

**THINK ON
THESE THINGS**

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Think on These Things by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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Phil. 4:8



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*"As we have borne the image of
the earthy, we shall also bear the
image of the heavenly."*

I Cor. 15:49

*"We all, with open face, behold-
ing as in a glass the glory of the
Lord, are changed into the same
image from glory to glory, even
as by the spirit of the Lord."*

II Cor. 3:18

1921

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TO VMD
ANGRELLA

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GIFT

THINK ON THESE THINGS

This book is made up chiefly of communications from the invisible realms of life; and by that phrase I mean not some strange and distant sphere, but a world that lies all about us, interpenetrating and intermingling with our common, every-day life, though ordinarily we are unconscious of its existence.

In one way and another it befalls, from time to time, that a man or a woman is aware of something like the quickening of a new sense; when that which has hitherto been invisible, intangible, inaudible, enters the waking consciousness and makes itself known as real, vital, and of supreme importance. So it comes about that there are some of us for whom it is no longer possible to think of that "other world" as wholly separate from our present selves; no longer possible to think of Death as a blank, impenetrable curtain that shuts us off from all knowledge of those who once gave significance and purpose to our lives.

In my own case it was not until I went down to face the very blackness of Death, when it seemed that my eyes could never weep again or my ears hearken to any song of Life, that the Spirit touched me, the inner sense awoke, and I received the assurance of things pure, lovely, and of good report.

Perhaps it is not possible to impart this assurance to others who have not had such direct experience, but as we can darken one another's lives by the shadow of our doubts, fears, and unbelief, so surely we may hope to share in some measure the light that comes from Love revealed beyond the confines of our day and night.

TO MY
ANSWER

The messages herein recorded were received by me through so-called automatic writing. That is, they were written by a pencil held in my hand, but the process of writing and the words written were as detached from my volition as the clicking of a telegraphic instrument that brings a message from another continent.

It is not my purpose here to offer a treatise on psychical research or to enter upon a discussion of the scientific evidence for survival. A detailed account of the mystic experience crowded into one year of my life would fill a large volume. The more striking evidences of identity, amounting in my mind to indisputable proof, which were furnished me at an early stage in the communications have been laid before the American Society for Psychical Research and are now in their hands for publication in the Journal of the Society.

By the word of many witnesses Truth is established. A multitude, past and present, have testified to the reality of life after death and to the possibility of communication between the realms visible and invisible. It is my belief that much can be learned by giving more careful attention to the content of the messages received.

I can do no more now than publish a few fragments of all that came to me. As for their genuineness as communications received in the manner I shall describe and for the truth of such statements as I shall make in regard to them I can only say that I, who write these words, believe in the immortality of the Spirit, I believe that the messages came, as purported, from my Beloved, and with all that I know and hope for of love, human and divine, at stake, I shall not bear false witness.

The earliest message in writing came to me about fifteen months after the sudden death of my husband, in response to experiments made in mingled scepticism and longing. The evidence of identity to which I have referred consisted of three incidents which were quite unknown to me. They had taken place, one about four months previous to my husband's death, the others nearly two years before, and two thousand miles from the scene of the communications. Each incident was known to but one living person—the same one for two of the incidents—and from these two persons I obtained detailed and exact confirmation of all that had been told me, even to the words spoken on each occasion. In one case I was able, by skillful questioning, to elicit this confirmation without giving, on my part, a single detail of the incident which I wished to have recalled.

This was evidence of a nature which should have some standing even in a court of law. Of evidence poignantly convincing to me but not susceptible of corroboration by others, there was abundance.

The communications increased in frequency and volume during a period of several months until they occupied my time for many hours every day. At the end of a year they had diminished to a few lines at irregular intervals; after that they almost ceased and no attempts, desire, or prayers of mine have availed to bring back the earlier fulness and freedom.

While I was in the midst of this daily experience I set down a carefully accurate account of the manner of the writing and of my impressions at the time. The following paragraphs are quoted from that description, which was written by me late in the fall of 1919.