***Voices Not Our Own***

 from “Retrospection and Introspection: pages 8 and 9 by Mary Baker Eddy

Many peculiar circumstances and events connected

with my childhood throng the chambers of memory.

For some twelve months, when I was about eight years

old, I repeatedly heard a voice, calling me distinctly by

name, three times, in an ascending scale. I thought this

was my mother’s voice, and sometimes went to her,

beseeching her to tell me what she wanted. Her answer was

always, “Nothing, child! What do you mean?” Then

I would say, “Mother, who *did* call me? I heard some-

body call *Mary,* three times!” This continued until I

grew discouraged, and my mother was perplexed and

anxious.

    One day, when my cousin, Mehitable Huntoon, was

visiting us, and I sat in a little chair by her side, in the

same room with grandmother, — the call again came, so

loud that Mehitable heard it, though I had ceased to

notice it. Greatly surprised, my cousin turned to me and

said, “Your mother is calling you!” but I answered not,

till again the same call was thrice repeated. Mehitable

then said sharply, “Why don’t you go? your mother is

calling you!” I then left the room, went to my mother,

and once more asked her if she had summoned me? She

answered as always before. Then I earnestly declared

my cousin had heard the voice, and said that mother

wanted me. Accordingly she returned with me to grand-mothers room,

 and led my cousin into an adjoining apartment. The door was ajar,

and I listened with bated breath. Mother told Mehitable all about this

mysterious voice, and asked if she really did hear Mary’s name

pronounced in audible tones. My answered quickly, and emphasized

 her affirmation.

 That night, before going to rest, my mother read to me

the Scriptural narrative of little Samuel, and bade me,

when the voice called again, to reply as he did, “Speak,

Lord; for Thy servant heareth.” The voice came; but I was afraid,

and did not answer. Afterward I wept, and prayed that God would

 forgive me, resolving to do, next time, as my mother had bidden me.

When the call came again I did answer, in the words of Samuel, but never again to the material senses was that mysterious call repeated.