

Sachet

A strange story of Spirit Mates recording their
bitter disappointments, longings, hopes, fears
and final union and bliss in the Spirit Realm.

Given by Spirit Otis Matthews

TO

BEATRISSIA MARYE

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By BEATRISSA MARYE



BEATRISSIA MARYE

Introductory

I want to explain to my readers of "Sachet," how the story was given to me, so they may enjoy it to the fullest. Also to understand the connection between the two worlds.

While sitting one night in the silence, I heard a few bars of music, it seemed to swell into a great volume, then leave entirely. Next I felt a light touch upon my fingers. It was a strange vibration and I knew that a new spirit was with me. Immediately I gave all attention. Promptings

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of poetry came buzzing through my brain so fast that I was thrilled at the thought of getting the transference so quickly.

I held my pencil upon a pad, and upon its white sheet grew the ever dear sonnet "Sachet." I felt after reading it as though I stood upon a high hill, upon my very toes, and looked out upon the world—it was fast asleep while I was all awake and alive.

Next night, at the same time, equipped with pencil and pad, I sat in the self same place and position, a moment later, I received the touch upon my arm and hand. And every night

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thereafter until "Sachet" was born.

Such delight, I could scarcely wait to receive added parts to the story. I learned to love Helena and was intensely interested to find out just where she was and what she was doing—and also Wolf, one of the animal characters in the story.

I should dearly love to say, my story—but it is not—I was only a record, to play over the song as it was given to me. I want to give all the glory to my new found friend and director, Otis Matthews.

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My friends all anxiously waited its ending, so every day I re-read many times the parts written the night before. The fifth night I sat in the silence with but a dim glow from a very dark red bulb—we put a record upon the Victrola—"Invitation to the Dance"—in a few seconds the room vibrated with music and the odor of incense. On this night I saw Otis Matthews. I want to describe him. He seemed medium in height, weight and color, good looking but not handsome. He wore the robes of my guide Chetto's band, a deep cream bordered in gold with a

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turban to match with a bright jeweled crescent. He did not remain long—but I was very glad for this visit, however short, so I may be able to describe him to you.

Within two weeks the entire story was written. I believe upon each page you will find something of interest, something to make you think and wonder, a new thought.

If you are loyal and harmony reigns in your home, may you understand that you have found upon the earth-plane, a heavenly vibration. If you are lonely, fretful and sorrowful, it might

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make you happy to know that somewhere is your true mate and as many moons pass, you will look forward to the meeting, whether upon this plane or the next.

I have been told many times, that we shall all find ecstasy in the Spirit World. Otis Matthews also tells me that I shall have all his sonnets, they, too, shall make a book, and that "Amulet" will have twenty-eight lines written expressly for his Spirit wife Helena—up to this time I have not written Amulet. An Amulet, is a charm given to another in affection and love, to be kept

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through-out life. It is given with the wish of protection for its wearer, luck, love and romance.

"Sachet," but I should call it Amulet, for the odor came through the mesh of the Amulet, it was lasting even after death. The odor being so much like an Egyptian incense and sachet, that Matthews called it "Sachet."

I, too, should long for such a charm, that I might scatter a perfumed vibration after my body has died; a pleasant vibration reminding loved ones of my presence.

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I do hope I please you. My work is simply written so all may enjoy, and as I have been promised many stories connecting two worlds, I want my first book to be of interest to you to bring a message, a knowledge, an understanding of lives Spiritual and a great joy. I will now thank Otis Matthews for selecting me, for the writer of his story.

“SACHET”

To Thee, my love, an offering
May you come to me and know
I am the mate so intended—
Give me your heart, I wish it so.
Let me not wait a single day
To hear your voice, sweet and
low.

May I hold you in my arms—
The perfume of your body to
inhale,
Let me sing of your dear
charms,
Your eyes and mouth and touch
so frail.

My senses have made a mystic
change

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All through you, dear, it is true
That life itself, seems so strange,
But when it's o'er—I'll be with
you —

Helena.

I'll come to you when the day is
gone—

Ah! yet beloved in future years
I'll understand that life goes on,
There will be no loss, no sorrow's
tears.

My love I could not ask you stay,
But tarry dear, just for a while,
Night is long—so drear the
day—

I want to live just for your smile.
Come, dear, to me, and fill my
heart

SACHET

With perfumed incense of your
soul;
The day will come when we'll
not part,
My greatest goal is heaven and
thee;
Into thy arms when my life is
free—

Helena.

“SACHET”

Some hundred years ago, when on earth plane—I, Otis Matthews, grew very despondent—I was lonesome. I had made several mistakes in my life, was sorry for them.

So I took up the study of the Occult. With great care, I ventured into the silence, and was rewarded by attracting to myself, one of your wonderful guides, Lester.

He came to me in the light of the moon—I was in Florida at the time. I liked Lester from

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the first, his very presence thrilled me. He became part of me and I depended upon him.

Growing bolder with each meeting, I took it upon myself to ask him the great question—where was my mate? I knew she existed, but I wanted to know just where she was, who she was. I wanted to see her, love her—goodness but I had an abundance of love stored up in my heart—I wanted so much to give it all.

Lester told me she was on the earth-plane, but was not for me until we met over there. I had wondered why he told me she

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was still on the earth-plane. This aroused in me the grand desire—only natural I should want my mate.

Next visit with Lester, I told him I would bear all the consequences—if he would give me some sign of how I could know her. Truly, as I write this, Lester appeared to me one night, and dropped into my hand a dainty handkerchief, laden with an Oriental odor, it was not perfume—it was soft—aggravating, lulling Sachet—the room became filled with it and I, Otis Matthews, knew that I held a

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material thing, brought to me by the Spiritual.

Lester left me to dream, happy dreams—wondering thoughts. I just sat there until morning, my body ached when I stood upon my feet, how well I remember, for I knew that age was playing me a trick.

A cold plunge, hearty breakfast and I never missed the sleep I might have had.

Among my letters was an invitation to a wedding of an old friend of mine—a Harris Mills—a long letter—begging me to come. I was ready to leave Florida for a trip north. Sent a

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letter to my good friend that I should be most happy to be present at his wedding.

I was leaving a place that was filled with the thoughts and vibrations of my new teachings. I tried mighty hard to get Lester that night, but could not do a thing.

Next morning with bag and baggage, and the little bit of gauze—tucked away close to my heart, I left Florida.

I arrived in Chicago two days later—bought myself some new clothes, then drove out to Evanston. I put up at a quaint little hotel. Called upon Harris—we

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had quite a talk about our days at college. Then he left me to visit his fiancée, wanted me to go along but I refused knowing this was not the time to meet his expected bride.

Next day I dressed with care, looked in the glass half a dozen times, then called a cab. Seemed but a few minutes and I was mingling with the guests of the bride. Roses were everywhere, this being a June wedding. The surroundings were in tune with me and my thoughts, only my heart seemed to give an extra beat occasionally.

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They had a small orchestra there for the nuptial, I sized up the boys—they seemed very young. I liked each face, all seemed of fine character. They tuned up and started in playing the wedding march. I was watching for the bride to appear, wanted to see just what kind of a girl my friend had captured.

But, Merciful Heaven! Every muscle in my body grew tense—my brain began to whirl—I wanted to scream—for when this glorious creature walked in and stood beside Harris, the entire room filled with Sachet,

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heavenly, intoxicating odor—I Otis Matthews, saw, and knew that there stood my mate, ready to become the wife of my friend. My tongue seemed to be tied in my mouth—I wanted to die—she had the face—the form that I had been waiting for. I wanted to do something—I wanted to stop the wedding, but there I stood mute, motionless, heart-broken and alone.

Congratulations were due, and how, I know not, but I found myself shaking the hand of Harris—I believe the subconscious mind came to my rescue. I stood there before Helena—

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looked deep into her dark velvet eyes—tried to have her read my soul—she turned pink under my gaze, I let her hand fall, took one last look at her—and left.

Back to the hotel, a sad broken man—that night I surely would have left the old world—but Lester came, touched me and told me if I ever wanted to see Helena again, I dare not commit a crime, "For, be it known, Otis, suicide is the greatest crime." I also knew I was ready to suffer years and years to belong to Helena.

I would travel, so joining a party of friends I knew were

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sailing—I booked passage—tried to interest myself in the new countries, but it was really all mock. So I traveled from place to place for six long years—finally returned to America.

I arrived in New York during a heavy snow-storm. I looked up a few friends—one, by the name of Maurice Jones, asked me to join him on the Sound for a week end—said he was sure I knew some of the people there.

I took an interest in this affair and looked forward to the set day as though I were young again. On Thursday night, the night before the party—Lester

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came to me, "My friend, do not go—for if you do you shall inhale the Sachet." I did not obey, for to see Helena for a moment, I would gladly sacrifice years. My friend called for me with a handsome sleigh drawn by spirited gray horses. The bells jingled—and we laughed and talked.

It was the hour of ten when we drew rein at the house—lights welcomed from all windows—and when the great doors were opened, music, warmth, light and smiling faces greeted us. We quickly combed our hair, straightened our ties, seen to it

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dickys were spotless, then joined the guests. I danced a few times, with pretty maids, but grew tired. I thought to slip away and go into the silence for an hour.

Then we, Helena and I, met on the stairs, and together we walked to the ball room. I danced with her, held her close, let all my senses be intoxicated by her beauty and Sachet.

I asked for Harris—"Why don't you know—Harris and I have separated, we are to have a divorce. I am crushed, but our temperaments are too much alike—but our child is a lovely

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little creature—more spiritual than material—we both love and adore her—one thing I know I cannot part with her. Come to see us,—I know she would like you—she takes to the deep thinker, and I feel you are one.”

I wanted to tell her what I knew, wanted her to know that she was mine—all mine. I will ask Lester about it, if I dare tell her and if she would understand.

Next day I hovered near Helena most too much, she seemed restless, more like a frightened deer. After dinner I stretched out on my bed, to plan and dream of Helena. Tried to

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find words that would give her light as to who I was. Then I decided to wait for Lester, and in this I would abide.

Helena came into the ball-room that night in soft flesh-like pink and the Sachet seemed twice as alluring. Wanted so to show her the little handkerchief carried so close to my heart, just to say you are mine for centuries.

Each being that came near her, made me rage with jealousy, sweet words addressed to Helena, I hated the person that spoke them—but had I not suffered and waited years for this

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time and for some one else to take a minute of my precious Love's, seemed a great crime. I found out since over here, that jealousy is not a crime, well for me—indeed.

The week end over too soon, but I had been invited to visit Helena. Now I could live, could love, could look forward to having my mate upon the earth-plane.

A few days later, I sent flowers and a little note to my Helena, and to my great delight, she answered it. When I read it I felt as though I had taken leave of my body. I was so light

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hearted and the fragrance of Sachet once more filled the room. Then I felt the presence of Lester. I asked him if I should tell that she was my mate—and to my disappointed surprise he said “No.” This took the lightness from my soul and I came back to earth with a thud.

I went to Helena—everything was so comfortable and home-like around her, the little girl Doris, was a dear child, with eyes that had great depth and understanding. I seemed to want her too—Helena and this child were as one—a perfect vibration, close unity, perfect love.

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I felt somehow, that this was my child, that no blood of mine ran through her veins, 'tis true. If Helena had my vibration, the child had it, this makes me more than a father, all this spun as a web in my brain, and made me happy.

Helena was good to me, she sang for me, talked to me and lulled me with her Sachet, and I knew she had an interest, even if I was old enough to be father to her and grand-dad to Doris. I soon took leave and promised Doris a flaxen doll, she did not want raven locks like her own and her mother's, she must have

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blue-eyed dolly with golden curls.

I lost no time purchasing the doll. So, with this prize, flowers and candy, I again stood at the door of heaven. I intended to tell Helena something of my love, but just could not gain the courage, so I went again and again and one night we sat by the fire with the lights low, and I told her that I loved her, wanted her, I rambled on and on, until I felt her hand pressing on mine. Then I thought, guess I am the only one that loves, but not so, not so, Helena was speaking—softly, purring—lulling me with

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her perfume—had ever a man a love like this! So for the first time I held her in my arms, kissed her again and again. I wanted to kiss her forever.

It ended, just like a candle, which will burn so brightly, then flicker, and be no more—and so one glorious night was spent—this night was gone never to come again—I mused—there would be other nights but not just like this one.

My darling and I were together during the long winter nights. Then in a soft twilight she told me her mother and sister were coming, and that she might re-

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turn with them. Then I experienced a new sensation, I felt like fainting, the room seemed to go around, I got sick — awfully sick. I did not want Helena to leave me, not for a day—why should I part with my mate even for half the time. She is mine to have and to hold why give her to another, even if it be her mother and sister? My jealous heart rebelled and hurt.

News came that Harris understood, then of a sudden, he found out that he would not part with Helena, he would not give her up to me.

Helena made ready to receive

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Harris, to talk, to plead with him. How we dreaded that day—I, of course, knew Helena was mine. I understood the life on the next plane, so I took it upon myself as a duty, to stand by Helena's side and help to plead.

I shall never forget the night I faced my friend—we had been separated for years—and to meet him now, under such circumstances, was not a pleasant task. Helena and I had been sitting before the fire place when he bustled in—I say bustled in—because Harris was a noisy chap—he was not exactly fat, but was bulky.

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He let Helena and I talk on for hours—then gave us his side—and in a very deliberate manner, an answer that was final.

I could have Helena, but she, Helena, would forfeit all rights as to Doris—even to see her again. Harris loved Doris, but well he knew that there was something different about the love of Helena and Doris. I stared at him in amazement—I felt my blood grow cold, why Doris, we could not part with Doris, she was part of us, our life.

Harris felt that Helena and I wanted time to think, to talk, to

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be alone in our misery. So Harris left us, giving us two weeks, as he put it, to decide.

In the meantime came the mother and sister of Helena. They tried to help Helena, the sister Anna said, "Keep your child, return to your husband." Her mother thought it best that Doris go to her father—she was a child, children forget, make new plans and finally marry and are happy, while Helena and I would be unhappy always. All this talk going about reached the ears of Doris. So she came and stood beside Helena. "Mother," she said, "I cannot leave you. I

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want my mother more than anything else. I would cry every moment, I would not eat, so I would die. "Please," she said turning to me, "tell mother not to send me from her, promise me, please do." "I will try, Doris," I told the child, but my heart did not want to try, I needed Helena.

Helena and I managed to be together for a few nights, we told our love tale over. I crooned into her ear; I filled my soul with her pure self, and at last Helena decided. The very look on her face, told me I was doomed—to live alone. "I will not return

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to Harris," she was saying, "but I will go back with mother and sister, and there Doris and I shall live until death."

So came a day of parting, the parting with a loved one. Had I known what I do now I should have never parted with Helena, not even for a day. We are not complete beings until we are mated and to the perfect one, and it was within my grasp to have my Helena on the earth—and I let the pity of my heart decide.

It is, oh so hard when trying between love, pity and duty, to know which way to turn. Many times I upbraided myself for

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letting Helena slip from my protection.

In my great love and trouble, I completely forgot about Lester, so he left me. On this night I tried in vain to call him.

Days took wings and I stood one gloomy eve on the platform at the depot, saying farewell to Helena; little Doris stood by, with her heart and soul in her eyes, she knew we were suffering and she was the cause, and poor child, she knew what she wanted and we did not. At this instant she was the stronger earth power of the three, for she demanded and we obeyed. The stronger

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earth being is the one to achieve what he or she wants, whether good or bad.

I kissed Doris and held her close and asked her to love and obey her mother always, then Helena came into my arms, I cried over her; how could I help it. Bebe Marye, you are much like Helena, only you know that you possess the power; Helena had it and knew not. So Helena was taken from me by her mother and sister. Both were wet eyed for our separation was pathetic.

Let me pass over a year without pouring out each detail of

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my agony, of my longing, my love, heartaches and damnable ignorance.

At the end of such a year, a message came to me, a friend of Helena's, told me Helena was ill, had been ill, fading away day by day. Lester came and said I might go to Helena. Need I say I packed like a mad man, got my ticket, boarded my train and once more was on my way to Chicago. I took the stage into Evanston, put my self and baggage up at a hotel, not the same one I had stopped at before.

Within the hour, I was once more waiting in the living room,

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the place where I first met Helena. My senses all thrilled as I waited for my loved one, a few minutes only, but they seemed hours to me. Then my nostrils dilated, for wafted upon the air was Sachet.

For the first time, I thought of the nature of the Sachet and why I had not asked Helena about it. But as I held her close, I was happy just to let it all entrance me and not worry why.

Helena was slender, pale and sad looking, but I thought now that I had come this condition might change. Doris had changed somewhat, she was a bit tall-

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er, but still different looking than the average child, a favorite at school and among all her friends. She looked at me as though to wonder, just what was going to take place and into that clairvoyant mind, promptings began to form and the child began to plan.

While waiting to take Helena for a walk one day Doris came and stood by my side—she had this quiet way of commanding attention. What is it Doris? “Mr. Matthews, mother is going to leave us, and very soon, some one told me so.” Then I knew my Doris—was as I—psychic. I

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thanked the child, and told her not to tell anyone, not even mother. She said she would not and had not intended to.

Each day I watched with loving care over my Helena, watched her learn my teachings. Lester came to me once more and I begged him to take care of Helena until I should be called—Lester assured me, that my wish would be granted.

Helena just grew weaker day by day until she was fast abed, then I knew the end was near. I asked these folks if I might remain always at their home. Lester helped me to be alone with

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my Darling, when she left me, let us say for but a while—I held her close, as her soul departed—then I laid the remains down—I looked long upon the features—then hunted up Doris.

“Mother has gone, Doris”—“she will come back to you—let us walk, dear child.” At this time the house was filled with grief and tears—no place for Doris and me. I talked with Doris much as if she were a grown girl, and she listened, drank in every word—felt the connection, then smiled up at me, and so this little mind was filled with a great knowledge.

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We wandered back, we two poor mortals, into the house of death—for had not the body died? I was startled for not the faintest odor of Sachet greeted me, can't tell why I expected to find her fragrance still within those walls, but I did, guess I hoped to hold something that was part of her.

Next I discovered that Harris was there—he had tried to reach her before she passed on. He came to me, as a brother, for he really loved Helena, and now that she was gone, wanted to be friends again—he was sorry, too, for the stand he had taken

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in our lives, but it was I who was to blame, and I hoped Helena, looking through from the other side, would not see that I had been weak, and forget through the love I bore her.

I tried to be comforter to this bereaved family, and I succeeded to an extent, for I had a knowledge that had been denied them.

Two days passed and the morning of the funeral I stood alone for a few minutes, gazing down at my dead. I felt again the presence of Lester, then through the flower-laden room came the odor of Sachet! "Helena!" I called. I told her to

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come to me often until I could join her, that I loved her. I poured forth promises, declarations and entreaties, crowded all this into a short time, the time of minutes.

Soon my Helena's body was laid to earth. I did not worry for I knew my Helena would never mourn for her body, she would understand that she was a new radiant creature, one far above the material.

Back in the cold empty house, for empty it was, I grew nervous to be away. I could not bear up under the tears of these good

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people. Soon as custom permitted, I took leave.

Once more I packed, but this time I knew was the last—I would never return to this town. As I was ready to buckle the straps on my bag, a thought came to me, I had seen a picture of Helena that I liked, was this at her home, I wondered—no sooner thought than done—I returned to the house and asked for the picture, and without the least hesitation it was given to me, I remained until next day. Had a long visit with Doris, told her I was willing to help her in any way she wanted me to, ex-

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plained to her in as simple a way as I could, that I had an abundance of money, and that she would inherit it all. I told her this so she might plan her future. I also made this known to her father, grandmother and aunt, then I once more departed and for good.

I went back to Florida and settled in St. Augustine. My father had left me an old fashioned home down there, among the aristocratic southern relations, distant to me, and the negroes, we had many darky servants—all peaceful and obedient. I had several of the rooms done over

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to suit my individual taste—one room I furnished as Helena would like it. I knew she would come to me. I adored her in a pastel shade of rose, so all my draperies were rose. I hung pictures of roses on the wall, each day I filled the vases with fresh cut roses, my candle shades were rose. Then I had a large portrait painted from the picture—hung it over the mantle and my large favorite chair in front of it, where I could smoke my pipe, dream and gaze at the portrait of Helena.

Lester was much pleased with my home, and came to me each night as of old. He urged me to

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write sonnets; in my younger days this had been my joy, my pastime, so I got out a book, just filled with delights of years gone by. Later I will give them to you, Bebe Marye, one by one, for I wanted to see them live again.

They have been passed upon over here, and I have received the consent of Chetto, to prompt you and through Lester this was made possible.

To get back to my story—I lived a quiet life, wanted no company, needed none. I found plenty to do with my pen, and the time passed in much the way I wished it. I talked with Lester

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of Helena and he told me I would not have long to wait, for she too, was eager to join me. I just existed, on the hope of seeing her again.

Lester told me one night I was not going to be alone, I was to have a companion when he appeared again. So I had, my neighbor gave me a half grown collie pup, just full of life. I will say he kept me on the jump, it meant long walks, which I needed so much, and me busy hiding things, for he wanted to tear them up, chew them to threads. He was a wise pup, remembered well, for a young dog his aptness

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was surprising. I learned to love him and we really became pals—he was just all you could want in a dog. I named him Wolf which seemed to suit him somehow.

In about seven days, he learned to know of the silence. I taught him to lie quietly at my feet and not make a sound. He would grow restless and roll his eyes up at me to see if I would permit him to romp. One night in the silence, Wolf growled deep in his being, and stared beside me. It was Lester he saw, and Lester told me he was growling at his dog—that he often

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brought his pet with him—I could see Lester but not the dog. I tried, really persevered, to find him, but not so, not so. I asked him questions about his pets and if he liked Wolf—and he said he did.

I was asked to speak at the church on Sunday night. I consented and made ready a little oration. When Sunday night came and passed, I missed my sitting in the silence. But Lawrence, one of my darkies, told me that Wolf went into the silence at the fixed time and remained for one hour. I put my arm around my dog's neck, pet

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ted him, and in this way I gave him the thought that I was pleased.

Next night Wolf acted strangely, but he tried to lie quiet. I watched him intently, and noticed his nostrils expand and almost an instant later, my senses reeled— my rose room was filled with Sachet—I called—to her, but she could not stay—my Darling was too weak. I remained in the silence until midnight, while the last faint odor remained. Then Wolf and I went to rest. I just never thought of having anything so nice as Wolf. We went to the beach each morning

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for a dip—he enjoyed the water so—he would shake his shaggy hair, and run around in circles until I would get dizzy watching him—then I would whistle and together we would go back to the house for wheat cakes—Wolf liked them as well as I did, and that was well indeed.

* * * *

Half a year dragged by, Wolf was now a well behaved brute, with twice as much sense as the average dog—in fact he acted more human than some people I had been coming in contact with. He looked forward to the silent

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hours with keen interest. Lester often brought his dog—Wolf grew accustomed to him and sometimes barked playfully. He would roll his bulky form over the rug—then whine and look disappointed when Lester left with his dog. One night soon after the sixth month I had a joyous feeling. I knew Helena was coming. I dressed with special care, and while looking at myself in the mirror, adjusting my tie in a becoming manner, I felt her dear presence, and over my shoulder in the glass I saw her lovely face—then delightedly drank in the fragrance of her

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perfume. I was afraid to turn around, so I just gazed spell-bound into the mirror. I smiled and looked much the bashful lover, for I truly did not know what to do next, I spoke to her and she nodded, and said "Tomorrow night at eight, in the rose room"—then she left me. And with her going I felt so alone—that I decided to take Wolf for a walk, and not sit this night in the silence—I had seen my loved one—knew she would not return until the morrow night. Wolf could not quite get this, he went in and laid in his place on the rug. I whistled and

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he came out sort of sheepish, as though he and I were committing a fault.

We went down to the beach and walking back, met a friend of my boyhood years—we had so much to talk about that I stopped at his home, we had a game of chess and some wine and the evening passed most pleasantly. He too was a widower, children married and away, leaving him entirely alone. I invited him to call, and in my mind I thought of telling him of my discovery, my life, and the great beyond. His name was Robert Scott, we called him Bobby when children.

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He said he was in his sixtieth year, and he looked it and more. I was about five years younger, passed middle age, this age made no difference to me now.

I watched the sun set the next day, (we had colorful sunsets in Florida,) excited as a child on Christmas eve, I was nervous, I just could not sit still a minute. Wolf watched me with his sad brown eyes—he was tired for I had walked him and romped with him most all day. I gave him a bath, brushed and combed his silky hair, buckled his collar on him, then went through the same process myself. Even

SACHET

the dinner tasted excellent, I should say above par—then twilight—then the silence, and waiting.

I was all tense as the clock chimed eight, never heard it strike so loud before, and when the last chime melted away, there came stealing over me a faintness, different objects in the room, vanished one by one—then I heard music, sweet music, then I heard my name spoken and saw Helena by my side.

She took my hand and led me on and on—through flowered paths. I walked with my loved one, we came to a little cottage

SACHET

where roses rambled, a garden bench welcoming us to sit down. This we did, still holding hands—sat thus a long time—Helena told me how joyous she was at having me, and I thrilled, never felt so full of vitality in all my life, years fell from my shoulders, and I seemed a young man of thirty. Helena was telling me I had to leave her, and together we walked back the same flowery path and came to a turn in the road. Here Helena stopped and putting her arms around my neck, she pressed her dear lips to mine and I knew no more.

Wolf barked as I opened my

SACHET

eyes to find myself once more in my chair before the picture. I, Otis Matthews, had been to see Helena and in her garden—she had come and taken me with her—how much greater had this meeting transpired than I ever dreamed. And the sweet fragrance of the Sachet still lingered, what ethereal delight, what great joy was mine!

This most wonderful moment of my life had gone—one shameful habit of mine was the sorrowing after ecstasy. I wanted the great things to last forever and ever. Now I was simply a mortal being. I had left all that

SACHET

was pure and spiritual, I felt disgusted with the material, I went into the silence for hours, until Lester told me it was not right. Be of help to your fellow beings, brighten your world, if you will see Helena in her world again. Do not become a morbid creature, do not let my teachings be in vain. I knew he was right, I knew I was just existing. I tried at once to obey Lester's command.

I went to church Sunday, took up a class, helped to arrange social clubs, directed a boy's choir, and made myself generally useful. They came over on Wed-

SACHET

nesday nights and rehearsed in my living room. We filled the house with music and song. One night we were singing, I happened to turn about and there, in an arm-chair sat Helena as comfy as you please, just then one of the boys walked over to the chair, I made one lunge across the room and grabbed him and this commotion caused Helena to leave and saddened my work for that night.

She must have felt sorry for me for next night, as I waited in the silence she came and yielded her hand graciously—the objects

SACHET

left as before. I felt faint—then darkness—then Helena.

We strolled along the same road and Helena looked so pure in her filmy clothes, I adored her. "Helena," I said, as her fragrance swept over me—"tell me of this Sachet, it must have a story connected with it." "Not tonight, Otis—some night I shall come to you, I will prompt you and you shall write of this Sachet which you love so much—it is part of me."

Then we talked of Doris, Helena said she had visited her very often, found her well and happy. I love you so, Otis, that I wish

SACHET

you would come to me each night, until we meet for always, and so I held her in my arms and we planned our hour, then I kissed her eyes and mouth, and came back to earth. ✓

Each night thereafter as the clock struck eight, I left for the other side and Helena, this dear heart, was always waiting. "Otis on a night of a full moon I will come to you for the hour and tell to you the story of my Sachet." I saw that the moon was almost full and knew I had but a few nights to wait. Not that it was life itself to visit Helena—but I

SACHET

spoke; but the thing that pleased me most, was the aroma that came in with him and lingered when he left.

When father and Ramah talked in low tones—I would slip in unobserved, I thought—not to listen—but to drink in the magic of this perfume, to hear his voice. Although a child, I loved this man—I wanted him to be something to me—a relative—I was truly under a spell.

One day while playing in the garden Ramah came in, and straight toward me, he was going to speak to me, and I hoped I would not be too frightened

SACHET

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SACHET

was curious to unfold the secret of the Sachet.

When the nights passed I said to Wolf, see that round moon, and then dog-like, he looked every place but at the moon.

At eight o'clock we were ready to receive Helena—I had pencil and paper ready, for had not she said—that I should write. Patiently I waited, then the odor of Sachet reached me, but I saw and heard nothing of Helena, finally I felt a little tug at my elbow, I seemed to comprehend. I took up the pencil and rested it on the paper and the word I received was—Helena. Then the

SACHET

prompting came, as clearly as though spoken.

“When I was a little girl like Doris, wrote Helena, my father had a strange visitor from Egypt, this man’s name was Abau Ben Ramah, he came to my father for business reasons—trading. He stood most six feet tall, well balanced, great dark eyes, that could see clear through, and glittered in the candle light like jet. Perfect too, of features, with skin like polished ebony. His voice was mellow, round, full and low. Need I say, I was fascinated beyond measure—thrilled when he

SACHET

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SACHET

to answer. "Dear child," he said, "I have some sweets for you," and handed me a silken bag—full to the top of dainty candy drops—I also found a little gold thimble, a ring and a string of red beads, therein. I was so happy that I just looked at him and he smiled, a large smile and I saw his wondrous teeth. Now he said, "If the bag is not complete and the lady makes her wishes known, Abau Ben shall grant them. Speak for after I have gone, it will be too late." I thanked him, put on the ring and he put the beads over my head. "What sort of a little

SACHET

lady are you, to let the sweets go untasted?" I did not care for the sweets, I was busy inhaling the odor of Sachet. Then I spoke, "All I want in the world would be a bit of your perfume—can't I, please, for when you go away it will be no more." "Would you go with me, Helena?" he asked, and without giving mother or father a thought, I said "Yes." I took his hand and we went into the house, I told mother I was going with Mr. Ramah, had decided to. My parents were astonished, wounded and at a loss to understand this whim of mine. I never

SACHET

understood until now that this man was part of me, in tune, and of the same vibration. Of course I was not permitted to go. When I knew this was final, I felt sad and blue.

The day came when Ramah was to return to Egypt, I was all starched in ruffles for the departure, and sat like a mouse on the sofa while father showed maps, charts and books.

Presently my heart was made glad for Ramah came over and sat beside me. And from his pocket he took a long golden chain, at the end was an amulet, filled with a substance the color

SACHET

of roses. It was of gold filigree, and through this yellow mesh, came to my little nose the delightful odor of Sachet. "Oh," I cried, "oh! oh!" He said "Helena wear this always." This he too, put around my neck, but dropped the charm inside my dress. I wore that amulet until my body died—and the minute I was cold, the odor left. I never heard of Ramah again but I am going to him for he is still upon the earth plane. No wonder you loved my Sachet, for hadn't I loved it too, and it helps one to dream, to lull, to be happy.

Perfumes, and the burning of

SACHET

incense, comes to us from ages remote, filling the air with love and romance of a thousand centuries.

It is an art, a devotion to offer burning incense, to one you are fond of.

Out of a mystic land comes my amulet of Sachet, it was an incense for the gods, and it was mine, and when I was no more, it, like a devoted thing, died. But, dear Otis, like a devoted thing it clung to my spirit, and the scent of it shall remain with me ever and ever. And when the air is filled with fragrant, odoriferous

SACHET

Sachet—so be it, that I, Helena will be with you.

With this word, Helena left me. I pondered over her loving message for hours. This chapter of her life was sweet indeed.

Wolf warned that it was time that dogs were abed and I arose, patted my pal, got him a nice cool drink, how he could drink! a regular old toper. Together we climbed the stairs and in a few minutes were dead to the world in a fast sleep.

* * * *

Years passed, each night I visited my Helena, as the clock

SACHET

chimed eight. An old man, and an old dog, sat each night in the silence, until one morning, both master and dog, were found in their last sleep. I will never forget that wonderful night, the full moon of the month, I visited Helena, she said, "Otis, I have some splended news, see that beautiful mansion on yonder green hill—that is our home, Otis, we are never to part—will live always." Then I said, "Helena—we must return for Wolf."

This last happy time, left no regrets — for it has lasted throughout a century.

(Finis)

SACHET

As from beyond a bluer sky,
The incense from her Amulet of
gold
Can never die!

To thee Helena, ever sweet,
So like God's flower
Your dainty form upon a stem,
A violet so fair.
Dew-kissed your love is radiant,
It's beauty Spiritual and rare.
Your fragrance so alluring and
pure,
As pure as driven snow.
Flowers, dear, with eyes that see,
Do'th in God's garden grow,
So thy earthly body, Helena, has
gone,

SACHET

But the perfume of thy breath
Still lingers through the Amulet;
There is no Death.

TWO WORLDS

I received this story from Mary Sandre—she has been in Spirit but a few years. In loitering on plane two I met Mary. I, Otis Matthews, noticed she was still bound to earth by a strong tie, and I grew anxious for her story.

I will give it just as Mary related it to me—word for word.

“TWO WORLDS”

I was dying—Mother, Father and Sisters were standing about in my flowered chamber, the priest had just anointed my frail little body, my darling husband knelt at my side. I was very reluctant to leave the old world for the new, sorry, for I loved,—how I loved this great man.

This happened in the middle states, and out into the sunny land of a western country, a young lovely girl fell from a cliff. In passing she passed into my body, to take life on a new world before her.

TWO WORLDS

Then I stood looking down upon my body with its returning life, saw my angel husband "thank God;" mother, father and sisters made happy; while I could not tell them that their child had passed on into Spirit World.

I saw Agnes open her eyes and look with bewilderment into the faces of my loved ones. She saw the priest, the flowers, the burning candles and with my lips she smiled, happy to know that she lived, for she was full of life and health when she fell. Here, truly, was a situation that I must master.

TWO WORLDS

I tried with all my untrained might, to prompt her and, being part of me, she responded. I was twenty-one, while Agnes was sixteen. I could see at a glance this would mean trouble.

She looked long and hard at the curly head so near her own and felt the warm touch of the hand holding hers, or should I say mine. She saw the deep blue eyes, and the well formed mouth of my husband, he thrilled her youth with his beautiful face. I say beautiful, for indeed it is beautiful to me.

Before passing over I always thought Spirits were happy, but

TWO WORLDS

a human heart could never suffer as I did this moment. This new creature that invaded my body was frivolous, fickle, vain and selfish. My mind was so clear, I could think so rapidly, had a power that I had not known before.

Had my family been spiritualists, this might have never happened. I would not have been so sorry to leave the world and they would have understood the wonderful power of spirit return, and would have been reconciled to my departure.

Agnes was infatuated with my husband, and would smile

TWO WORLDS

sweetly and coyly at him. It made him very happy and made me sad, for I did not want him to love Agnes. I cannot believe this to be jealousy—he was mine to have on earth and also in spirit.

Days passed, and the body was made stronger. Agnes would look at this dark fine, slender figure with disgust, she thought she lost a better one. 'Tis true it was more developed and robust than the one she now has, and she had golden curls, and brown eyes—she did not like the dark brown hair thrust upon her, for her golden halo was her greatest

TWO WORLDS

pride, but she loved the great dark eyes. Strange to say, she quickly learned to love my people, I prompted her every word and deed.

Here I was, through a great love for my adorable husband, made an earth-bound spirit. I wanted to be near him to protect him with all my love and power.

One day while Agnes slept I crept into my body, I wrote her a message telling her of my visits, and of the love I bore my husband. I explained that I would always be near to help her become the useful, kind, thought-

TWO WORLDS

ful girl I had been. Many times I heard mother say, "I cannot understand what changed Mary so." I wanted to cry out, tell them that Agnes was not their daughter that she had no right to their love. That I could not and never would change, I would always be loyal. Luckily Agnes was gifted with the same talents, this helped wonders, for I could inspire her to play the pieces that my husband loved.

The household circle went on the same as before, with a worried thought now and then as to the change in Mary. My loved ones were happy just to have

TWO WORLDS

Mary no matter what the change, while I, poor child of misfortune, could not progress under these conditions.

Agnes was undergoing a change, the infatuation for James was wearing off, she felt independent of him. This hurt him so, that could I have shed tears they would have been tears of blood.

And so it came about that into her life came her ideal. I do not and cannot blame her, she was not instrumental in having James for a husband—each has a right to choose his own mate. James was tall and blond, her

TWO WORLDS

new love was small, with light skin and grey eyes, an artist. My, how she thrilled with his slightest smile or touch. This was a new trial to me.

Growing stronger in vibration each day, I could occasionally enter the body while she was conscious. On these migrations, I would be my sweetest self giving forth the real love to my darling, I would sing my best, play with all my soul, then he would be happy again.

Agnes knew I crowded her out and tried all in her power to prevent it, but I was the stronger, made so by the great tie that

TWO WORLDS

bound me to my husband. Agnes, too, was sorrowful, she did not want to hurt her family, or the man she called husband. She was afraid to tell them, for fear of being sent to some sanitarium. But she was happy, until she met Jack—this threw her into a state of frenzied unhappiness.

My body truly had changed, instead of the slender, small body, it developed, growing fully three inches in height adding weight which meant rounded curves. I must say I liked the change, very much, and Agnes was beautiful, and now that a

TWO WORLDS

new love came into her life, she was radiantly so.

I never forget the day, my poor James heard of Jack, and the fury he came home in. He left his work to have a talk with her, but she was not to be found. I tried to comfort him, to whisper to him that I was so near, and my love so strong, but he could not hear or see or feel. I stood alone in this great trouble. It seems I waited years with him for the return of Agnes. When she ran into the room and saw his face—she knew she had been found out. I entered the body,

TWO WORLDS

fell upon my knees, looked into his face with tear-dimmed eyes, told him I loved only him, no one else, I begged his forgiveness, in fact I rambled on, until he grabbed me, and showered my face with kisses that burned my soul. Just a moment of bliss and once more I stood by, while he kissed the face of Agnes.

Agnes was glad for my help, she knew his wrath was great, his temper strong. Now that he held her close, her heart stopped fluttering and she snuggled in his arms, as if thankful for his masterful protection. My poor James, he was happy by spells,

TWO WORLDS

happy only when I could make him so.

And so a month passed, then one day Agnes disappeared. She left a note that she left without Jack, that she was not worthy of him, and would go far away. My poor man dropped in a chair, his head in his hands and sobbed so that his fine body shook with grief, a grief so strong that it tortured my soul. This time I had to look upon a sorrow that was triangular, a greater sorrow that I could not help. But I tried to reach him, tried to help by repeating in his brain—she has gone alone. This began taking

TWO WORLDS

root, and finally he got up, dressed in clean linens, and made his way rapidly to the station while I kept repeating the name of a friend in a city, four hundred miles away. He bought his ticket and I left him in his berth on the train, trying to reason out the puzzle that was confronting him now.

Her friends lived at a hotel and it was there I made my way, my first journey. So while she slept, I entered the body, so when a rap was heard upon the door, I answered. I flung open the door, stepped back to see just what would take place. He

TWO WORLDS

held out his dear arms, and I crept into them, and he forgave and was happy once more. I could not remain long, as soon as Agnes had control she tried to coax him into sending her West. She knew it was the place of her birth, and the place of her happiness. They spent the day together, she refusing to leave with him. Tears in his eyes, a great lump in his throat, he grabbed his grip and started for the elevator. Just at that second I entered the body, ran to the door, and called "James, James." He turned and a second more I

TWO WORLDS

was in his arms. "Take me home, husband, take me home."

This happened in January, when the earth was covered with a white blanket of snow. All winter long Agnes played her dual role, being kind and considerate to James, meeting and loving Jack. I tried very hard to keep all this from James, and I succeeded in doing so.

It was early spring, both Agnes and Jack had youth, they wanted to mate. Agnes wanted to please her lover, yet she did not want to hurt James. She thought to wean herself from James, by visiting her Aunt for

TWO WORLDS

a month, so once again she packed her suit case, but this time she told James she was going. Having two men to love her was a worry to Agnes, and after visiting her aunt for a few days, she became lonesome and hungry for love and attention.

She wired one, telephoned the other, both wanted to see her, both took the same train and arrived at the same time. Once more I entered the body and left for home with James. I stroked his curly head, touched the lids of his dear blue eyes. But I knew now that he could never trust Agnes again, and to think

TWO WORLDS

I could not reach him, or tell him that I was near, to watch over him, love him, and protect him always. I vowed on this night that I would kill the love, or wean him from Agnes. The next time she left him, I would not enter the body again, I would help her to do what was right, even though cruel to my darling.

And so spring turned into summer, and the last day, of August, Agnes left home and husband for good. My angel was beaten, he knew it would do no good to follow. He spent his nights in the park, walking, crying, sobbing, and I, poor spirit,

TWO WORLDS

walked with him, ever by his side, an earth bound spirit, trusting and loving. Mother, father and sisters, too, needed my loving care, but the doors of knowledge were closed upon them.

After months of grief, Agnes came home for a visit. James came to see her, he asked her to return as he was lonesome, poor dear. She remained for a few weeks, enjoying each others company. They dined, danced and went for long rides under a full moon. This meant sorrow for when the time came for parting, Agnes did not wish to en-

TWO WORLDS

tirely lose James, so she promised to return within a month.

But once away her promise was easily broken and months passed before he saw her again. The new disappointments and hurts, made his love grow less, so that now he was ready to give her up entirely. She was just as pretty as ever, just as sweet, but he had lost faith. I was sorry, for he still thought it was I, and my sadness still bound me to him. The visit over, James filed suit for divorce, and one year later Agnes married Jack.

I am happy now, for James is not so sorry or sad, although he

TWO WORLDS

has not forgotten. I visit him often but I am earth-bound no longer. I am progressing rapidly, and will soon be of help in the spirit world. And some time soon my love will be called and I will be there to meet him. And when he comes to me he will learn the story of true love that never dies.

Agnes is out west in the Southern California sunshine, happy as can be. She, too, is progressing and some day will be famous. She now understands the spiritual laws, knows the worth of her power and magnetism. Agnes was just a victim

TWO WORLDS

of circumstances, a dear little spoiled child, again not her fault, for she is just the kind of a girl you would want to spoil.

The greater our knowledge of two worlds, the easier it is to live and to die.