thy door for to be afed, and ‘tis the hand o’ thee that feedeth o’ them. Thy path astretcheth close unto the borderland. ‘Tis so that I telled to thee, thou dost see that which ye believe not. Be this a sweet to thy ear? I be at whisper unto thee, do list at quiet time.”

Mrs. Richardson stated she habitually gave certain time to meditation and introspective meditation on a verse of Scripture.

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May 9, 1915  
The family

Mrs. Curran had been trying, subrosa, to shake the task of writing which her conscience had been urging her to do.

Patience: “She goeth her hither and yon and ever seeketh that which she hideth ahind. Aye,

but 'tis one who putteth abroad and fetcheth  
hither them that putteth her to task.”

We had written a letter to Chicago which we had thought  
was very just, but later we admitted that it was rather  
selfish. We were wondering just what was right to do.

Patience: “I’d tell thee that which thou cravest for,  
wert to thy like.”

All: “Tell us, by all means.”

Patience: “Thou hast a measure full, do then to give o’  
loves pack. I bid thee look again unto  
Calvary where hung thief and Him, all  
merciful. Did he to tell o’ theft or wicked?  
Nay o’ gloried.”

“All right, Patience, we understand.”\*

Patience: “Put haste ahind thee.”

“Shall we hold the letter?”

Patience: “The hand aguide be not ahere.”

“What is your judgment?”

Patience: “I did put it as she aside thee and asmile.”

“We think we understand and will. We thought we were  
acting right in the letter.

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\* Here begins a number of exchanges where the questioners are not  
identified.

Patience: “Yea, fed but crumb, athout meat.”

“Shall we change the letter?”

Patience: “There be athin thy pack that that thou holdest but for thyself.”

“What shall we say then?”

Patience: “I put not rule to thee and thee and thee. There be aneath the whole a truth buyed dearly, aye, but bought. Look ye not awither, but athin.”

“Must we change our attitude toward G?”

Patience: “He who holdeth o’ a measure abroked spilleth grain and ‘tis but the grain o’ him. Take not o’ spill.”

“We will change the letter.”

Patience: “A rot showeth neath sun, but hideth it ‘mid dark!”

“We must do as Nell would have us do.”

Patience: “I be a bearer aback and ‘twere a wish I put to lend a hand but ‘twere to be so that she fetcheth unto me, ne’er me afetch unto her.”

We began talking to Mother about her proposed trip to Chicago.

Patience: “Ye bid that she a travel stream that floweth not from fountain head. ‘Tis ne’er aright.

Stream adryeth though the mother stream,  
and both be the waters o' her?"

Mr. C.: "She means Grandmother."

Patience: "Son, thou knowest the heart o' me."

Mr. C.: "You mean Muz should go."

Patience: "There be but a handfull o' days."

"Shall she go at once?"

Patience: "Put haste ahind and fetch forth word."

"We will write another letter. God bless Patience."

Patience: "There be a love for me. I take then thy  
measure."

"Take a full one, Patience."

Patience: "I builded long the path. Do thou then  
trod."

"What shall we say to George?"

Patience: "Ye know no hunger like to him agluttet  
and purged. Earth's paths lead them aback.  
I put not rule. Thy hearts be acleansed, do  
then to drink the light."

Mother was anxious about the proposed visit to Chicago  
and somewhat uneasy.

Patience: “I promise ye a balm thou needst, yea,  
blooms amid the brambles.”

Muz said we ought to thank Patience every time we sat,  
for all her heart interest.

Patience: “I read not thy word, thy heart. I on, yea,  
on, for love.”

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Sunday P.M.  
Dr. & Mrs. Lowes

Patience: “There be a bright o’ hearth this night, and a  
choose o’ me.”

We acknowledged the compliment.

Patience: (To Dr. Lowes) “Didst eat o’ grass and  
didst thee find it full long and sweat? Eh? I  
be a sower o’ seed. Fetch forth that I do  
wind.”

Here followed about 1200 words of *Telka* in which we  
got a mention of the sun as “she” and when the Dr.  
remarked upon it she broke in and said: “Ye put to that I  
sing, yea, S.” So we corrected “she” to “he” and Patience  
remarked: “I telled she hath pegs astead.” Referring to a  
previous saying o’ her regarding what Mrs. C. had in her  
head.

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May 15, 1915  
 Aunt Annie  
 Aunt Joe  
 Mrs. Hough  
 Muz & Pearl

Patience: “She who tracketh so, hath measures large and small, and woe is he who she seeth for to measure. She putteth to such an test that be he alarge, though he looketh to the eye alarge, be he not aright, shrinketh him to measure asmall, and he who looketh to the eye asmall be he aright, growth unto the large o’ measure o’ her. She be a measurer. She sifteth o’ the right from wrong, and verily, ne’er doth she put awrong. Nay, chaff she casteth awither and grain doth she store.”

This referred to Mrs. Hough, on a visit from Mound City, Illionois, and certainly is a true estimate of the lady’s character.

Mrs. Hough asked Patience if she could tell her if the husband of her friend, a Mrs. Ryan was near her in spirit, as Mrs. Ryan requested that she ask.

Patience: “I bid she looketh to her heart o’ her. He bideth him athere, and yea, think ye the air ashoweth naught save that ye put athin thine eye?”

Satisfied with this answer, Mrs. H. asked again for Mrs. Ryan. “Should Mrs. R. leave the old home and go with her people since her husband had died, or should she stay?”

Patience: “Ye put not the path and thou dost put a cunning ‘pon thy trick to seek that path thou shouldst choose, I tell thee ‘tis the gods do laugh.”

Mrs. Hough took this to mean that Mrs. R. really knew her path but merely hesitated. So she asked Patience if that was what she meant.

Patience: “Ye’d pluck from out the air that which thy hand doth hold.”

“The child o’ me hath a hurt to heart.  
(Mrs.C.) ‘Tis better that ye let to bleed that that unfit be bled away. What! List.

“Canst thou to feed fire that burneth, yea, alike the bloom or weed? Yea, and lappeth e’en the first fruits o’ blossom time, and ever reacheth hunger-tung to burn, burn, burn. The mother’s breast adrieth but through fever.”

This referred to grandmother Cordingly and conditions with her. Following this Mrs. Hough asked for a personal message about her husband.

Patience: “Thy sisters plucked them o’ many buds, aye, and some do wither e’en at the pluck. And others do withstand but Summer day and lay them low at Winter season. But I tell thee thou hast plucked an ever-live.”

Patience gave the following to Aunt Annie and Aunt Joe:

“The heart o’ me athrobbeth full, and ‘tis o’ loving, yea, o’ loving. And ‘tis the wish o’ me for to tell thee. Earth holdeth o’ a treasure, and yet a one, heart white, sky-eyed, aye, blue, and oft acloud. Hand afold in piety and work adone save but for the loving. Aye, and they be aplant, yea aplant, one the earth about and other, gem. And He doth need o’ earth for to aplant the gem, and loveth it like to the gem. Yea, and love o’ mine doth hover ‘bout the twain o’ hearth side.” (Aunt Annie and Joe were beside the hearth.)

Aunt Joe’s husband disappeared many years ago and has not been heard of in years. She would come into some land if she could prove his death. Aunt Joe asked Patience what she should do about the land.

Patience: “There be a one thou knowest for to make a tell. Ye believe that he who putteth him afar be not ahere. ‘Tis folly, he hath still atrod.”

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May 12, 1915  
Hallie Casey  
Mr. & Mrs Curran

Mr. Curran was making some loud remarks on the war and other matters.

Patience: “‘Tis a tell he putteth and I do say he speaketh loud, yea, but meaneth naught.”

After a few lines of *Telka*, Miss Casey took the board and Patience said: "I would a word." She then gave the following poem to the field daisy:

Patience:

-The Spring in My Heart-

Spring broke 'pon the height  
O' mountain's peak and crept  
In green robes o'er the sides  
And deep unto the vale

And I did stand at awe,  
And seek my love at crannie  
And depth unknown, and trod  
'Pon paths that led o'er fields  
And bathed athin the brook,  
To lead me on.

But woe is me!  
I found not my love  
But 'pon a stem anod a tuft o' green,  
And murmured me a prayer  
That I seek not in vain.  
And lo! The field laid ope and cast  
Unto my hungered aye its fullness,  
And yet I sorrowed me.

Ah winds, know ye my love?  
And waving tree, knowest thou my love?  
Path atraced o'er earth,  
Leadst thou me to her?

And eve wrapped close the joys o' earth  
And darked the splendor o' the spring,  
But left me still at hunger and awish.

But sun abroke and I  
 Did turn anew to search  
 And plucked me every bloom  
 Till 'mid the high, the warmth o' him  
 Awrapped it 'bout the stalk.  
 And tufted green asprung  
 And sent it forth its rays  
 Like to a mock o' him  
 And I did find my love abloomed,  
 The sun o' Field, the daisy  
 'Pon its slender stem.

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Evidently Patience meant this poem as a tribute to Miss Casey as she said to her: "Like ye the bud acast?" and then: "Do, On, I tell thee she tarrieth." We resumed *Telka* at once. After writing to the going to sleep of Ione, the board stopped and Patience said "Nuff!" "I'd bid ye eat o' loaf I fashioned."

We asked: "Surely *Telka* isn't finished?"

Patience: "Be ye at tire? I yet set pace afull o'er same track!"

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May 17, 1915  
 Mr. Yost  
 Mrs. Curran

The sitting began with about 1400 words of *Telka*. During the sitting Patience spelled out the word "quiryeth," but we got it spelled wrong, although Mrs. Curran knew what was meant. Mr. Yost supplied the missing letter and Patience stopped the composition long enough to say: "He fetcheth put o' letter."

Then finished the sentence which was under construction.

It was Mr. Curran's birthday and after the work on *Telka*, he asked for a birthday gift of a message from Patience. Without any hesitancy she gave the following:

Patience: "I do scatter bloom and cast o' seed for bloom, and pack that which I can ne'er to bear, and yet put word o' tell. And oft do reach to stroke the heart strings. Aye, and I be aneed, aye and ever he standeth at salute."

Here Mr. Yost asked for something for himself.

Patience: "I do put loaf and feed and they do eat o' loaf afashioned for the eat o' them and ever nibble 'pon the brother loaf."

Then she seemed to notice Miss Ravenscroft beside the sitters and said:

Patience: "There be aside, a one o' worth. Aye, who putteth sun 'mid cloud and tracketh rough as smooth and every\* stayeth at asmile."

Then having gone the rounds of us all:

Patience: "There, thee art fed."  
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\* A possible misspelling of "ever"

May 20, 1915  
Mrs. & Miss Allen

Patience: “’Tis the wish o’ me that ye do look unto the locks o’ her, they be aput aright.”

This being an informal visit Mrs. Allen and her daughter for a little visit with Patience, who evidently liked the manner in which Mrs. Allen smoothed back her hair in rather puritan fashion.<sup>∞</sup>

Patience: “She who putteth the locks awry hath her tho’t at awry.”

We enjoyed this very much and continued to joke until Patience said:

Patience: “Nuff. I put not piffle. Thou’rt aputting word-waste.”

We agreed with Patience and took it for granted that she wished to write on *Telka* and asked her to begin.

Patience: “I put not at tell, nay I put at choose.”

We told her we were perfectly agreeable and to do what she chose. She at once gave us the following poem:

Patience:

-I Send My Wish Asearch-

Swift as light-flash o’ storm. Swift. Swift.  
Would I send the wish o’ thine asearch.  
Swift. Swift as bruise o’ swallow’s wing ‘pon air,

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<sup>∞</sup> This sentence is presented as written

I'd send a search thy wish, a reach to lands unseen,  
 I'd send a back o' answer laden.  
 Swift, swift, would I to flee unto the naught  
 Thou knowest as the Here.  
 Swift, swift I'd bear a back to thee  
 What thou would'st seek. Swift. Swift.  
 Would I to bear a back to thee.

Dost deem the path ahid doth lead to naught?  
 Dost deem thy footfall leadst thee to nothingness?  
 Dost pin not 'pon His word o' promising,  
 And art at sorry and a fear to follow Him?  
 I'd put a thin thy cup a sweet, a pledge o' loves-buy,  
 I'd send a back a glad-song o' this land.  
 Sing thou, sing on, though thou art ne'er a heard.  
 Like love awaked, the joy o' breath  
 A new born o' His loving.

Set thee at rest, and trod the path unfearing.  
 For He who putteth joy to earth a planted joy  
 A thin the reach o' thee, e'en through  
 The dark o' path at end o' journey.  
 His smile. His word. His loving.  
 Put forth thy hand at glad and I do promise thee  
 That joy o' earth a supped shalt fall as naught,  
 And thou shalt sup thee deep o' joys  
 O' Bearer aye, and Source, and like glad light  
 Thy coming here a born in rose-tint  
 And sweet o' love.

Patience: "Nuff. Thou art ye aye and I be me and ye  
 be ye, aye ever so. Fetch forth to wind."

Following about one thousand words of *Telka* we asked  
 for a message for Miss Grace Allen.

Patience: “There wert cloud and sorry aye and joys  
but ne’er a joy or light like to the coming of  
her.”

Miss Allen said it was sweet of Patience to give her such  
a nice message after such a long sitting.

Patience: “Nay to feed ‘pon sweet ‘mid toil putteth  
sorry to aflight.”

Miss Allen asked if she might ask a question and we  
remarked that she had talked much already.

Patience: “Aye and ever put me tell to word.”

Miss Allen: “Will I make a success tomorrow eve?”

Patience: “Ye’d pull from out the air what be athin thy  
hands. Do thee to put aright.”

Miss Allen: “She means it’s up to me.”

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May 21, 1915  
Miss Casey•

Patience: “That which I tell thee be but for thee and  
ne’er for him who seeketh. I did send aback  
the wish o’ her and she did drink afull aye,  
and thou be afulled. I feed not thy heart but  
thee ahungered.”

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• Although Mrs. Curran is not mentioned she is the one constant at the  
board

For record, Mrs. C. had a short time before had a rather vivid vision of her Aunt Nellie in the upper hall. This and the family matters at Chicago were worrying us and we hoped for some light on what was doing and what to do. The following is a very personal message of interest only to the Curran family. Dr. Lowes will understand its reference to Miss Nellie's death.

Patience:        “Ye see but the loosed ends o’ weaving and they do show awry, but I do tell thee she who be at weave tireth never and cloth shalt yet show aright. ‘Tis weary that she plieth with bobbin aroughed and it amucketh o’ the weave but shuttled, aye, shuttled on and on, shalt lay it smoothe and yet she weaveth spite o’ bobbin. Aye, she set the warp and ‘twere put amuck aye, and hunger-heart o’ her starried hath fed ‘pon rot, and hot fires awicked, aye and fires afed shalt burn to ash the builder. Yea and e’en now, ‘tis awrithe he be. Think ye I’d cast a faggot unto such an fire? The fetch o’ word be apaled aside the tell by her aput. Put rest, ‘tis but the scorch o’ cleanse-fire unto her at stay and freed, she soareth on, aloosed by buy. The eye o’ her looketh but through the eye o’ him.

“‘Twere but the soothe o’ her that kept the flames aburied. I’d tell thee more, but ‘tis not mine for telling. I did fetch me out the pack o’ her. Do thee to bide thee at thy hearth and list unto the word o’ her. Thee knowest ‘tis thine the heart-sit first, and rove not save from call abroad from love.”

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May 21, 1915  
Miss Buehlinger  
Mrs. C.

Patience: "I weave not, nay 'tis word I put,"

....said Patience, beginning this sitting, from which we gathered that she had something to say aside from the writing of *Telka*. On arrival Miss B. had many things to tell, one about a Father B. who had read her article in the *Watchman*, had seen much merit in the matter, but smacking of the occult which he despised, had declared it the work of the devil, in emphatic terms. Patience at once sat up and took notice, saying:

Patience: "Wench, do list. The devil hath oft atethered him unto a monk's cord. Aye, and I be the teller o' it, not o' the sin o' me but 'tis at envy o' the put he putteth to the words o' me that fetched aforth. There be many an ass o' long ear ahid in cowl."

Miss B. then asked about Father Phelan.

Patience: "He putteth to sunet the glow o' rise. Aye and days apast and they at passing, be filled o' joy in Him."

We remarked how true this was and Miss B. stated that the holiest of the priests and the best people sought him.

Patience: "Aye, they atrack and holied put ne'er a track at closer trod with Him. He putteth not o' satan to the words o' me. He who feedeth 'pon loaf and smacketh at feed and waggeth, yea, 'tis goodish loaf, and yet doth prate 'tis

awicked-bought, asurely then afalleth sicked  
and looseth o' the feed. He spatteth forth  
that which he ne'er did eat."

Miss B.: "Patience, you called me a wench."

Patience: "Thee'dst sick were I to put thee at dame."

(Laughter) Miss B. asked for more – anything.

Patience: "Gad, thou be a grind o' feed."

Miss B.: "You are a darling, Patience."

Patience: "Sweet she aspreadeth, for catch."

Miss B. owned up.

Patience: "Aye, and waggeth yea, at tell. I'd sing."

-The Song for the Weary-

Wearied word adropped by weary ones,  
And broked mold afashioned out by wearied hands,  
Afalter-song sung through tears o' wearied one,  
Afancied put o' earth's fair scene  
Afallen at awry o' weariness. Love's task  
Unfinished, aye, o'ertaken by sore weariness  
O' thee I'd sing.

Aye, and put me such an songed-note  
That earth, aye and heav'n should hear  
And thou aye all o' ye, the souls-songs  
O' my brothers be afinished  
At the closing o' my song.

Aye, and wearied, aye and wearied I'd sing.  
 I'd sing for them, the loved o' Him  
 And brothers o' thee and me. Amen.

This is the song of Patience to the world-waste.

-To the Waste of Earth-

I choose o' the spill  
 O' love and word and work  
 The waste o' earth  
 To build.  
 Ye hark unto the sages  
 And oft a way-singer's song  
 Hath laden o'er full o' truth  
 And wasteth 'pon the air  
 And falleth not unto thine ear.

Think ye He scattereth wither  
 E'en such an grain? Nay.  
 And do ye seek o' spill  
 And put unto thy song  
 'Twill fill its emptiness.

Ye seek to sing but o' thy song  
 And 'tis an empty strain. 'Tis need  
 O' love's spill for to fill.

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May 25, 1915  
 Dr. Usher  
 Mrs. Usher  
 Mrs. Richardson

After a general discussion and much reading of the  
 record Dr. Usher sat at the board with Mrs. Curran.

Patience aimed her first remark straight at the Doctor in these words:

Patience:        “He plucketh o’ an eagle’s quill for to tickle  
                      o’ the earth.”

We all enjoyed this as a reference to Dr. Usher’s well known war comment. Patience Continued:

Patience:        “Yea, and ‘tis awise he be, for ‘tis nay  
                      search and stacker o’ search he be. Nay he  
                      weighth and yea, sorteth out the mettle o’  
                      search and storeth the mettle.”

The Doctor was duly appreciative of the compliment, but Patience tempered it by this dry remark:

Patience:        “‘Tis the trick o’ aged dame for to ply o’  
                      sweets for gain, eh?”

Mrs. Richardson was sitting beside the sitters and was evidently noticed by Patience for she made this remark, which seemed rather more than a guess:

Patience:        “The ask atickleth o’ her.”

Mrs. Richardson owned that she did have some questions which she was anxious to ask, and as the remark of Patience seemed to bid her put them, she said: “I will ask her some questions and (jokingly) will play my trump-card first.”

Patience:        “Be ye at cast o’ parchments (playing cards)  
                      I be beat at start.”

Mrs. R.: “When I heard curious bells ringing was that you trying to communicate with me?”

Patience: “Ye list at straining, aye, I be athin thy heart at quiet. Think ye I be a tinkler o’ brass? Nay, I be a putter o’ words. There be nay need o’ knocker, nay, thy heart be oped.”

Mrs. R.: “On your plane, is there any difference between Christ and Jesus?”

Patience: “Why put ye such a word? There be but a here. Aye, ye prate o’ plain. I be me.”

Dr. Usher: “Are you conscious of more about your own time now then you were at the time you lived?”

Patience: “What hath been, doth be, aye thou o’ yesterday ahere, be o’ today.”

At this point there was some discussion in which most of the company seemed to side against Mrs. Richardson. Patience at once took up the cudgels for her by saying:

Patience: “Ye put at fast; she is astew o’ potion.”

Mrs. R.: “Is it our duty to develop in order that we may aid those over there to communicate with us on this plane?”

Patience: “They aseek need not a put. Nay, she who weaveth (Mrs. Curran) be but the bearer o’ the words o’ me. Think ye she aseked out the track o’ me at day and day? Nay, wait ye.”

Mrs. R.: “Where you are, does thought produce motion so that to think of a person is to be with them?”

Patience: “Think ye a seed aspringeth yon and flowereth ahere? Ye be ye and I tell thee, do ye to hope at shed o’ such an ye as ye be at come ahere, ‘tis folly. Thou art at twist o’ reasoning. Put ye to weave as price o’ ask.”

Complying with the wish of Patience, Mrs. R. sat at the board and aided in writing about 300 words of the *Telka* story, after which Mrs. Usher took the board and asked a question.

Mrs. Usher: “Is there a counterpart of the church where you exist, and does it suffer as here, a falling away of membership, or does passing through the portals draw souls to it?”

Patience: “He hath afashioned a wall-less country. ‘Twere man who putteth wall. Thou art o’ Him aye and I be o’ Him and ye be o’ Him and He be all and of all, need ye o’ wall for to put thy Sire’s love to hide?”

Mrs. Usher: “Do you believe in reincarnation?”

Patience: “I be me. Think ye I do clothe anew and prate me o’ what ne’er astalked athin the days o’ me ne’er aclothed as this the new o’ put? Nay.”

Mrs. R.: “I don’t think she hardly understands what we mean by the doctrine of reincarnation.”

Patience:       “Nay, ye prate o’ that ye traveled not; I be a tracker o’ the path. Word meaneth much, but fact remaineth, spite o’ word.”

Here Mr. Curran tried to come to the rescue of Mrs. R. by saying that she had not as yet come to her final conclusion in her philosophy. Patience proceeded to call him down as follows:

“He gabbeth much. She knoweth o’ me. She listeth and harketh, yea and heareth much. (To Mrs. R.) Do put ‘pon thy path. Thou art arove, but on! Aye, ‘tis well. Thou art asure o’ find.”

Here Mrs. Usher took the board and Patience at once recognized her for she said:

“Ne’er a crumb have I acast to her!

“She hath a bud, aye a bud o’ Him. And it asprung ‘mid the pure o’ her. Day brighteth at the smile o’ her and yea, He hath aplantet full o’ seed for harvesting by thy loving. Care ye, care ye? Aye and cloak o’ loving, aye and care! ‘Tis such an trust ne’er agiven save by Him unto His loved. The smile o’ her, ‘tis sun’s-warm for harvesting. I cast o’ crumb.”

Discussion arose her as to whether the “bud” meant the girl or the boy child of the Ushers and Patience said:

“Aye, she hath a bud, aye, a bud? I’d fancy me ‘twere him, the leaf. He (Dr. Usher) hath a trust o’ leaf and bud; do thou to care.”

Much speculation here as to who the personal pronouns referred, to children or parents.

“Think ye I weave o’ garland?”

Mr. Yost taking the board, Patience said:

“He picketh at crumbs acast. Bid they do tell o’ fetch at later put. Aye they fetch o’ dames to spy.”

Mrs. R. had made a date for Friday with several lady friends.

“”Aye, and he doth wag at put. Do bid he showeth thee, thou knowest, ‘twere ye at pucker at the eve o’ yester.” (Reference to matter in book.) “Feed ye o’ loaf, yea, tell unto the plucker o’ quills the word o’ me at ‘war.’”

She meant to read to Dr. Usher her poem on “War,” which was done forthwith.

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May 27, 1915  
 Dr. Lowes  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mrs. Gifford

Dr. Lowes had not been in for near a fortnight and Patience was “full o’ words” for him. She began:

Patience: “List ye, brother, they do come at eve, aye and at the night’s season. Aye and ‘tis apacked o’ ply o’ word they be. Aye, and ‘tis o’ word that be not seed for grow o’ grass.

“Aye, and ‘tis ‘pon highway they ascatter o’ seed. Aye, not ‘pon turned o’ earth.

“I do put athin the hand o’ thee the seed o’ me.

“Do for to scatter.

“Aye, I do put at shut the sacks for them aseek o’ scatter wild o’ grain. A piddle o’ word! At put o’ ask do I to do me thus; aye, and so!

“Aye, and puts ask do I to put believe! Paugh!

“The dust o’ ye be all that bideth it anew ‘pon earth. ‘Tis herb agrown, aye, and fed to what, aye and what, till ye be not ye. But dust aformeth new. Aye, ‘tis the ye o’ ye that fatteneth at such an tale.

“Fetch forth, that he who putteth bobbin at astraight, putteth unto the weave.”

Here followed about 1500 words of *Telka*. After which Dr. Lowes rather hesitatingly expressed a desire to ask a question. Unanimous consent as Mr. Curran passed cigars.

Dr. Lowes: “First, may I ask, do you mind if I smoke?”

Patience: “He putteth o’ ask and it be not a seed for grow o’ grain!”

After due acknowledgments the Dr. asked:

“Why cannot I see in the steel while I sit here?”

Patience chose to answer this by explaining how it was that Mrs. Curran could “See in the steel” and said:

“I’d prate, list!

“’Twere a twain o’ sorrow that wert buy o’ word o’ me for her who putteth o’ the word o’ me. There wert, aye, I’d tell, a twain ‘twere – I stop me at wonder do I to tell – yea, I put forth; take ye it as thou lovest me as but for the ear o’ thee.

“There wert a song astopped, aye and strum, strum – is’t nuff?

“She maketh not o’ her as me. Nay, ‘tis thank! ‘Tis seek ye’d be for to find such an one, who putteth o’ the very self o’ her awither, aye and putteth not a questioning o’ Him who putteth me unto the see o’ her. She bear not o’ earth, nay, o’ Him.

“Nay, thou’rt achose, but ‘tis ateeter ye at use o’ rod ‘pon her. Do ye to ply, ‘tis well.”

Dr. Lowes here said he had many questions in his mind which were in a way impossible to formulate.

Patience: “Thy lips atickle but tell not o’ put as thee’dst wish.

“I be at pick o’ waste o’ ye and thee’dst find atuck amid the word o’ me thy put, the waste o’ ye and pack afed by thee.”

After some discussion Mrs. Gifford suggested Patience be asked if she was satisfied with the evening’s work and on request, sat at the board to receive the answer.

Patience: “I did tickle o’ the tung o’ her to ask.

“They put the puller o’ grass to path atwist, aye and packed past carry. Aye, but ‘tis the tickle the word o’ me that fetcheth o’ him!

“He hath a sorry, aye, ‘tis such an wonder that he be. He sitteth high, yea, at cross-leg, aye and ‘tis at higher he sitteth do he to choose. Hark ye, ‘tis as I put, aye but I do put choose to tether him unto the skirt o’ me.”

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May 28, 1915  
 Mrs. Richardson  
 Mrs. Portis  
 Mrs. Chase  
 Mrs. Rohland  
 Mrs. Curran

Patience: “Gad, ‘tis a quack-gabbing. Aye I be at a choose for to crack leash aye and set a pace.”

The ladies asked if Patience meant that they should go.

Patience: “Nay bide ye I spell.”

Here Mrs. Curran talked with the ladies on general topics until Patience interrupted:

Patience: “A piddle she putteth I do swear and ‘tis a wade o’ muck do I to put athrough. Set the Ask at wag.”

We understood this to refer to Mrs. Richardson who had prepared certain questions.

Mrs. R.: “Is there any difference over there between the Christ and Jesus?”

Patience: “Eat ye o’ loaf. I tell at each aye, each and all o’ breath, o’ Him. Aye, and He who put ‘pon earth hath clothed anew aye, but ‘tis that I did to tell o’ the ye o’ ye. Jesus dieth, aye, and ‘twere Him o’ Him arisen spite o’ die ‘pon earth. Put I o’ Him? Aye, and take ye as offer o’ love o’ me for Him, this the word o’ me, in His name. How doth day to creep ‘pon night’s path and light o’ dark, ‘tis o’ the love o’ Him o’ earth that putteth light, so ‘tis the love o’ Him that putteth word to her aweave.”

Mrs. Chase: “Years ago I possessed certain power to communicate with my father but owing to

small faith I have given up the practice.  
Was this really what it reported to be or was  
I deceived and were other spirits  
personating?”

Patience: “Wave lappeth it at high aye, and froth  
sprayeth here and yon, ye be aneath the  
spray. Thou’rt word wasting. Think ye ‘tis  
but one o’ here aseek? Nay, but ‘tis thee  
that put o’ ye as ye and send awither.  
Thou’rt o’er full o’ ye.”

Mrs. Chase: “Is it right for me to persist in trying to  
communicate?”

Patience: “Be it aright for thee to sup o’ drop be ye  
athirst?”

Mrs. Chase: “Are there other spirits about us here?”

Patience: “What do ye to prate? I tell thee I be me and  
‘tis ahere the words o’ me aput. Think ye  
the earth aholdeth none save those atrack  
‘pon clay?”

The ladies suggested that we let Patience take her own  
course as to the balance of the sitting and they discontinued  
questioning.

Patience: “I weave at eve, and do to scatter o’ seed at  
this hour.”

Mrs. Rohland: “Won’t you please cast me a seed,  
Patience?”

Patience: “She who hath agrown ‘pon earth from out the soil ne’er aturned, a bloom, aye, and doth to coax the voice o’ here to earth, doth put ask o’ seed o’ me! I tell thee ‘tis the wish o’ me that ye feed, aye, and seek o’ me. I yet do plant for thee a seed for the pluck o’ thee, and worth it be.”

Mrs. Portis: “Will we know our loved ones as our own when we come to your land?”

Patience: “What o’ a land that holdeth not o’ love o’ stalk that grow a bloom!”

Here Mrs. Richardson asked Mrs. Portis to put a question for her and worded the beginning of it “On your plane.” Then remarked that Patience disliked this word “plane.”

Patience: “I be tracked o’ a plane, aye, and plain I be. Yea, I be me.”

Mrs.  
Richardson: “Do you see us?”

Patience: “The eye o’ ye beholdest but the span o’ its ope, the eye o’ me be all and o’ all.”

Mrs.  
Richardson: “Do we visit your land in dreams?”

Patience: “Thou’rt tethered ahere. Do ye to taste, aye and touch, aye and put scent, and aye look adeep, it be’eth but a whit to the see o’ me.”

Mrs. Chase: “Do our loved ones help us who are left behind?”

Patience: "Like love bath 'bout thee do the here o' thee to fold thee 'bout."

Mrs. R.: "Will I obtain relief from certain oppressions or trials of mine?"

Patience: "Stand thou! Thou'rt awhine!"

Mrs. Portis: "Is there a shorter path?"

Patience: "Think ye He acast the earth and stars as bubbles blown?"

Mrs. R.: "Tell me what I need?"

Patience: "'Tis ne'er a care o' thine adealt amiss."

Here Mrs. Rohland broke in: "Patience, tell us why should evil be."

Patience: "There be naught o' evil; it abideth not. 'Tis dreams awry."

Mrs. Rohland: "What is the good of expiation?"

Patience: "Gad! She doth mouthe o'er word. Thee'rt at tend o' that He tendeth."

Mrs.

Richardson: "Will the scientist who build with and accept nothing but facts at death receive sight?"

Patience: "They be at ply o' trade 'tis lie they do know, but 'tis the need o' earth for fools."

Mrs. Rohland: "Patience, I ask you again then why the need for expiation-sacrifice?"

Patience: "Yea, 'tis put, but 'twere abetter that ye ask o' why a price. Wert there nay price 'twould be the cheat o' earth and earth then should ne'er have been afashioned. Up through mould aye and push o' pebble aye and break athrough froze-crust cometh bloom. 'Tis price o' grow o' ye."

Mrs.  
Richardson: "Is there a concerted movement on your plane to communicate with earth?"

Patience: "Ne'er, ne'er shalt heaven ope to earth. The seed aheld be but seed."

"The day carroleth with Him."

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-Hands-

Hands. Hands. The hands o' earth;  
Abusied at fashioning, aye,  
And put o' this, aye, and that.  
Hands. Hands, upturned at empty.  
Hands. Hands untooled, aye but builders  
O' the soothe o' earth.

Hands. Hands aspread, aye and sending forth  
That which they do hold – the emptyness.  
Aye, at empty they be, afulled o' the give o' Him.  
At put at up, aye and down, 'tis at weave  
O' cloth o' Him they be.

Hands. Hands afulled o' work o' Him  
 Aye, and ever at a spread o' doing in His name.  
 Aye, and at put o' weave  
 For naught but loving.

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May 28, 1915  
 Mrs. C. R. Rohland  
 Mrs. C. C. Allen  
 Mr. Allen

Mrs. Allen at the board. Mrs. Rohland arranged the cushions at Mrs. Curran's back, remarking it was for her comfort.

Patience: "The back o' her be at stiff, aye but the head o' her asoft."

We remarked that Patience seemed unwilling to give Mrs. Curran her need of good words.

Patience: "Thee'rt astuff. Aye, I put not afull amore for the eat o' ye."

Then referring to Mrs. Allen.

Patience: "Hark, she at ply hath wish o' word o' me. Yea, she putteth her awither that I do weave."

"List, I sing."

## -Echoes of the There-

Spring's morn afull o' merry-song,  
 Aye, and tickle o' streams-thread  
 Through Summer's noon  
 Arock o' hum o' hearts-throb  
 And danced awhite the air at scorch.

Winter's rage, asing o' cold  
 And wail o' Winter's sorry at the Summer's leave;

Ashivered breeze, abear o' leaf's rustling  
 At dry o' season's ripe;

Night's deep where sound astarteth silence;  
 Morn's sweet, awooded by bird's coax.

Earth's sounds, ye deem!  
 I tell thee 'tis but the echoing o' here.

Thy days be naught  
 Save coax o' here athere!

Here Mrs. Rohland took the board and said: "'Tis bind o' wound ne'er aseen, I be."

Whereupon she gave the poem on "Hands" which is found on Page 140.\*

Mrs. Allen took Mrs. Rohland's place at the board. During the production of the foregoing poems the company were prone to turn to explain to the Judge each line.

\* Page 242 of this book

Patience:        “‘What set ye at chew o’ meat for the eat o’  
him?”

Following this she continued a summary of the Judge’s characteristics.

Patience:        “I’d shake me were I aput aside the rod o’  
him for measure. He casteth not one whit  
o’er the weight allotted me by the rod o’  
him.”

Mrs. Allen here shook her head in the affirmative and remarked, “I am learning something about my husband.”

Patience:        “‘Hear ye, she knoweth that which the lips o’  
her spell not, aye, ‘tis at hide and put she  
keepeth pace with him.”

We suggested that perhaps Patience might like to write on *Telka*.

Patience:        “I’d weave but ‘tis the kill o’ babes for to  
feed o’er much.”

This referred to the fact that Mrs. Curran had written for about five hours.

Patience:        “‘Think ye I’d pace with track o’ dame at  
time and time? Nay, he sitteth at ease. Do  
fetch aforth that I do put path aside o’ him.”

Judge Allen took the board.

Patience:        “‘Tis a muck o’ reasoning he thinketh for  
‘tis at put he be aye, and ‘tis at weigh he  
setteth down the word ‘pon rod for weigh

alater. I tell thee 'tis the town's rule aye,  
 and 'tis he and few who read aright. Aye,  
 'tis many the sour belly that sendeth  
 reasoning awither and fixeth blame 'pon  
 him ne'er aguilty. There be astacked grain  
 he knoweth, and yea 'tis the track o' rats  
 abearing grain unto the stack. He'd seek the  
 kill o' such. Acreep the house o' him at day  
 with mites aye, filth mites aye, and he  
 ashutteth the eye o' him at sorry it be. I'd  
 put the trust o' me athin the hands o' him.  
 Aye, the ear o' him be astopped he listeneth  
 not and sayeth naught aye and doth weigh  
 and balance and set at perfect the weight and  
 out him who receiveth o' the town's rule but  
 the weight allotted."

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May 31, 1915

Mr. Yost

Dr. Lowes

Mr. Yost and Mrs. Curran at the board

Patience: "Tish! The hens do scratch awither, aye  
 and eat o' grain acast for grow."

Dr. Lowes: "That is just what I was aware of."

Patience: "Aye, I did spell the tung o' thee wert at  
 teter."

"More would I to put. I be at keep o' pact,  
 aye, and do bid thee for to leave such an  
 grain for hens at stray."

Some discussion as to whether it was meant that the hens at stray might eat of such grain.

Patience: “’Tis ne’er he who putteth the grain o’ him asacked at care, but doth leave o’ waste o’ grain that be grain agood. But ‘tis feed o’ airs-flit the grain abe, and be not awaste.”

The Dr. failed to get this straight and there followed some discussion until Patience said:

“Gad! Afogged pate! Thou art at peer, aye and peer aye and peer, and ne’er see!”

More good humored discussion of matters in connection with the work of “scattering the grain” which Dr. Lowes was rather “out of Patience” with.

Patience: “I tell thee there be that athin thee that I would to drive awither. Puff ye not up to the burst o’ ye! Nay, ‘tis but fill o’ waste air and ye should blow awither such.”

Seeing the Dr. ruminating Patience said:

“He putteth for to chew. ‘Tis soured, the chew, but fetch ye that I do to put strand to cloth; ‘twill tickle o’ his tung at eat.”

Complying, we began on *Telka* and wrote about 1600 words of one of the most remarkable sittings of the entire book. After lunch, which followed the work on *Telka*, Dr. Lowes suggested that we take up the board again following the full discussion we had enjoyed and in which all vexations differences were smoothed over, to see if Patience would have anything to say about it.

Patience: “I need nay o’ word. I did set the tungs o’ ye awag.” (Laughter and comment.)

Patience: “I tell thee, thou puller, thou art apacked and at tickle. Do feed thee on it. Aye, and pull up that which thou hast aswallowed and chew ye again o’ it. There be fools who track athin the footprints o’ sages.

“’Tis sage who keepeth him atween the fool, aye and the step o’ him, aplenty o’ tracks.

“He putteth the word o’ me astacked, and doth pull from stack that which he wisheth for to chew, and saveth that which remaineth for chew alater.

“I tell thee I do know ‘tis the put o’ him that I do fairy ‘pon the word aput afore the put o’ me. Aye, ‘tis so, but ‘tis word I put ne’er afared ‘pon, aye and ‘tis at stuff he be, do he to eat the pulling o’ it.”

It being the concensus of opinion that the Doctor had had about his share of roasting for one evening, Mr. Yost was asked to take the board. He did so and Patience began with:

Patience: “Here be the fashioner o’ loaf! Aye, and ‘twere him at pucker who seeth him at look anew.” (Referring to a previous “tell” of Patience about a certain passage in the Book which Mr. Yost was puckering over.)

Mr. Yost: “How is the Book doing, Patience?”

Patience: "I put the grain-dust and thou'rt amix. 'Tis ne'er a loaf a half-baked that telleth o' its good!" (The book was not fully written)

Mr. Yost: "How do you like it thus far?"

Patience: "Thee'rt at ask. I tell thee I be at stir o' mix. 'Tis bread, aye and bread be bread, be it ne'er eat."

Mr. Yost: "It's our business to see that it is eaten."

Patience: "Aye, ye cast o' crumb. Ask. Ask."

The last two words came slowly and insistently. We looked around inquiringly. Dr. Lowes admitted having a question which he had long wanted to ask, come into his mind as the letters came on the board. We begged him to put it.

Dr. Lowes: "Why did you choose the Ouija board as a transmitter for Mrs. Curran?"

Patience: "The goose waddleth it 'pon web. Aye, that it may swim do it to put to drops. Think ye it chooseth such an web?"

Dr. Lowes: "Why not swim?"

Patience: "There be the web were there drop, but nay drop."

Dr. Lowes: "Why isn't there some other means you could use more easy to manipulate than the Ouija board?"

Patience: “The hand o’ her, do I to put, be the hand o’ her, and ‘tis ascribe that setteth the me awthither by eyes-fulls she taketh in.”

Dr. Lowes: “How did you know this avenue was open?”

Patience: “I did to seek at crannies for to put aye, and ‘twere the her o’ her who tireth past the her o’ her, and slippeth to a naught o’ putting; and ‘twere the me o’ me at seek, aye, and find. Aye and ‘twere so.”

Mr. Yost: “Did you go forth to seek or were you sent?”

Patience: “There be nay tracker o’ path ne’er put thereon by sender.”

Dr. Lowes: “Did you know of the ouija board and its use before?”

Patience: “Nay, ‘tis not the put o’ me, the word hereon. ‘Tis the put o’ me at see o’ her.

“I put athin the see o’ her, aye and ‘tis the see o’ ye that be afulled o’ the put o’ me, and yet a put thou knowest not.

“That which ye know not o’ thy day hath slipped it unto her and thence, unto thee. And thee knowest ‘tis not the put o’ her, aye, and thee knowest ‘tis ne’er a putter o’ thy day there be at such an put. Aye and did he to put ‘twould be o’ thy day and not the day o’ me. And yet ye prate o’ why and whence and where. I tell thee ‘tis thee that

knowest that which ye own not – that thee dost own thee knowest – thee knowest that which thee tellest not. (The latter corrections were in answer to a request to make plainer her meaning of “own.”)

Dr. Lowes: “Why don’t we own it, Patience?”

Patience: “’Tis at fear o’ gab.”

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Monday  
May 7, 1915  
Mr. Yost  
Mrs. Curran

Patience: “That he putteth him ahere and I do for to put ahere or whither do I choose. Aye, and ‘tis nay putter o’ hoof at eager ‘pon path not o’ choose o’ him he be!”

This referred to Mr. Yost’s recital of certain difficulties in writing the Book in which he had made certain changes seemingly insisted upon by Patience.

Patience: “I be a grower o’ grass for pluck o’ ass. There putteth grain adown neck along and ‘tis at late o’ down for eat. Yea, Brother so ye, ‘tis late adown afore thy eat. Put thy hand to bobbin.”

Here followed *Telka*.

Mr. Yost was fearful lest the above roast was meant for him. Being asked Patience said:

“Did e’er a dame to hate the babe o’ her?”

“There be ass that putteth goose to all afetch!”

Muz sat in at the board, hoping for a message.

Patience: “Here afetcheth dame at hunger. I tell thee thou art afed from heart o’ mine and ‘tis aside the hearth thou art asit, aye and I bid thee for to ply at bobbin betimes.

“She puckereth at sour and chooseth o’ a sweet.”

We laughingly agreed.

Patience: “’Tis put, but thou be at pucker o’ a sweet and do achoose a sour. Aye and do sour o’ sweet do ye for to choose!”

This was a hard slam at Mr. Curran and was heartily enjoyed.

Patience: “’Tis at love o’ tickle I be.”

*Telka* took the stage here.

“At a tire”

Mrs. Curran considered stopping but Patience said:

“Put ye the bobbin. I be at finish at not the put o’ this hour. Nay, I weave to tie till weave but one more.”

She then wrote about 100 words to a natural pause and said:

“There, I do promise ye a song alater. He (Mr. Yost) seeketh word o’ me and feareth the tung o’ me, ahot ‘pon him. Nay, I be a grower o’ grain and thou the sack and flail o’ it.”

It was true and Mr. Yost said:

“Fine, shake Patience!”

Patience replied:

“Thee’dst merry did I to put the hand o’ thee ashake.”

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May 8, 1915

Dr. Lowes

Mrs. Curran

Dr. Lowes came and the evening was spent with a long session with *Telka*. The Dr. was leaving for the summer and asked to say goodbye to Patience.

Patience: “Lad, I do pack thee. Take thou the grain o’ me as feed at hunger-time and put athin thy days-pack the love ‘o me and wish o’ me. And aye, I promise ye the hours, aye and days shall show me unto thee.

“For at the twi-hour and quiet, then shalt I to put forth the hand o’ me and strum ‘pon thy heart’s strings.

“There be ato, a word for the ear o’ thee that groweth from the hand o’ me unto the heart o’ thee and thence unto the ear o’ thee and thence unto the tung o’ thee. And word shalt fall o’ Patience, aye and friend.”

Dr. Lowes, deeply moved, regretted that there was no way to thank Patience but she interrupted with:

“Thou art o’ sup o’ cup o’ mine.

“Time afetcheth back, aye they atrack ‘pon clay. They ahere fetch ever to athere. He hath asacked the grass, aye, and dry o’ fruit. Aye and doth to feed athout the sacks the hungered. And men shalt stand at awe at what he feedeth. Aye and still doth he for to sack o’ grass aye and grass, aye and fruit.

“The fruit he hath, the grass I be agrow.”

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May 13, 1915  
Mr. Yost  
Mrs. Curran

Patience began on *Telka* at once at this sitting and turned out 1500 words with but two breaks, once when she stopped after a pause for rest of Mrs. Curran to say:

“Yea Lad, she did for to put her as weave,” referring to a statement of Mrs. Curran that

she could not translate old Saxon, and added, "Yea, put awither such."

Then again she stopped amidst her wonderful morning description to say:

"I do to put o' honey pot."

After lunch Mr. Yost asked her to explain more fully her meaning in her poem on the "Fear of Death" in which she says:

"I promise ye old joys  
And sorrows ripened to a mellow heart."

His fear was that she might mean, there would be sorrows over there. Patience answered at once.

"That hath flitted hence be sorrows o' Earth  
and ahere be riped and thine. Loved alost be  
sorrow o' Earth and dwell ahere. Nay, Earth  
be a home o' sorrows dream, for sorrow be  
but dream o' the soul, asleep. "Tis wake  
that setteth flee."

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June 1, 1915  
Mrs. Brown  
Mr. Anderson Brown  
Mr. Woody Brown  
Mr. & Mrs. L. D. Browne  
Mrs. Curran

At the beginning of this session Mrs. Browne's small son, age one year, decided that his mother should stay with him and not sit at the board. We suggested that perhaps it

would be best to take the young man out of the room in order that the session might continue undisturbed.

Patience: “Thee’rt at send awither one o’ His. The wail o’ him aspellethe afar amore o’ worth than the word o’ sage.

“I did fetch ahere one o’ the suppers o’ the cup o’ me. Yea, I put aneath the hand o’ him.”

The latter reference to the “supper” was evidently directly intended for Mr. Woody Brown who has “supped” the wine of Patience and loved her works for some time. Mr. Brown has suffered the affliction of deafness for years and at once when he had taken the board Patience began:

“List! Where doth the voice o’ Him asound? Aye where? Doth its echo creep to such an one? I tell thee ‘tis such an heart as hid ahere wherein the voice o’ Him acreepeth ever, aye and ‘tis nay need o’ voiced word for to spell unto such an heart. He harketh at day and sound acreepeth athrough the eye o’ him and dwelleth ever at the heart o’ him, when ‘tis the brother o’ him who listeth much and heareth little. I’d put aneath the hand o’ him amuch. He knoweth o’ the heart o’ me.”

After this comforting message to one who loved her word, Patience was asked to give a personal message to Mrs. Browne who by this time had quieted the baby.

Patience: “Hunger hath eat at day o’ her. Aye, hunger that feedeth not ‘pon bread. Aye, it be a

hunger that doth burn, aye, and eat through  
 happy and lay it to arust. And yet she  
 putteth on and on and setteth days aright  
 spite o' hunger at a gnaw. Aye, she  
 knoweth the hours aye, and days wherein the  
 tear o' her hath set agrow a flower that  
 slumbereth."

Mrs. Browne understood this as she explained before her  
 baby's birth she had suffered deep sorrow. Her father died  
 in Missouri and she was too ill to come from her home in  
 Alabama in time to see him before he passed out.

Patience: "There standeth bloom at hand 'pon side  
 aye, and side there astandeth bloom, ever at  
 the reach o' thee, aye, and 'pon thy path  
 hath sprung thorn, aye, and branched twig,  
 astorm-scarred, and grain agroweth 'pon  
 fields o' thine, and thou hast turned ever to  
 the bloom and reached forth thy hand at love  
 o' such and stopped, aye, stopped to reap the  
 grain asent to thee, that it be not awaste at  
 no reap o' thine. And ever doth the hand o'  
 thee areach t'ward bloom, and aye, loveth o'  
 the bud and hunger eateth thee and still 'pon  
 the Master's harvesting art thou. Aye, and  
 more I'd spell, 'tis worth, the price he  
 sendeth thee, the bud o' thine."

This all referred to the life of Mrs. Browne and her child,  
 and was all very true according to Mrs. B.

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June 17, 1915  
Mr. & Mrs. Curran

Patience: “Ah, that ye knew the mercy o’ Him, who setteth at arove the storm’s blast and letteth Famine to stalk untethered ‘pon his lands and setteth strife aloosed atween brother and brother, that they, arove aloosed, do list them whither and yon!

“And ne’er by the touch o’ Him, that blame be not o’ Him?

“And blight falleth not ‘pon chosen?

“Nay verily, ‘tmust be that strife aye, and famine, aye and storm’s blight, shalt smite for grow o’ ye.

“And He, in mercy, setteth them aloosed.”

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June 21, 1915  
Mr. Yost  
Mrs. Curran

Mr. Yost had finished the last and most important chapter of the “Book,” that on Immortality. He brought it and read it to Patience while Mr. and Mrs. Curran held hands on the board. The following running comment came as the reading progressed.

Patience: “I did to set the toddler ‘pon path and yet he holdeth ever to the hand o’ me!

“Aye, so ‘tis he who putteth tale he knoweth to be leak o’ what he holdeth asacked doth put athin the word o’ brother, that he be not aspoke and yet ‘tis telled!

“Drink, drink, drink ye deep o’ this the wine o’ me, and receive thou the pledge o’ me therein.

“Earth, Earth, the mother o’ us all, aye, the mother o’ us all. How loth, how loth like to a child we be, to leave and seek ‘mid dark!”

(The “crime stained wretch” passage here)

Patience: “Think ye he scattereth whither e’en such an grain?”

“’Tis sleep I do offer, like to a bitter clad ‘mid sweet and offered to a child. The sleep ye deem, be wake.

“I tell thee Heaven be all, and doth to clothe o’er all. “Tis true, it bideth e’en ‘pon Earth. O’ all and all it be and Earth doth dwell awrapped e’en o’ it. Did ye to shut eye o’ the straining ever at see, and full o’ what it seeth o’ Death, then I tell thee the ear o’ ye would to ope and thou should’st hear e’en the voice o’ them aloved and lost.

“Do for to put Drink, Drink, and tie the sack.

“I did to seek o’ thy word and peep, and know thy line. I tell thee do for to put

Drink. Be there a grain for to sack e'en at  
the tie o' sack, I then shalt to tickle o' thee."

(Here ended the reading)

Mr. Yost: "Well Patience dear, there it be. Tell me is't  
well?"

Patience: "List. There be a time, aye, there be a time,  
e'en when each be not and ye do know the  
here, that wistful doth the ye o' ye to be at  
love that dwelleth athere. And 'tis so, aye,  
wistful I be, aturn at Earthward for to pledge  
as brother pledge at such an love as thine."

"Thou, the scatterers o' the grain agrow  
'mid naught and putters 'pon Earth and  
workers o' Him, thou, the Earth's loved and  
mine."

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June 23, 1915

Mr. and Mrs. Curran

Patience: "I be atopple 'tween sing and put."

Mr. Curran: "Well, you don't get me out on another limb  
by suggesting which to do."

Patience: "'Tis well that weave be put."

We heartily agreed.

Patience: "'Tis awish I be that 'twere the puller  
afetch."

We all said amen to this, deep down.

Patience: (To Mr. Curran) “Ye be asacking o’ grain and grass for fetch unto him. ‘Tis well. ‘Tis nag aplenty, that ye do to feed o’ grain o’ finest grow and grass o’ sweetest taste, doth ever to wax it wry neck and sinked at side; and ‘tis nag that eateth thereof and waxeth fatted that payeth for feed.

“‘Tis so the puller doth to wax fatted ever and doth pull but that agrow and best o’ grow.”

We again gave our approval and she continued:

“Yea, he e’en doth to wish that ye do pluck o’ root.”

She evidently meant Dr. Lowes was anxious to have *Telka* finished, as we all were. We assented and she began at once on the story, giving 1200 words.

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June 25, 1915  
Grace Ravenscroft  
Mrs. Curran

Later,  
Mr. & Mrs. Richardson

Miss Ravenscroft appeared very nervous at sitting.

Patience: “At fearing she be, and o’ what? ‘Tis at loving o’ the wench I be and do put aneath the hand o’ her.

“At weary, art thou o’ weave? ‘Tis bobbin’s full I’d put.”

This last was to Mrs. Curran.

“Tis well.”

This in reply to our assurance that we were ready for a bobbin full. She then gave about 200 words of *Telka*, when Mr. and Mrs. Richardson arrived and Mrs. R. took the board.

Patience: “She o’ yester fetched ahere! On!”

She then continued with *Telka* and composed 500 words.

Mrs. R. here yielded her place to Mr. R.

Patience: “‘Tis a putter ahere adeed and he doth to deem the put o’ him be the put o’ me. I tell thee he hath felled ashort o’ such an put as this o’ me. ‘Tis a toddle putter he be.”

We here learned that Mr. R. was a writer. He remarked that now we should see some REAL writing since the two of them were together, but after the foregoing declared that evidently Patience took exception to what he had said.

Patience: “He who flaieth the ass be better at watch o’ heel’s tip.

“He putteth honey to word that they strap o’ fools aseek o’ sweets.”

Mrs. R. told us here that he wrote many advertisements. He jokingly remarked that Patience was jealous of him.

Patience: “Thee art aseek o’ heels, eh? Nay, ‘tis ass that loveth brother ass.”

Here the men lit their cigars and Patience said:

“Be he asmoking o’ fresh?”

We thought she referred to the cigars but Patience said:

“Paugh, thee art mucked. Be ye asmoke o’ green?”

“Set such an one at weave. He spilleth much o’ word and ‘tis the tell o’ me that the word o’ him doth oft to fall ashort o’ what be ahid athin.”

Mr. R. said he would rather have her continue the conversation than to weave.

Patience: “See ye, do I to bid him for to weave, he hath sorry.”

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June 28, 1915  
 Miss Morse  
 Dr. and Mrs. Pruitt  
 Mr. Yost

Dr. Pruitt was at the board. Mrs. Curran remarked about her work.

Patience: “Lor<sup>•</sup>, she putteth that she be abuild.”

“Would that I did pluck forth earth’s evil  
 like to he who plucketh forth the evil o’  
 body that hurteth day and putteth sorry unto  
 man.”

This referred to Dr. Pruitt who is a dentist.

Patience: “I be ‘mid friend and love, verily. What  
 would ye, brother, that I do weave or put  
 song?”

Mr. Yost  
 and all: “Put song.”

Patience: “It be a wistful song. List; take thee this for  
 day’s pack.

“’Tis ever day. ‘Tis but earth aturn from  
 light that setteth dark. And so ‘tis ever glad,  
 and ye but turn from glad, and lo, ‘tis sorry’s  
 night. Now do I to sing.”

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• A possible Worthism for “Lord”

## -The Wall of Heaven-

When nights shall cease  
 And days be not  
 And earth doth crumble, aye,  
 And float 'pon air and naught;  
 And ye and thee be not  
 And but day doth stand  
 (For ever shalt day to stand;  
 It be but light, aye, but light o' Him)  
 And stars shall fall to naught  
 And wrecked the heavens,  
 Then do I to sing.

'Tis 'bout the path o' Earth  
 Shalt cling a wall,  
 A wall to keep the heav'n athin,  
 The loves o' ye and ye.  
 And ye shalt weave o' wall.

And 'tis when 'pon the Earth  
 All else be sleep, 'tis one  
 Who shalt to cast a wistful smile  
 At Earth's death, a wistful smile,  
 One e'er asmiled since time.  
 And ever shalt it cling 'bout the wall o' heav'n  
 A mother's smile.

Miss Morse here took the board with Mrs. Curran.

Patience:       “Such hands! Abusied adeed. And such  
                     love she loves 'pon word and maketh it to  
                     song as musicked note. She aplantid long  
                     and long a seed athin the heart o' her and 'tis  
                     a fruit abear, and yet it flowereth on and on,

I tell thee, and 'tis a time when she be not  
and yet it flowereth on and on."

Here Mrs. Pruitt took the board.

Patience: "Here be a one to the like o' me. Look ye  
unto the house-wifery o' her. She be o' my  
day. She sootheth that he putteth hurt unto.

"There asitteth brother and the dove o' him.  
A dove and puffed, verily.

This referred to Mr. and Mrs. Yost.

Patience: "Think ye I be aravel o' yarn? Nay, fetch  
bobbin that ye do earn o' do."

Miss (?)<sup>\*</sup> here took the board and seemed to be rather  
flustered.

Patience: "Aflurry here be. 'Tis but word wench the  
put o' me and ne'er a ghost for see. She  
putteth silken strand to the weave o' me.  
There be posies nuff.

Here followed the death of Ione, which was so beautiful  
and pathetic that it effected<sup>◇</sup> Patience as much as the rest of  
us and she said:

"I be asorried and atear. Wait thee and leave  
o' put and save o' weave."

Mrs. Yost here sat at the board.

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\* The participant here is purposely omitted

◇ A possible misspelling of "affected"

Patience: “I tell thee ‘tis she who loveth o’ me aye, and me who loveth o’ she, and more, ‘tis he who loveth o’ she and me for she be like to me, and me like to she. She hath a rule and doth to put ‘pon rule and it be right and nay whit more, aye ‘tis so.

“What do I to tell to thee? There be a dove ahover o’er the hut o’ thee and doth to seek o’ nest.”

Mrs. Yost here asked what was going to happen to Mrs. Pruitt’s daughter-in-law.

Patience: “Lor she be a cackle and yet ‘tis hatch she hath.”

“Were aseek and loned I’d seek o’ such as her.”

This referred to Mrs. Pruitt.

“Set ye bread for eat o’ them. He hath loaf and setteth not for eat.”

Mr. Yost complied and read from the book.

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June 29, 1915

Mrs. Rohland and daughter

Patience: “Day, thee hast a pack for the grain o’ me and do to feed therefrom the wayfowls. I did for to put it that I did for to put aneath the hand o’ thee. I bid thee fetch aback and

do promise ye a put o' sorry's tale aneath  
thy hand.

“Thou art aseek o' loaf for feed, verily then  
take thou this: 'Pon heights hath stood thy  
hearts 'mid hope and 'twere aclimb thou  
wert and it were hand alead that set thee at  
rest and joy 'pon path, and then 'twert thee  
at lone who sought ahigh and waxed weary,  
and I do tell thee thou hast ever such an  
hand athin thine own, and it be alead as  
ever, aye, and to heights. And ye shalt stand  
at peak o' heights and smile, one to the  
other.”

Mrs. R's daughter here remarked that Patience had given  
her mother just what she needed to help her bear her  
loneliness.

Mrs. R. here spoke of her Chicago friend, Mrs. Blair who  
had a large collection of art treasures and was a patroness  
of art and a helper of artists, a woman of international  
acquaintance, who had asked for a personal message from  
Patience if she was found worthy.

Pateince: “Yea, yea. Like to me, she be a scatterer o'  
seed and lo, 'tis the seed o' me she packeth  
'mid the seed o' her and doth to scatter, aye,  
and 'tis abound athin the pack o' her, a love  
o' word, and yet she putteth choose o' word  
and listeth not unto the word adrip o' Earth's  
tung. The seed o' her be nay word and  
abuilded not by hand o' her. Nay, aseeked  
o' earth and like to seek o' it, she seeketh  
word o' me and doth to treasure up 'mid the  
seed of her. There she hath stored o' earth's

best, the soul-offerings o' earth's path's trodders, who stopped and fled and be agone. And lo, the soul's-offerings be apacked athere, and I tell thee there be apacked that which price doth buy not, the work o' Him, the building o' the souls o' His. And there astored, be athin the heart o' her, nay see o' but the work, nay but see o' souls o' them agone."

This was not only a true description of the situation at Mrs. Blair's home and her work and ideals but a truthful reading of Mrs. B's character. To Mrs. Rohland, Patience continued:

"There be the pack for thee! Thou shalt put strand to the weave o' me and 'tis the soul o' thee I'd drink and slip o' silken strand o' such as thee athin the weave o' me that it be a goodly weave."

Mrs. R. said she would be glad to "put weave" with Patience. Her daughter said that Patience's objections to Mrs. R. using big words was a good thing as she felt that was one of her mother's faults.

Patience: "I put that did she for to put, the era o' her should sting at fearing.

"How doth --"

Mrs. Rohland: "How doth the little busy bee ---"

Patience: "Yea, 'tis busy adeed, the bee o' evil!"

Mrs. R.: "Patience, you're a witch."

Patience: “Lor’, she sitteth her at up and putteth ‘tis me, the witch and she doth hold the witch’s wand, I do to put.”

Mrs. R.: “Patience, you’re a holy terror!”

Patience: “Aye, holy adeed, and terror be to him at fear o’ tell.”

Mrs. R’s daughter here took the board.

Patience: “Pure white, pure white and bound o’ gold, the soul o’ her, and wrapped o’ love. I be nay terror, eh?”

This brought the tears.

Patience: “Rest thee and leave o’ flow, ‘tis wash o’ heart and ‘tis garlands o’ love’s flowers I do weave to bind thy heart.”

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June 30, 1915  
At Mr. Yost’s

Mr. McKee, Mrs. Mckee, Miss McKee, Mrs. Snodgrass, Miss Snodgrass, Dr. Pruitt, Mrs. Pruit, the Yost and Curran families.

Patience: “Lor ‘tis a mix o’ fats and thins and dulls and sharps.”

Remarks as to who she might count as dull and who sharp.

Patience: “He who be duller thinketh him asharped and he asharped doth deem all o’ brothers be duller.

“’Tis a putter he be and ‘tis task o’ me he putteth and I tell thee ‘tis task o’ little else he putteth that doth bead the brow o’ him.”

Much laughter at this as Mr. McKee who was writing with Mrs. Curran was indeed perspiring at the exertion.

Patience: “I’d tickle o’ the donkey’s ears that they do bray and then perchance do feed.”

This evidently referred to our laughter over her punning. After fully enjoying the fun we continued and Patience seemed possessed to fly as she put the letters on the board so fast we could scarcely get them copied. So –

Patience: “Do ye watch ‘tis aputting I do set him ado.”

And after our laugh at this, Patience said:

“There, ‘tis such an put that setteth merry.

“There aside be that that be the badge o’ him and showeth what he be. The face o’ her alight.”

She evidently meant Mrs. McKee who sat beside. Mr. McKee said he believd he would quit after this compliment and leave someone elase try their luck. Mrs. McKee then took the board.

Patience: “He nibbleth o’ the bait and doth aswallow and then doth spat forth. ‘Tis at spatting he

be that ye deem he liketh not the taste o' bait."

Following this Miss McKee took the board.

Patience: "Tis one afetch who seeketh much o' me, asomething would I to tell to her."

Mr. McKee remarked that Patience was more serious now and evidently only meant to joke him.

Patience: "Aye and joker be Knave who turneth laugh 'pon jester. Take thou the drubbing I did deal. Here abe atwist adeed a knave aye, and owl and one who shaketh merry. 'Twere but a sweet for sooth o' drubbed."

After this session of jesting with Mr. McKee the following message was given to Miss McKee who was writing with Mrs. Curran.

Patience: "Look ye such an path as 'tis she atrod. Aflowered and deep grown and cool. And at the hand o' her awaiteth bloom for pluck, and yet 'tis she who turneth ever away and doth leave the bloom the trodders o' the path do seek at eager, and doth ever seek deep and looketh not 'pon bright strewn path for that which she would to pluck. Nay, and 'tis they who meet 'pon path that wag 'tis such an strange. She leaveth bloom and searcheth deep."

This seemed to be a character reading of Miss McKee and she acknowledged it as a very true one.

Mrs. McKee takes board.

Patience: “Do to put aneath a pettiskirt such an afeared.”

Referring to Mr. McKee who had just remarked he was hidden too far back for her to find him and would escape further roasts.

Patience: “I’d to weave but ‘tis a cackle-strewn.”

“There be athin the pack o’ me a brew for the day o’ her asilvered lock.”

Mrs. Snodgrass who had recently lost her husband had snow white hair and we knew this meant her and asked her to take her place at the board. Under her hands Patience continued:

“Thou hast a treasure chest that pilfering hand hath emptied and thou art aseek o’ fill o’ it. Wait thee ‘tis the brew I do offer thee as pack for treasure hold.

“I’d seek o’ the milk o’ love and spice o’ heart’s hurt and smiles o’ heart’s ache that clotheth that which word atelleth not. Aye, and I’d to mix with youth’s smile and stir with the hand o’ youth and seal o’ promising o’ fullness to o’erflowing at the seek o’ thee. He who setteth love ‘pon earth doth leave love’s wraith to guard. Ah, that thou didst see the bright, the bright love hath bought o’ Him for thee.”

This was a most comforting message to Mrs. Snodgrass and after fully enjoying it we continued.

Patience: “There be a twain who pluck forth evil ahere. Look ye, he who ever seeth woe doth learn that ‘tis wise he who keepeth tung atooth-circled.”

Patience had once before addressed Dr. Pruitt as a plucker forth of evil and the Dr. who had been a silent spectator fully appreciated this reference. Mr. McKee again took the board and was greeted with the following:

Patience: “‘Tis a muck o’ naught.”

Mr. McKee: “Give us something cheerful, Patience.”

Patience: “Thee’rt o’erfed o’ cheer and what be the breeder o’ it e’en now.”

Mr. McKee: “Well, I have never met this lady but she certainly has my number.”

Patience: “Well aday then thee hath a taste o’ the brew o’ me.”

Here the party asked her to give them something of her story or to sing.

Patience: “‘Tis nay trickster I be. Nay, ‘tis afetched for feed o’ brother ayonder and ‘tis aput o’ naught a thumb-twiddle I be. Think ye I do to bake athin the wenches hut?”

And after a session of quiet lasting several minutes:

Patience: “Lor, thee canst circle o’ thy tung, eh! I’d sing.”

Here came the poem which will be found on the next page. At the finish of the poem, she remarked:

“Did I to feed awell? ‘Twere baked not ahere.”

Mr. Yost: “Indeed you did feed awell, Patience, and thank you.”

Patience: “Aye thou’dst eat o’ scorch and find a good and spat awhither burn. I do to scorch at hotting e’en the good o’ bake aye, and I tell thee it be but ascorched and ne’er aburned and I’d feed thee well.”

After a wait for more, she said:

“Fetch ye to eat and eat afull and then do pack thee well afulled for morrow’s eat? ‘Twere ne’er so in the day o’ me. He who fetched for eat did but eat the fill o’ him and begged not then for amore.”

-The Treasures of Him-

I seeked athrough the days and nights  
 Asent by Him. I seeked a treasure,  
 A treasure hid o’ Him.  
 ‘Mid bright I did to seek, and found  
 But sun’s glare that aset the flowers ascorch,  
 And blooms that pryed unto the day’s hours  
 Aseek o’ see, and oped o’er wide,  
 And died o’ fullness.

I seeked 'mid dark, and 'twere  
 A shrouded thing, and what the day  
 Aheld for see o' me and thee  
 Did stand agaunt and darked, and fetched  
 A chilling to the breast o' me aseek.

I seeked 'mid eve a light o' moon smile  
 And found not the treasure there  
 Nay, 'twere jewelled o'er o' Prince's hoard  
 And silvered for ahide o' gold.

I seeked 'mid fields and found it not  
 For they astood abusied at agrow.  
 I seeked where waters lapped and sprayed  
 And sea did show a blue-green glaze  
 A borrowed green o' earth  
 And stolen blue o' Heaven.

I seeked aneath the foam  
 And ne'er did find my treasure there  
 For sea did fetch o' store  
 But for the show o' me  
 And back did draw the see.

I seeked where Earth astretched  
 It flatted neath the sky, and waste  
 Aheld anaught save breath o' Him afan.  
 I seeked 'mid wrath o' God, where mountain  
 Shot the sky, and snow-chill  
 Crept me o'er and flee aset the seek.

I seeked me on and on, and ever  
 Did to pack anaught o' treasure  
 I be asent for search.

I seeked me on and on.  
 And found asleeped neath leafy shade  
 A one o' Youth's own court  
 And stooped me close, and took  
 Athin mine arms, and bore  
 Unto the Sender o' my search  
 A whited soul.  
 'Twere the treasure gem  
 O' Him.

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July 5, 1915  
 Mr. Yost  
 Mrs. Rohland

Patience: "Lor, I did to set the wheel o' her awhirr."

She referred to putting the last of *Telka* some 7000 words in two sittings of about three hours each. This was the record as to amount given at any time.

Patience: "Thee'rt for to feed 'pon such an loaf and eat afulled. 'Tis sorry tale I put anext.<sup>•</sup>  
 Aye, a lone eat tale. Ye ne'er do to know an eat like to a lone. Be ye lone, eat doth bitter.  
 "I'd put weave but bobbins scarce be at empty. Aye, and I be seek for wind, for cloth o' ye."

Mrs. Curran spoke of having some dread of starting the new tale and the company remonstrated with her that she should have faith.

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<sup>•</sup> First reference to the book *The Sorry Tale: A Story of the Time of Christ*, Published in June 1917 by Henry Holt and Company

Patience: “Aye, and faith be price o’ patience.”

We all enjoyed this and Mr. Yost remarked that the dictionary held too few words to express what we thought of Patience and her works.

Patience: “Nay like to Dan astream o’ word.

“Thee be the maker o’ page. I be a builder  
‘pon word for doth it to stand it low I then  
do fetch ahigh and set at up and make o’ that  
that be not, that that be.

“Thee’dst merry at the word awaked that  
knoweth not its self.”

Patience seemed dissatisfied with the foregoing writings and remarked:

“I be astir o’ mix that be the leavings o’ the  
bake. A scrape o’ pots.”

The sitters begged that she give them whatever she had even though it was but the scrape of pots.

Patience: “Lor, ye be at eat o’ it! Yea, and yet ‘tis at  
mince and taste and pucker that it be not a  
sweet.”

We denied that we were eager for a “Sweet.” However, Patience seemed to know better as the following denotes.

Patience: “I do tell thee then ‘tis word that cloaketh  
much.”

After this the table circled round and round for some minutes. Patience sent us the following sting:

“Dost like the grind?”

We acknowledged ourselves stung and begged her to give us more.

Patience: “Dost nay to leave o’ wind to sit and weave not at the hearth? ‘Tis well then I fetch a loaf at time anext ye meet ahere.

“There, I’ll to set thee ‘pon path —“ (Here the table circled round for several minutes more and stopped at no letters) “—at round and round.”

Another sting to us. Mrs. Rohland remarked using a large word. Patience took her up in this manner:

“Word amouthed, eh Gad!

“Fox doth fill and ‘pon the fowl atrust and doth to put to wood, and fed. And ‘tis the field’s-man who putteth tempt.”

We wondered who she meant as fox and Mrs. Rohland asked.

Patience: “Set thee at seek o’ me and I tell thee thee’lt soon to know.

“There be a soft ahere athin the love o’ me.”

We begged that she would tell us of this love and were rewarded with the poem on the next page.\*

-Lost-

Lost, like purpled morn-sky set aflee by sun.  
 Lost, like love akissed o' hate.  
 Lost, like lark's song fled at seek asouth  
 Lost, the heart o' me.

Lost, like hopes o' youth adied at earth's bruise  
 Lost, like loved eyes closed to me.  
 Lost, like dreams o' yesterday who fled at birth o' day.  
 Lost, the heart o' me.

Lost, lost, 'mid world's day's cloud.  
 Lost, 'mid sorrow's tears adrown.  
 Lost, like golden grain hath lost from tassel, lost  
 Lost, like to the heart o' me.

Lost, lost 'pon the earth  
 And loosed to Day.  
 'Tis prayer aput it springeth fruit  
 For pluck o' thee.

"This be the pot scrape," said Patience after we had discussed the beauty of the poem.

Some one remarked that all of Patience's writings were so wise and yet so simple and Patience said:

"I be me and plain I be."

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\* The poem "Lost" found on this page

July 7, 1915  
 Mrs. McKee  
 Mrs. McKittrick  
 Mrs. Bergfeld  
 Mrs. Fry

Mrs. McKittrick at the board with Mrs. Curran, asked why the need of a sitter with Mrs. Curran.

Patience: “Doth thee to see the grind? It doth to make o’ grain’s meal.”

This, of course, referred to the rotary motion of the board, and the fact that the writings are produced with this motion.

Mrs. McKittrick: “There is nothing remarkable in that. We all know grain is made by grinding.”

Patience: “Here be a one who shutteth o’ her eye and seeth that which thee and thee and thee, ne’er do to see. Aye, she hath asealed athin the heart o’ her that which I tell thee be nay setter o’ a simper, ‘tis a sorry hid.”

Mrs. McKittrick broke in to the writing following this, with this remark:

“That is a very general statement. Most of us have sorrows and very few of us care to show them. Any one would be safe making a guess that a woman who had lived to my years had a sorrow, and so far as the other statement, I’m quite sure I see nothing more than any of you here.”

Here Mrs. Curran tried to explain the language of Patience, showing that the words were never literal and that Patience referred in her words to Mrs. McKittrick regarding her eyes to a deeper understanding and the power to look deep and not to the mere seeing of the eye.

Patience:       “Aye ‘tis such ye put. And I do tell to thee, thou hast within thy very eyes the see that I tell thee o’. I do to sing.”

Meaning she would give a poem. But before giving it, she continued:

“’Tis feed ye need not, aye, ‘twere Him who sorried that they did ne’er afeed ‘pon bread o’ Him. On then.”

Here followed the poem.<sup>•</sup> Also under Mrs. Bergfeld’s hands the parable on TRUTH.

Here Mrs. Fry took the board.

Patience:       “I vow me here be a hover-hen who hath wings that do to mother o’ the motherless and love o’ the loveless. Such an one who looketh at the brightest o’ the bright and blinkest not for lo, the bright ashed by her be brighter than the brightest. A seeker verily who stacketh ‘mid the store o’ her and doth to set afar and eat thereof and I tell thee ‘tis nay ye who shalt to hear the smacking o’ the eat.

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<sup>•</sup> “My Laggard Song”

## -My Laggard Song-

Loth as Night to dark o' Day,  
 Loth do I to sing.  
 Aye, but doth the Day aneed a song  
 'Tis they, o' Him, the songsters o' the Earth,  
 Do sing them on, to Him.  
 What though 'tis asmiled, and what  
 Though 'tis nay aseeked o' such a song  
 Aye, what though 'tis sung 'mid dark?  
 'Tis I would sing  
 Do thee to list, or nay.

## -The Parable of the Cloak-

There wert a man, and lo, he did to seek and quest o' sages,  
 that which he did mouthe o'ermuch. And lo, he did to  
 weave o' such, an robe, and did to clothe himself therein.  
 And lo, 'twere sun ashut away and cool and heat and bright  
 and shade.

And lo, still did he to draw 'bout him the cloak, and 'twere  
 o' the mouthings o' the sage. And lo, at a day 'twere sent  
 abroad, that Truth should stalk 'pon Earth, and man, were  
 he to look him close, shouldst see.

And lo, the man did draw 'bout him the cloak, and did to  
 wag him "nay" and "Nay, 'twere truth the sages did to  
 mouthe and I did weave athin the cloak o' me."

And then 'twere that Truth did seek o' Earth, and she wert  
 clad o' naught, and seeked the man, and begged that he  
 would cast the cloak and clothe o' her therein. And lo, he  
 did to draw him close the cloak, and hid his face therein,  
 and wag him "Nay." He did to know her not.

And lo, she did to fetch her unto him athrice, and then did he to wag him still a Nay, Nay, Nay! And lo, she toucheth o' the cloth o' sages' mouths and it doth fall atattered and leave him clothed o' naught and at awishing. And he did seek o' Truth, aye, ever and when he did to find, lo, she wagged him nay and nay and nay.

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July 8, 1915

Miss A. Fruchte

Mrs. C. P. Johnson

Miss Ravenscraft

Mr. & Mrs. Seneca S. Taylor

Patience:        “‘Twere a fashioner o’ loaf and ‘twere the townsmen aseek o’ loaf. And ‘twere they aseek who wert hungered for feed ‘pon such an bread. And lo, ‘twere some who felled asick at eat o’ it, and ‘twere some who seeked and waxed them fat ‘pon eat. And some did to fill but to his paunch’s stretch, and some e’en did to fill apast the hold of paunch, and ‘twere asicked o’ o’er-fill he wert.”

This was evidently a parable of the loaf or the writings of Patience, as she refers to the writings as the “loaf.”

Miss Fruchte was at the board with Mrs. C. and Patience continued with the following parable which was to Miss F.

Patience:        “List ye. ‘Tis she ahere who builded o’ a vessel aye, a vessel for sail ‘pon sea. And she did to seek o’ timbers o’ the best, and did to put but that which wert achose by

love and bought by loving. And lo, the vessel did to stand afinished and ‘twere time ariped to set asail. And she aseeked the waters o’ the earth, and lo, they wert ashallow and vessel plowed e’en to the bed o’ sea o’ earth. And still did the vessel for to stand, and wait and wait. For she be awaxed wise and knowest ‘tis ne’er a sea o’ earth adeep ‘nuff for sail o’ such an craft as she hath builded. Verily.”

We realized that this was a very wonderful comparison to the life work of Miss Fruchte.

Here Mrs. Taylor took the board.

Patience: “Would’st thee a song?”

All were delighted that we were to have the song, and begged her to hasten and give it. The “song” follows:

-Morning-

Hark, hark, the morn hath broke!  
And list, and list unto the sighing o’ the night  
Who loveth o’ the earth and be aloth to leave.

Hark, hark, the morn hath broke!  
And waiteth thee and me,  
List, list, ‘tis sorrow’s sigh at joy’s own birth,  
That driveth it to hide ‘mid dark.

Hark, hark, ‘tis morn hath broke!  
And waiteth thee and me.  
List, list to sighing o’ my soul  
Aseek athin its realm for gift unto the day.

Hark, hark, 'tis morning broke!  
 List, list, to joy that setteth o' my voice atuned!  
 For to the day I'd cast  
 The portals o' my love aloosed  
 To soothe and soothe the day.

Mrs. Johnson took the board with Mrs. Curran and was rewarded as follows:

Patience: "Giddle gaddle!" (Patience seems to enjoy joking Mrs. J.)

"Hath she sent the sage awither and doth fetch for lash?"

This is a reference to a remark Patience made to Mrs. J at a former sitting. The 'sage' means Gov. Johnson.

Patience: "Set thee at rest I'd sing for thee. This be a sing anoted not."

He fashioned Day, and hung  
 The robe o' blue to shut the heavens away,  
 And set the emblem, aye, the color o' His love,  
 The burning gold o' sun therein,  
 And pinned about to earth's rim the blue  
 And fastened down with sunbeams o' the eve.

He fashioned o' the Night,  
 And draped it deep athin a mourning's robe  
 And stripped it o' the blue, and set the sun adarked  
 E'en from the Night.  
 And then did He to sorry at the stark o' Night,  
 And smiled and sorried sore,  
 That He did cheat the night o' day,  
 And did to smile and smile; and touch.

And set athin her dark the promise moon,  
 And jeweled o'er the sky with jewels o' His court.

And Night and Day wert finished  
 And stood areadied for the life o' man.  
 And lo, He sent unto the nights and days  
 The glad and sorry for their fill.  
 And man did sup o' glad and taste o' sorry,  
 And lo, then did man to seek nay sorry  
 And fed but 'pon the glad.  
 And He did set asmile; and sent unto the earth  
 The happy-song, the merry-ripple o' thy laugh,  
 To man for sup-o'-sorries' wage.

Mrs. Johnson was delighted with this beautiful song and  
 the session was discontinued.

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July 9, 1915  
 At Mr. Yost's

Mr. & Mrs. Y.  
 Mr. & Mrs. Comstock  
 Mrs. & Miss Snodgrass  
 Virginia Scott  
 Mrs. C. Hussman  
 Mr. & Mrs. Curran  
 Bessie Morse

Mrs. Comstock at board.

Patience: "She hath a patience aye, and doth to look  
 unto the put ahere at hoping. Wide aye, and  
 narrow, a muck o' mix! He who be awide  
 achooseth that anarrow and she o' wide  
 chooseth that anarrow. Paugh!"

“Here ye a song?”

Wind o’ the days and nights  
Aye, thou the searchers o’ the night  
Lend thou to me of thee.

Sun of the Day, abath o’er Earth,  
Lend thou of thee to me.

Rains o’ the storm, awash  
O’ Earth’s dust to anaught,  
Lend thou of thee to me.

Sweets o’ the Earth, the glad o’ Day  
Lend thou of thee to me.

Prayers o’ the soul, the heart’s own breath,  
Lend thou to me of thee.

Fields o’ the Earth, agold o’ harvest-ripe  
Lend thou to me of thee.

Dark o’ the Night, strip o’ thy robe  
And lend o’ thee to me.

For I do weave and wash, and soothe and coo  
And cloak o’ one who needeth thee,  
A one o’ His, astricken  
A one whose soul hath bathed o’ crime,  
And Earth hath turned and wagged a Nay to him.

This poem was taken to refer to the new sorry story which she evidently is about to begin, and is a prayer for material to weave it with.

Patience: “There be a cup, drink thou and see athin the wine a promise.” (Referring to Mrs. Comstock): “Here be a one who hath a bloom o’ bright, aye giddy flowers ashew, and they do bloom them o’er a heart that be a fitting soil for lillies’ bloom.”

Mrs. Hussman here took the board.

Patience: “I do to love the wench. She be alike tall wheat, agold o’ tassel. I’d drink the heart o’ her. Out the door o’ her afloweth the heart o’ her and on unto the Earth who hath a need for such an pure quaff. Here do I to sing.”

Mrs. Yost: “My, is she going to give another song? I don’t want her to sing for everybody, it will take up too much time and we all won’t get to the board.”

Patience: “’Tis the dame o’ brother there who be the save o’ crumb.”

Mrs. Comstock: “Nothing escapes Patience.”

Patience: “Aye, evil.”

-A Thank Song-

Lord, the heart o’ me hath oped  
 Lord, ‘tis day athin this soul  
 Lord, do thou to list  
 And hark to word o’ me.  
 Lord, hear Thou this song.

I've stripped the earth o' joy  
 And packed my days o' glad  
 Lord, list Thee to the song  
 Lord, list unto my thank.

Miss Scott here took the board.

Patience: "Sweet, sweet as Spring's own crown o'  
 budded branch, she ahere."

All: "She is perfectly lovely to everybody  
 tonight."

Patience: "I tell thee there be anaught save love  
 ahere."

Mr. Comstock here broke in with a funny remark.

Patience: "There be a tung-tripper who be but a tickler  
 o' the day. And did I to seek a favor at his  
 hand, then would he to pin the colors o' me  
 and bare the blade."

Mr. Comstock here swore allegiance and Patience  
 continued to Miss Scott:

-A Song to Youth-

Here be a song for thee, my sweet;  
 Earth holdeth songs, and nights,  
 E'en at the deepest o' the hour, do sing.  
 Earth holdeth songs astored, that hid  
 When fallen from the lips of them that sleep in Him.  
 Earth hath treasures. List thee, sweet,  
 Thou hast an ear to coax them forth.  
 Hark, and hark, and hark thee deep,

And fill thy days o' stolen store.

Mr. Comstock at the board.

Patience: "Hist thee the knee!"

We laughed. Mr. C's legs were so much longer than Mrs. C's that the board tilted at an angle of 46 degrees.

Mr. C.: "Sure, Patience, give me a song."

Patience:

A gabble o' the goose's quack  
 A caw o' black crow's note  
 A squeal o' swine  
 A squawk o' hens afrighted  
 And set aloosed and leave to sing for thee.

Patience: "'Tis goose who seeketh grain I did to throw," she said when Mr. Comstock said he enjoyed the brew. Mrs. Comstock here remarked that Mr. C. might grow to love Patience too well and Patience said: "He be tracker 'pon a straight path, dame. Fear ye not, he seeketh thee like to how he seeketh grain."

Miss Morse at the board

Patience: "Here be a packster who hath oped o' pack and set abroad its store. Ever hath she asaved o' pack nuff for more to give. What treasure hath she, a whited one, the dear o' heart o' her, the dame. Here she did to find

the store that filled the pack o' her. Thou hast a loaf abaked, didst thee to eat o' it?"

Mrs. Curran admitted that she had not given her the copy of her former message and Patience Said:

"A sorry dealer o' the loaf!"

Then suddenly to Mr. Curran who was transcribing:

Hear ye, thou awide at side, the choose o' her; thou, thou wouldst have o' me. Think ye 'twere ye aseeked and find o' her ahere? Nay, there be abroad the Earth a one who hath a pack o' tricks atoo, and 'twere the gift o' me to thee. I did to set adream afore the eyes o' thee and 'twere thee who seeked o' such an dream. He wert an ass to seek o' such an pack as I did to load."

"Lor', the sack o' me be afulled and 'tis at put athin and draw unto the day that which doth to stand afirst, and ne'er a choose."

Mr. Comstock:

"She certainly handed me a package!"

Patience:

"'Tis nay the first thee hast ataken!"

"This be but a stretch to weary, afore she ploddeth on. 'Tis songed and hotted that ye be and 'tis a brew for her ayonder I did make, and yet she hath nay sup."

We thought this meant Mrs. Snodgrass and she took the board.

Patience: “Gad, thee hadst sup, and yet ‘twere not afetched for thee.”

“’Tis Brother ayonder who walloweth in crumbs asmile. Lor’ there be nuff abaked and dame o’ him hath nay crumb o’ what be abaked athin hut o’ her!”

Mrs. Yost thereupon was called and took the board.

Patience: “Didst thee to know how love o’ me hath wrapped this hut? What think ye he would be athout the stone o’ thy love to stand ‘pon? Woulds’t day to break and thou not here, then would sun to sink ‘pon day o’ him.”

Mrs. Yost: “Well, anyhow, we won’t cancel the insurance policy.”

Patience: “I telled thee she wert asave o’ crumb!”

“Nuff, nuff. Eat thy fill. Aday.”

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July 13, 1915  
Mrs. Rohland  
Mrs. Curran

Patience: “The Earth’s smile is but the show o’ heaven’s happy.”

“I’d weave athin the sage’s hut.”

“At morrow eve do I to put bobbin to the sorry tale.”

“I’d sing for thee.”

-Waste-

Waste, the waste o’ Earth  
 Waste, the waste o’ heart  
 Waste, the waste o’ tears  
 Waste, the waste o’ word  
 Waste, the waste o’ life  
 Waste, the waste o’ seeing  
 Waste, the waste o’ hearing  
 Waste, the waste o’ touching  
 Waste, the waste o’ scent  
 Waste, the Heaven’s waste  
 Doth build the Earth,  
 Aye and waste o’ Earth  
 Doth build the Heaven.

“Here be a song for her.” (Mrs. Rohland)

-My Harp-

I builded me a harp  
 And set a search for strings.  
 Ah, and Folly set me ‘pon a track  
 That set the music at a wail  
 For I did string the harp  
 With silvered moon-threads  
 Aye, and dead the notes did sound  
 And I did string it then  
 With golden sun’s-threads  
 And Passion killed the song.  
 Then did I to string it o’er  
 And ‘twere a jeweled string,  
 A chain o’ stars, and lo,

They laughed, and sorry wert the song.  
 And I did strip the harp and cast  
 The stars to merry o'er the Night.  
 And string anew, and set athrob a string  
 Abuilded o' a lover's note and lo,  
 The song did sick and die  
 And crumble to a sweeted dust  
 And blew unto the Day.  
 Anew did I to string  
 Astring with wail o' babe  
 And Earth loved not the song.  
 I fell asorrowed at the task  
 And still the Harp wert mute.  
 So did I to pluck me out my heart  
 And lo, it throbbled and sung  
 And at the hurt o' loosing o' the heart  
 A song wert born.

Mrs. Pollard asked for a personal word.

Patience: "Lo, do I to feed 'pon the heart o' her. Aye,  
 the Loaf be thine and He did send to thee the  
 loaf, for at the plucking o' the heart, the  
 song be born."

Mrs. Rohland: "Just one little word more, Patience."

Patience: "Aye, I do weave athin thy hut, for thee and  
 thine."

Mrs. Rohland: "Patience, I love you and thank you."

Patience: "What prate ye? Why word upon a heart  
 that telleth it but o' a golden tale? What a  
 dame I be! A speller o' a smear o' words

and wash o' tears the words to naught, and  
set thee at a merry lest thee sorry sore!

“Nay, there be a something wound athin the  
bobbin I next do ply that setteth thee awag.  
I wait me for the morrow that I do weave.”

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At the “Sage’s Hut”

July 17, 1915

Those present were:

Miss McNair	Mrs. W. F. Hadley
Mrs. Rohland	Miss Flavia Hadley
Miss Dolbee	Miss Winifred Hadley
Miss Eunice Smith	Mr. Douglas Hadley
Miss Sadie Platt	Mr. Lester Hadley
Mrs. H. S. Dorsey	Mr. A. J. Narcom
Mrs. Curran	Mr. A. A. Schlafly
Mrs. Pollard	Mr. Curran

Mr. Schlafly at the board with Mrs. Curran.

Patience: “Lor’ a flurried dame I be! Afetch ye o’ the  
townsmen for to shew the doing o’ the  
grand-dame o’ such? I do vow me ‘tis me  
who doth to prance and shew o’ the tricks I  
did long to store amid that which I deemed  
aneded not.”

Here Mr. Schlafly and Mr. Narcom joked each other and  
a good laugh followed.

Patience: “Set awag the tungs o’ one ‘gainst the other  
and lo, there be aneed o’ nay word of me.  
I’d sing.”

Here follows the “song” which seems to be a complimentary salutation to the “Hut.”

Had I a wish aye, an ask o’ Him  
 What then would I to put?  
 Had I a tung, had I a wish to buy  
 What then would I to crave?

I’d pray me not, nay  
 I’d seek me ever o’ the Earth  
 That which He hath set for seek o’ me.  
 I’d claim from nights and days  
 Their chosen aye, their best  
 I’d steal from harvests o’ the Earth  
 The gold aye, the tassel gold  
 That tickleth the even’s breeze  
 And maketh it to laugh.  
 I’d wrest from out thy heart  
 Its secrets held, that thou hast hid  
 and wag thee knowingly  
 ‘Tis earth that knoweth not.  
 I’d take o’ all and ask  
 But this, o’ Him  
 To add unto the gift o’ me to thee.  
 I’d ask, I’d tung, I’d put, nay pray, but this:  
 Send Thou Thy smile Thy love. Thy ever loving care  
 And cloak Thee therein this Hut.

The sitters remarked that Patience gave such sweet messages and Patience remarked:

“Think ye ‘twould be a swine at seek o’  
 mast who found a stone and fetched aback?  
 Nay I tell thee thou art hungered for sweet  
 ‘pon earth and sweet shalt I to deal.”

Here Miss Flavia Hadley took the board, and remarked that she was afraid Patience would give her away.

Patience:       “Look ye ‘pon such an face and she prateth  
                  ‘tis I who do to give that the face o’ her doth  
                  tell. Look thee and sup a sweet.”

We remarked that while she gave us all lovely messages she had woven very little on the Sorry Tale.

Patience:       “’Tis ne’er a dame who weaveth with babes  
                  at the skirt o’ her.”

At this point Mrs. Rohland announced that refreshments were served and after enjoying the feast we returned to the board and were greeted so:

Patience:       “Swilled I vow and still agrunt!”

Mrs. H. S. Dorsey took the board.

Patience:       “I set awishing for a song for her ahere.  
                  Such joy hath she adealt the earth I fancy me  
                  to sing o’ joy.”

-Carol, Ye Birds-

Carol! Carol! Carol, ye birds o’ air!  
Carol! Carol! And sea shalt steal thy song  
And bear it to its midsts  
Where joy hath stretched to rest.  
Carol! Carol, summer’s winds  
And Spring’s soft breeze  
That beareth song o’ all the Earth  
That fell and hid, and echo at thy touch.

Carol, carol on ye hearts  
 Carol to a joy's own song  
 And set ye such an fluttering  
 That wearied ones whose hearts do beat alag  
 Shalt speed them at thy song.  
 Carol, carol Winter's blast  
 The song hath need o' thee.  
 Carol, carol, carol all  
 And joy the Earth who mourns  
 And soothe and joy and fashion days  
 From gray to gleaming bright.  
 Carol, carol, carol ye  
 And sing this song to Him and His.

Following this Miss Eunice Smith took the board and Patience began:

“Here be a one who shalt weave for me.”

Some of the Sorry Tale came here under Miss Smith's hands, but first Patience insisted that we show those present the weaving, or at least what she had woven of the new story.

Patience: “Set ye for eat that they do see not? Fetch ye the loomed cloth.”

Miss Smith's session was taken up with weaving after which Miss Winifred Hadley took the board.

Patience: “What a heaven she hath that thee and thee do see anaught o'. I tell thee she hath a color pot that she doth to spread 'pon days adulled and doth paint and set abright o' such a day.”

The company laughed heartily at this as Miss H. seemed to think Patience referred to her complexion pot. However, after the laugh, Mrs. Hadley and the Hadley family agreed that Patience had told the truth about Miss Winifred and declared it was a beautiful reading of her character. During the laugh, Patience broke in with:

“What a cackle o’ geese who have not ayet a grain!”

“She hath that that thee and thee ne’er shalt to have.”

This was enjoyed and Miss Hadley expressed the wish that Patience would give her a song.

-Sleep-

Sleep. Sleep through day acradled in the misty blue  
 Thou tiny stars that morn shalt bear.  
 Sleep. Sleep acradled in the arms of Earth  
 Thou seedling spring shalt bear.  
 Sleep. Sleep thou sunny skies ahid  
 From Earth that morn shalt bear.  
 Sleep. Sleep thou soul of me ahid  
 From all, that He shalt bear.  
 Sleep. Sleep, sleep and wake ye, on!

Miss Sadie Platt here took the board.

Patience: “She-e-e-e! She knoweth the land o’ me.  
 Earth aholdeth not all the eye o’ her hath seen.  
 Aye, nor the ear o’ her hath heard.  
 Eyes look not ‘pon sod, nay, at up; and ear  
 listeth not unto the brasses o’ the earth’s  
 song.

“What would I to choose o’ Earth could I to claim o’ it? Thinkest thou I’d choose o’ jeweled store? Thinkest thou I’d seek a page o’ sage’s writ? Nay, the path ahere be not abuilded by word. Thinkest thou I’d seek the paths that lead unto thy temples? Nay. Were I to choose o’ earth for mine abode, I’d seak thy heart.”

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July 21, 1915  
 Mr. Curran  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mrs. Pollard

Dr. Lowes at Cambridge for the summer, had asked two questions by letter. The first was, “Does the siege of Plymouth bring back old memories?”

Patience: “Say ye unto the puller: Long agone did I to put that there wert an echo aneath the every stone. Aye, and I but loose the stone, and lo, the voice. So be it, aneath a stone shalt ye to find the voice o’ me.”

Second question: “Would it interest you at all to know that the ‘Puller’ is going to Nantucket?”

Patience: “Thou art atethered unto the bibstrings o’ me. Aye and the tether shalt loose not. Do I to tell o’ sorry, the earth loveth it not. ‘Tis far, the paths o’ Time do lead ahere. ‘Pon Earth, path setteth as a kirtle and leadeth not save what be thy tracking o’ it, and Earth’s path ever findeth at its end, a sorry. A

trodder ahere, steppeth over, do he choose, to what hath been, for what hath been, ever shalt be. What be Earth's sorries, save a cloak that serveth earth and clingeth not to here?

“Tell unto the Puller, so: It meaneth much, and little. Set at turning o' the stones. I be aplaned deep. Do thee to loose but voice thou knowest not, still 'twould be a song o' worth and payeth thee well for Patience.

“The earth shalt wag and seek. 'Tis o' the wishing I be that he doth sack the pull. And 'tis a one I did to seek who planteth seed o' me, and one who reapeth verily.”

After some delay and discussion we took up the board again and Patience added:

“'Tis Earth that harketh much unto that thou tellest o' thy brother, aye but do ye prate o' thee, then 'tis nay ear that listeth.”

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July 22, 1915  
Mrs. Cornman  
Mrs. Curran  
Mrs. Pollard

Patience Worth to Mrs. D. S. Cornman:

“Say ye unto thy babe that she be aplanting grow for reap not o' the season o' the reap nay, but for reaping season o' the days o'

her. I do sit me athin the hut o' her aye and see the thorns agrow 'mid that she hath sown for grow o' bloom. Paugh! 'Tis but a hand's-full o' rains drop that darketh but the hours and leaveth days abrighter for its showing.

“List thee thou white hearted; she standeth a lily rolled and shut from day 'mid leaf. Wait thee the sun shalt set agrow and yet thy bud shalt bloom.

“There be a loaf for thee; eat thee whene'er thou art hungered, for I do tell thee eat destroyeth it not nay, for 'tis a loaf afashioned o' love and love liveth ever. I tell thee rest thou 'pon a pillow o' faith. 'Tis well.”

This was a personal message to Mrs. Cornman and was enjoyed to the fullest. Following those present discussed the work of Patience and especially the new “Sorry Tale.” Patience seemed to know this and broke in with:

“Doth thy brother for to sack thy grain and knoweth thee he hath sought o' thy grain and he knoweth 'tis not the grain o' him, and do ye to stone him and wag ye o' his wicked, then doth he on and keep the grain o' ye and hate thee for thy prodding o' his pack o' wrong. Aye, but do ye for to seek thy brother and offer thee more o' thy store. Lo, the seed he hath pilfered o' thee shalt fall ashrunken and grow not aye, and he shalt ope the pilfered sacked and offer unto

thee and fetch aback thy grain, and from  
hate shalt spring love. Verily.”

At this point Mrs. Curran told the sitters of an impulse to tell Mr. Yost of a vision she had had that she believed had to do with the “Sorry Tale.” So strong was this impulse that she telephoned him and told of the vision. Upon her return and continuing the session, Patience said:

“I did to tickle that she dealt from out the  
pack.”

A discussion here followed over various possibilities of the ending of the “Sorry Tale.”

Patience: “Man’s claim o’ honor be not his own, but  
the kiss o’ God. He kisseth the lowly and  
smiteth them in high estate, aye, and  
cloaketh kiss within a smite and cloaketh  
smite within a kiss.

“Thinkest thee thee’lt trod ‘pon earth  
aturned, and set agrow at first the casting o’  
the seed o’ me. Nay, ‘pon roughed and  
seamed and tare grown sod shalt ye to trod.  
‘Tis well. Canst trod a whit the path I did to  
trod for aye and aye afore the coming unto  
thee.”

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July 25, 1915  
Mrs. Rohland  
Miss Dolbee  
The family

Mrs. Rohland at the board.

Patience:        “I do weave for her who be the sage, and she  
hath much for the weave o’ me. Yea, but  
see ye, ‘tis a loaf I do to fashion for her who  
hath a coppered crown.”

This referred to Miss Dolbee, who was forthwith called  
to the board.

Patience:        “‘What hath the house o’ ye that setteth it at  
keep o’ crumb from thee?’”

We recalled that on our visit at the Sage’s hut, Miss  
Dolbee had had no chance to get a word from Patience.

Patience:        “‘Aye, so, and yet they who bided at the hut  
o’ thee did fill o’erfull o’ the heart o’ thee.  
Aye, and still hath she heart for to give. I  
sing for thee.’”

-To One Griefstricken-

Sunny-tide, o’erclouded, ever breaketh from the dark.  
Wounds, though cut adeep, do heal with love’s own  
balm.

Hunger heart that beateth at alone doth find ‘mid  
dreamings, loves that fill.

Spending love’s store buyeth more o’ love.

Weary road ne’er led but unto rest.

Long path, that leadeth thee aloned,

The dream-god’s pack hath spilled,

And ever ‘long aside thee steppeth what thy heart doth  
hold.

Though eyes be hid, what care ye?

Though hand be not, what care ye?

Though love hath stepped from Earth

What think ye love shalt lose?  
Heart that stoppeth beating ne'er astoppeth love!

“’Tis balm; take thee and bind thy heart.”

We were all deeply moved by this beautiful message and tears fell freely. Patience saw and said:

“I do love the drops o’ ye. They be as pure as pearls. ‘Tis store o’ such pearls ye have in plenty. Cast thee them unto the day that they do dry and leave thy heart the sun. What hath lost from out thy treasure store be not alost, nay, ‘tis at the hand o’ thee, I tell thee! Day hath sun for thee, my wench, do thou to sup the cup o’ me, ‘tis pledge.”

Here Miss Dolbee admitted herself a convert to Patience and Patience said:

“List thee, she did stand like to a hen aside the pool and flutter much and venture not. Now list thee, she swimmeth! I’ll weave a bit and seek the Sage alater.”

Here followed 400 words of the “Sorry Tale” with Miss D. until Patience demanded:

“Set ye the sage that she waketh.”

...which we did and about 700 words more came.

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July 26, 1915  
 Mr. Yost  
 Mrs. Curran

Following about two thousand words of the "Sorry Tale" the sitters fell to discussing the various tongues Patience had used in her writings and Patience gave the following, which suggested that this tale she seemed to consider her best and most important work so far:

"Thee'rt awind o' a golden strand. This be the smile o' Him that turneth back unto the past. The hand o' thy handmaid shaketh at the task!

"This lyre singeth the song o' Him. Think ye the hand o' me might touch athout a shake? 'Tis a prayer I'd put that the very shaking o' this hand should cause a throbbing o' the air o' Heaven and set aflow the song unto the earth."

We remarked that indeed it seemed by the purity of her writing that it was of Heaven.

Patience: "I speak not with riddles, nay, nor cloak with word, nay, I bear unto thee that that is clothed athin the garments thou knowest. What should I bear me unto thee robed athin a cloth thine eye did know not? Nay, I step apettiskirted. I tell thee o' hands, what though hands be not, the work o' hands remaineth. Then do I to speak o' weave and though the hands o' me be not 'pon earth. I seek o' hands!"

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July 30, 1915  
 Mrs. Rohland  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mrs. Pollard

Patience:       “List thee, ‘tis much the sages’ mouths do  
 tell. Aye, and at the put o’ me, lo, they fall  
 achatter o’ naught. Dry bones ahinge!”

The foregoing seemed apropos to a conversation  
 between Mrs. Rohland and Mrs. Curran regarding the  
 attitude different minds hold toward the work.

Patience:       “Yea I tell thee, and not for put athin thy  
 word o’ me for scatter. They do find that  
 that they do seek and cast awither and seek  
 them on and on, and lo, ne’er do find. Yea,  
 and sages yet shall ravel out the knitting o’  
 me and have but yarn.

“Man buildeth o’ words temples in which he  
 abideth. Yea and I do build of nothings,  
 much. Yea and man feareth him to step  
 from out his temple of words, and I do stride  
 me o’er the paths that show not to thee.”

A discussion here regarding the study of the literature of  
 Patience and whether it would be possible ever to come to a  
 final decision.

Patience:       “This be bread. If man knoweth not the  
 grain from which ‘twere fashioned, what  
 then? ‘Tis bread, let man deny me this.”

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August 1, 1915  
 Mrs. Sweegan  
 Mrs. Hutchings  
 Mr. Curran  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Mrs. Pollard

This was the first meeting at which Mrs. Hutchings was present for months owing to certain misunderstandings. Patience seemed to take it upon herself to tell the sitters the reconciliation was due to her and intimated it was according to her wish and began her remarks thus:

Patience:       “There, there, there, ‘tis o’er! I did to prod me deep and ‘twere astop the donkeys, I do vow me, and her and her aheart-torn. Yea, and though she ahere doth be afar, think ye she hath not o’ me? Nay, I tell thee oft and oft do I to whisper her.

“Set ye at hark. I scatter for her, the wench atear.”

Mrs. Sweegan had been forced through certain circumstances to do a work that was far from pleasant and sought Patience for a crumb of comfort. Just prior to this she had cried over what seemed a rather hopeless lot.

Patience:       “Sighing but bringeth up heart’s weary.  
 Tears but wash the days acleansed. Hands abusied for them not thine, do work for Him.  
 Prayers that fall ‘pon but the air and naught ye deem, sing straight unto Him. Close, close, doth He cradle His own unto Him.  
 Thine armor is then His love. He sendeth

suns that rise ‘pon dark, so doth dark to show ‘pon bright. Thy sun is but a blush-morn sun and days that yet do come show thee thy bright. Sup thee, sup thee, thou hungered. The love o’ me is thine.”

This seemed to be a message straight to Mrs. Sweegan, and Patience continued by giving a message to Mrs. Hutchings in these words, first saluting the company with a little word of love:

“Here have I cast the cloak o’ me ‘bout the loves o’ me.”

Following this she gave the message to Mrs. Hutchings.

Patience: “Such hearts as she whose moon-kissed locks show soft to thee ahere, no earth doth hold. Nay, I tell thee she ahere the chosen o’ me, with her who putteth the word o’ me, hath heart that knoweth heaven’s borderland and dwelleth therein, that days o’ her that show roughed, may hold naught but beauty’s and heaven’s smile.

“Earth offereth unto me but broked twigs. I choosed of earth those who bring blooms. Yea, and she ahere bringeth rose that holdeth dew, so pure. I weave not, nay but ‘neath these hands shall such an word set upt,<sup>•</sup> that Earth shall burn with wonder.”

Here we remarked that Patience was giving us all personal messages and not weaving on her book.

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• A possible misspelling of “up”

Patience: “Set ye aweave, do ye choose.”

We told her that we wouldn’t think of asking her to weave; she should do just as she pleased.

Patience: “This be a hearts’ feast.”

And we said: “Do you want this to be a hearts’ feast?”

Patience: “Yea, yea, yea.”

“Lor, since this be a hearts’ feast, then for the him o’ her I cast.”

We misunderstood this, thinking she meant Mr. Hutchings. Patience corrected this, saying:

“Nay a later him. ‘Tis him o’ her aweave.”

We saw this meant Mr. Curran and she continued with the following:

“He, when Earth was new, did people her.  
 And man and men made Earth’s robe. Yea,  
 and time and time did slip and time wert  
 riped for Him to send to Earth His word.  
 Yea, and lo, the word wert o’ all and all. So  
 ‘twere, that she who bore aback to Earth did  
 choose o’ this and that. And lo, it felled  
 unto man as word o’ this and that. Yea, and  
 man did know not the tung. Yea, and she  
 who seeked did seek a hearth where one  
 who wert a man o’ men did bide. And lo, he  
 stripped and bladed him, for lo, list lad, thou

didst strip thy heart and leave me in, and  
arm thee with love.

“Now I do to tell o’ the man o’ her.”  
(Meaning Mr. Hutchings)

“There wert one man who rolled him up  
within an armour and pulled him close his  
visor skirt. And Earth’s men did see the  
armour stand, and prod it strong with lance.  
And lo, no move made he, and men spake  
that this wert but armour, and no man athin.  
Yea and yet a time fell when the king wert  
sought by them who seeked the life o’ him,  
and all did seek with helmets oped that all  
might see the face of them and know ‘twere  
him who did to ‘fend the king. And lo, they  
aseek did drive them whither, and he who  
stood armoured did dash, still with visor  
skirt adown, and stepped afore the lance that  
might lay his sovereign low. And the lance  
did find the cranny, and crimson stream did  
tell ‘twere man aneath the armour. Yea, a  
man who cared not for brothers’ word o’  
praise or vain-glory but fought him on for  
king, and died so.”

It seemed that Patience was loth to leave any one of the  
party out and remembered Mrs. Pollard.

Patience: “Now do I cast for her, the Dame.”

“The sea stood acalm. Aye, and they who  
had aset ‘pon fishers thraul, sailed them  
fearless out. And ‘twere the women o’ the  
huts who stood them at a smile and waved

till but a speck did show and it did slip to naught as a dust-mite blown from earth. And Storm arose and billowed wert the sea, and lo, they whose hearts wert at float upon the sea's breast, anguished much. And they lighted brands and swung them much, that they who sought the shores might see and did they seek in vain, then would they to know that the hearts 'pon lands wert with the seas. And lo, the crafts came them back and calm set 'pon sea. Yea, and storms rose up again, and they whose hearts were safe did care them not and lighted not the brands, and lo, there wert a one whose heart did burn, not for ones o' her, nay, and she lighted brands for them, the storm's waste who drift they know not where. And ever so, she lighted them aseek with no hearts for comforting. And this wert the work o' her. And time came when storm did send ashore a treasure craft, and it wert laden heavy with much that showed as naught o' worth. And the beacon o' her did lead it whither, and lo, they did seek the craft and loose the store and it wert filled o' fruits o' love."

We then said that Patience ought to have a message for Mrs. Curran, who was the only one of the company who had not had a part in the love-feast.

Patience: "Need I to put? She hath the kiss o' Him."

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August 2, 1915

Mr. Yost

Mrs. Curran

At the beginning of this session, Mr. Yost had expressed the hope that Patience might give him something for his new grand-daughter, born the day before, Sunday, August 1<sup>st</sup>.

Patience: “Think ye ‘tis thine the treasure? Nay, ‘tis the Godchild o’ me! Yea, I do pack a pack o’ tricks for her the bud, that she doth ever carry through the day. For hark ye, first for every frowning she shall touch and lo, it falleth asmile. Yea, and doth sorrow set then shall the trick’s pack show a softer for the sorry. Yea, and doth she trip, ‘tis the hand o’ me aguide.

“Ever shall the cloak o’ me to cover her. Such an heart as this love shall grow shall be the earth’s treasure, and shed where’er she steppeth pure, aye, and love aye, and truth.

“I seeked and where but down ashowed and pinked flesh o’ her, I did to set the kiss o’ me. Stand thou Brother, ‘tis thy charge for me.”

Mr. Yost thanked Patience for this lovely gift to the Baby, but Patience seemed not satisfied and continued:

“List thee, would’st thee that I tell thee a something? Hark, when whited curtains o’

her eyes do ope look thou and thee'lt see –  
Him.”

This seemed to start Patience upon a theme she rather liked and she went on as though trying to tell us more of the great plan.

Patience: “Amore I put, I fear the telling.

“He sendeth seeds o’ heavens to bloom ‘pon earth that they shall thrive and bloom. For He be a jealous God, and loveth man far past the telling. Aye, and so that He be loth that man should cease, and scattereth on and on in fullness o’ loving.

“Think ye the heaven’s seed that falleth ‘mid tare be lost? Nay, it but rooteth brother seeds. Aye, and time shall be when brother shall cast a seed o’ the dust o’ seed that fell ‘mid tare. Aye, and that be the seed cast first by Him, and come into its own.

“He hath loving that floweth ever and dryeth never! Do ye to but bear the emptied vessels for thy brothers’ filling – ye bear for Him.”

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August 14, 1915  
 Mrs. Rohland  
 Mrs. Curran

Patience: "I'd put a song."

-Loves of Yesterday-

I'd greet thee, loves of yester's day.  
 I'd call thee out from There.  
 I'd sup the joys of yonder realm  
 I'd list unto the songs of them  
 Who days of me know not.  
 I'd call unto this hour  
 The lost of joys and woes  
 I'd seek me out the sorries  
 That traced the seaming of thy cheek  
 O thou of yester's day.

I'd read the hearts astopped  
 That Earth might know the price  
 They paid as toll.  
 I'd love their loves, I'd hate their hates  
 I'd sup the cups of them,  
 Yea, I'd bathe me in the sweetness  
 Shed by youth of yester's day.

Yea, of these, I'd weave the Earth a cloak  
 But ah, He wove afirst!

They cling like petal mold, and sweet the Earth  
 Yea, the Earth lies wrapped  
 Within the holy of its ghost.

Patience: "There, thou hast a song! 'Tis but a drip o'  
 loving. Thou shalt put strand."

Following came about 800 words of the "Sorry Tale."

Referring to a certain passage in the "Sorry Tale," Mrs. R. remarked that it was rather plain or broad.

Patience: "Ye'd hide thy naked within a Summer's cloud, and flaunt thy face to fools! I tell thee naked be not the crime the fool be guilty of, nor doth the naked set thee shame as doth the fool."

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August 19, 1915  
 Mrs. Curran  
 Dr. Pohlmann  
 Mrs. Pohlmann  
 Mrs. Warner  
 Miss Black

Dr. Pohlmann at the board with Mrs. Curran.

Patience: "Eh Gad, here be a one who taketh truth unto him and setteth the good dame apace that she knoweth not the name o' her. I tell thee 'tis he who knoweth her as a sister and telleth much o' her and naught he speaketh oft holdeth her and much he speaketh holdeth little o' her, and yet ever he holdeth her unto him. He taketh me as truth yea, he knoweth he taketh naught and buildeth much and much and buildeth little o' it.

"I track me unto the door o' him and knock and he heareth me."

Following this the party discussed the reference Patience made to Dr. Pohlmann's work. He is the teacher of anatomy at St. Louis University. When the sitting was resumed, Patience asked:

“Would ye I sing?”

The song, which seemed to be for the Doctor, follows:

-On the Sea of Learning-

Out ‘pon the sea o’ learning  
 Floateth the barque o’ one aseek.  
 Out ‘pon troubled waters floateth the craft  
 Abuilded staunch o’ beams o’ truth  
 And though the waves do beat them high and wash  
 O’er and o’er the prow,  
 Fear thee not, for truth saileth on.  
 Set thy beacon then to crafts not thine.  
 For thou hast a light for man.

“There thou knowest me. I tell thee I speak  
 unto him who hath truth for his very own.  
 Set thee aweave.”

The sitters complied and received six hundred words of the “Sorry Tale” after which the Dr. asked several questions which follow Mrs. Pohlmann's sitting.

Mrs. Pohlmann at the board with Mrs. C. Mrs. Pohlmann had remarked that she was afraid.

Patience: “She setteth aside the stream and seeth the craft afloat and be at wishing for to sail and yet she would to see her who steereth.”

Miss Black took the board. Miss Black is a teacher of botany.

Patience: “The eye o’ her seeth but beauties and shutteth up that which showeth darked that that not o’ beauty setteth not within the see o’ her. Yea more, she knoweth how ‘tis the dark and what showeth not o’ beauty, at His touching showeth lovely for the see o’ her.

“Such an heart, ah, thou shouldst feast hereon, I tell thee she giveth unto multitudes the heart o’ her and such as she dealeth unto earth, earth has need for much. She feasteth her ‘pon dusts and knoweth dust shall spring forth bloom. Hurt hath set the heart o’ her and she hath packed up the hurt with petals.”

Following this Patience addressed Dr. Pohlman so:

“He yonder hath much aneath his skull’s-cap that he wordeth not.”

Here Dr. asked his first question:

Dr. Pohlmann: “Does Patience prepare the manuscript she gives in advance? It rather seems that she reads the material to Mrs. Curran.”

Patience: “See ye he hath spoke a thing that set aneath his skull’s-cap.” (And in answer to the question): “She who afashioneth loaf doth shake well the grain-dust that husks show not then doth she for to brew and stir and mix else the loaf be not afit for eat.”

Dr. Pohlmann: "Are these stories real happenings? Could you write in any other tongue?"

Patience: "Within the land o' here be packed the days a dead o' earth and thy day hath its sister day a here, and thy neighbor's day and thy neighbor's neighbor's day. And I tell thee didst thou afashion tale thou couldst ne'er afashion lie for all thou hast athin thy day that thy put might show from the see o' thee; hath been, at not thy time yea, but it hath been."

Dr. Pohlmann: "Then should you have transmitted through a one who spoke another language you would have used their tongue?"

Patience: "I pettiskirt me so that ye know the me o' me. Yea, and I do to take me o' the store o' her that I make me word for thee. Were it a mouth awide."

This referred to the answer she had once given Dr. Lowes to a similar question.

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August, 1915  
Miss Louise Erskine  
Mrs. Curran

Miss E.: "Patience, what shall I do about my book?"

Patience: "How the wench hath brewed, and seeketh them who sup o' the brew o' her! Hark thee, thou hast sup o' me and I did to tell to

thee o' the stoned path. Thou hast but glimpsed the light o' thy day. Yea, hark ye more, unto thy hand cometh the sup."

Miss E. came to see Mrs. C. and asked that she be allowed to sit with Patience for a bit of consolation. However Miss E. desired a foretelling of the fate of her book and the reader may see Patience gave but spiritual food and seemed to put no light to the question desired answered, but rather held hope out. Hope, bought by patient waiting and the casting away of self. Miss E. in her next question asked should she send her manuscript to England or should she try this country first.

Patience: "Set thou thy brew asteaming and offer thee unto the waysiders, yea, and unto the huts anear and far, for list thee, thou hast bread athin thy mix. Yea, and earth shall eat thereof."

Miss E.: "Yes, Patience, but I have waited so long. Will it be very, very long still that I shall have to wait?"

Patience: "What doth the dame to tung to me o' 'long'? What be 'long' to 'ever'? Shall thy path but lead thee unto the waiting, what then? What though thou hast but born broked vessels for thy brother's filling – thou hast born the vessel o' Him who knoweth not o' time but giveth, ever. Set thee arest and tiptoe not unto the morrow. She cometh unto thee asurely. I tell thee this atruly."

Miss E.: “But Patience, can I find no relief? Will I have to go on and on like this?”

Patience: “Thou hast a Busum on which to lean, yea and thou art ever straining for other rest.”

Miss E.: “Then Patience, you mean that I should let all these worries go and not mind them?”

Patience: “Yea, and yea and yea! What be dross to thee? Ah, woe o’ earth shrinketh at His smile.”

Miss E.: “Well Patience, what do you think of my book?”

Patience: “Bread, bread for eat. List thee, thou hast within thy heart a wolf that eateth thy sheep. Thou art taking from out thy fold ever for the feed o’ earth and yet at dark hours thou leavest thy sheep to wolves, who do devour them.”

The wolf was evidently worry and the sheep the stores of her mind.

Miss E.: “Patience, will I never be released? Will I always be so alone and oppressed by all these things?”

Patience: “Ah list thee maid, at the dark hour did He seek out the garden, yea, and no man comforted. Ope thy heart to sun, shut thee away the dark that truth that seeketh thee enter therein. Of dark thou hast walled thy heart.”

Miss E.: “Yes, but it is so hard not to be recognized. Will these old jealousies and oppressions still continue? It seems so hard to bear.”

Patience: “Death setteth earth’s sorries as death doth set the body o’ earth. Then doth this specter arise ‘tis but a wraith – smile thou then! Look unto the crown of Him.”

Here the sitting ended and Miss E. thanked Patience for the consolation the words had given her. As a good bye Patience gave the following:

“Take thou this bread o’ me and hath thee asorry lay thou thy head upon the busum o’ Him, and turn thy face to earth to smile and take thou the love o’ me in His name.”

After some discussion Miss E. asked that she be allowed to have a few more words. She told of her teaching and of a vision she had had of a winter scene that made her believe her book would be published in the winter and that she would through that be released from the grind of teaching, and asked if she might put faith in this vision.

Patience: “Of thy fold thou feedest, ah, hunger not thou hast bread, and bread shall come unto thee.”

This referred to her teaching, of course. Then in regard to the vision, Patience continued:

“Spring knoweth Winter, Spring knoweth cold, yea for Spring holdeth Winter’s cool and Spring’s drop holdeth Winter’s bite o’

chill. Then Spring knoweth o' the snow  
time. Thinkest thou then that thou mayest  
not know Winter's reap at Spring?

“Take heart 'tis thine the thing thou seekest.  
Time meaneth naught to them who do that  
that be the big o' earth.

“Thy loaf be afashioned, seek eat for it and  
rest thee and love 'bout the fashioning o'  
next o' loaf. Drive not thy sheep to wolves.  
Thou hast eye within the in-man.”

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August 1915  
Dr. Pohlmann  
Mrs. Pohlmann  
Miss Black  
Mrs. Warner

Patience: “Hark ye lad unto ye I do speak. Thou hast  
a sack o' the wares o' me and thou hast eat  
therefrom yea and thou hast spat that which  
thou didst eat and eat it o'er. And yet thou  
art not afulled.”

“Hark, here be a trick that shall best thee at  
thine own trick. Lo, thou lookest upon flesh  
and it be but flesh, yea, thou lookest unto  
thy brother and see but flesh. And yet thy  
brother speakest word and thou sayest, yea  
this is a man, aye, the brother o' me. Then  
doth death lay low thy brother and he speak  
not word unto thee thou sayest, nay, this is  
no man! Nay this is but clay! Then lookest  
thou unto thy brother and thou seest not the

him o' him. Thou knowest not the him o' him but the flesh o' him only.

“More I tell thee. Thy very babe wert not flesh yea, it were as dead afore the coming. Yet at the mother's bearing it setteth within the flesh. And thou knowest it and speak, yea, this is a man. And yet I tell thee thou knowest not e'en the him o' him! Then doth it die 'tis nay man thou sayest, yet at the dying and afore the bearing 'twere what? The him o' him wert then and now and ever.

“Yea, I speak unto thee not through flesh and thou sayest, this is no man yea, for thine eyes see not flesh, yet thou knowest the me o' me, and I speak unto thee with the me o' me. And thou art where upon thy path o' learning!”

Here we discussed the doctor's attitude regarding Patience and he owned that he believed but what he saw, and accepted only material facts.

Patience: “Man maketh temples that reach them unto the skies, and yet He fashioneth a gnat and where be man's learning! The earth is full o' what the blind in-man seeth not. Ope thine eye lad, thou art athin dark and yet drink ye ever o' the light.”

Dr. Pohlmann: “That's all right, Patience, and a good argument, but tell me where the him o' him of my dog is.”

Patience: “Thou art ahungered for what be thine at the hand o’ thee. Thy dog hath far more o’ HIM than thy brothers who set them as dogs and eat o’ dog’s eat. The One o’ One, the All o’ All, yea, all o’ life holdeth the Him o’ Him, thy Sire and mine! ‘Tis the breath o’ Him that pulses earth. Thou askest where abides this thing. Aneath thy skull’s arch there be nay room the there or where o’ this!”

Here Miss Black, who is a newspaper woman, of Cincinnati, took the board and Patience spoke so:

“She taketh it she standeth well athin the sight o’ me that she weareth the frock o’ me.”

This remark was very pertinent as the party explained Miss Black had chosen to wear a frock that was built along the modes of the puritan times – a gray crepe with white cuffs and collar. And had remarked at the time that she believed Patience would approve of her costume. The incident was much enjoyed. Patience continued to Miss B. so:

“Here be a one aheart ope, and she hath the in-man who she proddeth that he opeth his eyes, yea she seest that which be and thou seest not.”

We remarked that Miss B. was a favorite else Patience was evidently trying to be over nice.

Patience: “Nay, here be a one who tickleth with quill, I did hear ye put. Think ye not a one who putteth as me, be not a love o’ me? Yea, she

be. And I tell thee a something that she will tell unto ye is true. Oft hath she sought for word that she might put and lo, from whence she knoweth not it cometh.”

Miss Black said this was perfectly true, as she wrote as Patience described, often hardly realizing how.

Patience: “Shall I then sing unto thee wench?”

Miss Black was delighted and the song follows.

Patience: “Ah how do I to build me up my song for thee? Yea, and tell unto thee of Him. I’d shew unto thee His loving; I’d shew unto thee His very face. Do then to list to this my song.

(See song on page following)

-The Heart of God-

Early hours, strip o’ thy pure  
 For ‘tis the heart of Him.  
 Earth breathe deep thy busum  
 Yea and rock the sea  
 For ‘tis the breath of Him.  
 Fields, burst ope thy sod  
 And fling thee loose thy store  
 For ‘tis the robe of Him.  
 Skies, shed thou thy blue  
 The depth of heaven  
 For ‘tis the eyes of Him.  
 Winter’s white, stand thou thick  
 And shed thy soft o’er earth  
 For ‘tis the touch of Him.

Spring, shed thou thy loosened laughter  
 Of the streams  
 For 'tis the voice of Him.  
 Noon's heat and tire o' earth  
 Shed thou of rest to His  
 For 'tis the rest of Him.  
 Evil days o' earth  
 Stride thou on and smite  
 For 'tis the frown of Him.

Earth, this the chant o' me  
 May end as doth the works o' Him  
 But hark ye, Earth holdeth all  
 That hath been,  
 And Spring's ope, and sowing  
 O' the winter's tide  
 Shall bear the summer's full  
 Of that, that be no more.

For at the waking o' the Spring  
 The wraiths o' blooms agone  
 Shall rise them up from out the mould  
 And speak to thee of Him.

Yea the songs o' me,  
 The works o' thee,  
 The Earth's own blooms,  
 Are HIM.

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August 30, 1915

Mr. & Mrs. Mueller, Our neighbors

As Mrs. Mueller and Mrs. C. sat down at the board Mr. Mueller had just remarked that an old flame of Mrs. M. had once called her his "oasis."

Patience: "Aye, and I tell thee 'tis so; she be that unto them who seek, for the heart of her hath many doors and they of Earth who have not o' love, track them unto her and lo, she opeth the doors and leaveth them therein."

We all agreed upon this estimate of Mrs. M.

Patience: "Yea, yea and yea! And the man o' her; he maketh such, that Earth hath a husbandman that tendeth the flocks o' Him. Yea, such an one as he be the hands o' Him. I sing for thee, Dame."

Evidently the following was meant for Mrs. M.

-For Those Who Seek-

O Thou, my love. O thou my strength.  
 O Thou, the rest o' the days o' me  
 Without Thee day holdeth naught o' rest.  
 O Thou who sent unto Earth Him, Thine own  
 And Thou who bought for Earth the rest  
 And Love that decketh the days o' her  
 O Thou, of mine own love the root,  
 Here thou this song. Unto thee I sing.

Yea, a thank-song do I sing  
 And 'tis a thank for the love o' Thee

And the sending o' thine own unto me  
Thy sheep upon the hills o' Wilderness.

Yea, hark Thou unto the song o' me  
Such singing would I put  
To tell the fullness o' Thy love.  
And at the finishing of this lay  
Lo, there standeth more o' the giving o' Thee!  
So the lips o' me fall short o' thanks.

Yea, and I do hark unto the Earth  
For word o' Thee that I might know Thy works,  
And lo, Thou sendest one unto my path  
Whose heart is the Spring o' crystal drops  
Within mine Wilderness!  
Yea, Thou sendest her, who settest  
That the word o' me she hear.

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August 31, 1915  
Mrs. Rohland

Mrs. R. had been jokingly addressing Patience (toward the ceiling!) all day, intimating that she wasn't such a much, and finally making "mock ears" with her hands. During a lull in the sitting Patience said: "The Sage ettleth!"\* At this Mrs. R. took the board.

Patience: "Yea, and I do to tell much afore these people! She spake that she would that she knew that o' me that hath been, and worketh mock ears upon her head! Yea, Sage many a sage needeth not a mock long o' ear! Nay,

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\* Perhaps a misspelling for "setteth"

nay, nay thou takest that I do deal, yea and seekest for to know what hath been the day o' me. Verily would I to say unto thee, so would I then likewise! Yea, and thou art thin, yea, thou art a jokester, so be I. Did I not set aweave aneath thy hand? So be it."

We all had a good laugh at Mrs. R's expense, after which Patience added:

"Salt be a cut for sweet."





