

Washington, D. C. Nov. 25th '97 -

Alice, my darling! - Today I am full of the mystic, poetic passion of love. I am not a criminal now, bound with remorse but only your ardent lover laying his little tribute of worship at your feet.

Dear, I have not waited for your answer but anticipating it have purchased the ring. It is on my finger now, and I have prayed to God that he might bless and bring to a full fruition all that it symbolizes. Dear, I have grown to be a great fanatic. I pray as constantly as any ardent devotee; but my prayers are always for your speedy recovery, the restoration of your love and for my own strength.

I have been to service today and at the prayer for those afflicted, how fervently I joined in the "amen." Oh sweet heart, mine, do you know how my heart is throbbing

bring today with some strange half-sweet and altogether sad emotion. My heart feels like a chamber of death scented with myrror-
ette and I am hoping, praying, believing that it is an old dead, dumb self lying there white and cold - a corpse which no spark can make into life.

Today I have so much to be thankful for health, prosperity, success; but the burden of all my thanks seems to fall into one scale and I thank ^{you} for you! Alas - you are my life, - the link in the golden chain that will draw me slowly perhaps, but surely I trust, to good and to good.

Perhaps you have suffered greatly that this might be accomplished and I have suffered some, but isn't the result worth all the means by which it is attained?

Do you know dear what it is to have your soul attuned to some higher music than you know or ~~can~~ explain - to feel that for once you are touching hands

with the angels and experiencing something like their divine ecstasy. This divine ecstasy after all, it seems to me is but the sublimation of intense sorrow, and pain and striving. Christ had his transfiguration before Gethsemane, but the ascension was afterward.

"I hold it true with him who sings to me dear
harp in diverse tones -

That ~~one~~^{men} may rise on stepping-stones of their
dead selves to higher things." That truth
seems so much for me. I thank God
that Tennyson said it, and I thank Him
that he has given me the heart and the
mind to understand and appreciate.

Charles, when you are well and I am
sure you will be, how soon will you come
to me? I am unwilling to wait until June.

I cannot wait until June. My whole

being ever one for the close and intimate companionship of its sister soul.

I will not shame it. You must come to me. You must be mine. You must soon give me the right to stand between you and the world.

Day after day, I go down to our little house and sit there alone in the cold and think of you. The foggy and the chill of the room passes away and instead there is warmth and light or glow and just across the hearth from me or perhaps on the arm of my big Inverness chair, you are sitting, my wife, my own, and all about you I see them - my protecting influence; while you are giving me back love and peace and contentment. That I had almost said that you had become my religion, but I do not mean quite that. It is that I have just discovered what religion is - the apotheosis of love, and since the revelation has come through you, you are

unreparable from it.

The ring I will send tomorrow when I
can register it. It is a Ruby for your
birth - God bless that birth - and a diam-
ond on either side. I hope you will like it
my darling - my wife - for we are married,
dear heart to heart and soul to soul and
"whom God hath joined let no man put
asunder."

Ever Love Yours Truly

Paul!

