



adelma von vay



Amelia Corner

WRITING MEDIUMSHIP

The Spiritualist, 7. 4. 1876, str. 166.

Prispevki k odkrivanju zgodovine ezoteričnih tradicij - v izvirniku

Sir, — The following lines, written through the mediumship of my daughter Carrie, were given to us at a *seance* held at our own home — present, Mr. Corner, my daughters Carrie and Nina, and myself. After the poem was finished I requested my daughter Carrie to ask if any particular spirit were alluded to in the verses. The reply was “Yes, your sister,” — meaning my eldest daughter, who passed away about seven years ago, in the twenty-fourth year of her age, and who, I may add, has been seen by several seers (totally unknown to her while on earth), and correctly described at different seances I have attended.

AMELIA CORNER.

3, St. Thomas’s-square, March 31st, 1876.

Say not she is dead—she lives on for ever,
Far in these regions of truth and delight;
Cared for by angel, lost to you never,
Clad in a garment so spotless and white.

Though like the rosebud, so fragile and slight,
Broken and perished by winter’s keen blast;
Yet she’s still living, though lost to your sight,
Waiting to meet you, when all cares are past.

Sho comes with a step so noiseless and still,
When trouble is nigh, or temptation is strong,
Breathing kind blessings, His word to fulfil,
Turning the wand’rer from pathways of wrong.

She smiles when she sees hearts noble and great,
She breathes words of cheer and beckons them on;
To sinnora she sighs “It is not too late,”
Singing our Saviour’s forgiveness in song.

At times when you're sad, despondent, and low;
When all joy seems past, and all hope seems dead
She cheers you with smiles, while her tears freely flow
In sympathy sweet, till your sorrows have fled.

She comes at the dawn of each opening day;
She comes at the close when dark night is nigh;
She comes, oh so bright! of light as a ray
To soften each heart to stifle each sigh,

With glance of reproof which reaches the heart,
For conscience is there, though dormant and still,
And when wakened to life will feel the keen dart
Of guilt and of sin—contempt for His will.

Then why should you say your dear one is dead;
That to you she is lost for ever and aye?
Though her mortal anxieties and passions have fled,
She lives in a land still fairer than day.