Album Particular.

Gonzales

HEAVEN REVEALED.

A SERIES

OF AUTHENTIC

SPIRIT-MESSAGES,

FROM A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND,

PROVING THE

SUBLIME NATURE OF TRUE SPIRITUALISM.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1889.

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PREFACE.

The recipient of these spirit-messages has been prevailed upon to print them, by the representations of many friends that it is his duty to his fellow-beings that he should do so. It is not without reluctance that he has consented to make public so intimate a subject. He is reconciled to this step, however, by the reflection that if the writings of Abelard, Petrarch, and Jean Jacques Rousseau have found favor with the world, these purer messages from the higher life should be more welcome, for they bring with them a loftier teaching for humanity.

INTRODUCTION.

In order to establish fully the genuineness and authenticity of the following messages (without which they would be of no value), their recipient must relate under what conditions they were obtained, and point out some tests corroborating their truth.

First. As to the "slate" messages; these were obtained in broad daylight, at the sitting-room of Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler, in Washington, D. C., he being the medium. The writer would take from a pile of common school-slates on the table, or on the floor, two brand new ones (sometimes from a bundle of them on the medium returning from buying them at the store). He would then remove, with a small duster, the dross and the gray dust they were covered with; then, with a sponge well saturated with water, would wash them thoroughly and repeatedly on both sides, and then dry them and tie them tightly

together with his pocket handkerchief, making a knot. A small bit of soft slate-pencil, the size of a large pin's head, which he had held in his hands some seconds, had been placed between them before they were tied up, the medium sitting all this time on the other side of the table and removed from it. The names of the spirits addressed, and the questions addressed to them, were written by him on slips of paper, which he folded and refolded into pellets, and placed them upon the table. The medium would then, for the first time, take hold of one of the sides of the slates and he of the other; and in a short time the messages would be written; he not only hearing the writing, but feeling the pressure of some force between the slates. The hand-writing is his wife's, whether on the slates, or in pencil on paper, and is identically the same from the first message, at the end of December, 1887, to those at the end of April, 1889. It is very much the same as hers in mortal life, only smaller, to crowd as many words as possible into a small space. The present writer has compared the capital letters of

her name and his in these messages with those in the dedication of a Bible and prayer-book, given him by her before their marriage, and they are identical.

During the last few months of Mr. Keeler's stay in Washington, the writer has obtained the messages from his wife, without Mr. Keeler ever touching the slates, and while the latter were held *under his buttoned-up coat.* In many of these slates appear hearts and arrows, stars, scrolls with mottoes, a cut-glass bottle, as an allusion to the balm of Gilead, and other emblems; three little hearts, in imitation of little shirt-buttons, this writer was wearing at the time, and which had been hers in this life; a drawing of pansies, in return for pansies he had brought for her, and which were lying on the table while she was writing; and, on the anniversary of their wedding-day, last April, as he had brought some red roses for her, and had laid them on the table, he found, when the slates were opened, not only a message from her, but a *painting* of the roses and their foliage on the slates, in red and green, and yet

there was nothing between the slates but the customary bit of gray slate-pencil. Often the slates contain answers to questions inside the folded slips of paper placed upon the table, and of which the medium knew nothing, either then or afterward. Thus, it is made conclusive that the messages could not, by any possibility, have been prepared beforehand.

But, by far the greatest proof of their authenticity lies in their character and inherent quality. The medium would be far from claiming sufficient ability to write them, or have such knowledge of the celestial life; and if he or any of his had the literary capacity, both in prose and verse, and astonishing knowledge of English literature that they reveal, they would, most certainly, lack that lofty inspiration and soul exaltation in regard to the recipient; that deep knowledge of his past life and present inner consciousness and aspirations, and the workings of spiritualism on him which run through them from beginning to end.

Allowing, for the sake of argument, that the medium, or any one he has ever known, had all the above prerequisites for their composition (which he or they have not); supposing that he had the dishonesty (which he has not) to palm them off on the recipient as genuine spiritual messages; and granting that he possessed (which is an utter impossibility) the craftiness, legerdemain, trickery, and supernatural powers necessary to deceive the writer in a question of *facts*, for a year and a half, and in hundreds of instances, in spite of all the tests applied by him (some of which are pointed out in the course of these writings), still, if such could possibly be the case, the medium would not have singled him out, a total stranger to him, among thousands that he has dealt with, for the reception of such messages. He could and would have favored others with them, for his own pecuniary advantage. As a matter of fact, the medium himself was moved by their merit and sometimes requested to have them read to himself and wife.

As to the messages on paper, they were obtained either over or *through* the curtain, at evening "seances." The handwriting is identical with that on the slates, and their nature, in every respect, as the reader will see, the same. This proves their genuineness.

A most conclusive proof that they were not prepared was given one evening, last April, when every message (about thirty) was written on a pad by a materialized hand through the curtain, and before the eyes of the sitters, and every one was in the same handwriting as all such messages received, either before or afterward.

HEAVEN REVEALED.

FIRST MESSAGE.

End of December, 1887. Between the Slates. Stormy Weather.

DARLING:

I will tell you all some time. No power now. I live! I live! Your own, * * *

January, 1888. Rainy. (Slates).

MY OWN DARLING HUSBAND:

What hath God wrought, may we say in all earnestness. I am with you each day. You ask me to tell you all I wanted to. This I can not do in this heavy atmosphere. If you will come here some nice, clear day, I will tell you, in a whole slate full, what will interest you of the life I am in, and to which you must come. I am not gone from you; I am with you every day. Come when clear weather.

Your loving wife, * * *

January 20, 1888. (Slates). Fair Weather.

DEAR * * *:

The gates of heaven have, at last, been swung aside, and through the portals is gleaming the light of truth. The gates are more than ajar. Dearest one, does it seem possible that after the struggle of death, the grave, the all that seemed dreadful, I can come again face to face with you; that I can stride the borders of this world of life, an active and conscious being, to tell you of my unceasing existence and my unperishing devotion to you? I know this seems as a great mystery to you, but *it is not* mysterious. We operate through the same divine laws as of old. In Belshazzar's time, in the midst of the great feast, a spirit-hand wrote over against the ceiling. To-day, a hand writes between the slates. An angel of the Lord loosened the chains that bound Peter and John, and to-day the same law is in existence to permit its repetition on modern men. An angel moved aside the stone from the sepulcher, nearly two thousand years ago, and the same law which permitted that manifestation is in

existence still, and always will be. In the spirit-world we eat; but, while you consume the gross material, we partake of its spiritual essence. The trees and the shrubs of material places have, with us, their counterpart. We can here bask in the sunshine and traverse valleys and mountain peaks, and behold the verdure and the foliage, and sense the warm zephyrs of sunny climes and the cutting blizzards of the northern temperature. But, remember, these are the spiritual essences of all that you see and touch and taste and feel. This is what makes our lives here seem so real or like our former condition. Dear husband: do not mourn me as lost to you. I am not. Oh, indeed, I am not! I live, I breathe, I see, I hear, I know of you, and when the saddest moments of your life reigned supreme, I was near, though powerless then to cheer you; but a heart spiritualized and purified wept with the sobbings of thy soul, and two beings became blended into one of common sympathy. Oh, if it had not been for this great and sudden revelation, what should I have done, for my soul was beseeching

some way to announce to you that I *lived* and *saw* you and loved you, and that again we should meet, and where separation would come no more. Oh, dearest one, I bless you for receiving this revelation of divine truth! It comes from Heaven and from God. I want you to know that never again shall you be alone, for with you my place shall be.

I am your own loving and devoted wife,

Your *"little dirl," * * *

February 13. (Light Seance, in lead-pencil, on Paper).

DARLING * * *:

I await your coming. Ever am I with thee to cheer and guide. Father sends love. * * *

February 14. (Slates).

DARLING * * *:

Again I come to you, my most loved one, from the summer-land of effulgent glory, to speak the constancy of my intense affection and zealous devotion.

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*"Little dirl," for little girl, was an expression of endearment from her to her husband. She was but sixteen when she was married.

A loving heart reaches over across the great chasm of the grave, from the transcended life to the primary condition of being, and there meets a responsive throb from the noble breast of the one I love so well. Ah! sweet love, verily do I weep when you weep, and smile when the senses of joy trace their gladsome lines upon thy dear countenance. Ever am I with thee to share thy weal and thy woe. At the noon-day hour I see you, hear you, feel you, and in the quietude of the midnight season a vigil do I keep. In the dusky shadows of approaching eve I come to thy heart's mute call, and when the gray streaks of early morn shoot upward from the eastern sky, I come to chase away thy dreams so sweet and wake thee from thy slumber with the fondest touch of angel fingers. Do you thus think of me, your loved and loving "dirl?" Do you recall the happy past, and think how the happiness of an hour fled with the transition of her whose first thoughts were of thee and thy joys? If you do, remember, those happy days shall come again. Do not forget me, but let me ever rest in your fondest memory.

"When the musing hour of twilight
  Comes with all her shadowy train,
And, up in the azure heavens,
  Shine the jeweled stars again.
When the gentle breath of evening
  Steals upon the ambient air,
Wooing all the bright-hued flowers,
  Am I quite forgotten there?

When you stand beside the waters,
  Where the heaving surges roll,
In their wild, tumultuous dashings
  Like the passions of the soul;
As you listen to the voices
  Of the foaming, restless sea,
When a star shines on each billow,
  Do you ever think of me?

When the golden beams of morning
  Bathe the earth in dewy light,
And a halo of bright glory
  Dissipates the gloom of night;
While the spirit-voice is swelling,
  Out upon the voiceless air,
Do you ever, though I'm risen,
  Give a thought unto me there?

And when solemn midnight flingeth
  Her dark mantle o'er the earth,
And a thousand busy fancies
  Are wakened into birth;
Do you ever give a thought
  Unto one who thinks of thee?
May I dream that, though a spirit,
  You will ever think of me?

DARLING:

These beautiful words, so expressive of my sentiments, I write for you to keep. When the sadder moments of your days come crowding in upon you, read this, and let it cheer you in your loneliness. "There is no death; what seems so, is transition." We are not separated; we are together. Thy vision is clouded, and that makes clouds between us. But though the tomb closed over all that you saw of me; though hushed in death is the voice you once heard, bear in mind, dear husband, that again can you have "a touch of the vanished hand and a sound of the voice that is still." I am not gone; I am waiting. Be happy in this precious knowledge.

"Crowned with rose-blooms, on thymy banks reposing,
  Your loved one waits you: Oh, one fond embrace,
  One loving smile from eyes their love disclosing,
  Shall compensate you for this mortal race,
  And every sorrow from thy heart erase."

Your own devoted, * * *

*I see all the little trinkets. You have so lovingly kept them.

February 17. (Light Seance).

DARLING * * *:

Fondly do I linger near thee, for where thou art there is my peace and my glory. He who walks under the protection of heaven has little to fear. A halo of bright glory stands out in bold relief about thee. I am ever near thy call, and when you and I meet in sweet converse, every day is †St. Valentine's day.

Thy loving spirit-bride, * * *

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*The allusion to the "little trinkets," mentioned in the postscript, comes from my having placed upon the table, while she was writing, some little mementos of hers. She writes, *between the slates*, that she sees them all.

†The above message furnishes two striking tests of the reliability of these communications: 1. The allusion to St. Valentine's day is made to call her husband's attention to the fact that her foregoing letter of the 14th was intended as his valentine, which he had not noticed at the time. 2. The signature, "spirit-bride," is thus explained: On the 15th of February, while alone in his room, with closed doors, the writer placed on his fingers her engagement and wedding rings (which he had had enlarged for that purpose), and said, in a low voice, "with these rings I wed thee again, not as a golden or a diamond wedding, but as the wedding of the spirit, with the spirit for ever and ever and ever." He did not mention this to any one; yet, on the 17th, the first opportunity she had, she signs herself "thy spirit-bride," thus letting him know that she was with him and heard him on the 15th.

April 3. (Slates).

One face alone I long to see,
  One voice I fain would hear,
E'en heaven's scenes most dull would be,
  Unless one form were near,
The rose, when severed from the stem,
  Can only droop and die;
Ah, love, beware, lest thou condemn,
  Nor one sweet smile deny.

One face 'mid thousands deemed as fair,
  Alone hath charms for me;
One heart that joy or pain will share
  That ever true will be.
The harvest moon that beams so bright,
    Must cast her shadows, too;
Alas! how oft' thine eye's soft light,
  Hath caused one life to rue.

One face, tho' fresh or seamed with care,
  To me shall be the same;
Tho' hope should perish from despair,
  For me there's but one name.
Tho' fields in fragrant beauty bloom,
  Tho' waves the golden grain,
Tho' winter fills the scene with gloom,
  Still faithful I remain.

DARLING * * *:

Though the universe should pass again into chaos, and all that is should cease, and my soul and thine should pass into annihilation, I am sure that the eternal love that has swelled my heart would still be in existence, roaming round 'mid the shapeless mass of all that was; and should it, on its blind travels, meet, in the coming ages, with the eternal devotion of your own soul, there would be a union that, in the ultimate, would evolve a new system of being, and worlds and souls would be builded anew. Love can not die. Its scintillations would illumine the darkest conditions, and all must come again into glory. Oh, darling husband, I am with you every day. Time nor place can never separate me from you. How happy my continued life must make you. I kiss you, I embrace you, my only one.

Your little pet, * * *

December 17. (Light Seance.) After the medium's return to Washington.

MY BEST BELOVED:

Again I come to thee, fairest among ten thousand. I have not been absent from thee all this time. I am glad to know that the knowledge of my continued life has added so much happiness to thy life. I will write to you on the slates. Come often, and let me clasp thy dear hand. * * *

December 21. (Slates).

DARLING ONE:

Ah, once again I greet the idol of my affection. A few months have come and gone since I penned, in this wondrous way, a few lines to you, my patient, trusting, faithful lover-husband. It did seem, for a time, as if the curtain had been rung down, shutting out the scene I loved so well to gaze upon, and had it not been for the good mediums I have been able to use in other ways to get a peep into the surroundings of my best beloved, all indeed would have been dark to me, as well as to you.* Keep on, dear husband, in your noble endeavor to open a new way for

*Alludes to his sitting for slate-writing *at home.*

our coming. You have laid out the cross-road; now open it up with your untiring zeal, and when I wish to come near unto thy soul I shall not have to traverse the roundabout way. I will spring across the short cut into thy loving presence. I am near thee much, and have been all along, and ever shall be.

Thy loving "spirit-bride," * * *

December 21. (Light Seance).

DARLING OF MY SOUL:

The curtain goes up and I see thy sweet, anxious look. How could I disappoint thee, darling? I will drop a note, of but one word in length, to let you know that all the charms of the celestial world can not hold me from thy loving presence. Oh, best beloved, afar I wait thy bidding!

Your sweet angel, * * *

December 24. (Seance).

MY DEAR ONE WITH A SOUL SO FAIR:

Heaven's gates have lately stood well ajar for me and thee. Over the portals of the summer-land

have I passed many times to meet thee, darling of my heart, and o'er them shall I go and come till thou art nestled within the "pearly gates" forever with me.

Thy darling "dirl," * * *

December 24. (Slates).

DARLING LOVER:

For those so pure, so good, so true, may the bells of heaven chime out a joyous, merry, merry Christmas, and let these bells that ring in thy soul and mine be not alone our happy Christmas chimes, but also our joyous marriage-feast serenade; for, dear faithful one, you and I are wed again; and, when the souls are joined, no power can cut them asunder. Not again shall we be torn from each other. My faithfulness to you and thine to me shall not perish, even while the oceans sink and the rivers run dry, the atmosphere evaporates, and all that is now of physical is no more. Even "when the sun has gone down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond" forever, "and left me to muse," not "on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane," but upon thy fair countenance, then will the spirit-beats of two immortal souls throb as one.

For time can not sever
The charm that unites us in memory's chain;
E'en though the sweet voice
May be silenced forever,
In spirit, its accents are 'wakened again.

What a heaven has been created just for you and me. Where we come in sacred rapport, there can not be evil. Sweet darling, lonely wanderer, let me guide thy storm-tossed craft into the haven of my loving, tranquil heart. In it thou shalt find an abundance of rest and joy. Let the shaft of death which, as it felled me, pierced thy loving heart also, be the poniard that shows thee the way to greater feasts of joy than all the happy Christmas times can ever bring thee. Again, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Your loving bride, * * *

January 23, 1889. (Seance).

DARLING LOVER:

Thou who art held in mortal environments, I seek thee out where e'er thou art. Thou art so true to me who loves thee, oh, so well!

There is a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills and love on till they die.
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss,
And, oh, if there be an Elyseum at all,
It is this—it is this!

Ah, dearest friend and lover true, a foe to thee must be unknown, for how could ill be felt toward one so dear, so good, so true to me.

Your loving bride, * * *

January 23. (States).

DARLING IDOL OF MY SOUL:

On the balmy zephyrs that listlessly descend from the evergreen shore am I wafted to thy holy presence? In any season and in any clime can I come and be wrapt in your soul's love. But methinks that where the winter's dreary wastes are thou must feel, if ever, the saddest, and so I love then to come and cheer you. It is at the time, as your immortal poet once wrote, when:

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead,
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren have flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-tops calls the crow through all the gloomy day."

It is not, darling, when the sun-warmed winds of the balmy South blend with the warmth of a loving soul and cheer of themselves the heart of sadness that I most love to reach out in sympathy to you. Not when the shady nooks are sought and the brooklet's cooling flow glistens and ripples in the summer sun. Not when the roses bloom and the summer's twilight haze pales the fields of green, oh, no, not then that a heart like thine needs the coming of a spirit from glory; but it is when scattered roofs are fringed with sleet and snow, when the leafless trees are tipped with the clouds of white, when the storm-clouds burst and the tempest beats, when:

"From snow-topped hills the whirlwinds keenly blow,
Howl through the woods and pierce the vales below;
Through the air a flaky torrent flies,
Mocks the slow sight and hides the gloomy skies"

Oh, * * * , dearest, and in heart and soul, fairest among ten thousand and the one, *to me*, altogether lovely, thou shalt have in me a guiding star, and when all around you seems dark and drear, look up to the effulgence of my spheres, not with your mortal eyes, but with the vision of the soul, and through the gloom of mortality thou shalt see the light and glory of my heavenly home. Love is the origin of all things, and by its wondrous power you and I shall have eternal and harmonious existence.

Your loving bride, * * *

January 31. (*Slates*).

DARLING * * *:

Guiding beacon of my everlasting life, thou who welcomes me to a mortal world, made a heaven to me by your being in it, I greet you again from the depths of my soul. Sometimes methinks you may feel that God was not good to cut me off from your midst just as I was budding into young womanhood; but do not let such meditations come upon thee. It

was well that I "ascended to the Throne" as I did, for, where once I was a subject of material, worldly things, I am now a monarch, for I survey the whole world. I gaze out as a ruler over the vast dominion of mortality. Ah, husband, dear, always was I queen, for I had wrapt in me the affections of the dearest, loveliest, kindest heart that ever throbbed in human breast. I was Queen of Hearts, and who could wish for more glorious power than to sway the emotions of one so true, so noble as you? Oh, no, dear husband, I was not spared to be in mortal form with you, but in spirit I have ever shared with you your hopes and disappointments, your joys, and blights. No, I did not go to that "promised land" too soon. I had to, for mighty Nature, who governs even the whole concourse of worlds, decreed that my going should save you. I died that you might have, not eternal life, but immediate progression to my heights when you come. I have brought you into an understanding of the life after dissolution of the mortal body, and will show you how to walk—not the gold-paved streets of the New Jerusalem, but the broad expanses of universal love, harmony, and kindness.

There are storms in summer weather,
Lest the noontide shine too bright;
There are branches in their greenness,
Broken off to give us light.

LOVING * * *:

I behold the golden glory of a satisfied soul beaming o'er you. I see the beauteous light of a happy life casting its rays upon the whitening locks of one whose sadness has been transformed to happiness by the ministrations of those who have risen from the "city of the dead;" and I am therewith content. I love you as no mortally environed being can. Forever shall my devotion sustain you, my love be with you, and guide you to the haven of everlasting light and glory. I thank you for coming here so often. It makes me *so* happy.

Lovingly, your own, * * *

(*Seance*).

DARLING ONE:

Be not annoyed by those who make light of so divine a revelation as this. Remember that some-

times those who come to scoff remain to pray. * Darling, come to the curtain and let me clasp thy dear hand again. Let it be a clasp of hands across the border. We can, oh, one can, in this way span the chasm of the grave.

Your own, * * *

(*Seance*).

DEAREST * * *:

Do you remember the old verse:

"The kiss is burning on my lips,
The last, my love, you gave me,
And, dying thus, the doctors say,
Another kiss might save me."

Well, darling, we will kiss,† in spirit, if we do not in body, and our souls' love shall be cemented within each other with one vast, extensive, universal kiss.

Thy loving, * * *

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* Refers to her having clasped hands with the writer through the curtain. Hers, of course, *materialized*.

† Refers to her not having had the power to kiss the previous night at a materialization seance.

(*Seance*).

SWEET ANGEL OF MY HEAVEN:

When the green fades away, when the billows cease to roll, when all that is is not again, then you may wonder are you still remembered, and let thy echoing voice exclaim: Yes, yes! Thou art my faithful lover, and I am thine till time shall cease.

* * *

(*Seance*).

DARLING * * *:

"Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow,
Oppression and sickness and sorrow and pain,
Shall be to our love as links to the chain."

Yes, my beloved husband, our love shall bear the storms as does the sea-washed beach; but, unlike its changing sands, it shall endure forever. Let the tempest rage around us, let the lashing waves of life's turmoil beat and splash about the boat of our true love, yet shall it not be moved from its moorings. Anticipation is our anchor, love is our boat, and happiness and heaven her destination and the haven she seeks.

Thy loving bride, * * *

February 4. (Slates).

DARLING IDOL OF MY AFFECTIONS:

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With raptures which earth's children may not know,
Where sweet repose, the storm-tossed heart is stilling,
And harmonies celestial ever flow.

OH, DARLING * * *:

Heaven is kind in its way, but why, oh, why could she not have given me my heavenly joys at the place to which she called me? Home is where the heart is; where the heart is, is heaven. My heaven is where *you* are. Hence, I have to return to what some call a waiting-place of woe, and find *there* the heaven of my choice. Oh,* * *, darling: little did you think that in your grief should be held the heaven of my future. I sometimes wander back in memory to the days of my life on earth, and I do not see why they were not more valued. I might have been very happy if I had known enough. Now, I can see that there was joy there, but not properly known at the time. Oh, memory! memory! what melancholy aspect you wear!

"Sweet memory, wafted by the gentle gale
Oft' up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy haunts of long lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far lovelier flowers."

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies."

Yes, darling, you have long held heaven and its keys within thy hand, yet, I venture to suggest that you did not know it till I came with my pure, true love and unlocked the secret. The Great Teacher has said: "Heaven is within," but sometimes we can not find it till Cupid's darts pierce the environs of the heart, and let the light of love and devotion pour in. Sweet husband: do my ministrations bring a little sunshine to the natural life of clouds? Do my loving words drive away the gloom of mortal struggles? Do the beats of my true heart echo the throbs of thine own? If so, I shall feel that I did not live in vain. Dearest, loveliest, truest of all I know, let me garland thy heart with the crowns of

my eternal devotion. Let us live as one, be as one, *we are one!* A mental wish, a single thought, speeds me to thy affectionate presence.

Loving, as ever, * * *

February 4. (Seance).

DARLING LOVER:

Heaven may seem to make us pure and holy, but angels sometimes emanate from other sources. Heaven does not make men and women pure, but they make heaven what it is. Remember the old legend founded on the facts of nature. Satan was not good when he rebelled; yet, he was in heaven. Heaven did not make him good, but he made heaven as hot for many as he will make hell for many more. We carry heaven around in our hearts, and we make it grand and good, or we make it otherwise—not heaven us. Thou, dear * * * , will make, *do* make my heaven for me, and I yours for you.

Loving pet, * * *

February 4. (*Seance*).

Though "friends" may chide us,
And others deride us,
And worlds divide us,
I will be true.

OH, LOVER OF MY SOUL:

You must feel that you have been sanctified by my never-ending love. You shall know more of real happiness the balance of your mortal days than all the time till now; and, darling, when you get here, over here, then—oh, hush!

Your little pet, * * *

February 14. (*Slates*).

DARLING ONE:

This is your loving Valentine. Last year, this day, I gave you one. As free as a bird, but fleeter am I when the call of thy soul bids me come to thee. Gabriel's last trump may sound its last, long peal o'er the silent sepulchers of the wakeless dead, but no activity shall emanate therefrom; for the bodies that shall know no awakening will, long since, have

bidden adieu to the living, deathless soul that could not linger for the promise of bugle blast. "I go to prepare a place for you," said the Great Teacher of morality to those about him. We go to prepare a place for you, says every transcended soul to the loved ones left in the mortal form. We go in advance of those we love and strew the pathway with the rose-blooms of heaven's light and love. It is to those we have left, our thoughts continually return.

> "Where e'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
> My heart untrammeled fondly turns to thee;
> Still to my lover turns with ceaseless pain,
> And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

Oh, sweetest, fondest lover dear, how could I lie in the tomb so long and you be sad and grieving for me? A single mute appeal from so true a heart as thine in such melancholy circumstance as that, must move even God to pity, for such a separation would be more than death.

> "Ye flowers that droop forsaken by the spring,
> Ye birds, that left by summer cease to sing,
> Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
> Say, *is not absence death to those who love?*"

DEAR * * *:

I am complimented so beautifully by your tender memories. You are not ever forgetful of this sacred day, are you? May its memory ever bring happiness to you and cheer your sometime-sad soul in the moments of your unhappy meditations. I am your angel bride; forever are we to be together. I am so glad you hold my letters so choice, and I am so glad you come so often; it does make me *so* happy and you, too, I know.

Forever thine, * * *

February 15. (Seance).

DARLING, LOVER HUSBAND:

When the nights seem dark and lonely,
And the days seem long and drear,
Bear in mind, my darling husband,
That your * * * then is near.

Ah, sweetest one, as the shining sunbeams of the early morn sweep away the dew-drops from the clover and the rosebud, so do I descend in the early dawn to kiss with the love of my soul the slumber from

thy drooping eyelids. Oh, my own * * * , what can I do, how can I do to let you know the intensity—the steadfastness of my deep devotion? Does my soul speak to thine without words?

I am, as ever, the darling pet of the household of thy being, * * *

February 20. (Slates).

DARLING * * *:

Again the gates of heaven have been swung apart and the tread of angels' feet is heard within thy heart. Angel rappings are sounding upon thy inner self, angel fingers are touching the harp-strings of thy tender soul. Oh, fond lover, could you see the leapings for joy of my entranced soul when you come hither to meet me in sweet accord, you would never regret coming to me and opening this brilliant highway of communion and love. I stand in affection upon the pinnacle of your being, and survey the swelling emotions of thy magnificent soul. Oh, that those whose eyes ravished upon the Cyprian

beauties, could behold the purity and sublimity of this celestial sphere, never more would the beauties of earth transcend in mind the loveliness of immortality.

Darling one, I am *right with* you. I am just as close to you as if in mortal body and clasped in your loving embrace. Whenever you think of me, do try to do so with the assured feeling that I am right with you. Not absorbed in the wonders of the celestial land, and forgetful or neglectful of thee, who made my life on earth one of joy, and who is ever increasing my multiple joys by every visit you make upon and to me. Come to-night, please, and make me still happier.

Your loving, * * *

February 20. (Seance).

DARLING * * *:

"Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty and nature law;
All then is full possessing and possessed,
No craving void left aching in the breast;
E'en thought meets thought ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart."

Darling one: There is so much loftiness in the love I bear for you in my transcended realm of being, that beautiful poetry seems to express my higher sentiments. Oh, how closely we are linked in our affections!

Your own loving, * * *

February 26. (Slates).

DARLING ONE, MY NOBLE LORD:

How good, how generous, how noble the impulses of thy soul for so frequently to provide a way for me to come with my impassioned devotion. You were once so lonely without my ministrations. Well, now, should I be cut off from this delightful communication *while there is a road here over which I may come to meet you*, I could not but feel sadder than once did you. To know of the existence of us both, and to be kept apart, would be too cruel. To feel that a loved one is lost in death is not so bad as to know that the dear one is separated from you by subjection, yet longing, longing, longing, constantly longing, to be together. As I know, you are so good,

you have such a big, grand heart to open the way for me to commune with you so often. Oh, yes, these meetings to me are like flashes of heaven's brightest glories upon me. Indeed, as Rowe says:

> "The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence,
> Else, who could bear it."

Dearest, have I told you that I adore you enough times? Ah, methinks I hear thee answer: "No;" for 'tis sweet to be told we are beloved, and I love to tell you of it, too. I do not know how to tell you what I feel; there are no words to convey the emotions of a loving, trusting heart. A universal language of mind alone is able that to do.

> "There is no one beside thee,
> There is no one above thee;
> Thou standest alone, as the nightingale sings,
> And my words that would praise thee,
> Are impotent things;
> For none can express thee,
> Though all should approve thee,
> I love thee so, dear,
> That I only can love thee."

I wear, * * * darling, the lily in its white purity as the emblem of my pure devotion to thee, and the rose-bloom, in its beauty and loveliness, as the blush that leaps to my cheek when my mind goes out to the darling of my soul. As the early sunbeams pour down and dry up the morning dew-drops that linger to kiss the clover sweet, so let the warmth of our affectionate hearts forever absorb the kisses that rest so deliciously upon our meeting lips. Oh, dearest pet, the half is not told of our devotion, and never will be. I want to try and write soon for you at home. Each sitting here, now, helps vastly.

Your loving, faithful, * * *

March 1. (*Slates*).

* * * DARLING:

Again has the sun of my happiness peeped up from the eastern horizon of my night of loneliness. Again has the cloud of separation been rent and the sunbeams of reunion poured through. Again the highway between earth and heaven is cleared,

the stiles are withdrawn, the gates are opened, and I traverse the realms of two spheres to again commune with you, the one constant, unchanging idol of my innermost being. Oh, dearest, such a passion as mine is born only of God and heaven and angelic surroundings. Not the passion of anger, but the passion of peace. Not the passion of hatred, but the passion of love. Rowe has truly said:

> "Rage is the shortest passion of our soul:
> Like narrow brooks that rise with sudden showers,
> It swells in haste and falls again as soon."

And Pope, dear, old, immortal Pope, in "Moral Essays," answers, as it were, the searcher who finds only the above, and says:

> "Search then the ruling passion; there alone
> The wild are constant and the cunning known,
> The fool consistent and the false sincere;
> Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here."

These emotions of my soul have been surely touched by the sainted hand of heaven. Cherish

well my devotion to you. The music of the spheres has not more harmony. The lilies in the brooklet and the roses in the valleys have no greater conception of purity than is in my undefiled love for you. It is born of heaven and will endure. My loved one, we are now a unit in our sentiments and our sympathies.

Your loving "dirl," * * *

March 6. (Seance).

DARLING * * *

So, our lives that have run, so far, in separate channels, coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder, parted by death's barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer, pushed together, at last, and one was lost in the other.

So, darling, our lives seem to have been, but now we are near together and are one. Do, darling, let me come and repose in the bosom of thy love. I am yours, take me! You are mine, oh, love, we are each other's.

March 8. (Seance).

* * * DEAREST * * *

When bitter memories and agonizing reflections press fast upon thee and bring the tear-drops to thine eyes, remember well, my loved one, that to go into the crucible means to come out purified. Dearest, thy way has been hard, but think not that I could sit at the right hand of God and smile in unconcern at thy woes and sufferings. Nay, my poor husband, our souls are linked in one heavenly tie, and it is my part and I would not have it otherwise, to smile when you smile and to weep when thou art sad. Cowper spoke to just such as you when he wrote:

> "The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
> Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
> No traveler ever reached that blest abode
> Who found not thorns and briars on his road."

* * *

March 8. (Seance).

DARLING * * *:

So kind, so tender in all your sympathies, so true in all your sentiments, so sensitive, oh, darling, so sensitive are you, that I feel as if I want to be right with you all the time. Oh, dearest, I think that I could be supremely happy if I could only take upon myself the burden of all your years of sorrow. If I could make you perfectly happy, I would be content to remain in sadness. Never mind, dear love, let the past go. A fortunate event has reunited us; so, let us journey along happily. Why, only think, at longest we shall soon be together, and then—oh, let me think! Your sensitiveness recalls Shelley's words to me:

> "A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
> And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
> And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light
> And closed them beneath the kisses of night."

* * *

March 1. (Seance).

DARLING * * *:

I would not let you come and not get a message from me. I know you love to get even a word. I can not do much more, and that is enough to show you how fondly I hover near you, my faithful, blessed one. Oh, it makes me so rejoiced to come and be with you in these delightful ways and write to you.

Kind messages that pass from spirit to mortal land,
Kind letters that betray the heart's deep history
In which I feel the pressure of thy hand,
One touch of fire—and all the rest a mystery!

Lovingly, as ever, * * *

March 7. (Slates).

* * * DARLING:

"Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning has hid from thine eyes,
E're sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom.
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.
Death chilled the fair fountain ere sorrow had stained it,
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And sleeps till the sunshine of heaven has unchained it
To water that Eden where first was its source."

Dearest one: Since I ascended and came again to thee, the glory of the celestial world hath dawned into thy soul and its sobs, and dissipated the tear-drops from thine eyes. As the busy bee sips the nectar from the flower of the field, so does my sympathetic nature receive the longings of thy heart to store them up for future realization. Oh, darling, next time you come to meet me in this way, bring me a little flowerette and place it upon this shrine for me. A little simple leaf or bud is all I crave to make the way seem purer 'twixt you and me.

"In every flower that blooms around,
Some pleasing emblem we may trace;
Young love is in the *myrtle* found,
And memory in the *pansy's* grace;
Peace in the *olive-branch* we see,
Hope in the half shut *iris* glows,
In the bright *laurel*, victory!
And lovely woman in the *rose*."

Ah, dearest, believe me; could I bring to you a lovely flower emblematic of your worth?

"Earth holds no other like to thee,
Or, if it doth, in vain for me."

"What is life when love is flown?
We breathe, indeed, we grieve and sigh,
And seem to live and yet we die,
There is no life alone."

March 11. (Seance).

My Darling Romeo:

Blessed one, thy loving Juliet now stands upon the balcony of heaven and listens to the music of thy voice and wafts good-bye kisses to thee. Ah, fair angel world, ah, strange fate, how blessed are thy ministrations, how cruel, sometimes, thy incomprehensible decrees! Let me tell you, my noble husband, thy heart has felt greater pangs and thy soul been wrapt in greater gloom in the past than they ever will be in the future. Thou hast paid the ransom of sorrow and the noon-day sun of thy hopes and joys is rising fast to the meridian. Oh, angel love, let me lose myself in thee.

Thy loving * * * , or your loving Juliet.

March 12. (*Seance*).

DEAREST * * *:

"I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need by sun and candle-light;
I love thee freely, as men stand for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise,
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs and with my childhood's faith;
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints; I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears of all my life, and if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after so-called death."

Ah, fairest among ten thousand. What more can I do? Love is not expressed in words. It is an emotion of the soul.

Thy loving bride, * * *

March 13. (*Slates*).

DARLING FAITHFUL HUSBAND:

Upon the altar of thy nobleness
I sacrifice my tears, my sighs, my heart;
Write till the point is dull, and with my tears of joy
Moisten all, and frame some feeling line
That may reveal my integrity.

Dearest pet: the tears that have fallen from thine eyes in days gone by, have watered the germs of newer joys and now they have sprung up in beauty and fullness, and thy life is made one of peace and comfort. As the silver dew lies upon the gentle bud and the sunbeams dry it up, and the petals open to receive the warmth and light, so has the dew of a wounded heart rested upon a pent-up soul and the warmth and light of love and progression opened its susceptibilities and made it full and noble. Oh, sweet one, earth to thee is no longer a waiting-place of woe. I have come to dwell with thee, and I know that I have brought with me some of the effulgence of the heavenly land.

> "Love ever looks for love again,
> If ever single it is twain,
> And till it finds its counterpart
> It bears about an aching heart."

Didn't we have a lovely time last night; only I wanted you under the curtain. Why, I felt as if we had gotten home again and were living at housekeeping. I thank you for your kind remembrance to-day. You shall be rewarded for coming so often. * * *

March 15.

DARLING * * *:

* How wonderful it did seem to me last night to be wrapt in your loving embrace. Oh, my own dear one, you have no idea how I longed to be in your arms like that, and how much joy it gave me even for those few hurried moments. It did seem so like the old, old time of our honeymoon, didn't it? You were so kind to come and receive me as you did. I bless you, my darling, * * *

March 16. (Seance at a private residence).

DARLING * * *:

How lovely it is, my precious one, to know I can come in any home, in any city, in any clime, and linger at thy side, my dear one. Not place, only *condition*, can separate you and me. I can come anywhere, for I am as free as a bird, but fleeter. Thou art the rising sun of my existence. Ah, yes, and more; thou art the full risen orb of my being. Oh,

* Evening following that of a materialization seance.

how happy I have been made! I did not know what heaven was here. I had to return to earth to find a heaven to carry above with me. How strange!

* * *

March 18. (Seance).

DARLING * * *:

*Some day I shall have to stop writing this way, but I trust to be able to write by that time in another way. Whatever may betide, darling, we are one and inseparable forever. Won't it be a glad meeting when we are all over here—you, father, and all.

* * *

March 22. (Slates).

DARLING * * *:

"Beside the Arno's dreamy flow
I dreamt, love, we were seated,
And there, in moments fast to go,
Our fond words were repeated."

*Alludes to her writing to her husband in his room through his own powers of mediumship.

I have just awakened from a reverie, darling, and in it all the scenes of the past have been recalled, and many imaginary ones, too. I thought we were together, just as we used to be, and traveling all through distant climes, and I thought we had got all nicely seated by the dreamy old Arno, when I aroused and found myself right here. I have been traversing the distances immeasurable of space, and the ripple of the waves and the roll of the waters were the whizzing of the air and the music of the spheres. Sweet husband, it is a joy to write, isn't it? How comforting it is to friends separated in the flesh to hold communion. If so, then, think how grand it is to hold communication between the living and the so-called dead. You have made me *so* happy. I love to tell the story—the dear, the good old story—not of Jesus and his love, but of you, my only love. The soul's sobs are now forever hushed; the tears are brushed away by the kindly finger of heaven; peace has come into the tranquil soul; hope has assumed the place of despair; the disappointed heart has been made tranquil in the arms

of reunion and fulfillment. Oh, sweet pet, spiritualism has not only made your life a blessing in its latter days, but it has healed and soothed the wound that was in my being. Who shall we bless for it? God? No, for He asks it not. Angels? No, for they are not in need of blessings. Let us bless *each other*, live for each other; oh, darling, darling, words will not express my loving sentiments. The sun now shines brighter to me. In the rain-drops I see sparkling joys; in the fog I see the clearing mists of uncertainty; in the snow-flakes I see the purity of a love that has been touched by the high hand of heaven. Let me bless you for again letting me write in this beautiful way. I will be with you this evening again.

Lovingly, your dear, * * *

March 22. (Seance).

* * * DEAREST:

Indeed, it is like coming to the fount to drink of the waters of love to come into each other's presence

as we do here; as you wrote.* Darling: You are very kind and mindful of my wishes—so good to lay at the altar of thy devotion those sweet flowers. To-day I longed to make a wreath of that branch, and with it crown you lord of all. Dear * * * , I do so truly, so deeply love you. We are working.

Your loving, * * *

April 1. (Seance).

DEAR * * *:

"Welcome, all hail to thee! welcome, young spring!
The sun-ray is bright on the butterfly's wing;
Beauty shines forth on the blossom-robed trees,
Perfume floats by on the soft southern breeze."

Darling: I love the gentle spring, for it was that gentle season that gave thee to me. Oh, sublime recollection! What a multitude of bright joys thou leadest to me! Darling husband: forget not this

* Her husband had expressed that sentiment, in a folded slip of paper, which he had placed upon the table with some flowers at the morning slate-sitting. The medium knew nothing of the contents of the paper; yet she recalls it here.

bright and happy month. Let its sunny showers be the dew-drops that shall moisten and nurture the germs of our heavenly love.

Devotedly, * * *

April 1. (Seance).

* * * LOVED ONE:

Young, in his "Night Thoughts," says:

> "The man who consecrates his hours
> By vigorous efforts and an honest aim,
> At once he draws the sting of life and death;
> He walks with nature, and her paths are peace."

You will find these words so appropriate. Stick firm to your work, my lord.

Your Queen of the Realm, * * *

April 1. (Seance).

DARLING:

When the efforts of thy soul seem weak, when the ambitions nearest to thy heart seem stultified for lack of achievement, when disappointment *seems*

thy portion, remember these prophetic lines of one more able to depict the "will" and the "way" of life than I:

> "Attempt the end and never stand to doubt,
> Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."

You shall see the end, but it is the struggle that oft times makes the victory so sweet.

Lovingly, * * *

April 5. (Seance).

> "When the musing hour of twilight
> Comes with all her shadowy train,
> And up in the azure heavens
> Shine the jewelled stars again." *

Then is the time, darling, I love to come and linger at thy side. That is the quiet, peaceful moment of a busy, pure-minded soul.

> "Then the hurly-burly's done,
> Then the battle's lost and won,
> Then our two souls seem as one."

* * *

* Note that these verses were in her "valentine," *between the slates*, fourteen months before.

THE GREAT TEST.

At Mr. Keeler's light seance only Dr. Hansmann, General Lippitt, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Whitehand, and the writer appeared. Mrs. Keeler and her child were present. As there could be no regular seance, Dr. Hansmann suggested that we try the experiment of a light seance *without Mr. Keeler*. Accordingly, Mr. Whitehand, General Lippitt, and Dr. Hansmann formed the battery. "George Christy" (the control) came and touched Dr. Hansmann and rapped softly. But as this was not quite satisfactory, Mr. Keeler suggested that, perhaps, the battery was too positive, and that a lady sit. Mrs. Keeler then took General Lippitt's place, and the manifestations, with rolling of the tambourine, shaking of the bells, and specially the guitar, were almost as loud and complete as when Mr. Keeler sits himself in the battery. Two messages came to Dr. Hansmann, and one to the present writer; thus proving, conclusively, that these manifestations are *genuine*, and not a contrivance of Mr. Keeler's. The message sent by the writer's wife at this test seance (always in her same handwriting) is as follows:

DARLING:

Afar I wait thy bidding, and but an instant of time brings me to thy gentle presence. I extend again a greeting from my transcended sphere of activity, and come to garland thy brow with a wreath of unchanged love. Forever I am to be

with you. I shall try soon to write for you in your room. Will give you a special direction how to sit. Kiss, kiss, kiss—thousands of them.

* * *

April. (Slates).

Alone by the ocean at even to wander,
When soft on the waters the moon-beams are cast,
To hear some sweet voice in the billows' deep thunder,
And dream of the fast fading scenes of the past.

To live o'er again the days that are numbered,
With all the bright visions too quickly dispelled,
To call back sweet dreams from the grave where they've slumbered,
And fancy the pleasures that Fate has withheld.

One thus is not lonely, for time can not sever
The charm that unites us in memory's chain,
Though death, the sweet voice, may have silenced forever,
In spirit, its accents will 'waken again.

The friends and the loves that by distance are hidden,
The days that were lit with the fullness of bliss,
Will return by the fond voice of memory bidden,
And cheer the sad soul in a moment like this.

DARLING:

It may seem sad*—this separation of us three—but there is a bright sun rising over the hill yonder, and when its bright beams o'erspread you, you will bask as never before in the luminous ray and be overjoyed. Mr. Lincoln is such a dear, good friend. He will see us through.

Your loving, * * *

April 15. (Seance).

DARLING HUSBAND:

Like waves of light seems your coming to me. How very bright the way now seems! I shall be able to write you, or Mr. Lincoln will, something more definite by Wednesday night. All are well here. Love and bright hopes.† * * *

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* Alludes to the proximate departure of the medium.

† This message, like nearly every one that night (about thirty) was written before the eyes of the whole circle by a *materialized* hand, *through* the curtain, in the same handwriting as usual, thus furnishing conclusive proof that they are not prepared beforehand.

Easter Monday. (Seance).

DEAR HUSBAND:

It is a pleasure to meet you here this Easter Monday evening, but the Easter of thy life is meaningless to our's. How good it is to meet even in this way, yet think of the meeting over the "river." Be so perfect in the development of life, my dear one, as to transcend, when you come, the grosser conditions of the lower spiritual spheres and come at once to glory with me. How dearly I love you can be only known when you place beside the love thou bearest for me. * * *

April. (Seance).

DARLING * * *:

The dawn is nigh. The first gray streaks of early dawn *have* shot upward from the eastern sky of thy career, and now the sun of satisfaction is about to loom up from the bright-hued horizon. Love to you, darling. Take care of your health.

Devotedly, * * *

April. (Seance).

DARLING ONE:

Each recurring meeting seems to strengthen the bonds of love between us. We have both been made happy by our discovery that we could communicate, and now as we come together in sweet converse, we are adding new joys to the old. Oh, fond lover, what a happy life you could have made mine on earth. What a heaven of heavens you have made for me up here.

Your devoted, * * *

Don't forget the 17th.

April 17. Wedding-day Anniversary. (Slates).

DARLING, POOR MELANCHOLY HUSBAND:

Let the sunshine of my love flow in and illumine the dark recesses of thy soul. *We will combine to contribute to you, as a wedding gift, success in your

*Answer to a wish expressed in a folded slip of paper lying on the table, the contents of which were unknown to the medium. At this sitting, the present writer had brought for his wife some red roses, with their leaves and stems, and had laid them upon the table. When the slates were opened, in addition to the above message from her, two roses with their leaves and stems in their natural color appeared *painted* between the slates. There was nothing between the latter but the customary bit of gray slate-pencil.

livelihood efforts. You shall prosper and be well. Mr. Lincoln thinks you will be * * * by the last of next week.

Your loving, * * *

Same sitting as above. (Slates).

The memories of this anniversary day—the day of the creation of our earthly paradise—cluster now about me like the sparkling gems in the galaxy of space around me and in my mingled joyous and melancholy meditations, those beautiful words of the immortal Bohn come to my mind, and they seem so appropriate on an occasion like this, that I must quote them for you, and you may preserve them as a little token from Bohn to us:

"Oh, the music and beauty of life lose their worth
Where one heart only joys in their smile;
But that *union* of hearts gives that pleasure its birth
Which beams on the darkest and coldest of earth
Like the sun in his own chosen isle.
It gives to the fireside of winter its light,
The glow and the glitter of spring.
Oh, sweet are the hours when two fond hearts *unite*
As softly they glide in their innocent flight
Away on a motionless wing."

How beautiful the sentiment is, dearest * * * As you recall the event when our two fond hearts were united, let it be with pleasure, and let the pain which my transition caused you, forever find perfect relief in the knowledge of the fact that again we are together. Only think, a few more years at most, will bring you into the land of glory with me. Hasten not the day, however, for the longer you live in the body the more you will develop and be the better prepared to ascend at once, when you do come, to the infinite heights which I have attained. Receive my unquenched, unending devotion and my grateful thanks to you for those lovely flowers. They seem born of heaven, really.

Your true wife, * * *

Same sitting as above. (Slates).

DARLING HUSBAND: Whittier says:

"The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.

Behind the clouds the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall,
For God who loveth all his works,
Has left his *hope* for all."

And so, darling, I want you to keep your fondest hopes in the face of checks and misunderstandings. We are all with you. One with God is a majority. God is Right. Right is on our side; so, fear not. * * * To be in communication with you is a heaven indeed. I often think how much the other ladies in the world lost by not having you for their husband and lover, and *how, how, how, very* much I gained. Heaven bless you, you loveliest of all men.

Your admiring "little dirl," * * *

Latter part of April, before the medium's departure. (Slates).

DARLING * * *:

As time speeds on I am fondly looking forward to the near approach of the moment, when, in sweet accord, we can sit together in your room and commune there. * * * Let us cultivate that heaven

of sentiment we hear of. We will say of them, as did the High Master of others:

> "Forgive them * * *
> They know not what they do."

As we *are*, so do we find places in heaven.

> "For as one star another far exceeds,
> So souls in heaven are placed by their deeds."

Dearest pet: disappointments, vexations, joys, blights, hopes, fears, sorrows, tears are all but a component part of this waiting-place of woe.

> "The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,
> But changes night and day, too, like the sky;
> Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven,
> And darkness and destruction, as on high.
> But when it hath been scorched and pierced and riven
> Its storms expire in water-drops; the eye
> Pours forth, at last, the heart's blood, turned to tears."

Darling: Have not we both been wonderfully comforted by this lovely intercommunication? Do you not feel that you have been lifted from a base con-

dition of darkness into the light of the higher life of glory? Devotedly, * * *

June 15. Message by "Occult Telegraphy" in the "Celestial City" (a New York spiritual paper) of June 15, 1889.

DARLING GONZIE:

"As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee."

Dearest one: apart, yet not separated; unseen, yet not invisible; unfelt, yet not absent; unheard, yet not silent. Let not temporary disappointment mar thy hopes of joy born of the knowledge of my life eternal. Thy wish, thy will, are mine. The golden gate-way between the celestial world of my joys and the terrestial world of thy hopes seems closed to thee, I know, but the hand of love that once before swung it aside can lift again the latch, that through it may ascend and descend the outpourings of two fond souls. My promise was from heaven: "Perseverance conquers every impediment." It shall be fulfilled.

Your loving bride,

HARRIETT R. E. G.