

My Love
Friday. 5-12-99.

Dearest - George,

A few lines, you must have, tho I really don't know what to say. My ideas of life & death are so entirely changed within the last few years; that the things I could say truly at one time, seem worse than meaningless now. I once had a very remarkable dream, & woke up with the audible words ringing in my ears, "Be true to myself; be true to truth;

be true to thy God" —

I did not at that time know
Shakespeare's lines, "So mine
own self be true, it must
follow, as the night, the day;
thou canst not then be false
to any man": nevertheless,
it was certainly a precise
version of his words, &
was, I doubt not, spoken
by the Spirit, Himself.

I shall post you a lecture
which embraced a great deal
of what I feel on this subject.
I believe, that if we could but
realize our Saviour's joy in
welcoming each of us to the

Father's house; our deepest-
sorrow, would be turned
to pride. I am so thankful
you were with your father
at the end: it is so bracing
to see one marching, open-eyed,
straight home; instead of
groping blindly in the dark.
My dear father, did the same,
fearfully slung himself through
the gates. I used to try to
help you in the old days;
attempting to walk, before
I had learned to creep; but
know now, that you had
begun to worship, before I
knew the meaning of the word.

Do you remember showing
me some of the Constellations
at Burnt Hill, I wonder?

They often recall you to my
thoughts. I was trying the
other night, to point them
out to stormen.

Please give dear Auntie
our warm sympathy & love
next time you see her.

Your affectionate Cousin

Ellis.

