

[Calendar for 1875]

Fannie M. Bromley,
Cohoes,
New York

Happy New Year.
From Mother.

"What matters a little pain outside?
Go in and rest from it."

I am crucified with Christ nevertheless. I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me.
Galatian's 2.20

[Page of information on domestic postage, including prices]

[Page of information on foreign postage, including prices]

[Page of principal cities, their distance from New York, with the difference in time.]

Friday.

The Overture. After which the curtain rises upon a [home] scene. I am rich in beautiful things to think of, how that I have little still minutes to take[.] I come to my possessions, joyfully. "What matters a little pain outside? Go in and rest from it." This always.

Everything in the little home today has been full. There has been that little tender feeling that it is so good for me to have, and the longing and the clinging that keep me tender. Isaiah again begins the year for me. "For my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed."

Saturday.

Contains more particulars. My hours for things are lost in the haven't's where eighteen bells ring a day. I am utterly unconscious of any necessity of beginning operations before 10:30. It turns out that I don't. [...] some as other times approach!

We mark this day with a list of arrivals. My sister marshals herself home elated. It is not at all clear to her that it isn't well to come now as before. We make a wonderful expedition down street in an intruding snowstorm. We expend with an eye to earning more. My hair gets cut with an eye to growing some more.

The evening means a great deal of talking. Some people catch it.

Sunday.

Talks of something that's greater than living.

There was the early morning and mother could go. I can't find words to tell how nice it was to me all the way. I entered with all my soul into the church service. It was a new coming to Jesus. An entering into the temple. I knew that I had been reached, reached as I have not been since the trouble. How the words sweep over me yet!

"O to throw my soul's deep meaning into future years."

There came afterwards the dear, dear visit at Aunt Mary's. And after all these sad months, away from her.

Monday.

Calls to old haunts.

There was a girl went out of the dear ways looking back. There's so much that the hills cannot hide.

Farther back in the day to the point where it first commenced I see the boy face bending over me to say "good bye." This is when I began to understand that it was coming.

Eight years ago over the [...] road on a journey. Now I have the whole story.

Emma was at the cars to meet me. Satie on the way. It is very nice to be cared for just as they care for me. The visiting part isn't the least bit of a bore.

Wednesday.

Takes up little threads. Do I not know that they are tender ones. That they take hold very close to the girl that was? Think of me going up the hill, of the dear visit with Mrs. Ball and the Judge. Just this little part of it must never be dropped out of my story. There won't be many more entries in any earthly record book that shall tell this. In the school there was not a vestige of old me. I have completely and [oncely] dropped out, just as I shall from life by and by.

After dark Satie and I left Mary Jones and the pleasant afternoon for meeting tonight. I could talk and sing, and I wanted so much to hear Satie.

[Page torn]

Tuesday.

Renews the olden times.

There are evidences of a protracted state of repose. It follows that breakfast and dinner are separated by fifteen minutes! That I have any end in life is no apparent. I lay around. By and by Mary Jones comes in and we talk up! She says, "Come to tea tomorrow". So we will.

We call some and it's nice. I'm glad life and god have done so much for Satie McLean. The bright little woman in the new little home.

Satie's walk and mine in the old streets had in it not a word of seven years. It was as near like the little nights after prayer meeting as [page torn]

Thursday.

Awakes me to a realizing sense.

A very emphatic call will be given in detail elsewhere. These pages do not admit of it! They speak mostly of a start.

By a remarkable developing of causes real and assumed we are called upon to put in practice what I've been brought up to "midnight trains". So much to gain a point! Add to this a walk up one of [Eugh] B's hills to get a man, to bring him where trunks are, to be moved on. But we have spirits not easily daunted, and we find the waiting, a pleasant entertainment.

Ah! Castleton, in the night and snow. Life makes us come to you. Can you be drearier?

Friday.

Gives me the idea!

I comprehend at once about what I have got to come to! I can get a great deal in a taste. All the joy there is in holding a girl down tight and making her stay is mine to the full. How thankful I ought to be for blessings like these! The new objects of interest consist chiefly of a young miss and a long table. The latter does not please us. The all say, "Is this the way its going to be all the time?"

At night Ida comes and we're all glad to see the dear face, growing to me so dear. Slowly I unpack, one by one the little things are all taken out and put away for twenty-five weeks.

Saturday.

Makes me greatly amazed! I ought to be. Will work enough to do, to keep in motion quicker heads and hands than mine. I sit down perfectly demure throughout and are the whole day go, without are feeble effort, one gasping at it on its last namings. Not a mouse to stand as a witness that my mountain labored! I've no fault to find with the weather. There's plenty of snow and plenty of sleighs and horses and sleigh-bells.

The Seminary puts on a brighter face, its halls ring again with laughs, and we wear the new threads
[page torn]

One meeting [sing] at for me in the week of prayer.

Sunday.

Finds me and leaves me asking. We still sit at the long table. The feeling is a general one that we are all visiting and to be as stiff as pokers is the order observed. But place Mrs. Stiles motherly providing and genuine smile by Mrs. Hawkins angularities and you have a south hillside by a projecting wall.

I feel a deeper pain down where the sorry places are that I often know. That I could hurt anyone so they would cry as Satie did last night seems incomprehensible to me. She knows partly how unconsciously it was done. She knows a little how much I prize the loss that she has given me all these years.

[page torn]

Monday.

Takes life up bravely. The descent from Patmore and poetry is abrupt, not to say precipitous down to these prospects! And what is the outlook? A few straggling blossoms holding up their heads around old Salmagundi. Gray wastes where no seeds have sprouted. Overhead time marked cedar festoons the last reminder of Alumnae doings. We look for multitudes and find ten or fifteen. I feel as if I was a general in a lost cause, a party to a conflict of valor against numbers!

Something betokens that the old Spartan spirit is not yet frozen in my veins! The manner in which I emptied my bedroom of its furniture carried its associations and all into a dark closet.

Tuesday.

Finds a few things to do. I install myself in the new methods of proceedings flanked by the comforting assurance that I can stand it! What will sleeping in a dark closet be like. My "Summer in a Garden", will be "My Winter in a Clothes press". Yes, I'm "among by books". The sages of every country were there who poured over dusty volumes. What an advantage is mine who am poured among them!

What a change has come to me. Nothing is in any way as it was before the curtain dropped. Does 18. Two different lives in the same home, with the same work to do! No, not that. The ripples. Move over the surface. It is the silences below that are the same.

Wednesday.

Is introduced as chilly. I am about to chronicle the assertions of the oldest inhabitants the voices of seers to to be lightly listened to, or idly regarded. It relates solely to weather, and is strong in the belief that this is the coldest winter since thirty, or thirty-one, two there, years ago. That we've not had it all yet. To be a correct thermometer one has only to teach in Normal Hall!

Poor Salamagundi blazes and raves, and flames and smokes in his efforts. I never saw a more pitiable case of love's labor lost. I can't say. Blessed are those who have noble striven and noble failed in his case. I long for balmy breezes, blowing soft o'er [Aylen's] isle.

Thursday.

Whirls me away. I am devoutly thankful that whirling is the word to use. As I feel to-day I stand ready to be suddenly twitched and whirled around, faster than a spindle and pretty quick dropped into ma's big clothes basket and informed that the big wheel that mowed me, had sent my girls through Conant's questions and Dana's [nine] from seven! and June 25 was upon me! To-day commenced it. Snatching me up in a tightening grip I began the going round with agility. My heart bounces up in a new kind of a beat, but I climb stairs and rest and whew as if I was regardless of cost. In little free minutes Thomas a Kempis brings [me] impulses to suffer and work.

Friday.

Has a new ring. Aye, a sound of something coming for two complete days that is not Normal stairs or Mary do this, and Electra do that and Katie "rise", and Julia "that will do"! Yes, I think twill do, it will all do! and I sit down in a certain rocking chair and try to find out how comfortable a person Fannie is to live with! I don't take much comfort in anything I think

[page torn]

Saturday.

Means business. One blessing graces the new administration, a later breakfast. Who can rationale the satisfaction of that extra seven minutes nap? The order of the day calls upon me for a marshaling of forces considerable summoning of will. It only remains for me to add that I begin a report campaign! The sleighing improves

[torn page]

Sunday.

Rests me. God does not let us be whirled always around in the life march, even though we may want to skip hard days and hard things by being hurled quickly beyond them. He, with a perfect knowledge of our needs, calls us to rest places, and quiet levels with light upon them.

The wheels all seem to stop and all day long I seem not wanting, or getting ready but stopping, standing just still and feel the full rest of it. As good as we ever get here. As free from the worries as it is possible to be! Mr. Woodruffs sermons are a desert [dream] to me. He rants and gets into them and sends them forth as if they had power to live. But yet, I don't feel sorry when I go to church. I think Jesus had rather that I go when I can.

Monday.

Makes it necessary to give me prolonged discipline.

It isn't at all difficult for me to take in fully my next assertion. That being campelled to let a precious evening vanish in talk is trying. I recall dismally the work I'd laid out.

We are in weather that makes fearful [...]. The stillest grimmest kind of cold. My mood has [...] the puttin in one, not an inch to retreat, nor much of the tender drawing toward.

Tuesday.

Partakes of consternation in which I am not included. We have come to the most exciting chapter. The scene. The parlor. The aggrieved, our Mr. Hyde. The details are indeed of an unexpected character. Figures. Misses Todd and Grinnell Brown and Ten Broeck, and the hired man!

My part of it began when Ida came to tell me the story crying as we never heard her cry before. She leaves me feeling so much better with me glad that she was willing to take the course she has taken in repenting. There's a world of [cosines] in my room when I put the curtains down and go into the long evening.

Wednesday.

Is not jubilant.

The storm does not abate and Normal Hall is cold. This weather and ten windows are too much for Salamagundi.

I don't like a small school and ours is an utter weariness to me. Only the afternoons [fan] the feeble [flame] that gives me breath. I wish doves would fly to Normal windows!

[Mip] T.B. is tired and sorry. Last night worries her and she is also troubled with a great Noyes. We are all so sorry that

the thing happened last night. We all owe Mr. Hyde so much. [Mip] Grinnell [knows], she says that if it should get home twould kill her mother and her father would go raving mad!

Thursday.

Takes milder forms. The possibilities are in our favor. It does not snow less, but we get used to such things, and so improve on them. There comes something almost like enthusiasm and I rise to meet it contending for every inch of ground between me and this! The days I dread are the days when my heart goes out of the work and the empty seats inspire me with wretchedness. Even the man of sorrows was followed by multitudes.

Why don't I do more evenings? Won't somebody tell? I'm behind in everything and to get up spirit enough to get up and do things is one of my last outs...

Friday

Brings a joy that was almost perfect. We were glad to hear about a double sleigh coming over and a lecture to be given in Middletown and some girls to go! Glad indeed were we to have it a part of our [...] with the beautiful [...] fallen snow, the jungle of the hills, the mild weather, the ready fun of the girls, brimming full around us, the little gentlemanly attentions of Mr. Hyde and the trot, trot of the good time we were carrying fifteen miles. It seemed so new and strange to have this whole journey so complete!

We found a hotel where the landlord had gone away the boy hadn't tended to nothing!

Scenes from the life of Dr. Carpenter were enacted, with great spirit, and the [...], drama. "Yes, there's a fire here."

Saturday.

Means poke. This it seems to me suggests almost as much as Grace Greenwood's verb to flop. For all I know I might have flopped too.

The most important part of me laid and slept away. While it lasted it might have been [restricted] everlasting bliss. Everlasting bliss, cut short. After that I got up! Ida is in great trouble and I give her my morning.
[page torn]

Sunday.

Goes on with the chapter.

The sick part of things is the important part. That's all we take time to think of.

I make a powerful effort, and rally most of us off to church. Our speaker is an exchange bearing aloft the noble name of Milton Tator. Mips H. says," has there ever such a vision of the ridiculous with
[page torn]

Monday.

Thinks I need a further discipline. I leave Mount Parnassus with regret. Snowdrifts, continually piling, are foes to the school interests of Vermont. The path which leads to Normal portals shows no fair days, "here and there a traveler". Every trace of me vanishes in the accumulated masses, and I pour forth into three! I feel more like teaching in that little east room than any where else. The past is a spur, when I'm there.

Satie is sick again and I rebel and rebel, but all to no purpose. The outlook shows a prolongation.

Thursday.

Shows me prospects of a continued discipline. I fight at the very thought. I raise up an [...] insurrection down in my heart, but there's nothing to do pretty soon but to quell the internal elements and face the fate! Darling is so sick, and I give myself up to her, and summon to my aid every available help. I dread so to think of the days that lie between us, and the better times, the well times when we shall enjoy so much!

I am given an opportunity to develop any slumbering talent for nursing. I shall need to know all that can be learned about it, probably.

Wednesday.

Lights up. There's spells of brightening in the middle of everything, and I'm thoroughly ready for it, if I ever was. I flatter myself that Satie is improving and with this gleam, nothing else seems quite so forlorn.

The many steps between Normal Hall and the sick girl tire me. It's like "ever climbing up the climbing Wave".

I think the morning part of school isn't quite so like making me desparate as it was some time ago. Jessie Hawkins and Mary Northrop bring balm in place of bitter herbs, not an abundance, but enough to make me inclined to live out my days. What makes me constricted to care?

Thursday.

Sings carnage. I don't care much whether the carnage comes singing or skipping or stalking in noiselessly, just the courage part of it, the part that will not let me be utterly despairing is the part that I'm glad of. Satie keeps telling me that she is better, and I get up a great deal of hope and say "I think she is". She has kept a little in her stomach and can move about more easily today. Poor little sick girlie!

Work goes on. Whatever the status of other things, that calls for just so much, and I keep giving and giving. Greek stops. That has to stop there days when I live fully up to my strength. I give it up as cheerfully as I can, fondly dreaming of more next year.

Friday.

Has to go chasing about for endurance. It is a pitiable sight. One can't gaze upon martyrs every day. Alas, not. I hereby present myself as a spectacle calculated to move obdurate hearts.

My hopes of Satie's speedy recovery had mounted to an unusual height, when in the middle of the second class the soothing message comes that Mip Rising has fainted and my presence upstairs is desirable!

I find her worse than she has been at all and in a storm of fears I send for Dr. Sanford. His [...] verdict promises no speedy respite. He bestows upon the disease the cheering name of spinal fever. My bed is at once moved out and the siege begins!

January 30

Saturday.

Gets where the dark is and the sorry. These are cheering pages. How comforting they would be to an invalid! What an addition to the literature of the desponding! Such chronicles of love rising triumphant over little frowning worlds of a brass will conquering and defying fate, or a patience that is not afraid to walk alone. Let the heroic records stand to be read by "some forlorn and shipwrecked brother".

More now is hereby transcribed. I go sorrowing these days for appreciation. Isn't this high moral courage? It comes over me that I ought to have a little tonight, but as you will readily guess it don't come. Jean [Bigelow] comes to me to increase the number of drops in the shower. "Sobbing, throbbing in its falling by the sandy, lonesomes shore".

At the close we all go to "Uncle Tom's Cabin". Alas, that we did.

Sunday.

February 1.

Faces a frowning world. It is a growing habit with us, who tiptoe down in order from the [...] to put the last finishing touches to our [toilets] some minutes after the last bell has ceased its vibrations. If at this stage we find ourselves possessed of indomitable courage and not too shabby habitués we move down to the great congregation. Every eye upon us, every seat facing the door. To our excited minds each gaze is a frown and we seat ourselves, feeling that the meek ought to be blessed!

The day for the rest part is full of the things that shall live forevermore. We may in the reach of the coming days forget the quiet Sundays of this year, some of them, but that which is awakened in us shall live. At the Prince's touch it shall rise and be perfected evermore.

February 1

Monday.

Carries me out doors, a wee while. I like to say February first. Its nearer the regions of long mornings and dinners not under the lamplight. Then I think how nice March will be and April 1, so near the blessed summer. Before I stop the faroff look I find an almost dreary pain as I feel with all the rest that the midsummer cannot bring so much without calling from me, much. Some of the year's dearest and nearest I want to have about me always. But it's early to begin this kind of talk. The records calls for an evening at Fred Atwood's. A being whewed up in a good, old wind, and back in a worse one, and sitting down and eating apples in between. [Nip] Hastings was a valuable acquisition. She could do the talking and I was glad not to put in much. I fretted about leaving my girls long.

February 2.

Thursday.

Brights and darks alternate. Anything like a bright even with a dark tied to it comes in as hopeful as the sounding tread of a victorious army to the waiting prisoners inside the city. My girl keeps me pretty busy but she won't let me get blue, and takes my bathing, ventilating and suggesting as if I was her most reliable medical adviser! Dr. S. brings a few languid smiles. Says we can give her these things and hope they'll bring out the best results (not the smiles). The man referred to has great faith in his doses.

I dread next week. Lately there's something nice to call out the best dreads I can summon! Again allow me to commend to a low spirited world your high born courage.

Wednesday.

February 3.

Floats me about. My catch words do not of late convey any ideas of fixedness! I am a span floating or a spindle whirling or aspick whewing, or a piece of endurance chasing about! I believe in great accuracy of statement and I therefore choose to place before my readers the truest types of my very remarkable career! It will now be very wry to perceive that I float not idly on undisturbed waters, but with a craft on waters that rise and dash and hurl and toss!

My rounds from Normaldom to [lowerdom] are not less frequent. No elevators have been as yet constructed. Some of me will [gee] out somewhere, or else [...] goes unpunished! [Miss] Hastings takes me apart and raves and storms and besieches, that I bring to the rescue any remnants of discretion I may ever have perceived and forbear!

Thursday.

February 4.

Hopes so. Yes, she hopes so and the day hopes so. While there's life in this sence. Has it occurred to me before this to announce that with several other cares I am the great American mover of exhibitions. And one is pending! I am called upon to report a most interesting interview between our young man and a Colonel of [P...] [...] renown. The latter in search of a teacher, the former anxious to give [him] [one]. I, the appealed to, Grit, alias [st...] is the demand! I sweep Mary Conley with rapid strides into this open field. Is it time for her biography? I am ready to add in its chapters that just her freshness and feeling her readiness to make the best of everything, and her hopings against hope, these we need in our Seminary, even though the girl that adds these to our storehouse of [...] [...]has few dresses, and fewer pennies, and as the girls all said tonight at payers "We shall miss Mary".

Friday.

February 5.

Knows depths. This has been such a funny day all through. It wasn't all depths. Why should I call the whole day by a name that means only a little while? The first thing on the carpet was Julia's dawning. This was creative of good spirits. The only worry was Satie's eyes, which is a worry in the sence of what may be rather than what is now. The fixing to go to [Poultney] was a great event calling into activity the whole house. The surprising part was Satie's going. When she arrived at the hotel where we were some minutes before her, she was a curiosity of collections, a walking sample room. The [putting] of her together betokens [...] doings. No other fingers were equal! The little incidents while there, the long dreary ride home will not be productive of much good cheer when I shall read this years from now!

Saturday.

February 6.

Lets down bars. Satie pronounces herself better today and opens her eyes where the blinds are not shut and betakes herself to number twenty. Poor child. How dare she say she's got a pain or has a vestige of an ache about her after her rashness in giving to Poultney under Miss Hastings impressive forbiddings. She intends to prove that going cured her. I

have my doubts about it, [...] able ones, but I'm open to conviction! I am taken into an open mouth and ground fine. This rehearsal business is an exhausting process. But I live and as I remarked am in fine pieces, very small. Then upstairs in a whew, a bed to take down and reinstate in a dark closet, sweeping, dusting manifold, also dressing, then a Philosophy class, and after that not death, not [...], but a sleep, and blessed be, my lot, and so say I!

Sunday.

February 7.

Paves places for my feet. The dear Sunday places. What could I be or do with these taken from me? I can imagine nothing more dreadful, and with these give nothing more peaceful and soul-reviewing! Julia was here to go to church with us and as Ida said it seemed like old times. Then Julia and Satie each had her own dear hour in my room. I love these quiet girl talks. The rest of the day is full of Mr. Johnson. He comes in imminent peril of losing both ears and perhaps a foot for two, but his reception must be refreshing to his spirit. Mr. H. almost jumps out of himself in his efforts and a bevy of very fresh ladies swirls blushing honors thick upon him! Our Sunday dinner was very chatty and cheery. The evening sermon was very nice. Mr. Johnson's subject was the lessons of the past and future! I remember that it helped me and suggested much for me to think of.

Monday.

February 8.

Suggests hot water. The kind of water I know most about these days in metaphorical entirety. This suggests me of Filton's brilliances in his cross examination. "The only water he ever was in with Victoria Woodhull was the hot water he has been in ever since!"

My existence was lit up with preparations for the evening and the rushing through a momentous programme, at said evening. "What did they do it for? To [rouse] the people!"

One individual, me, comes upstairs so much aroused that she hasn't anything more to say.

A secret profound. the captain general of all creation, where we are has taken it upon himself to fall in love with Miss Todd and calls her to a tete-a-tete. The first.

Tuesday.

February 9.

Makes it not hard to decide "who must be grim"! The four ones and the other are before the dreaded, and dreadful. Two men with but a single thought. Two hearts that beat as one! Mr. Conant with his tendency to satire. Mr. Judah [D...] with his tendency to flatness. Dr. French is a mountain, and Everest, to three poor little peaks, Hooker and Tom! Perhaps Chin and here might suggest more.

The inevitable is forced upon the four and me, amid much quaking. As for me I [mark]. The play knows no sun, it has a darkness, where I take my seat and wait for it to grow lighter. Sad sorry news from dear Aunt Mary. The very name calls up for me the hardest life I know, yet ever full of tenderest things.

Wednesday.

February 10.

Is ready for discussion. What fell to me of the day seem to be nerve filaments a good deal agitated.

The three when fate has chosen as the arbiters of the impending have dreadful looking heads. Some comments. The announcement that certifs will be granted to all, evokes little demonstration. The four feel sorry to be subjects of compassion and they do right to be sorry. The evening called the four ones and the other to be the raised platform. Figurative uplifting was not a part of it. Mary [...] has brought her prophecies time and I'm ready to wish a speedy fulfillment of all her dreams. Julia comes home and takes off the flowers, laying them away forever, turning quickly over a leaf. That will never be lived again.

Thursday.

February 11.

Compliments of the Graduating Classes in the Seminary Parlors.

From 8 to 10.

The etherial regions also send compliments. Also from 8 to 10. Very decided!

[...] people have been spending the day writing regrets. A few. What have not [Brilions] dared, with a high sense of an awful duty struggled upward "through heaps of snow." My recollections seam largely of attempts to get [Mip] Hastings down, missing in the meantime Mr. Hyde's address. We all appeared in state to do [Mip] Miller honor and the other four. Some of the girls looked very lovely and my eyes followed them for I do love pretty things.

Friday.

February 12.

Pushes into worries. The way there is so plain that a way faring men though a fool need not ever . I never lose the path.

And

[blacked out]

[blacked out]

[Mip] Hastings not finding me at dinner comes up stairs to me excited on the subject proclaims me sick and thoroughly incompetent to judge as to what ought to be done to me. It always delights me to be set aside as incapable!

I might have said to start with that [Mip] Julia Miller gets off. We are all to it. Her indignation on the subject of the Rutland Globe knows no bounds. It don't pay to graduate, she plainly sees.

Saturday.

February 13.

Means a number of things. It chiefly means that I amounted to nothing. Any body could do that.

[blacked out]

[blacked out]

once I [...]

to see myself do. Imagine anything in this line making me cry. Don't never tell!

The bulletins announce amazing truths. Tell about cold weather, coldest in no knowing how many years. I who have no fires to make, no snow to walk in, no hair to be blown, bear it with a most resigned spirit! My soul today isn't anywhere near here. It's soared where skies are blue, blue enough . Well.

Sunday.

January 31.

Is restful. My Sundays are very dear to me. They are full of quiet sunny places, where I learn of the home that is far off and remember that I can [...] here but a night! I live and think so much of the time as if I were to live here always. I am glad of the times when God makes me think of Him. I am able to record that I attended church, that Mr. Hyde ushered us in that I walked with Ida, that everybody that ever goes was there in the same places, that it was comfortable in church, nothing lacking save a footstool. I am not able to record that anybody brought us one
[blacked out]
[blacked out]

Monday.

February 15.

Suggests something that is not reclining. Life is real. Life is earnest. Not in a poem today but in fact and atmosphere. To be falling asleep in a half dream and suddenly be shaken up to life and a seat behind a desk is good earnest prose and no mistake. It's the kind of doings that make people heroes in the strife! Don't put me and this together!

I am [Mip] Hasting's favorite phantom! She chases me. All I hear is exercise and ventilate! Alas for maiden!

When I've exercised and ventilated then she smells gas. She is a searcher out of gas in any form by long smelling!
[blacked out]
[blacked out]

Tuesday.

February 16.

Attempts. The girl thinks that she will do a great deal but she don't. She Worries. She forgets and frets. She sees herself in the midst of things she ought to help and [sure] of them she does help and the rests torture her. Things make her ask questions. Getting girls to bed, keeping down noises in study hours, studying how to [...], what to [repress] and what to encourage in girls, call for great and sublime parts.

Miss Hastings makes me dizzy, with oughts and musts! As for day duties they will not let me think that work is disolution, that plodding may not be divine.

There are [...] that mean halos for me.

Wednesday.

February 17.

Compares notes. [Mip] H's ideas of what men ought not to do are of the awful sort. Having driven Gibson out of the kitchen latterly she goes back and says, "What did he do?" Again, "What did he do?" Solemnly "Kitty did he take hold of you?"

That a gentleman has "fondled" strikes him [...] her list and into hopelessness.

If any glory [...] upon my head it is that no man has looked upon me or called here!
My attempt at exercise was followed by a siege.
I came back to a dreadful night in which my back threatens.

I should think it did. I forget that there ever was a time when it didn't ache, that there ever was for me, such a thing as lying still.

Sue's birthday.

Thursday.

February 18.

Amounts to about how much. In order to be of much consequence it is somewhat necessary that I should stay up after I get up! I go around cautiously for fear [Mip] H. will hear me or smell me. I wonder if this is "a part of my disease" too.

My next persecution is on the subject of medical advice. Answer. I will.

If another spinal column should grow in my back, parallel to the first and both should set up to ache, I don't believe I'd mention it. I can set up a claim to a nineteenth century martyr, not by being sick, but by being cured!

[blacked out]

[blacked out]

Friday.

February 19.

Do take a chair.

That's the way people talk to you when your back aches. You needn't expect to be allowed to act rationally. People whose backs never ache lay out the straight and narrow path.

My land is wrapped in seeming shadow, out there are valleys full of flowers and a river the streams whereof shall make glad! I think of these valleys and that river might like this when everything stops and work drops from my hands. I feel like resting a long time before I can

[blacked out]

[blacked out]

I call to my relief Dr. Woodward. Yes.

Saturday.

February 20.

A desirable existence.

Easily pictured consists chiefly of a maiden and a day. The two antagonistic.

The girl excited, full of plans and plannings, the day in it no strength for her, nothing but lie there, one side and suffer for me!

The aching back gives its pilions protests, and the snow comes down in generous columns. It is never all dark at once, and Rhoda's coming lighted up the world for me, some. My thought rests itself in thinking of the metal that can [...] endure.

[blacked out]

The last thing to record Mr. Hyde's compliments and a dish of pop-corn.

Sunday.

February 21.

Just lets it touch her as it comes. A complete lying still just describes it. Work was before and behind, but not in it. There was something of the joy she never knew of old because she came closer to know! Something brought tenderly back the brightest Sundays and then the girl wanted mother!

How near we are coming to the long days and the brighter sun. Are the days taking anything from me that I shall miss by and by?

Satie was with me her part of the day, and

[blacked out].

The prayer hour was full and the night brought dreams that shall be fulfilled, somewhere! Somehow!

Monday.

February 22.

Life is deaf. It was a day when it was nice to be a little girl. Nice to think of hands that were soft and tender in the long ago, and to creep under the growing shadows of old caresses. If I wasn't born into the day with a tendency to drag around instead of to hold my head up like a woman or a mountain, I might possibly make it seem as if there was such a thing as living in strength and toward a triumph. I stole way back along the years that [...] has been dumb, and thought if I could only know that the dear love was safe with Him who would gather how often ! -----

- --.

School was not easy.

Thirteen years.

Tuesday.

February 23.

Calls for a little more powder. The professor told at the table about a man in Salem whom his wife playfully pushed off a step, causing an artery to burst, causing immediate death. [Mip] Hastings says his system was not in a proper condition. I have only mentally to add, He didn't ventilate! Coming out of the supper room, alas how benighted! The dinner room the professor invites [Mip] Rising to ride home with him! When I mention it to [Mip] H. she says, "The dear, little man."

I am happy to state that I now am alone. This has a connection with the whole of it! Keep the central thought Prayers upstairs in Normal Hall for the Institution, complete meets with general favor. I sit up very straight behind Mr. Hyde.

My bundle from home comes this morning. Bless them all.

Friday.

February 26.

Calls, "Rouse up, sirs. Give your brains a racking."

A wind announces the termination of the thaw, ratified by a protracted rain storm. If time and we can do all things there will sometime be a warming up. Lies will be said about dampers and gas. The race will be more generally diffused.

I teach under perpetual protest days like this when a [lounge] constantly looms up before me.

Mr. H. takes his trip home and [Mip] J.B. is this time the honored accompaniment. I long to ask her. Did she turn around.

I have more experience with History cards, and in the meantime a talk [blacked out]
[blacked out]
[blacked out]

Saturday.

February 27.

Expects something more than stupidity. You'll hear of me dying some day of expecting. The kind of work to be done Saturdays piles up, and don't get done, but keep expecting. I lie down on the lounge and shut my eyes, and come to the very comfortable conclusion that I have reached a place where anything besides stagnation is impossible for an indefinite period.

Matt takes me to ride and it snows in my face. I come home unbundle and then [Mip] H. says I must come in there. I do a minute and then I plan how I'll get back and hit upon a plan, which works. Very well!

In the evening we find the head of our table in a worshipful silence!

[blacked out]
[blacked out]

Sunday.

February 28.

Connects itself with solitude. I am happy to recount among my chivalrous deeds that my self as an individual once more went up to the house of the Lord. It's two Sundays since I've been seen there. The subject upon which we were addressed was the duty of having family prayers.

I came home with a savage wind ready to devour me, and for the rest of the day the world outside lay as in a calm and none of its waves rolled back upon me.

Emerson's words rang out full and clear. There is in them the sermons to be sublime. His essay on Friendship holds me. "Give" he says, "the diamond it's ages to grow nor attempt to accelerate the growths of the eternal."

February 29.

Wednesday.

March 3.

Gives us a new snowstorm. This chiefly. Venturing out as I do with [Mip] J. I am seen returning before a long tarry resembling a goose. This hapened after most everything else had. It might have occurred to you that several portions of the day had to do with holding him rule over wayward [childlessed]!

I will add that in order to be "absolutely honest" (Prof. Hart.) I must not omit to say that a large part of the day was spent in thinking and being very sorry that such was the case.

Odyssey came in at an hour some might call late! The Beecher case comes in all the time!

Thursday.

March 4.

Changes things. That is instead of going through a ceaseless circuit I get out of the curve and shoot off. Our horse didn't look at in that light. He was not a star actor. You'd look for some snow but you wouldn't believe how much.

My visit to the house of mourning fitted the day and the hour. I felt like creeping under the shadow of a trouble greater than any of mine. It was good to think of the eternal peace into which another soul had drifted, placing it alongside of the worry and the weary of this part. Mrs. Chatman sees only the short gates and the loneliness.

Friday.

March 5.

Calls me again to be tender and to minister. I awoke, dreading. Couldn't tell exactly what, nor what for. The part I must someway go through seemed a desert to cross, but the minutes fore me through and I was on the other side, before I knew. [Mip] Len [Barrick] seems very sick and I am glad to go in her room and sit and do for her. I follow her eyes with a great sorry and wish the eyes she aches to see were where mine are!

It isn't nice to be sick here.

I have Satie to nurse up too. She's tired and half sick.

Saturday.

March 6.

Shakes off "dull sloth". This Saturday differs slightly from late ones in being spent off the bed. A new cause becomes my ministrations! [Mip] Hastings says [Mip] L.B's mother must be sent for by telegram. [Mip] L.B. makes a faint protest but [Mip] H. is invincible and all-conquering. I go to do it.

When I'm not taking care of [Mip] L.B. I may be found in my room fussing. I bear Mrs. L. B. from the train to her daughter in royal state rejoicing if one mother can come. Satie wants [hers] tonight and at first I don't see how tired and sorry she is but after I get her home package through much difficulty to the [...]. I try to comfort her. Who is sufficient for these things?

Sunday.

March 7.

Remembers Jesus. This has been a rest-day. It has been pleasant enough to be at the tent door!

It was perfect in sunlight and almost warm, as we ride so contentedly over the hills, and in the quiet levels, this day that [we've] watched for together.

"The eternal God is our refuge." This is what the text made us know as we sat there in the roll of the organ music. The table of our Lord, how sweet the words sound knowing the joy of sitting together in this heavenly place in Jesus. [Page is cut at bottom]

Monday.

March 8.

Thinks I can stand it. It might occur to you my unknown friend you who became second person singular to all my out loud remarks, that I am about to chronicle and encounter, some possible glorious chance for [...], but let your hopes down gently. My standing it repeats itself in small things. Little foes to face, little floods to [stem]!

My aid is solicited at the very unpromising hour of 11 A.M. on Satie's prospective essay. Answer I do. I managed to show her a patient teacher.

[page is cut at bottom]

[down side of page] All the girls have sent in their resi....

Tuesday.

March 9.

Says four years to me. I come to these milestones with a sudden knowing than any I mark with lines. I see so surely such a beautiful success that might have been. I see so sadly such never to be bettered mistakes!

Jesus. The all sufficient never seemed such a giving as when he came to stand between me and these mistakes! How intensely humbling is every thought that takes hold in these things.

[pages is cut at bottom]

Wednesday.

March 10.

Hints and undertaking. I have no natural fondness for business relations with other people's compositions! I hereby make a call for sympathy. Before me lie 37, and I am one!

I am glad to find and make a note on a outdoor tendency to melt. Dripping has room to be melodious. I have one of the nice talks

[Page is cut out at bottom]

Thursday.

March 11.

Sends me buzzing round. The declaration has gone forth. It evokes some considerable consternation. You may have before discovered that our famed institution contains self-appointed judges!

[Mip] McMahan, we decide has the essay which claims authoritative honors. We yield them. OUr surprise is not figured as the young nip shows us the same essay in Hilliard's Sixth. [Mip] Hastings is a quizzer. Who can get around her well-aimed question marks? Mr. H. informs her with all blandness that one essay of the selected will not be read because the author cannot be present to read it.

It gets to be my very impressive duty to hear "the chosen when they cry". I do, with Mr. Atwood presiding.

Friday.

March 12.

Calls me to propriety. Not the every day kind before [Mip] Hastings evadeless eyes, and the professor's occasional silences but the kind we clothe ourselves with on the event of giving to the parlor with the specific intent to entertain! This was the part that came in after the essayists were heard from. Jennie and Mr. Castle and Satie flourish in immortal vigor! We reinstate Mrs. W's portentous requirements!

The fore part of the day was too much for me. I succumbed and for one hour my melancholy teaching was not heard in our land. I am quieted by the touch of a vanishing hand.

Saturday.

March 13.

Gets to be an old story. This way of performing surprises me very much. It's easy to know better, but the getting so I do it, that's a great point in this argument. I spend a great deal of the day in thinking how much there is to do. Everybody else ties a handkerchief over her head and goes forth to sweep. All the [ch...] this world may twine for my brow never will take this day into account.

There's pleasanter themes than me.

Satie takes all my little mats and washes them. It makes me kind of sorry to have her do it.
[bottom of page is cut off]

Sunday.

March 14.

A day for Satie and I. Us and no others!

It was bright enough to draw me to the window often and make me think of what was coming sometime, when the hay should again smell sweet and the apple blossoms should cover the trees. If I'd been kind I'd have gone to church late as it was but I stood at the window and watched the others go... But "our hour" came and with it the dear, beautiful place of which we so much dream. It was like very few hours I have ever known. The Lord was standing quietly by. Heaven can be sweeter but earth will never be.

[page cut off at bottom]

Monday.

March 15.

Says there's more hard things for Fannie. I can think of nothing but a general crash and going down of things. Katie walks in the first step to inform me that she is going home next Friday to stay. Every girl I meet tells me the same thing all day. It makes me feel in such a state of repose. I see pillars crumbling and lofty walls falling to decay. I go to writing to fathers and mothers. I'm glad to be sure of one pupil as a [permanent] matter, a certain [Mip] Todd.

Satie is so very sick and I have such a strange feeling about it, a worry I never had about her before.

A thaw is in progress. A sort of delusion to make us wild and pretty quick you'll see how mad we'll be.

Tuesday.

March 16.

Is like a dream. It was all done so quick and now it's all over[.] I gather myself together and sit down to a

comprehension. I decide in "a little minute" as Satie says that Satie must get home as quick as she can be taken, and I jump into a black dress and tie up a few walnuts, which will show at a glance that I am equal to the situation! I remember that the cars whewed and Satie fainted and Mr. Hyde kissd her and all in a shake or two. I saw the tired eyes almost home and knew in my last kisses how much I loved the gentle little girl...

I came back in the moonlight never to forget what I thought watching the light in the hills. Ida and Jennie were at the office in high spirits.

Friday.

March 19.

Makes us smack our lips! We must put in an appearance. It is not to our disadvantage as you will presently learn. We find a baby growing at an astonishing rate and we enjoy the weighing process before at our suggestion! Twenty pounds and one-half! Every attempt on our part to arise and go is met with, "Stay and have some maple sugar or snow". We resign ourselves in placid submission, and go through the trial with [...]. It was moonlight coming home, and even the long shadows across the park looked pleasant. I wondered in my heart if I should ever miss the tree shadows on the snow that I've seen in the park so many winters!

Saturday.

March 20.

Calls it a paradox. If so, why so, if not, why not? Contrary to usual custom I amounted to something. Outdoors it snowed, and the wind blew. In doors I sat still and worked all day. Those reports that have stalked given and ungainly trough my waking hours for six weeks, are at last gone to work at. This said with considerable relief. Jennie's up to Delia. Somebody else wanted to go too.

I go down to the P.O. through the snow while the rest of the people enter into a [...] pull with much spirit. My little letter from the girlie is sad to me. Sadder that I can tell anybody.

Today is an anniversary day to Satie girlie.....

Sunday.

March 21.

Strengthens my heart. I am always so glad to see the Sundays come. The Sundays here this year have been particularly dear and holy to me. Something comes with them that makes us all still and good. We rise so perfectly out of the [singings] and [tossings] that may be around. The morning sermon was very welcome to me, coming from Mr. Luxbury. "For now we are through a glass darkly, but then face to face." The words found me waiting for them, giving up to the Lord's house for works that should reach and help. "God help us that we miss not that better day and that better knowledge!"

The rest of the day was rest.
[bottom of page is cut off]

Monday.

March 22.

Renews our shiverings! "Come gentle Spring. Contrary maiden come. Take off your things and make yourself to [him]!"

This greets us at breakfast from [Mip] H. who has learned in all things to shiver! I ventilate nights, that is I've taken to it and I find that I reach diviner airs, through ventilation. Getting up with one layer of cotton over my arms, and blue feet, to let down a window and dressing in an atmosphere corresponding. This is ventilation!

My memory treats me to some facts not indicative of fun. They rest for their foundation on the making [our] report business, a most unhappy theme. You'd see at [easter] about [page is cut off] very much [aroused] [page is cut off]

Tuesday.

March 23.

Conduces to depressed jaws. Going down in the hall in study hour as I did last evening and finding pupils popping corn, does not conduce to heavenly mindedness. I wake up thinking of that and of the pain in my back, and pretty soon there comes like the sound of a rushing mighty tide something about a pile of reports to finish. At ten P.M. I was still alive.

This bids fair to be a [...] cold week, blowy if you please. My home letter makes me say, "No not this week Fannie." I keep thinking how nice it is that any where in this world somebody waits for us [page is cut off] [page is cut off]

Wednesday.

March 24.

Keeps my head full of the opening of the counsel for the defense! I carry it about and pretty soon I read a few words. This pretty often. Should I address my pupils, "Gentlemen of the jury", it would not be at all startling to me! I am a former friend of Beecher's every day, and Tillin, well never mind!!

The part of the world where I revolve is very much in the school business. This was onion night, it is here after remembered. Things are working, study hours for instance! I'm doing it. "It was me"!

Satie writes me dear little letters, and there's hope [page is cut off] [page is cut off]

Thursday.

March 25.

Addresses itself to [Mip] Croft of Wallingford.

I take the young lady and go with her through an interesting harangue on her dissecting at once from making dissects of

Mr. Leonard's [bosom]. She says "I [haven't] blasted". I fear my well intending interview was lost, but I've done my duty.

I don't go out to walk today. I lay on the bed all I can. The following describes a going out. I march out of my door boldly. [Mip] Hastings [sentinel]. The following conversation ensues. "Have you been lying down? Are your rubbers on. What have you got on. Did you put on an extra skirt? Wait until I get my arctics. Go and get another shawl. What have you got to put over your ears. You never know a weaker yes than I give to all her queries and commands.

Friday. (Good Friday.)

March 26.

["Dermona est her nore."]

Very much. The whole of this beautiful poem you will find in the appendix. It is very real to me since [Mip] Croft sits facing me knife in one hand, my nose in the other hand. Great leaning forward, and tremendous gesturing! Let me tell you how the day acted. Morning lovely beyond words. Sun beams upon the whitest snow. Afternoon early, an uncertainty late, a sudden up coming mist and a miserable wind, on the heels a good, old snowstorm!

My evening was like lots of others, only Jennie kept bobbing in others won't be like that, perhaps never any more. I put my feet down hard, rouse me no more. This Chemistry business is a discipline, and I think I'll inherit the earth when I get through!

Saturday.

March 27.

Pronounces on me! I don't believe any combination of Philip's marching against me could quite take away the good feeling there was in my soul. It came with the morning and it went away with the light for I went to bed a tired, almost sorry little girl! But the morning abounded!

Jennie took [Mip] H. and I a wonderful sleigh-ride under a wonderful sun. A great deal of the cheer, the good cheer went on the eleven o'clock train with Miss Jennie. She has kept her light in the tower there four weeks, and we shall look and miss it now.

[page cut off at bottom]

Sunday.

March 28.

Makes me fitter to live. Has in it a feeling that I am stopping just this side of something and feeling in the panic an infinite comfort. Just as in the dear night we tarry long and rest with the days of work surely to come.

It is the dear Easter time. Everything is touched with a better meaning and we are borne on a rising tide. At church the flowers told us about the risen Savior, and the sun was glad. Mr Woodruff had caught none of the Easter joy and he threw his sermon at us, fiercely, and dismissed us again to the sunshine and the music God sent welling up in our hearts.

[page cut off at bottom]

Monday.

March 29.

Brings along a few things not dreamed of in Horatio's philosophy. Of course everybody expected [Mip] Brown would stay. Imagine my consternation when Mr. H. mounts the Normal stairs to declare [Mip] B's immediate intentions looking to a speedy return. Now the question springs up. Who'll be the one. I timidly mention Gertie, but first Marion Will's to the rescue. I'm the one to talk it up to her. Poor Laura, as I turn to the child there comes to me such a chill as I see so plainly how lightly we build, when we hope, and how mainly we build when we trust in a circling blue. Such a darkness may be before her, aye, coming to meet her as she goes from out the fun and sparkle of the lip here, to the unforseen.

God pity anybody when any harm touches it's mother, or threatens.

Tuesday.

March 30.

Lets down good news to a world full. A world that will be so glad to fear, waiting as it has been through so much weariness and snow. God sends the message and it is world-wide. Dear spring, already her footsteps are among the mountains! Earth does live under winter's snow and surely, so surely, does Love live under pain! Mr. H. says I may write to Gertie and I do. This makes my going to mother this week look dubious. If it were only this, but not so, not so. What though are my woes and sufferings to Mr. Castle's. His grief is overwhelming!

My evening is full of getting together distributed senses and mourning in and out [Mip] Hastings room. Mixing in small quantities of school work, and leaving undone multitudes of things to vast for my [...] state of brain!

Wednesday.

March 31.

Decides that I shant be heard much about. This will draw upon the imagination. It will dwell upon a dark bedroom and monosyllabic responses. Several lofty flights will be presupposed and vague creepings through a long hall. Not much else. It would be natural to conjecture so long as the individual in question pretends to keep a diary that some of the day was given to that ostensible purpose, but let not the elect be deceived. Not one word from her fluent pen!

The table of late is a ghostly place.

Remember that the night was dark and the mud and water lay everywhere. Recall you depot with its yellow light and me in attitude waiting. Such devotion. Such self [renumeration] Julia Miller owes to me! But she came not to know and I return alone.

Thursday.

April 1.

Limits its resources. Nothing real funny happened and innumerable funny things might have happened! A few feeble attempts to reproduce or reinstate several exhausted jokes, a rope experiment, some ordinary laughing, and this was April first! Egad!

My thoughts and devisings are all turned on a subject of my own. The unexpected arrival of [Mip] Nichols. There at once commences vigorous speculations, and vast visiting. Mr. Hyde waxes not at all enthusiastic on being told of her presence in C, and it remains to be speculated upon as to what he'll really do.

I go to [missing] with alacrity, dividing my attentions between Misses Todd and Grinnell, and Laura's [gone].

Friday.

April 2.

Can I call it less than distracting? All the melancholy verses of the forlorn ports would apply. Minor strains wait through the rain and how forlorn we all are! Nothing is said to Gertie on the school question and I grow and increase in ability to stew. I don't like things as they are today. What becomes of my religion such days. Gertie is so nice about it, so willing to give up what has all the time seemed too good to be for her.

After the most disagreeable meal I ever ate in this institution I go to bed and don't play with anybody any more. The houses are jubilant. Mr. Hyde, arrayed in ancient garments, chooses [Mip] Grinnell for his old woman and the tour of the building is taken amid loud demonstrations.

Saturday.

April 3.

Is ready for a hallelujah or two! Who'd have thought any fiery trials were so soon to end in Elysian fields! Delectable Mountains have loomed up between yesterday's rain, and today's clear blue. It came on a sweeping impulse, while I lay on the bed with my eyes shut after Marion came in to say she was to teach the school. Pretty soon Gertie and I were swept along toward matter's and the sky was full of flame. The hills of golden creeping sunbeam, and the going down of the sun was kept a dear and glad surprise. I forget that I'm sick, forget that I have been tired so long! There's a boy and a girl waiting at the train. There's a little woman waiting on the hill!

Sunday.

April 4.

Neither does it begin nor end. Being allowed to come to the waking up and doing it in a Christian manner, this is quite an approach to better days. I've been rung up until I have forgotten the ecstasy of waking one's self. Everything was rest, all the way through. Of course we visited some, and sang some, but there was rest in all of it.

I never felt so tired before, and I'm a long way yet from the end of the journey. I like every little rest word, never so well before.

Summer Driftwood is a dear little book for today. All its words are rest words. Jesus is a precious Savior, and He leaves peace with me.

Monday.

April 5.

"Both my arms are clasped around Thee, and my head is on Thy breast, For my weary soul hath found Thee, Such a perfect, perfect rest." I've been saying this over today and my heart finds and feels the meaning more and more. I've been copying "[...]" into my journal a little at a time so as not to let it tire me. Mother goes to Albany and returns in fine spirits but pretty tired. Albany trips always make people so. (which?)

Gertie and Aggie go into the wax business with a zeal, worthy of the cause. The end to be attained is pond-lilies. During the long still day with mother gone the girls on wax intent take the kitchen and the other girl the dining room, left to herself. The sun comes in and spring sends us love smiles.

Tuesday.

April 6.

Suggests tramps. Dear reader. Don't allow yourself to be led into error by supposing that the very well to do word tramps refers in some indefinite way to peddlers. Although peddlers are our most frequent guests, our importunate almoners, yet believe me, this time I don't mean these. The tramps so vividly brought before you refer to one single individual and that individual is me! It came about in a singular way, a remarkable investment of my sister's, ill assorted swans, ducks and divers, herons, canvasbacks, cranes. I've chosen [...] to face the woman that sold them, and explore Troy to find her.

The day is Susie's day. It's good that it comes with the brighter sunshine. The up springing grass. The prophecies of coming beauty. The breath of the kinder winds.
[page cut off at bottom]

Wednesday.

April 7.

This is home. There isn't anything about it but seems good and new, and I take it quietly and don't have to think about it.

Mother and I talk Beecher, and talk it and talk it. Mother fusses around and is here and there and all over, fretting a little when there are prospects of monotony! Aggie supports wax theories and makes toilet sets, scolding about as much as usual and doing it herself. Declines being bossed around. Makes the usual gestures. Wears one admired wrapper and hair a la mode! Gertie waxes and sews, sits diligently over a certain black alpaca! Dan appears betimes, meal-times with pockets full of letters and Beecher trials and canal rings
[page is cut off at bottom]

Saturday.

April 10.

Brings a museum from Northern borders. I've heard it all the week. I can never get away from the sound of it, but today it rises and surges, as the letter rolls in from the head of the table! It finds me in a business which I practice lately untiringly, a shutting of my eyes, to play go to sleep. I hope one day to be able to inform my friends that my faith [fulness] is rewarded, that the eyes I shut cover visions and are lifted only after prolonged dreams. The letter summons

me to pen and ink labor, to tasks most dreaded, but I persevere, and on a day when spring was queenly. I did win out for me sweet breath and I was smiled upon and dealt with tenderly.

Think how tired the girl is when she puts the work away. [O, no don't.]

Sunday.

April 11.

Hails a day of days. Makes me wish I could tell about it, could have breathed upon me some power that could make into words. What I so long to tell.

A message stole into my heart with the tides of the morning and I felt so good all day. The day was so perfect to me because I was so in sympathy with it all. Out are the bank. There was the tired man waiting and the Light about the head is shining on me as I go. So much that was beautiful in the old summers is with me, and a calm restfulness, so dear. Mother's love at home is an atmosphere today. Dear Sunday suppers. It was fitting to close the day at the table of the Lord.

Monday.

April 12.

Hasn't much hailing in it! O, what a fall was there my countryman. The messages were silent, the sun tides veiled, and we came down to black alpaca piping and knife plaiting and what shall we eat! A letter came in Dans big pocket from Miss Ida. It's full of little pieces of news, and makes me feel as if I knew better how matters were going on in the little places that I have left. My sister is honored by a communication from Simon Fitzdoodle, Columbia City.

I'm so tired. I don't sit up all day and the doctor is coming. I've at last said "yes, ma'am" to the little mother. I wish tonight for my [...] Miss Hastings a few minutes and a chapter from the Odyssey.

Tuesday.

April 13.

Am decided upon. Me the author.

I don't recollect whether it was the eighteenth or nineteenth summons that Dr. Peters came on. I try to be exact . The doctor has one good point to begin on, his streaked beard. After the usual interesting inquiries it is stated with great definiteness that the foundations are sapped and need props. The prescription is tense and to the point. "You'd better get married or do some other darned thing".

In the meantime little dabs of several things are left as internal aids toward effecting the object to be accomplished.

This in the most exasperating weather that I know of. Why don't it be pit. Snow enough has comforted us to make large drifts in the yard.

Wednesday.

April 14.

Takes for its topic our sewing machine! There ought to be a gauge on top to mark the number of fruitless attempts Mother greases and lubricates profusely. Gertie offers it a chromo. There's no return for all their love and toil! Its like Mark Twain's lecture upon the deaf and dumb [...]!

Yesterday's snow melts under the approach of the sun. The pretty little dress nears completion. The wax scholars come. We visit in fits. Just the very first little minute that I've tired I go where the big new pillows are.

I have taken to writing up. I like to fill the waiting leaves, and then shut them up for years from now! Will the little home sometime vanish and I, adrift?

Thursday.

April 15.

Treats of winging.

The morning announced the doctor with the streaked beard. The inquest is ready to be published. A better state of things may be expected, and worse powders than the other ones.

The ills I've been to may be assisted in their flight by a change! We change. On the cars we observe the beginning of the Saratoga travel.

Our reception is quite like the kind grandmothers give. Aggie likes everything very much, only for her. I should be too tired to visit, to stir from the big pillows are little step! What did they call it? A debating something presided over by R.G. Well there's where we went and I gazed upon him. How free I am. How nice to be floating matter instead of appendages.

Friday.

April 16.

Is very disquieting to say the least! This begins right in the middle of it. Where the wind blew and the snow covered us, at the bottom of the hill, and me in that new suit! To get home, the one thing to be accomplished at risks! One pathetic picture. Me, carrying the umbrella up that hill!

The next scene!

[drawing]

I'm cross enough. Gertie thinks so in all conscience. A gentle deposition among sun dry bedclothes to await mother's arrival from Albany. A very proper disposal of her.

The house resumes quiet.

Saturday.

April 17.

Moves me to inward sinkings. I get up in an angelic frame of mind, at an hour not to be mentioned as early. I am soon seen going over the same ground under grape shot and cannister, or to tell it all everybody's temper was on tension

ready to snap at any point. Never mind. Its a cross morning, not a bird in all the land, nor a bud.

A good many minutes off in the bedroom alone covered up as if about to be smuggled past a part of entry. A coming back to the world and opening a big letter. Something always waits for us. There is even the next new thing beyond. Sometimes its only a thought that new, and yet is there anything better than thoughts?

Sunday.

April 18.

Ties mother to the whole day.

What makes all the tenderness of the day gather itself so closely to me, and say to me so solemnly that there can never be any death for it. Nothing shall ever go out from the day to stay. Why does everything say so? There was something immortal even in the taking of the cosy breakfast coffee with mother. She helps me put the little new dress on, makes the naughty little collar lay down good, pats this and brushes that and goes to hunt up something else, and all the while I love so to have it like this, just like this.

I am so glad way down in my heart to see a poor hurt face. How sorry I might have been. Dear, dear Aunt Mary. She tried to ask me when I was going to Mich., but she couldn't.

[page is cut off at bottom]

Monday.

April 19.

Entreats us all to be patriotic. Lexington and Concord are ringing centennial bells through the land. We have time to stop and listen. Shall we let our Sparta die? No. We'll tell the boys and girls how grand it is, and bless with all our pride and love, the dear, dear mother-land!

So many tired steps for Fannie. Horse car bells and old ladies with baskets and lame old men, and a long hill, with a front wind every step. But there was an end to even this. A fire burning bright up there, and places to rest.

Mary is going to board down street.....

[page is cut off at bottom]

Tuesday.

April 20.

Calculates singularly. In the first place it fell out that mother must have the toothache, a wrap all up, [rouser] like mine last summer. When [Mip] Hastings, sent up testimony to the effect that she would call early, say 7:30 tomorrow morning, we all sprang up in amused resistance, because, don't you see, Fannie couldn't get up so early, so we brilliantly sent back messengers to announce that we'd meet her at the train down from [S..] at 9:15 P.M., and keep her all night. Blind perversity. Why didn't we see that this would turn mother out of bed, for how could a person whose salary is \$1200 go up stairs to sleep? And besides shake off Fannie's dull sloth before half-past seven too? And my last night home. Well, well.

The lady came. Comfort rose Phoenix like out of the ashes and all survived.

Wednesday.

April 21.

Is for now's and for always. My train was to go at 5:30 and I was all day getting off. It took a good many little minutes to do up the last visiting and get myself up with "an eye to effect" and make up my mind what I wanted to take back and all the other things I do when about to make a start.

When the lights began to be lighted I was moving back to eight weeks of something. In getting into the forward car at Saratoga found [Mips] Mundy, also found Castletonward and explanations followed.

When the cards stopped Satie and Fred were there waiting. What ever there may be waiting for me in the years there will never be for me a warmer welcome than there was tonight. My room had been made so pretty, and my light was burning and every body had a good word, that ever speaks them to me.

I shall always be so glad to look back on tonight and think how it all was.

Thursday.

April 22.

Presents a ghoul. [Fevers] are not overdrawn. The strictest veracity has been observed. It is inexplicable to me how Hon. Edward Conant could choose this day out of all the rest to make his first official visit to our institution unless led on by some evil genius, some foe to our final success. With me in status quo, and the school flicking, he must be charmed. It comes out that I don't get up all day, but have a lovely little time resting and [...] to the story of what has been going on since I left nearly three weeks ago.

I have my little bedroom back again.

Friday.

April 23.

Presents to the gaze of Castleton students a queer figure! After sleeping up to the last minute allowed and taking a quiet breakfast in my room I present myself in the east recitation room as an integral part of the compact. I don't look much like carrying twent-two to waring victors [...] and shouting [...] as in June.

Dear [Mips] Hastings, how glad she was to see me. I don't know what to think of her cold. It doesn't seem to get any better and she is getting so she can hardly hear us at all.

It seems sort of Friday nightish. Why is it we can always tell?

Saturday.

April 24.

Chronicles a sudden turn in the road to the ant! To make a point here I shall be obliged to call myself a name, one which I am growing more and more to deserve. I don't amount to anything at all. I just lie around loose. If I thought much of an existence to flop was before me, and if I thought I could flop, I am certain I would flop away to everlasting bliss without waiting for wings. Then the Rutland Herald would insert the following in a conspicuous place. "Died of flopping. Miss So and So. She just gave one flop and went over". And in another column. "A vacancy having occurred in the State Normal School at Castleton 173 applicants presented themselves for the situation."

Sunday.

April 25.

Gives from an abundance! Dear, dear Sunday, how nice it seems to see it. I know I should feel the Sunday of a day if somehow I should happen to forget that it had come. Its past six weeks since Satie has had her Sunday hour. I feel very thankful that it has all come out so pleasantly for us both, that she can be back again and perhaps stay on now to see the end come.

When I ask God to come into the Sundays and bless them I know He reaches down what He gives in answer out of a wonderful bounty. My heart is too shut-up, too much away from Him to take in more than He bestows. Why don't I stop, get out of this hurry and find some of the meanings?

Monday.

April 26.

Wants to be kept in mind! This is like beginning over a going back to first principles. The uninteresting part was the way I felt. The way I feel now.

It looks as if there was a demand just now for a heart for any fate! I'm not in a quest for the immortal glory part of anything. If I was in a happen so of this kind I wouldn't try half so hard to keep alive. To see me mount heights, (stairs especially) would give you the most painful sensations.

Mr. Hyde is better. Poor man, he know what sore afflictions mean, how people reach the stars [...].

My home letter was good to come so soon. I crawl on and doze and doze if I can, and call it getting along. "Lift up your eyes and see".

Tuesday.

April 27.

Helps me get better. Did any body ever live in this building and get served as royally as does this girl? No bells, no anything until none o'clock and then a lovely breakfast up in my [bithing-room]. It's no wonder I hold out all day under such treatment.

I feel fully installed once more and realize quite to the full extent about how much two graduating classes have before them.

The spring comes back slowly but its promises fill me with sweet content. I am so glad though and through me that the

time is at hand.

Friday.

April 30.

Lets work be sweet to me. I was so glad not to have a naughty headache this morning. So glad to go into the schoolroom and find so much waiting for me to do. I thought a little while that I could never go into the schoolroom again, but it is easy to rise up and over such feelings when one resolutely dares. The work with the first course class grows very interesting. The girls are all real nice to me. My talk with [Mip] Hastings was much like the old talks, the many, many nice ones we have had together, but tonight she got close to me and seemed so tender and pitiful. Perhaps she learned how by going through the dreary ways herself with naughty girls.

Saturday.

May 1.

Says there are no words for the real part. We will not try to tell that part, but we know that the May came and that we were looking to the hills for her. We remember that the girls all started fresh and glowing for the woods. That Satie was sick and could not walk and so felt lonely, wanting to go. There was a horse down to Mr. Patterson's and somebody kept the folks from going and hiring this horse, and the horse kept well and ready for May day service with an evident purpose in view. Pretty quick Satie and somebody were on the way to the woods happy as two chipmunks. That horse entered into it like a merry farmer.

Sequel.

Running pine and trailing arbutus and no end of love stories from the deep woods.

Sunday.

May 2.

Did she? We have about reached the subject of spring hats. Nothing but the want of them have much to do with this Sunday. I try by precept and example to convince the halting that the proud are an abomination and succeed in getting most of the girls to church. There are a great many things in all the Sundays here that are very sweet to me. Nothing tired or sorry, or annoying ever finds its way into our Seminary Sundays. God forgive us all if we are not stronger and better for their ministries.

Mr. Woodruff announces the Corban Society in the Seminary parlors next Wednesday evening.
[page is cut off at bottom]

Monday.

May 3.

Gets tired early. Brings something from away off. I got up fierce for work, nothing but driving away would do, and so, with banners not sable, draped, and tread not slow, measured. I proceeded to the front. The path of duty was the path of danger, for I shipwrecked on the sands. I went down with a valuable cargo.

The mail brought me a sad little letter from Marnie Grose Smith. She writes of doing little last things, putting her house in order for uncertainties with only one certainty before her. "The Lord id good." Yes. O, yes, and He is tender, He gently, carries up
[page is cut off at bottom]

Tuesday.

May 4.

Is sure of shoes. Which means when sufficiently developed that I have a new pair of shoes for every day. [Mip] Mundy and I walk down street after dinner. She to Mrs. Headley's, I, to Guernsey's store, back part. I wonder how long it takes [Mip] Hastings to pick out a pair of shoes. I would like to see her buy a pair. I begin to realize that spring is etherial mildness. It is a pleasant reflection. In past for the dweller in high latitudes I know of few things more comforting.

I haven't been down to breakfast since I came back. How good the people are to help me on so when the way is hard.

Wednesday.

May 5.

Will not let me forget a few things. One can branch out in uncomfortable directions almost anywhere I suppose. Plants can follow the sun and turn toward in any where. People can too, I also suppose. It all depends on "the water". Well, my "water" is to fret a little, not enough to allow for a good sized fritter, but plenty enough for tollering foundations like mine. Some things that happen in this house worry me. The all alone feeling I have sometimes worries me. Some days I think the weeks between are too long, other days they are too short. I wonder why I never knew much about some thing!

The Corban Society are here. We greet them.

Thursday.

May 6.

No, it can never be taken back. I sat down in the dear sitting room to write it tonight and it took me a long, long time. There was so much to think of in the moments between being a part of the work here, and severing myself from it with my own hands.

I feel sure now that the words will stand unrecalled, that what God sent me here to do is almost done. The day has been very bright. Nothing any where gives trace that I am making off or beginning again. Ah, how rain is all architecture save that which is not made with hands! Do we sometimes build better than we know?

Friday.

May 7.

Je vous doute! [I doubt you!] The writer gets herself aroused in the most interesting manner, way up to throbbings and thrillings and horrors. Nothing much the matter. Fair Haven versus Castleton on a spell, that's all. Its the worst spell I have had in some time. Being waited upon by a highly honorable Board and being made to see that retreat was not a

weakness but a sin. I [...] myself up to face the inevitable.

But I didn't spell. All that crashes down on the head of the weak and sinful may trouble on mine. I have no head but a defenceless head, but je vous doute, it was and is.

Saturday.

May 15.

Stirs up what I suppose have got to be stirred. This is the eventful era when classes must be heard on Saturdays. When morning and evening watches must be morning and evening drills. When no classes heave in sight points must be written for dubious essays, and drama rehearsals put in an appearance.

But I am ready. I smell the battle afar off. I might add right here that as a general thing smelling is not my forte. That I long to [Mip] Hastings' department. At present writing no chloride of lime is smelt in our land. [Mips] H. now can think of something besides that drain and that cellar.
[page is cut off at bottom]

Sunday.

May 9.

Wears [royal robes] and extends loving scepters. I can see just how it was, the dear Sunday rest and joy. Me feeling so fresh in my Sunday dress, watching the long shadows play across the grass and the slow unfoldings of the leaf buds.

When the afternoon folks had gone to Episcopal service I was just fixing to visit [Mip] Hastings and there was a knock and Mr. Hyde came in. We had a long talk, and not altogether a Sunday talk, but the issues are weighty.

Satie came home and began to laugh at me. So did Ida.
[page is cut off at bottom]

Wednesday.

May 12.

Takes me where the folded leaf is woved from out the bud! Every day takes us nearer and nearer the living beauty, the beauty that perfects itself as we are ready to go from it. Satie and I go for our first walk in Rice's words. We get tired but enjoy it ever and ever so much. Our trophies are her hepatica leaves, squirrel corn, bloodroots and dear, cunning ferns.

I come back to a Rhetoric review which goes off pretty comfortably. If [Mip] H. was here she'd put an end to evening classes, but seeing she isn't Kitty Davey and I perform in peace. Wicked Kitty Davey, says [Mip] [Jin Bereck].

Thursday.

May 13.

Is pretty enough to get and keep me straight. Something pretty and new is hung out for us to see every day. I can teach and teach and not feel tired a bit. I can look out of the windows on one side off over the hills, or out upon the garden. On the other side I can see the park with its lawn, its maples and elms. All this rests me. It makes me just as happy in my work as I can be.

The poetry of out doors steals in and makes pretty good rhyme out of being hung up, hung down, hung in, hung out. [...] for school, ma'ams.

Friday.

May 14.

Treats of education. Castleton is painted all over with education. Everybody takes odds that this is all any of us want, outside or inside. No one thinks of preaching, praying or exhibiting on any other topic. We abandon ourselves to this infallibility and go to listen to Dr. Woodward. The receipts are thirteen dollars. This is vital.

There was a little time in between school and the lecture, time to eat and time to go to the cemetery. Satie's talk tonight ran on but I couldn't talk. Something about the hands laid across the breast a little way under ground, and the words that no lips could answer to gave me a dull heartache. I am coming so fast to this stillness, and my work. O God forgive me.

Saturday.

May 8.

Goes through a storming [secession] movement and ends with a party.

Dr. Peters would say, "Well, what do you have to do today? It's Saturday." Poor man, how can he sound my ocean of examination papers, or pierce to the pole of my reports to make out. I kept at it until my head swam. Swam across and back. It was easy to get up and dress for dinner at five and after bread and butter and beans with pie for some and not any for me. Satie and I went down to the river bridge and sat in the dark by the darker waters a long sweet hour. What the waters said as they rolled from our feet toward the sea, we can tell best when our feet too seek the sea. The rest belongs to May 15!

Afterwards Mr. Hyde said, all of you come in my room. All meant Emma Grinnell, Satie and me. Savory hands awaited us.

Sunday.

May 16.

Comes in love and tarries. All the days are getting to be so sacred and bring so much that I want to keep that I'm afraid I shall say the same thing over so much that one page will answer for the rest before another week. I didn't go to church this morning. I had a long write in my room over the register with lying down spell in between. It was nice everywhere. I couldn't get out of the nice, go where I would.
[page cut off at bottom]

Monday.

May 17.

In which I tie a torpedo to the vessel with my own hands. Normal waters have been smooth since the outbreak a week ago on the honor question.

The second course honors I have canned, dreading the result of developments. From this time forth I shall be on the ragged edge. Very. I announce.

The future will call up spirits from the vasty deep, who will come and hurl me from the ramparts. You will hear all about it.

[page cut off at bottom]

Tuesday.

May 18.

Wednesday.

May 19.

Thursday.

May 20.

Friday.

May 21.

Appears before the Castleton public. The word went forth and many mighty were called. The day prepared its gifts with thoughts of awaiting blessedness. Nothing was too beautiful to give nothing out of such giving too [rave] for us to ask. The sun grew brighter all day and left us in flame. I kept the pitch, led on, cheered up, marshaled, and made out to keep the ball a rolling until the feast to which we had invited our friends was fully prepared. Reflect with what an aching back to me

[Page is cut out]

The social part at the end went off after a few boosts. Our girls are so afraid of the parlor. Some of them I have to carry them down there usually, when I want them there.

Saturday.

May 22.

Doesn't say much about play. It began early with Arithmetic. An assembling in the east room, some mustering a sending for Katie Fallon who appears somewhat in a half-frantic state, a beginnig but no end. An entreaty to stop up all [...] egress, and be [prep] and against leaks. Followed by a ride with [Mip] Moody. We talked of Colonel Ellsworth, and the old father and mother in Mechanicville, mourning him so. Followed by Algebra. An abundance of things to bring before the people arrives with banners approach, and how can we understand the banner messages without a teacher? How can she teach it in a minute?

Sunday.

May 23.

Monday.

May 24.

Tuesday.

May 25.

Wednesday.

May 26.

Thursday.

May 27.

Friday.

May 28.

It falls to me to take Satie to the "crown-princess" spot. To get news of our immediate decision as relates to the drama "Down by the Sea", to Father Gale it became some of us to go to Cookville. With my usual courage I proposed my self. After deliberating at some length with pa Hyde, it comes about that I'm to have the expedition at risks, and Satie is to attend me. O, lake road can I ever forget you? Dear, holy place where we come to the quiet bay, and are hidden from the great world, that [...] [...] pushes at our gates.

[page is cut off at bottom]

Saturday.

May 29.

Makes no small stir among the brethren. There at once rises up sights and sounds, as if an army muttered. So doth it proceed. The flower committee fly around to make bouquets. There's a great knocking at doors and donning of dresses, and running up and down stairs with pitchers. Parenthesis, (Scene 1. In the office. Annie and Eddie present. Scene 2. In the parlor. An outburst.)

A huddling together of people in spots, little huddles. Oration from a huge man. We listening from above. Oration from [...] man. Much applause.

[page cut off at bottom]

Sunday.

May 30.

Is full of a beauty that is not of earth. Yes. Yes. The beauty that the past sees and the beauty that God loves to reverse to the soul that lives nearest to Him. How happy we may count ourselves to get the feeblest glimpses. To come to a Sunday morning even though the days before and behind may be without sign or token. I've been reaching The Other Girls today and it makes me feel kind of well disposed toward all creation. I took it down on the front piazza by the big pillars and read as long as I could see. Then I went on the upper balcony and heard [Mip] Moody fidget about so much courting in this house. After being full of Mrs. Whitney's words this didn't fit, so I went to talk with Satie.

Monday.

May 31.

Begins a throat campaign. All along of the piazza last night or the rain storm Saturday night I am in a bad state. The throat of me blusters up to be sore and then hoarsifies until any conversation with the lady whose sitting room is across the hall from the Professor's is exceedingly embarrassing. Everybody says, "Why, what a cold you've got". but nobody will tell me where I got it. How can I cure it until I know where it came from? If I only won't be deaf. Syringes for my ears. O, dear! Reverence here and now for [Mip] H's strength of soul!

When the pupils behold me in a viceless state they think the time for them to behave has come, and I get this benefit out of it. Evening class assembles as of [...] and in I go neck and heels, and then I go to bed.....

152.

Tuesday.

June 1.

Is full of lilies of the valley. It came about in the lapse of years that I am invited to the house of the Hon. Pitt. W. Hyde. What honor could I attain to that could be held in comparison for a moment with this? It is mine, all along of [Mip] Miller. She boards there! Things looked all day as if I wouldn't go. My cold increased and it was likely that it would end in croup or typhoid-pneumonia, and who'd want croup or typhoid-pneumonia at the house of the Hon. Pitt. W. Hyde? But I went and it was in the lily time and it was nice. We got out on the piazza in easy chairs and we visited. We went in to tea and then we sat out on the piazza in easy chairs and we visited. Every body that came near where I was handed me a shawl
[page is cut off at bottom]

Wednesday.

June 2.

A vice not like that of the turtle is heard in our land. Its tones are very peculiar. Its accents linger in the ear. Is used in commanding, exhorting, entreating, permitting, and all similar vices in their natural state belong to school-madams. This is a prepared vice prepared by sitting on piazzas nights, and then taking gin and molasses, a most unnatural blending of most unlike substances. Same with me, and the school-business today, a very unnatural blending. No [moving] toward each other, no assimilating!

The mouth of mouths is upon us, its cheer and wealth are before us, and all we have to do is to hold out our hands and take.
[page is cut off at bottom]

Thursday.

June 3.

Finds whether it does any good to whine or not. At the close of a speech yesterday the obvious object of which was to impress upon all that graduating essays would be expected from each, without it being necessary for the pupil to decide whether he should or should not write. I announced that to help things along I would give them tomorrow and they could do whatever they pleased with it, only essays must be in Monday. "A long day to devote to those already in". I said, but alas! for maiden! She looked at no essays. Had eyes for nothing except the bundle that came from home. It was all day with her. The beginning of it was
[line is cut out] four
[line is cut out]
headache. The end of it was pillows, and not Book 1.

Friday.

June 4.

The Glen. The work was taken up again, and moved on toward what it is to be, as if I had not rolled in pain all day yesterday, as if there were no hard things close by. I felt in me as if I had been sick and shut up away from people for years. Good did the first out door breaths seem to me. Cheery the walk through the halls. When what had to be was, we found ourselves in the part of the June day where we were to day what shall be. I know the way now to the Glen. How is it that I didn't know before? Was this shut up hidden place reserved for Satie and I to find.

[line is cut out of page]

[line is cut out of page]

I like the place. A solemn [dog] came to see about it. We sail home in another direction and find arms full of cinnamon ferns.

Saturday.

June 5.

Brings [Mip] Hastings and dates events. I was led enough to hear that [Mip] H. was coming tonight. Every body was. We've all said out loud and inside that we missed her. Kitty Davy's irregularities have not lessened under [Mip] Moody's treatment! This is one of my blustering days. Every time any body looks at me he or she knows that something is going on and I'm doing it all the [...] boys get out of the way. (Figurative purely!)

Mrs. Cole, and [Mip] Fifield are announced. Are smiling and in white! Annie Phelps is announce. Are radiant! As I don suitable apparel and start to the distant depot, a voice a doleful sound pursues me. It is the Professor. "Would I do something which should tend to bless him?" Enlarged.

O, if my sympathies only weren't so much bigger than my ideas! But I do it and I have not told events, her estimated possibilities! Not I. And dear [Mip] H. is here.

Sunday.

June 6.

Notes [unwanted] proceedings. The first Sunday in June came as still and with no word of his coming, just as so many

of God's perfect gifts come. Come what will of might and sorrow we always know that just such days as this will come again. That beautiful surprises await us all along the road. We all got to church once more. Elects and all. How relieved I felt. How self-possessed I, sink back into myself. Mr Woodruff preached and it sounded better than usual. Poor little persecuted man.

After our Sunday dinner we repaired to the parlor. I in [Mip] Hastings' embraces. The Professor through the window asked me to go with him to ride! To ride! O bliss. With him! O, ecstasy! Further on Satie too is of the called! But the rest of it cannot be named or called. It is near the gardens of my dreams. Was I in Italy? Did I gaze on [C...]?

Monday.

June 7.

Says Glen, but no dog. I stepped down from Patmore and poetry with a good grace although I found it a big step for one bound. Once down and in the go at it we wheel around and hard prosed don't hurt us any. Class honors still is grieved over and fussed about. It bothers me. The side that knows about confusion, and such things has hurries for the days to go. The rest of me holds the days back.

This time Ida went with us to the Glen. Satie went up stream, way up to see where the water fell over the rock. Ida and I picked ferns and sat on the stairs and talked. When we got home we all sat down in the parlor and visited, a thing we don't often do on a week day night. [Mip] Hastings wants to find out where the Glen is. Wonders if whe can walk there. There's no doubt of it if Judge Willard open gates for her as he did for us.

Tuesday.

June 8.

The blue hill! [Mip] Hastings wanted some houstonias. EVerybody up and thought they knew that the little blue eyed urchins were gone for this year. I said, "Maybe not. We'll go and see." So down the old Main St. across the track, into the pastures, through the lane, and behold a few straggling scattering Houstonia coeruleas. On a little further, and we can scarcely believe our eyes. The round hill is just one perfect mass. Such bluets as our most abounding days in bluet time more brought. We pour out our treasures to [Mip] H. who enters into our enthusiasm.

I miss the evening coming together for prayers so, but since I've had so many sick nights and so many class nights the dear little prayer nights stop. O, if only there could be more hands to do what must be done here. I love the work so, but I can't do half, all.

Wednesday.

June 9.

Pulls us after it. The problem now to be solved is how to get the most classes heard, the most essays corrected, the most contrary people converted, the most unbelieving convinced, the most reports made out, the most plants watered, the most exercising done, the most washing and dressing attended to. One difficulty looms. I cannot make her eat. She will invite a bowl of hot coffe with perfect equanimity. The solid portion of creation she doth despise. Satie's little soul is in despair at such doins!

Mutterings are growing to grumblings and grumblings to mighty mumblings in this town of ours. Storms loom above the horizon. Our little man is tempest-tossed but who will dare to say that he is not comforted? Who that lives opposite and hears the sound of slippers?

Thursday.

June 10.

Sends her to seeing about it. I used to think it and now I know it. Mr. F. Patterson whatever else he may be, discreet he is not. He has lost my valuable patronage by this. I send Annie McDonald forth to see if there's any body else in town that wants to promise a horse for day after tomorrow and then go off with it to stay a week. Verdict. Nobody has any horses.

Work narrows now. I can see the shortening up. I near the place where things stop without that gloom and night that I have felt sometimes. I can't feel that I am going away to stay. The come all overishness of it is recurred for some [coming] season.

I like to have something to look ahead to, but I needn't feel so grand. I haven't any horse yet.

Friday.

June 11.

Opens doors into new and pleasant ways.

This time I attended to that little business myself. I did it. Two horses to engage in one day. This is new, 2 [...] horses in [symbol] infinity days runs the record.

After we come up from dinner we all went on the big piazza and we couldn't help seeing what a pleasantness there was about the night! Mr. Young had found it out and taken [Mip] J. B. to verdant towers and June meadows, and 33 1/3 cents a piece would do the same for us. This, statistics ascertained! Think of it. Bliss weighed in the balcony with brass! Green towers by the side of green backs. We are not slavish in our [...]. Such delight never was weighed out for 33 1/3 cents before.

It was too nice to be us and to be there on the lake. There was real poetry in it. Coming home our horse fell down. (Maynard's) Where was the poetry of that?

Saturday.

June 12.

Sends me forth to receive what my heart has asked for. It has asked for the mountains, for a day away off up in them, glimpses of far away things and hidden places, a day of gentleness and strength where the world is not nor can be. And I have wanted to give the little girl a day for her own, one that nothing could ever take away.

Breakfast over, the lunch packed, the horse here before the great house stirred.

[We're] off in the early morning with the fresh sun in our faces, off with years before us all to be stamped by this one fair day. This is the ride of rides to me. Two years ago this day I was over the same road, through the transcendent beauty of this Wendon mountain.

A steady trot, and pony brings up at Jennie's gate. Jennies not loth. Feathers and tired backs. A natural blending.

Sunday.

June 13.

Loves richly to enjoy. Another day at the farm with a year lived through in between. With a great deal of life in between this and the next time perhaps. There's something about it all here that seems so good. I like to come.

We took a ramble in the morning down to the barn to see our pony, over in the meadow along the Otter Creek, up in the edge of the woods by the dogwood. We talked a lot and that would be part in here. I can't write down Jennie's talks any better than I could write what the birds say. The next noteworthy experience is putting my arms in [chance] [...] up to the pit, (arm pit). Considerable laugh.

At the last a thinking when the next would be, and saying the good-[byes].

A long long ride home. A seeing the lights gleam from the Seminary windows once again. A [morn] to smile us homeward.

Monday.

June 14.

Gives life a different figure. Put the horse up in the stable, open ears to a long succession of bells, plant chairs where there aint any rockers to [...], where work pulls first one way and then another, fly around among a lot of girls and you'll find out pretty near, how this day differs from some others. I have found out. I have flipped down into it.

I have suddenly come into possession of a great secret, and it raises me up. A letter from George, telling me what to do. What management it will require!

[Mip] Hastings is in, was in a stir over a "very important" letter which isn't in her hand, and ought to be. We finally convince Mr. H. that he has it, and she's more airy. This is Susie's birthday, bless her.

Tuesday.

June 15.

Sends the principal and the associate principal "early to bed". As announced per programme the public works are open. The great outside, are expected to come this day, if at all. Some bustling inside, shaking of heads, quivering, looking for four-leaf clovers. The first eleven were to themselves what is better than a great many other things honest appreciation. Brave little hearts, they have [...] striven. The second eleven win to themselves unprecedented honors. According to [Mip] W. they in Geometry "made an astonishing record", no. I believe thought was "extraordinary".

You have heard now what sent the associate early to bed. With the principal it was different. It was about four lives in the Rutland Herald. I feel sorry for him or else I'd say. No show of courage, and he a man is weak to be half-hearted, and all that sort of thing.

The teachers en masses come down hard on the Rutland paper, by a meaning card.

Wednesday.

June 16.

Is mixed up in a project and some forebodings. [Mip] Hastings is assuming a very philanthropic form. Entering into the present interests of MR. Hyde she works with an assiduousness that is worthy, this we say secretly, of a better cause. There are certainly some things we cannot honestly stand up and confront. I am so ashamed of myself that I can't go and say right to him the plain truth as it stands out [clear] and best in itself! But I am a coward. In the midst of essays [Mip] H. and Mrs. Stiles come in, and we have a close talk, the first and the last. Born out of a further one with [Mip] H. is a project to get from the pupils and expression concerning Mr. Hyde. I pour forth into Freds ears and the thing begins.

Mr. Dana arrives [...]. His Friend and fellow [...] is at the hotel laboring under the supposition that Dr. Carpenter is there, a man servant.

Thursday.

June 17.

Closes in Egyptian darkness. It begins and it ends, the day of days to Normal girls. Its significance is that the [beam] swings.

The traces of painful uneasiness do not lessen as the hours drag on. The first course mortally low over the written examination, the [second] trembling after in view of their tomorrow. The principal does not go to bed or call the doctor, but hitches up and carries the forlorn associate to [...] [...]. She, it may not be uninteresting to state got herself in a pitch. Do you comprehend? She destroys more nerve tissue in one hour of this kind that all Vermont [...] make up to her. Now aint it so? There couldn't be a more forlorn flock than ours. [...] sits upon white faces, and the next thing is utter despair.

Friday.

June 18.

Classe's in hosannas. Last night and tonight seem separated by a chasm scarcely narrower than the one between heaven and the other place! After the most conclusive assurance from such one separated and collectively that he or she should not pass I wait with tremblings many for the final cast. Down at the Town Hall it was dreary waiting for I could not [...] my feet to go up to Normal Hall. My heart was in my boots.

There wasn't one but that I should have felt so sorry for! But Normal Hall rings as it only can ring such times! The steps that come to bring me courage are quick, strong, sure ones. All that I have worked for are safely over. What was to have been, is!

The evening whirled but it could not be tired. Not one of the drama of farce folks were there that did not act with overflowing spirits. When can they live such another night again?

Saturday.

June 19.

Puts in jeopardy both life and limb. The associate is now called on to understand that a great and terrible land is before her. A work stupendous even in contemplation! It has but one name, one only. The very breathing of it will call up before you all. Essays. To there she betakes herself. Of her you will not be largely informed for some time to come. How can you even my elbow friend. How can you expect it? She begins. O, for knowledge that I might put on paper right here one long expressive sigh!

Night chased us again to Hydeville solitudes, fate bringing [Mip] Hastings and I together! How near we are to the end of things!

We all bring up at the Seminary again, and sleep is no dreaded farce, or dreams perplexed dramas!

Sunday.

June 20.

Horses and baccalaureates. It is wicked to correct essays Sundays. My, how glad I am! It is to my infinite gain that Vermont respects the Decalogue!

I don't record in this connection that morning service drew my weary feet, for they were weary, and go, they did not! We won't stop here to discuss the wisdom or the vastness of the determination that weighed and kept her home.

Her face did dawn upon the Advent worshippers. [Mip] H's too and Satie's! Verdict. Glad they did! Not much of the quiet undercurrent for [...] move of the [waned] that lie at the foot of rocks waiting to be [turned]!

A gathering of the nations but no preach poor or otherwise. No, A.B. Lambert D.D. as per announcement! We know why, not tonight but afterward. It was a horse. He gave out.

Monday.

June 21.

Dreams of a better world. Any body could easily with a lap full of essays. I know of no little exercise more likely to awaken thoughts of a heaven for you and a heaven for me! "How do you do it"? says Ignorance? "Why rewrite them, stupid!"

Regardless of lunch I absorb myself. That might mean, I eat myself, or evaporate. A rather dubious construction. I stand corrected. I mean essays absorb myself beyond lunch and regardless of anything so insipid as tending to making blood. Blood will have to be made without my help, for essays must be made! Comprenez vous? As a rehearsal of my [three] lads in the shadow of Salamagundi I catch a vision thus' the window of John Dooley. This is pretty good. Don't it?

The week leads off with Seminary doings. I am there. O yes I am [unheard]!

The Rutland Globe announces that Dr. Lambert's sermon is Castleton last night was very fine etc. etc. etc.

Tuesday.

June 22.

Tells about going from home and leaving essays behind her. One of the [beauteous] of the hour is Chinese lanterns made by hand. This awakes [Mip] Moody's soul to joybul lags and some tendency to give a growl or two because this one don't or that one don't!

I don't approach any end in essay reconstructions. I don't get to any point where I can see that there is less to do about them! Thus my soul finds a trial. It is glad to get one. Its I that jumps up and says, "I am going up to Delia's with Jennie, if I have to fix essays all night, if the commencement has to be postponed by virtue of this rashness." I do. I go up behind mr. C's white horse as befits my royal state!

A strawberry short cake comes to light, including several free performances by the two silly girls! Dooley and Delia. Franch dramas and things.

Wednesday.

June 23.

Imbibes essays in a manner differing widely from the preceding. I've sat all couched over at the little yellow stand for quite a period of time now. Fate said "Give your brain a racking". Thus has it been, and yet I rack still. The light at the end of my tunnel is so faint that it gives me the idea of Thanksgiving the first week of the fall term! Most of the essays get into a shape to be read. The State does not expect me to copy them!!

My seat at the yellow stand is vacant while I move down to the church and there listen to what I've already groaned over in the weariness of my soul! I could not be spared even this! But the day is bright. I can assume a business like air in walking through the streets of Castleton. Positively the last appearance of "My Brother's keeper". Of "The Living Stature".

Thursday.

June 24.

Impresses itself in what it let me [...], rather than in what it gave!

I shall always be sorry that I managed to miss the fat things full of marrow, the wine on the less well-refined, that everybody else had today, offered proffered, by the Rev. Irving McGee of Albany. I and all put out about it. Anybody could know that! Well suppose I am. The world does not need this or you in such static. It is knocking at your gate for better things already. There's always somebody near enough to you to get a part of your shadows.

The concert even with a great storm outside was melody that reached down. The concerts strike off the years for me. Between the pieces I stop between the years, threading my way back. The confusion is vast at the Sem. One essay more, Satie's, remains to be worked up. Come, be a Spartan or nothing!

Commencement Day!

Friday.

June 25.

A going forth in the summer days. The rain that laid the dust and made everything over fresh and new shall first receive the compliments of the graduating classes. I shall take it upon myself to make honorable mention as follows. The figure that helped dress all the girls. The hearts that beat with joy or pride at the success of any of them. The one or two, if one or two there were, that had no one to be real glad for them. The florist, the paper-man, my sister, [Mip] Hastings, John [...], and the boy, all of which had a hand in making Satie's surprise so complete! [Mip] Underwood for remembering that I too loved bouquets and had none thrown at me.

If the essays to right of me, essays to left of me, now that they were in front of me had only volleyed and thundered! Don't say much to me about receptions, this one. If you are precious in my sight I'll hear you, but I can't be calm!

Saturday.

June 26.

Sinking below the verge. Off the ships, that we have spoken, in welcome communication, now go for the great sea. A moment and nearly all are out of sight. Below the verge.

I am so tired of saying good-bye. It was so since, such a piling of quiet satisfaction to have the chance once to accost one individual with "How do you do?" It made me think that perhaps every one was not going away today!

A queer feeling is left about the house. I can't tell you how it made me feel to go in dear [Mip] Hastings room for the last time, and wait and wait because I could not say "good bye". It stuck in my [...]. There was a feeling like [making] almost the last and best in the links, and [live] broken so many today, for a forever that is very long.

To an afternoon at Judge Bromley's where I've always been going to be but never got to a visit before. Very pleasant it was.

Sunday.

June 27.

Gives me once more to see the crown-princess spot. If we staid for one of the old Sundays we did not get it. People that had found themselves to Julia for a day had to go. That was Miss Sarah. People that had courting to do had to do it, that was Jennie and [Mip] J.B. People that had to almost eat each other for the love, then had to do it of course or have a chance at least. That was Eddie and Ida. People that had an [...] trunk to pack, had to make an awful [...]. That was I! Well so it went pretty much and all the morning there was a fury in a rainstorm! There was something better than trunks [page is cut] [...] for [page is cut] away. I shall do some living some where before I stand by the little [bay] again. God help me that it may be a time life. The whole day does not go without some of the Sunday blessedness.

Monday.

June 28.

Realizes for the first time that we are never to wander back. There are sounds of many footsteps in the old girl's hall this morning, the last time feet will sound there these many mornings, the last time these feet will ever sound thru the hall. The little party that stayed over for the last Sunday are very sad this morning. There's a clinging to the old life. We would all keep it just a little longer if we could. We are not sorry for any love that we have given. Is anybody ever! Do not we always on such days as this decide that we will love better, richer always after this? Is not this a part of what such days are for? Rollin, [Mip] J.B. and Mr. Leonard go first. Then Ida and Jennie. Next Mrs. Rising and Minnie [page is cut] [page is cut]

Mr. Hyde and I have got back to where we started, the great house as it was before the girls came, as it is with the girls gone.

Is [this] the only sweet love story that has come with the year? Mr. Eastly, give him a little corner.

Tuesday.

June 29.

Out of the quiet ways. Yes it came our time to go. To leave the great still house, and go away from the life that has been sure, that in any case nothing can ever seem quite the same again! There's our sweet certainty. We are sure to keep the best, nothing that has been lived truly or come into our living can ever go. It is only the difference of places that makes us sometimes seem to lose. The last lips that I kissed were Johnny Smarts' and Fred's, the last shake of the hand with Mr. Hyde. The last look at the old Sem. from the cars.

It is [...] to record that I got along so well with my bundles.

The home door swings wide for me. God keeps me still a mother to be glad I came!

Wednesday.

June 30.

Don't have to say much for itself. It was wonderful how many things I had to say to mother and quite as wonderful how I got so many said, considering that I didn't dawn upon the family until it was about time to get the potatoes for dinner! The first day at home after an absence seems so unlike other days. It's the feeling of first new things. [...] get used to nice things after a time as well as tortures and screws!

The little home looks very pretty now. I might be standing in last summer or in this one as far as the things lived among say. Dannie has taken my old room, and mother sleeps down stairs. This is all the difference in the outside part. I hope this summer will be as full of content as was the dear one a year ago.

182.

Thursday.

July 12.

Will listen to strange records. The strangeness of it will doubtless consist in the finding that many of the interesting details she'd have hitherto been the all absorbing delight of the journalist will now drop out. All mention of bells will be strictly lost right in these pages. There will be no mention of anything that may, can must, might, could, would or should be done! Doing is not to be thought of.

The fruitful mind of the author will vent its force in telling all the interesting items offended by sleep, also how lazing round is done easy, ways of resting your back, of getting music without making it or asking for it. Of dreaming without any [worry] about it anywhere. I want it understood that I want my dreams [...], ethereal, that kind. We are now coming to the "Summer in a Garden past!

Mr. Johnson (Rev) called.

Friday.

July 2.

Goes forsooth into the school business. I feel as if the fact that I went near a school or felt of one needs at once to be excused. That my seat was on a bench this morning is [ours] entirely to the respect due my sister. Nothing but a tribute to her could possibly have drawn me from my bed this morning. What sent me down to Columbia St. to [Mip] Rumble's examination I do not myself perfectly understand.

It would have been attributed to my disease. Most every bad thing about me, especially rushing headlong into things I have no business to do may be by proper appreciation or skill on your part. O, my critic, ascribed to that one cause. Respect for my sister's desires sent me down in the evening to the closing exercises of the High School. Now, you see, I am tired again, all out of respect.

Saturday.

July 3.

[...] age creeping on. I have been a long time in this world. Whether I have as yet earned a right to a heart that thumps and a back that groans over itself, one still undetermined. Dear, I feel so old with all my aches and Grandma feels so young way up in the hundreds, almost.

We are blessed with convenient weather, for us, or else we have a place convenient for weather. The folks who get melted and dirty live down street. The hill reserves better things for us. I galivant less, and am glad to record it. I haste to chronicle a visit with my mother and her mother in the open door. This is a good world as long as the mothers stay in it.

Sunday.

July 4.

Beams on. The first thing I knew this morning Aggie came in all dressed, saying "Uncle William's come. Didn't you hear the door-bell ring?" We had a real lively breakfast. The bright, shiny bell in the caster rang to show off, and the coffee you could smell down at the cataract. Grandma renewed her youth abundantly at the sight of the only boy she owns.

I had one of the dreaded times with my heart. They make me feel so bad, while they last, as if I was going quick.

The holy part of the day to me was the walk to church early in the evening, and the walk home. My prayer's seemed to reach the ear of Jesus, when I knelt for the good-night.

Monday.

July 5.

Valleys and thunders.

Yes ma'am. I've wished me up on Wendon mountain all day, away from the approaches of whizzers and bangers!

I don't know enough about military tactics to describe the noises. Anything that could hiss or shoot or pop or splace, has been brought out and my head is a living [can] [pendium] of sound. At home none of us banged. The worse noise Ma made was to turn the ice cream freezer, and the worse one I made was to flutter a fan. I was known to give one shout-all, her strength to the recue, to call Uncle William to dinner. Mother's short cake aroused all our slumbering patriotism. We sat and loved the country where such berries could grow.

[page cut off at bottom]

Tuesday.

July 6.

Implores the clouds to descend in blessing and they do. My whole system sinks down in freezing regions, whenever I see that clothes basket of mothers full of sprinkled clothes. Behold a paradox. Down in that sinking the sweat pours off of me. If I had a basket of clothes to iron I wonder if I'd feel as bad as I do to see mother do it. All the palms there are in this house wave furiously. There's no respite from the burning fury, until the heavens grow merciful and send a shower of rain and an attempt at whirlwind. After the shower it was lovely up on the hill. The [...] never looked prettier to me.

Aggie comes up in great discovery, to exclaim that mother sent her up
[page is cut off at bottom]

Wednesday.

July 7.

Treats of shops and stops. The whole day charmed us. It cooled us off, without any [...] showers at the end of it. Aggie on shopping intent forwards herself to Albany. I lend to the occasion the charm of my voice (far-fetched) (What?).

The position I take in this house today is not so much a matter of choice as of necessity. But there's one consolation. I can sleep lying down (!). Representative then is more than a solace, or a solid, it's a panacea. Aggie comes back laden bearing over with goods. She scolds because I don't go and buy a lace scarf and bundles like hers. Grandma appears to the front as my champion!

The day ends in big dishes of ice cream.

Thursday.

July 8.

Enervates a fellow. Tghe hour was ten. At ten the lamb was at the dentists'. How can I describe it!

He said, "Now open your mouth". Inspection followed with some prying. A seizure of tools. At two he was still at work, and no stirs from me. He chiseled and hammered and jerked, and filed and planed, and sawed, and chopped, and scraped, dug channels, built embankments, laid entrenchments and threw up earth works. Sounds of creaking, falling in of foundations, and others huge and melancholy strike upon my [down]. Then he puts both hands in my mouth, then he gets in himself.

I am happy to state that I am not to go again for a year. I go to sleep to dream of more filing and scraping and chopping.

Friday.

July 9.

Blesses me over again. I thought there wasn't anything to bless me with either in Troy or on the road thither. So I took the life up patronizingly and followed my uncle and my sister around. But, stop, in front of Nims. I go, my eyes fell upon [Mip] Hastings. My Castleton [Mip] Hastings, and how glad I was. How much I could think of to say in no time.

There was a long, hot hill and our arms were full. At the top Miss Satie was and George.

The rest was what I wanted. The rain might chant its dismal [dings] and the sun burst out between in scorchings many. Nothing could hurt or destroy in all His holy mountain. Bright paths are open to our eager feet.

I looked with all my eyes on the one who dares to believe that he is good enough for Satie, and I almost say, "yes".

Saturday.

July 10.

Tell about floods to stem. The rain has no idea of stopping. Just the moment the most inopportune it comes rushing forth. We behave accordingly, adjust ourselves to [...] such a temper. Our proposed visit to [Mip] H. which forbade at least three last maps, was a failure. Too late, was the seal set upon it. We were in time to give her one more "good bye" and she was whewed on irrepressible trains toward the Kensington of which we've heard. Our party bring up at Hoosick Falls in a pitilers rainstrom. Find doors open and flowers and summer there.

It was in Hoosick Falls one winter night that I received a beautiful welcome from a tender old man and a loving lady, both of them are being welcomed into an eternal home tonight.

Tuesday.

July 13.

Steps off. Who will get the girls off when mother is gone, put their fresh, clean clothes and fixings all away in the boxes, get their lunch ready, make them eat breakfast, all nice and hot, and delicious, tie their bonnets, button their gloves, kiss them good bye and wish them the golden time they will be ever to have because mother wished it. O, O, who will do it by and by? I can't look in such years as those?

All day long on my river, never for once being tired of watching, never wishing we were there, just gliding in a blessed content from shore to shore. Such days are not earthly days, they cannot be.

The last part of the journey we ride from one thunder shower to another, until past Yonkers the biggest one of all bursts over our devoted heads. I tell you then I thought of mother.

The last Scene, Uncle Will mutton stew, and a jaunt.

Wednesday.

July 14.

Gazes upon Crawford. First I must scold about that depot man! and I want to, very much! The idea of setting up to know and saying Aggie and I could not go on one train when it is a legal enactment of the Jersey R.R. charter that two sisters shall never thus be readily separated, "Half and hour to wait", said I, in unimpaired wisdom! Just then I looked up and a man was helping my sister on board a train wax cross and all, cars in motion! Well, that is singular, says I to myself, so I jumped on my train for fear that would start but I needn't have burdened myself with needless fears. It didn't.

Having duly found out where Dr. [D...] lived and bound thither. I was allowed to go only a few steps for the first train I met contained the lady I wanted! An unsuspected piece of good fortune for me, who try frequently to be forlorn. Then a ride and a long one.

Saturday.

July 17.

Gets some uncomfortable. I was vigorously aroused from my dreams of Castleton by the announcement that perscriptions were to begin their perfect work, and a ride was in store before breakfast. We went up to the old woman's for beans. There we obtained in unlimited quantities. To one thing I shall never submit. To having Susie call the venerable beanwoman & Frangipanni, a name bequethed to me, and justly mine.

[page is cut out]

I've left the ... [page is cut out]

past for this little corner. A little place is large enough to fret in. I know I've come to a stand still. Have no idea of what the next for Hope means, but the Lord knows what to do with me, and I am believing a little.

Sunday.

July 18.

Knows how his love went before me each day. It came with all its beauty giving no word, no sign of its coming. Night ended in day while we were yet with dreams. Dawn the very daughter of the [mom] looked forth while yet [lined] eyelids lay on tired eyes. A nice long sleep for my blessed mother in this morning. How nice it seems to say it!

Have sat forth Susie a good deal today, and it has seemed good to me.

[Page is cut out]

more.

I am glad Jesus has been so near. He would not let one little lonely minute come. He would not wait for me to call.

Monday.

July 19.

Gives me soon a little sun. All along of "Roe" sleeping half the night in the big chair down stairs. Susie and I miss our ride, strictly prescribed to be taken before breakfast. At 8:45 Susie goes to New York and I go with the [...], to see his patients and to find out if I have any. I plainly see I have. I am ripe-full stocked! Hurra for [Mip] Bromley! Folks what aint got" new white suits "bought in New York" "aint of no account now". Not even though they flame and blaze with a new collar. My croquet was insufferable, but I felt just as good cantering over to Elizabeth with J. M. as if I'd forever established my reputation in Crawford as a young lady of ability in croquet! Seven words from home, after all this long time, aggravating!

Tuesday.

July 20.

Prospective. Fighting it out on this line will take all summer. Additions. Nature builds slowly. I've been tearing down so long that I mustn't expect reconstruction instantaneous. So I try, and don't. I do all the business according to hours, for things, inwardly rejoicing that all the circumstances are on my side. I creep slowly back toward health without retrograde movements. Sleep, diary, and Epps on Constipation took up time. So did croquet and a going to the post office for susie, and a wee ride and a coming home to toast the feet of us. It's been a good day. It was easy not to fret the least little bit, looking for signs in the skies, that I build.....

No perceptible improvement in croquet.

Friday.

July 23.

Dates the event of my being lost in getting to the bean woman! The early ride was perfection itself. Such and air as I've

not breathed since I left heaven long ago. Overhead the clouds were scampering, and the bright blue kept trying to shine through, and it did. It ended in a great, glorious shine! I washed and went to be. This I must not neglect to chronicle. Slept. This too is important. Had no clean clothes to put on and sighed for Aggie's trunk.

In the middle of a cosy [...], (which looks like teakettle) on the porch, we heard a rattling on the board walk by the church, and saw the young lady near at hand but she didn't have any trunks about her anywhere. It fell to Mrs. Crocker and I to go for beans, I was the philosopher and guide! once the trusted one. The whole story came out at least. She didn't know beans.

Saturday.

July 24.

Gets a vision of some clean clothes. The trunk got here by supreme management. It was Susie's foresight that saw how we could take our early wandering steps to Elizabeth and when there recheck. It was my throat that yelled to a parsing expressman and my feet that made haste to get where speaking availed! I don't have to tell how I washed for it isn't wash day, nor how I slept for it was only two winks. The day has been lovely. Not hot, just sun enough to keep us all in it, and an air that was good to take in, in quantities unmeasurable.

A letter from Julia Miller.

It has been good to be glad and to rest to day! ...

The Dr. says Satied will probably live but a short time. Such a nice visit with my little sister!

Sunday.

July 25.

Lives in sunlight.

The Sundays are the hard days to tell about. The heart turns toward the heavenly Beulah. There are drawings toward a higher living, a feeling that God is drawing nigh to these poor, hearts of ours and who can tell such things or write them here for covering days and years!

Mr. Roberts words were far off and floating as far as my consciousness is concerned, His voice, O, misery!

Sleep, washing, respiring, Kali-cart, there repeated. Very [t...]. Our walk down to the river bridge tonight was the best of anything yet. I have been real happy today. I know now.

I read John 17, and Isaiah 40-53 and 54th, on the porch to Susie. Meantime I must not let Aggie get homesick. Dear little heart!

Monday.

July 26.

Bespeaks showers. These were the framework, we'll fill in now. The first item announces a home paper, and a letter from Jennie, full of black raspberries and cream. I went speedily to So. Wallingford on the wings of the wind, and straight to the garden with the stone-wall.

Coming to a gradual unfolding after my prescribed nap found Susie standing by the bed. She appeared the said to state

that I was about to have unprecedented honor conferred upon me and was I ready? "No I wasn't", but anyway in any condition I was about to meet Mr. Sprague, Mr. Charley, properly speaking, I did. We are friends.

I've gone from Kali-cart to Spongia [...]. A promotion probably and Harvey don't ask us, "Will we have a sail" any more. The evening refers to legal [whist] and a jolly call from Mr. and Mrs. Clark. The former, some on a sing.

Thursday.

July 29.

Contains sounds as of water falling. This mostly, beginning way back just this side of our morning ride. That we got in spite of the rain business! A conspicuous feature of the day was the battle with the [fl...]. Each of us around with poles rushed on their bulwarks and the enemy flew in all directions. Our nice little plan is interferred with by a vast supply of rain. We go not to New York, but sit beside Crawford, Agnes on [...] intent. The rain makes sorry thoughts, this time, little lovely, things, little pieces out of this rainy night somewhere.

How things we want to come over us nights when the rain comes.
How sure we feel sometimes that we can do.

Friday.

July 30.

Takes up a line of march. The outside was sunshine itself, the most soul-inspiring of mornings. "Lovely" the whole to all of us but Mrs. Crocker who never allows herself to utter extravagant or high up adjectives! One can be very low down even the blandest of mornings in fact, sick. This fact well demonstrated by Aggie. This part began back of the daylight, and Dr. Dart, made two visits on us before it was time to blow out our light and trust to the great light out doors. I was glad when the blue eyes shut and the pain began to go away. How sorry mother will be if visiteres of this night fill her dreams! We do get off to New York finally. Do get into the [hurra] [boys] of living. Do get wishing before an hour that nothing would happen to keep us here long.

Saturday.

July 31.

Is emphatically a line of march taken up. I consider myself fated, told not to do things, and then set down where they have to be done. Told not to walk. No. No. Allowed to go only on pledges not to walk and then find that I'm called upon in the flesh to walk, to take Broadway in at one gasp. Some stress might be placed on one thing that I didn't do. I might have done it, but it is beautiful to record that she did it not. No, she didn't climb to the top of [Trinity]. Another valiant chronicle. She did not walk back. This time it was heads that were up. Our two. They've been examined and writ about and that's one way of becoming immortal! I think of it how, with hand in my purse-strings. Dear, at cost.

I [...] me back to Crawford after the dark creeps on. Not the sorry little girl I was, but sure of a rest waiting.

Sunday.

August 1.

Speaks once, only once. And this once brought the words that I couldn't find or come to since I began to think about

things to choose from, "Lo, I am with you always". I can go now to Michigan, to India, to the High School with Mr. Steves, to Castleton even! I feel sure about things tonight. If I could only know how for sure just what God's thought for me is. I would begin quick to do it. He will make it plain! He and Mr. Roberts from the text, "If we suffer we shall also reign with him". I can feel tonight the soul that Dr. Bridgman would fill a sermon on this text with. It is his grand subject of subjects. He believes so intensely in suffering with Christ, loving for His sake. Sometimes in little seldom minutes I can feel how great a thing it is to be called to suffer for His sake. Why must I be kept so free from it?

Monday.

August 2.

Seems like a hush, in things. I could lie in bed and hear the drip, drip of the rain far back in the early morning. It came out that I could do the same any time all day, and at present sitting, it being mine in the evening of the same day. I hear the drip, drip going quietly on. This will give air to understand what kind of day it was.

Susie said "it was poky down stair without me, and it was a dreadful day to be poky in". So I took up the little pain and went down stairs with it, the pain that performs so.....

The Shabby Genteel Story presents more shams than I enjoy in my inner consciousness. I have it for more soul renewing themes, botanizing that miserable little imposition of a flower for instance! Clue? No, not yet.

My mood tonight is the one "Where [...] was she has left me with. [page is cut off]

Tuesday.

August 3.

Lives in a "what shall I do"? Another day of steady drip drip, broken by struggling flashes of sunlight. Very flashy. I read Middlemarch some and wrote to Satie. This left me a large share of a day to do the rest in which rest consisted in challenging myself. All at once it would come over me that I ought to go home and be examined tomorrow. Then I would deliberately try and think up all the advantages there may, can, or will sprout up from going to Ann Arbor. Every day they seem harder to find and every minute it gets to seem nicer and nicer to be with mother! Weak hearted girl today. But she loves mother so! O, years speak tonight. Open just a little way, and tell me things!

Wednesday.

August 4.

Revives spirits which have been known to droop. It will be well to mention that we were refreshed by several showers. Some sun came to our rescue. Saved us from going into a monastery, or engaging a school!

Middlemarch is an unfailing source of interest among these women in this household. We discuss it when we feel like it and when we don't we look out to see if it rains. The movings inside of me oppress me less. I have a put off about me. These guilt days call for a good deal of living. Things look better to me now, brighter, as if I could do things, sometimes. As if mother should have a quiet happy old age. O, bless the light that comes upon us. Bless even the darks that make the light so infinitely dear. I have so far started as to go at Greek, with vigilance.

Thursday.

August 5.

Vows that this shall not be a dry and thirst land. This may signify to you as I mean it shall that the heavens above poured forth unto us. The times unexpected. The seasons, various.

Night finds me a good deal tired, which is a new story, most like I left it. What makes or did make me tired is what I don't know. I want to think it was making the button holes this morning. Maybe it was singing. That always tires other folks. Why should it not tire me? It wasn't my [...]. Why that made me feel as if I had just had my life [...] and the policy was having a direct influence on my health. Mrs. Crocker says we are lazy, and she must go off and get ambitious. Why does she not be inspired by me? Don't I sit and read Middlemarch with all my might and so fast that nobody understands me!

Friday.

August 6.

[Pretends] a shortening up. Not of showers, don't let that occur to you, nor of worries. My faith in the shortness of either is equal to none at all. Word comes from mother for a speedy return, mentions tomorrow even, and I cashless. The worst of it was to tell folks I had a feeling of a barn door against it.

I can tell of a ride that lasted all the morning nearly, and Mrs. Crocker and I were the ones to engage in that highly beneficial movement. We rattle. O, over the Elizabeth pavements and made as much noise as anybody. Susie has been in a [funky] mood since dinner. Dr. said as [...] that he didn't know when he should get him a puppy. Susie said she got her one [...] years ago!

I like her "cute" speeches.
[page is cut off at bottom]

Saturday.

August 7.

Sees no fish. What I ought to be doing is baiting and catching, not chiefly cod, but chiefly Greek. A few frantic efforts to read part of a chapter, this was the whole of it.

I wasn't sorry we rode up where the arched [...] is, close by some old words and thickets full of August treasures. It was fun to climb round in among the bushes. We come not back empty. If I knew enough I would be a botanist [lab] on the spot, that would be too exacting.

Another oriole is with us. To make it live now because our chief concern. Tantripp is it's name. The feeding of it was the one thing that shall send this day into history. It yowls, while Middlemarch is being read, beats any of [Lots] most [frantic] yells.
[page is cut off at bottom]

Sunday.

August 8.

Closes in fulfillments. Morning with wet ground and leaves showering, evidences too well known that rain is on us at all hours, and seasons. Mr. Stevens came in tonight in his holly way and among other things said this was the twelfth day with rain in it.

Susie, Mrs. Crocker and I wend down to the Methodist Church and listened to its pastor Mr. Biscoe. The text "Heroin is

my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit" was pleasantly disappointed.

I am very, very hopeful tonight. Have just come from Susie's room and I have been
[page is cut off at bottom]
[...] [...] [...] talk. (up side of page)

Monday.

August 9.

Brings so much. I don't know whether it was the day or not, but my first thought, waking, was a pleasant one. I was so happy that I woke up in the night to think. I felt so good, so just as I like to feel all day. Nothing could mar in any way. The morning remembers that we were out under the trees, in the blessed sunshine. I rich in a bundle fresh from mothers blessed hands.

Just the kind of a day for a visit to Connecticut Farms and a ramble in the old Revolutionary burial ground.
[page is cut off at bottom]

Tuesday.

August 10.

Begins in wrappers. The important one was Susie's thick woolen one, which I donned to be thumped in. The thumps took more the form of an embrace. Verdict "Less flowing". A favorable state to be in. I rush out to where Susie is weeding and make the announcement. Also, there's an apropro of this, Dr. Jones.

Our rich before breakfast came not about. They may exist now only in memory. Who can prophecy with verity? The trio are holding in sacred possession us less than two letters a piece this day. I make the chronicle reverently.

The morning fled with us in the sunshine, out under the trees. We made giant strides in Middlemarch. Fowler and Co. will hear from me this day concerning the flat head in my possession, or else my register was vain! I await painfully.

Wednesday.

August 11.

Chokes me with fish-bones. The worst one was the imaginary one that stuck in my throat all day, and kept me swallowing at a great rate. I have such unfortunate ways. I imagine I have a certain disease, any, and immediately all the symptoms appear. I can work myself up in any illness, by a mild effort. A necessary evil is mine in the form of no sign or token from the place where my head "was put on me".

My happiness will not be complete until that document arrives. Mostly rain again today beginning before our ride did. A good deal of Middlemarch. One blessed thing rain could not interfere with. One item awaits immortality. I made a pan of [germs].

Did book of mine [ever] this such chronicles repeat before? Echo. Echo.

Thursday.

August 12.

Is largely mosquitoes. Poor Bees. You to can enter into the troubles of the morning. Besides mosquitoes which were a sore trouble we were given pictures from [...] on the [Floss], illustrated by Nature herself, in our [Rahway] flood. I feel dismal tonight, as if my two dollars had gone up in a balloon, [...], Blessed be hope. It will not yet let me quite give it up.

Middlemarch is done, ended in what it has known through the course, a vile rain storm. As Mrs. Crocker says, I am emphatically out of business!

I like the thought of Susie that I shall carry to bed with me tonight.
[page is cut off at bottom]

Friday.

August 13.

Makes every effort to be dreary. There was a few little minutes when I thought it would succeed, when I was pretty low down, but something rose up and triumphed.

It is very refreshing to observe that a lively rain laid the dust tonight. We shall not be in so much danger of a drouth. The principal [...] were less mosquitoes on the morning ride, absence of all news from Fowler and Co. and a letter from the girl with the new name and no comfort in it, [...] of the bladder, and no comfort in it, wash day and no wash in it! An evening of legal whisk! How much toward blessing a race do we get out of all this? I could bless it more

[page is cut off at bottom]

Monday.

August 16.

Brings out several points. It wasn't our fault that it didn't rain today. We expected it to. How a day came to be skipped is problematical.

There was a hot sun and a close, sweltering breath. It seems hard to live, with such a condition of things, but we persevered, we did! My first doings in spatter work came about this A.M. and the work lives to tell the story, at the present sitting it is pinned up behind Susie's wash stand! Immortalized!

Our last ride was up in the cool delightful mountains. The ride Susie loves best of all, she says. From the top where we paused we could see New York City and Newark Bay besides all the little places this side! We had such a laugh when Susie pinned the blanket around the head of Bess to keep off the mosquitos. Susie call her, "[...] old woman".

Tuesday.

August 17.

Refers to a new chapter. The last things to be done keep me from thinking. As I told Susie I felt forlorn enough!

I ought to have been constricted rather differently. Being expected at intervals frequently recurring to transport articles enough for a centennial exposition, and furnished with a cornucopia to carry them in, it ought to have been fixed so that a hollow space was left within me besides my head. The amount of thinking I do to get my things from place to place is staggering. The space between the waving of farewells at Crawford and the sailing away from Pier 49 was a blank!

Nothing rippled upon the surface of it but an iron machine to bake [germs] in!

"The full moon and the thought of you!" Nearing and passing the places, the hills I crossed when I came to you, love.

Wednesday.

August 18.

States further. It was distressing to see me engineering that box and that valise from the boat to the depot. Is suggestive of some of Mr. Allen's authenetical problems, old women putting eggs down and walking each time back to the first. A blessing on the old man who lent a hand. Some hope for this world yet.

I am at the top of the hill. There's lots to say and lots to think about. Some of it gets said and thought. Some of it waits for stiller times.

The rain gives me to understand that whithere I go it goeth.

I move around among the old rooms as one in a dream, as one who can tarry, who can tarry but a night.

Thursday.

August 19.

Horries me. This page is for the desponding. It starts out as if it might be so bracing! I never felt as if I was going into a blue, but mother always had to wash. The sun streamed in Donder and Blitzin fashion. Such heart [...] strains these.

Ah, yes, it comes over me, all about the darkness and the hoplessness of things. Looking forward makes my heart sink, and I seem not to touch the solid earth. Why, I never can go in the world and feel like this. I never felt so before. I can't tell what it's like. Ella Bromley's letter announces a new principal for Castleton Seminary. This has in it room for many thoughts.

My sister en route for Albany.

Friday.

August 20.

Files out. Yes, in quiet silver lights and clouds rosy and fleecy. Everything in the night bringing thoughts, winged with gentleness, and like the manners of one, loving and tender. How near such times might the gentle and tender one be, who repaired often to the quiet garden with His disciples!

It was hard to study even the little bit today, but I lived among bright things. Susie and her home and the things she told me, seem like some sweet shrine as I think of them now.

I get to dreaming that some day something that shall come to me to say shall seem sweet to somebody. That I shall perhaps be able to write words and they shall enter lives with [ties] with a need. These thoughts won't let me go quick to sleep.

Saturday.

August 21.

Builds on and still on. Has in it a hope. Keeps the hope in it. That the head will be better tomorrow. I took up a good many threads with the shining needles. Knitting them in [tights]. There might have been little dismal throbbings, some dreariness, otherwise! This was one of the little lessons I learned from dear [Mip] Gross.

Talks at home have been more cheerful. It looks a little as if it would not seem quite so dreadful to go away. Taking up a new life in a new place among indifferent faces, makes me go to hunting up all my courage to think of it. The last of it was standing at the bridge with mother watching for the up train. The girl came and we called from the bridge to her. One thing that come out as we wanted it to!

Sunday.

August 22.

"Beyond which it must pierce the dark". This is all that anything has said to me since I came home. There's a sort of burial service about things, today has been full of it. There's only one way to help it. "Let her put her head in His and be led for years and years".

The hour up stairs among the letters left me feeling as if I had just come out of the temple, where holy hand had been laid in blessing upon me.

A future would be glorious indeed that could give us back some of the things we dropped as we went on. Who knows what there may be kept for us, prepared for us in that letter, for better rest that we go to? I think of Satie's birthday and [page is cut off at bottom]

(across top of page) "With a new corps of teachers." says the circular Satie sent. What a dreariness the words have in them to me.

Monday.

August 23.

Tells no very big stories. Begins business with a better head. Keeps the better head on to this time which promises! The biggest thing I did was to begin a letter destined to lift to several pairs of eyes, "the specs" and to elicit from one or two. "Please pass the ear trumpet". The letter don't get done. I "give out" and bear in mind something about another day a coming! Mother bakes and Agnes [...]. How grand I feel not having any [heth] to cry "miserers" over. The first summer since. I cut [...], seems to me. My memory is not always authentic on such points. The poetry of today, all there was, had to do with the sky. There were a great many summer isles of Eden. To listen just a little minute to what the inner spirit sings, "There is no joy but [...]"
[page is cut off at bottom]

Tuesday.

August 24.

Emphasizes unpromising things. The one thing on which all things else today has centered was our sick girl. She has been very, very sick all day, and we are all too sorry for anything. A tramp down street finished me up for the morning, ditto for the afternoon! There wasn't much [triggered] in as far as study goes. Nothing isn't good for me. You might think with [this] and a tantrum of Dan's thrown in that not much poetry got in today, but there was quite an amount. It lay over on the golden-rod hill where I sat and watched the Troy and Boston train go out. The hills away and away and away

rested me wonderfully. I came home and wrote to Susie and finished that long thought of letter to honorable Board. Creep to bed a sleepy gal....

Wednesday.

August 25.

Rages in consultations which mean something. A very weighty day this! Sunshine as usual. Moon at the end of it. My arising and downing and appearing were marked with a good flow of spirits, and some bettering of things. This is good. It looks more as if I should return alive from A.A. These significant initials will hereafter appear in these pages!

Seated in and around Greek its streams flowing ceaselessly, heard mother say, "how do do", and immediately I left the rivers of Babylon where I'd sat down and found our guest to be [Mip] Gertie. Chatterings in upon the heels of this, much protracted. The fact that my sister can eat clam soup is at the bottom of a tramp for me. If I'd walked to Rockaway for the [...] aid my feet wouldn't ache much [more] alas! Gertie is deep in a plan which embraces the whole family.

Thursday.

August 26.

Chronicles that we received. Everything comes to us in bunches, trouble, company and all. Our cards do not say "Thursdays". Not at all, but everything else about it was fashionable. You might as well be out of [tc], [tc]. Our house is lively for once. So are my lower regions! Ay, there's the rub. Gertie departs at one o'clock, the Albany friends arrive at 11. I in waiting expectancy.

I go vigorously at finding places to get a Greek verb in or a contract noun. "Paradigms are indispensable"! This from A.A. authority. It's nice to see a great strong girl like Katie Hans, in this universe of sick women!

I didn't get over on the round hill tonight to see my trains go out.

Friday.

August 27.

Treats of toling off. Pertaining in this connection more perhaps to the sticking I am [footing] than to life in general, though I did tie off and around a good deal and no yarn about it! The beginning of things, sitting down my mother to name over what must be had, looking Ann Arborward. This is the way the going off begins. It makes my throat get full to think of it. I ventured on a vigorous list of [Mip] M.A. Hastings' virtues and graces, and Aggie says at the end, "Does she wear a [...]" Of all the Dansville ordinances none punctuate so deep my sister's consciousness as the yes or no on the regalia question!

Ten years ago this summer mother and I were living a day like this. I thought then it would never come again, but the little dropped thread is in my hand again.

I am restless tonight and I run.

Saturday.

August 28.

Compels me to say "Well, well" at the end of it.

What queer days we live through anyway. What crooked ways we wander into without banners or things. When I saw the train that I can see the longest go out last night how sure I was that I would be on it tonight, but not any. The whole of the day was disciplinary, the hot, hard sun, the miseries of prolonged shopping, mother's headache, and bad feelings, and the getting back home when the rest of things were done. Such an uncomfortableness in [...] of it that I don't mean shall find it's way into this little book very many times.

It was hard to turn away from [my] own plans tonight so I thought at least I want to find out, to be sure that I can do hard things.

They lie before me new and fresh, the things that are to go off with me pretty soon.

Sunday.

August 29.

Woos me away from life's tangles, and perversities. It seems easy for such things to heap up and where the biggest heap is you will see me standing round, generally. I would have got into a maelstrom, a perfect seething and boiling if the [flame] and the [...] hadn't found each other, over on the pretty hills. "Such little bits of signs may stand for such high, great, blessed things!" My patient Sue must be written to after this long stop and I do get a little written. If the letter I can say it is born and begun. How hot it was, how pitiously yellow all the little blades of grass, looked up. Only three of us at dinner, Mother, grandma, and I. Cosy like it was, some like Castleton times! The potency was corn and bean mixed, corn from our corn stalks, our three beans from the vines of us that lie under the pear tree.

How still it was after dinner, mother lying down grandma in her silent corner [...], from shore to shore.

Monday.

August 30.

Tells her to do it. I got up with the spirit of the morning in me, and everything that came near me, touched some happy spring! I said to mother "I feel so good today". Aggie's school began and she went into it just so good! I wrote to Gertie about coming and ran out where mother was every five minutes and chattered away on plans great and small, ran over to school, and so jumped mud this way and that way. It's always so when I feel good.

Out on the front piazza with my books I couldn't help seeing how bright the day was and how lovely it would be to go up to Satie's. I thought about it and [page is cut off at bottom]

Tuesday.

August 31.

Waxes warms in closing up the August. I see with the girlie the life that has been about her all the years, and lives about her still scarcely changed. She stepped out of it to give a year to me, and glides back quietly into it again, for a few months more. After that it will never be so again. I wonder so that she should have struck root in this soil, one just like her.

I like to watch her in her life here at home. It makes me think a great many things. Her life always interested me....

I was up and down stairs before she was awake, when she came down we walked down to the river before breakfast.

[page is cut off at bottom]

244.

Wednesday.

September 1.

Stores away all the sacred things. Here is another home where there's lots to do. It gives me a realizing sense, quite so, to see Mrs. Rising turn off work. How much there is to do in the world, even in one little home! Just hear me!

As I sit down and try to tell it there doesn't seem much to tell. It is all so quiet, so unlike anything else. We make ourselves easy in loose dresses and then yet as much out of the day as we can. It isn't all visit and it isn't all still.

There's a wish in our hearts to see again together some of the old Castleton places. Even this may be in another summer.

There's something unspeakably grand in every thought of God's that is to hold all. Once can well wait and be lonely and work awhile when they know it is all coming!

[page is cut off at bottom]

(top of page) Dates my landing in [W...], six years ago.

Thursday.

September 2.

Remembers that the tower bell rings. We lie in bed a long time this morning talking about it. It comes over me the first moment I awake how the old hall rings again and how steps move in the old pathways. A catalogue comes at noon. One name runs on all the afternoon in my head, "Miss Ella C. Williams."

It would seem good to get a fresh breath. The air has been stifling and close all day. We haven't minded it much, everything else has been so nice. Let me introduce little [Mip] Bertha and keep in mind how sweet she is. She is an uneasy little mortal too and I watch Satie with interest not flagging to see her so patient with her.

I have it to record that my evening was spent with Mr. and Mrs. Cheney. Not a vestige of a change in or about the place
[page is cut off at bottom]

Tuesday.

September 7.

Sketches for me. I am first sent on honorable commissions, but not the most ecstatic! Has to do with young ones, miserable acting ones. A relief arrives at eleven A.M.!

Arrival of [Mip] Gertie trunk and all! A new chapter in family history. To be continued through the winter. The part of me that tosses and dreads things finds this a summer of shut up things. Sometimes it will not rest itself on the promises that lie like solid rock under my life, it is so afraid that it will not take upon itself the thing that is best. It wonders if the time for a sacrifice is come, is here and how, or if taking what I so want and yet so dread to take is God's wish for me. It wonders if anybody at home must give up one little hope or joy to give me this! I go down street and
[page is cut off at bottom]

[page is cut off at top]

September 8.

Keeps me pondering. I have so many bright days to tell about lately that one can tell every time what I am going to say. I must let the sun come in and light these pages, all of it that I can get in. Who would think in such days anyone would flounder in the dark asking questions, but I know who does. What she is going to do looks sometimes too precious for her to take, too high for her to attain unto it! And then there is the constant piercing of the dark.

A good deal of it was snipping threads. This kind of work is too much like what my life keeps doing. I'd rather put the needle in and weave threads. If I had begun where the day did I would have told about my walk up to the Orchard.

Possible business [cool]....

[page is cut off at bottom]

Thursday.

September 9.

Counts itself one of the demure days. I am happy to announce at the onset that my picture that I have been trying to get reconciled to losing is not lost or gone before or anything. It is my present precious dowry. No further interrogations will be [dispatched] to any of the rail road men! I ripped a little and studied a good deal and what is blessed to record I felt somewhat like it. Mother has given herself over to the devices of canning. Spirits have been equable.

All the evening I am engaged in removing layers of spine from sundry pears, pears that will be eaten while I am in Michigan living on herbs! I drag this in as a self denial. I hurry up and pull along every semblance of such a thing, and I have things awful easy at the worst. It must be either my selfishness or else my shortsightedness that keeps me on the whole so free [...] hard things!

Friday.

September 10.

Brightens "as it takes its flight". Sharp ends protended all the morning. A sort of getting out of bed [wrong] or something. My spirits that got up not knowing whether to mount aloft or hang around motionless partly [...] sank and down went courage and work and ambition. All this time it was raining out doors and blowing regular Cohoes blasts! The water trouble [trots] me up and down and keeps me miserable. I almost feel sorry for me.

[Long] towards night the sun smiled and our train went out over into the hills and strength came back from the hills whence I had lifted my eyes.

Misses Emma and Harriet Monk brightened up the evening and a great line of light came with the letter from birdie. "So much we gain if Love is strong!"

[bottom of page, upside down] Word came from the picture, safe there!

Saturday.

September 11.

Waxes not valiant. It is not good for me to go off up stairs and do the kind of work I've been doing today. It leaves me sadder than I can tell. I have sorted over the things in the boxes that have not been touched since they were packed in Castleton. I have found so many little papers and things that took me back days and days. I ought not to go back these

days when my heart is so out of the calm.

I wonder if the pain will stay long, the heart pain. I wonder how these days will look after they have been lived. They seem so sad now. I can't let them be just that.

It made me get way out of myself to watch the hills tonight where my train went. I realized then that there was a shadow to lift. Such a dreary, miserable sickness these days. Next week I must be better. It can't last always. There's been good cheer at home today, the sun coming in nice things steaming from the oven, not much saying "when Fannie is gone". There Satie has just come. Satie Chamberlain. Aggie is on a gale tonight.

Sunday.

September 12.

Differs from some. It was the fueling of having company that made it different I guess. I sit up in a sort of propriety fashion in the parlor and it's too chilly to sit out on the front stoop much. Parlor days aren't awful nice ones anyway. Mr. Johnson's sermon was very good. Subject. The letter to the church in Sardis. The baptism service seemed very solemn, a little girl ten years old perhaps and an old man of seventy!

Sarah and Gertie went down to evening service and I went as far as the bridge with them. The coming back part in the early evening seemed good to me. It was the first little part of the day for me to think in.

[lines are blacked out] and there was no [...] [...] as perhaps. I came home and wrote a letter.

Monday.

September 13.

Refers somewhat to light on hills. There was no promise in the morning when it started. Wet and rainy places everywhere. Mine was a horizontal morning, not the cheeriest. Gertie had to act as escort for my company to the hills and the falls, these never failing objects of interest to our guests. My sleep refreshed me. A noteworthy item. This, to go down into history, friends! It's pretty funny to me that I should be in this dumpish state after eleven weeks vacation.

The round hill was all that it ever is tonight and that is a very great deal. Satie C. enjoyed it. Don't keep believing it was the newest, oldest Satie. When we were over in David John's we watched the light march over the hills. It came slowly at first, little by little until the whole picture was one great gleam! The clouds woke and let the sun through.

Satie C. has gone. My train went to the hills through floods of yellow light.

Tuesday.

September 14.

Travels in hopes, a few. This chiefly concerns physical ills. Is glad to herald one better symptom. Very.

The children still yell at me, the penalty I must pay to getting out door air. I must either breathe house air or be screamed at!

A letter with dear [Mip] Hastings name at the bottom has the effect of an up grade railroad. Quite a transformation, friends ! Smith College. Think of it. I hope there will be a great many more days just like this. It was lovely everywhere.

I sewed on my blue and green plaid of blessed memory. Got some talking in, some thinking. Wondered why Castleton Boards sent no signals. Get to wondering on Castleton details there is no place to stand still in. It's all wonder, wonder enough. A furious debate, on Theodore Lilton at the tea table, friends. Our train again, taking my eyes after [...] it.

Wednesday.

September 15.

Bears a resemblance to some. I am passing through a wonderful business streak. Get up and fling letters around on the four winds, poke up every bed that is in my debt and lay oblations at the feet of everybody I owe. Then I fix up like Annie McDonald and bluster off to Troy.

[...] visions and dream dreams on the horsecars. Ride through all the beauty and away from folks, and then back to folks, again. A big bundle falls to me again. I don't know what any face looked like when I got to the top of the hill. Unparalleled in [...] doubtless. I do know that I didn't see my train go out. Tired as I was I would have crept over to my pretty hill, but Miss Monk came and so the light paled, and the message stayed for nought I could go for no inspiration this night. "Sit up awhile" says [Flow], but [Flow] knew better than to say such a thing tonight!

Thursday.

September 16.

Looks forward too much and back plenty enough. The part I fail on chiefly is "lending a hand". I look enough to answer all the demands. I'm going to begin now to lend a little. [...] these [leads] that are both full at once!

While I was waiting for the milkman the door-bell had a good, meaning jerk and [Mip] Hastings is before us. Next though [arrives] the mush part. The regions that trouble me raise anarchy today. I walked yesterday, alas! for maiden! The other little [bottle] in the pretty birthday set is broken. It can't stand up straight any more, for that night, but I will let the little broken pieces speak, and the night is safe, without sign or token! My trains went out and they hurried tonight. I didn't get all the message in! Is it the rain or what that sends my heart down? Why, how can I make you know dreadful going away looks to me. How I can't bear over the name of Michigan tonight!

Friday.

September 17.

Bingo returns. [Mip] Sheldon's letter was a big part of the day. We talked it all over and it seemed, meantime, as if one of the clouds broke. My diary is getting awful solemn lately. You see John Dooley had to come and see if there was any way of brightening it up a little, of poking small fun in some of the cracks. I was over on the hill when her train came and she had lots of funny things to tell. The funniest one was [...] of her marriage to Delia Clark in the Rutland Globe, [...] the Rev. M. Dog's.

I actually laid awake to talk and from my solemn bed a laugh, think of it in the middle of the night!

. I could have the flowers. I could take the spoken message fresh!

Saturday.

September 18.

Moves off to pretty quick music. Two sleepy girls appeared on hand for a breakfast that did not appear. They were showering! A stove had to be moved out before they could have any breakfast! It was a good while before dinner and then they had to wait for bread to be baked!

There was heaps of sunlight. O, lots of it and the wind blew up here on the hill like a regular rollicking northeaster!

Jennie and I watched my train together tonight. For the first time almost it shot like a line of light up into the dark hill and left me to go home missing!

We tried to keep Jennie till morning, but we couldn't. She has very decided opinions of her own! There comes up faint breaths of molasses candy from down stairs. Guess I'll go and see about it.

Sunday.

September 19.

Thinks how strange things seem! I am sure I never felt about anything before as I have about going away this time. It's the only thing I think of. Mornings sometimes I feel strong and brave and almost find a comfort in the thought of how great the opportunity, but night. O dear where do I go in courage. I can't let the thoughts come.

Aggie was sick all night. When I came down stairs this morning she was sitting in the big rocking chair by the kitchen fire. Poor mother was so tired. Her sleep is a [...] lately. Aggies' cold is on her lungs, making Dr. Peters' presence a necessity. He begins by scolding me for walking any. It rains but the patters are little ones. None of us get out to church.

[page is cut off at bottom]

Monday.

September 20.

Starts another way. There's no hope for it. Aggies is too sick to go to school and Fannie is available! She's the best that offers, so here goes. They were all there, big and little. There might have been extenuating circumstances but I didn't find any. I stood and hoped for deliverance. The wind and cold and rain and hail came running up to us and we got up and ran for shawls.

When school was out I wanted my hill. I wanted the bright path the train might leave. Mother said "not go to the hill", so I went over just to send my message to the flying train and came back. Michigan examinations is
[page is cut off at bottom]

Tuesday.

September 21.

Wrestles with fate. Rather an unequal match. I should say. Anybody would think so to see me enjoying myself with Willie Stinson. A general [carrying] among the young ones and this lady in a distracted state. The prospects are in the direction of a continuation of these enjoyments.

The sun came out on the hills once more and I was there! I had a cosy letter to think about as the train went along in the yellow light.

Our poor little sick girl, all the home is in and around her today. The deep purple would make the sky look lovely

tonight, and the bands would be there even if Aggie should die. But I can't help looking. I can't stop looking.

Other letters came today, out of these we must call Pres. Buckham's the best. The little sad one from poor Flora Withington was good for me to have today.

Wednesday.

September 22.

Pretends. This was the night when we didn't know as Aggie would be any better. When I crept up to bed anxious, and listened to hear the hard breathing in the night. I couldn't keep from asking if this was the way everything was to end. The doctor seems very anxious at the turn the disease has taken. All any of us can do is to wait. So it is all the way through. In every trouble there is this to do to wait.

The school teaching part seems less heathenish for me. Most of it at the best is Darines' old refrain. "Good gracious! I feel as if I should fly"! If Aggie goes, it may be the thing I shall have to do for months. This may be what the waiting means!

Sue's letter has in it a little of the cheer she lives in, that she creates.
Dr. French's letter came on the same train.

Thursday.

September 23.

Fixes clouds in the sky. It seems as if they were fixed to stay, as if it would never be bright and glad again in my world. Lately I am writing things as they are I have no one to help me find the funny things, the little laughs that have covered other little diary pages before this queer hard summer came! When I came home from school at nine mother began to talk and cry. Dr. Peters has been having a long talk to her about my heart and she is all stirred up about it. Aggie is better. I have cried and fretted until I am so tired I must go to bed.

I can't say, "Not as I will". I can toss and hold up defiant hands at fate.

I can be a weak little girl and cry and cry I keep thinking. I will be well. I must go. Have I not asked God all summer to tell me what is best?

Friday.

September 24.

Lets the sun shine in! I kept thinking in my heart all day, how lovely it was. I kept looking over to the hills covered with the sunlight. School didn't drag. I fumed and fretted Monday because it was so hard for me to think of going in there to teach. I have had to have the one day lengthened into five. I have got to the calmer period when my heart [angers] and looks out. It doesn't say, "I will go". It just waits. How quick I hurried over to my hill when school was out. You see I wanted the poetry of the living gladness I should find there. I wanted the thoughts of little minutes full. they would come when the train went up into the orchard. Any little [trust] hours come to me in this pause of things, like something from life's sweetest and best. So do the little [trust] words!

Saturday.

September 25.

Stands there in the dark and suffers. The one time in the year has come when I can say "I am crucified with Christ". The "same hard thing to do for him" for which I have wished has come, is upon me. If I am patient in it, bear it as a stricken from Him I can say, surely in the next few year day, what I so much wished last New Year's day the year would give me chance to say. "I am crucified with Christ".

He gave me a bright day to say it in. A glorious day to carry off in its going all my little heart birds that have sung to me so long! But He knows. O, yes. Thank God for that.

Dr. [Hun] has been seen and we know now.

.....
[upside down at bottom of page]

It almost seemed as if the day was so bright that I couldn't ask anything but what I should have. Not so, it gives not and it takes. It falls upon me. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver".

Sunday.

September 26.

Am alone with the day and the pain.

God's answer is coming slowly, and this time it must be harder than ever. He wants it, only it must be for He loves me well enough to lead me at last to the light through the safest ways.

I have cried out in this, the first stress of the pain but I have yielded all the time. Mother says, "Poor child I feel sorry for you", It is mother's that can talk so. Perhaps in the other home my dear Jesus is saying the same thing in His heart "The heart that could bleed and break" for me! Such things as these fill my mind, as I take the light and go upstairs. "We must be patient in the ruins He puts us in". The metal that can purely endure this is the type of soul [unbalance] God loves to deal with". "One can wait for God without an ache, looking on and not inward! "Nevertheless, not I, but Christ liveth in me"!

Monday.

September 27.

Has a little help in it.

In any trouble how I dread the first waking thoughts in the morning, those that come before we are wholly ourselves to face things, and get courage together. This morning everything came over me before I was all awake. There's no girl to take the train this morning.

I am so tired of Aggie's school but I won't go [...] grumbling about it here. Any thing most only so that she gets better. Over to my hill tonight to send the little messages, sitting there sending thoughts up into the hill how could I know what was going on somewhere else? I came home with a braver heart than I had before. I felt as if I was ready to follow Him.

[page is cut off at bottom]

Tuesday.

September 28.

Proposes a species of relief. This sounds good. Means a little less of John Cooney and Mary Ella [Teray]. Not so much of states thrown at me, or threats of annihilation I am an aspirant after liberty. I see distant glimmers of it coming [...] over in school through the morning and on the whole I commend such doings to other teachers in the sorry state of being sick of it. Get some one to stay there with you and take a few chats in between things.

[...] we like my hill. It opens to us larger outlooks that we could dream of, up there nights when the train went by. A great many things are greater when we get to them. OUR thoughts are contracted, the biggest of them!

The evening was music.
[page is cut off at bottom]

Sunday.

October 3.

Walks reverently.

I noticed how bright everything was this morning, because I wanted it so much, and it was every where a great, great deal brighter than I could have made it myself. An early breakfast, and a call on Aunt Mary. Found her with her life about her that is just as it always is, a life that would take all the heart, and soul and breath out of me, but that she has [borne] in that one spot nine years. Think of it!

Dear Dr. Bridgeman, how good it is that I can hear him just at this time in the midst of my new discipline. "And they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word". The aim was to show that it is the individual, not the church that Christ calls upon, that the individual is of more account than the consolidated force that every soul can preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified!

A dinner at Aunt Mary's with no one little chance to have her alone, a long ride up home, and drearier thoughts die, than I shall ever write to you, or anybody. I go off to be alone with them!

Monday.

October 4.

Compromises a little. Anybody would think I could revolve a little even on a creaking axis, but there wasn't any such thing done. I kept thinking how many things there were I could do. This was good to be worth anything any more seems a good sign, but then there was precious little "doing". I decided to think today and achieve tomorrow! Managed to get a bath in and to trot down street and come home White St. way.

Night school hangs out its banners, calls to its [...] gates and gives to [Mip] Nichols a new experience.

Mother and I have a quiet evening alone.

Something that was said of Winnie Richards brought back her home to me and all the sweetness there is in the thoughts of it.

Tuesday.

October 5.

Sees how it is!

It seems awful nice to get the note-books out and copy. Anything seems blissful that is work. I am so tired of lying

round loose! There's a sort of charm in doing anything too that I rised to do in Castleton. The work there was such a constant joy to me always, and I am out of it and beyond it and am only now getting where I can wish for it again. The thoughts are getting rested! Large portions of the day I spent in buying butter for mother to smell of and return summarily.

Mother pulls and hands in the chaos above. She makes grim portions habitable by the touch of magic wands. I like to go into the little places after she has left them.

Aggie has got into a moving away fit. She wants to fly away [...]!

All the discourse has been cheery than otherwise. There are other winters for me beyond this sick one.

Wednesday.

October 6.

Happens to turn up an event. There are not eventful days. They are too still, they die and give no sign. They let me be alone too much to think. I almost think sometimes that I will not keep a journal these days, that I had better not. I wish that I was capable of judging nightly whether to go on with the little book the rest the year or not.

The teeth that have troubled mother through depths of [dole] so long at last are in the humiliating position of not being able to hurt her any more. This is not all. She is forever and forevermore out of their power. I have almost wondered why we ever have to have teeth. They are such a source of trouble. We never get through teething. Mother and I come home tow-path way, and at Clough's we find some most delicious pears. I suppose it's quite as well for me to write about pears as "feelings".

Thursday.

October 7.

Isn't particularly fruitful. The rain I hear beating against the window first thing went way off and sent small doses of sunshine, which got bigger.

Copied Geography into the big book, and then stopped. Began again, stopped. Kept doing so. Went way up to the Orchard again in pursuit of that coal-man. Pursuit prolonged. Man found. Business rehearsed. Gertie at my side a piece of coltsfoot suck in her mouth.

Made little plans concerning our tottering finances. Very tottering these days. My project wonders! I'll think till tomorrow!

The hill was perfect tonight, the dark shadows from the purple clouds across chasing the yellow light up the mountains way over, up to the very top. How can I keep the picture. How can I see it years from tonight when I shall know more. When I won't stand all alone and sing "going down the valley".

Friday.

October 8.

Urges me up a little.

I never had so many letters to write as I have now, and while strength to do it comes to my rescue, the disposition don't

come near me don't stir a pig! After pulling the lady to it two letters get into this world out of my chaotic brain. Susie will not need any encyclopedia to read [...] by, a pair of specs will do! Mr. Cole will go to declaring that he don't see what he has ever done that he should be victimized by my inward grievances, or mystified by the neglected duties of the Castleton board!

Anybody would think I was a young lady with a salary to see me examining [The Lean's] stock and talking about birthdays. Well, well, these are hard, [quiet] days for Fannie but they can't last always.

There's something better provided for us, and by God himself.

Saturday.

October 9.

Has a sing of triumph in it.

O, such a ring, such a "do me good" the whole day was. God's great sunrise hasn't found me out but one of the best little earthly ones has. Home resolves itself as follows. Gertie 6:45 eastward to Schenectady. Aggie, 8:05 to Albany. Grandma to gray yarn. Mother to carpets in the two parlors, and Fannie to bobbing about! O, what a bobbing she made of it. Every word mother sang out from any where was cheery. It filled the house. I couldn't help catching it when there was so much.

The dreary copying for it does get monotonous, almost flew and it seemed nice even to have it to do. I was over on the hill a long time, the trains are late Saturday nights.

I didn't get tired. I had brought long messages to send up with the train, and I waited to see them go to feel the love come back.

[page is cut off at bottom]

Sunday.

October 10.

Asks for the joy she never knew of old! The Sundays bring thoughts of it all the still thoughts are of joys, the joys that await us in the sometime that is to contain every thing. When we get at the heart of Sunday its all joy. With it, too, there is deep, pure, patient trust.

I took the walk down the long hills to church, alone.

I think I want to run away so I enter the Reformed church, and listen to a sermon on the dignity and value of man. The text, "I will make a man more precious than fine gold". [...], 12, and something.

I had a perfect body rest, slept and slept, and sat still, just as still, and the Sunday hours went away. There are quiet little times to meet Jesus, nights when I go to be early. Very dear some of the times are.

Monday.

October 11.

Hums some. This will be a page which I shall turn to with delight if its all as it begins! It may not be fruitful in saying but do you see the "hum" up there? That means, hope, comfort, cosiness, anything that's nice. There's no hum drum

about it. I have flown on wings from monotony.

A cosy letter comes and why it wasn't here Saturday night some man must stand up and tell me at the Day of Judgment. This is righteous retribution. I am seen in company with my sister and my brother walking down to Music Hall! Yes ma'am. It was we! We are treated to a gaze upon the original Topsy, upon Gumption Cute, and Marks, and Deacon Abraham Perry. We feel good over it. Laugh. Which is an assistance.

We come up the hill in the moonlight.

Tuesday.

October 12.

Fusses, well, enough! Don't read this well enough for the adverb well, never goes with fussing. No, it shant stir a step with it.

Mother washed. This signifies fussing: the house over.

I kept silence. This I have learned, my friends.

Knitting proceeds somewhat dimurely under my fingers. I cut papers some and copy some, and go out when the wind can blow on me some, all in one day. This stringing things along, what do you think of it? I give one hour to a letter that is to go to Hoosick. I feel better after the letter gets on its journey.

Did you know we had a bird. I've been a long time telling of it. It wears the name of [Fanchon]. Its cage is new!

Wednesday.

October 13.

Brings returns. Ohio has gone Republican, and I ain't a man to have a say about it but I'm in a state of rejoicing. I begin immediately to wonder why a general bringing and firing don't happen a torch light procession for another. The sun returns. This too is good. A brightness outside helps so. Yesterday the leaves blew and rustled and there was clouds and it was cold and raw. Today it seems as if we were put back into the summer of things.

My walks are fulfilled with a diligence worthy of the cause. I know all the places on the hill now, and wish I could walk farther. I ache for a peep into the open country.

I pray so to get better, to be well! I will be so careful of the child if she'll only get so she can work once more. It's so hard to sit still these days, and wait, but His grace is sufficient.

Aggie's new watch is here, and she rejoices.

Thursday.

October 14.

Suggests not very much. This is the indoor text purely. Out doors whole years could be found in texts, all the dreams of ports, the loving fancies and outlooks of the prozers. Those who can think and write for one would find a world full out doors today.

Inside it has been cramped and feltered. A great deal has been shut out, but the pain made its own way in. Less pain though than in a long time before, because I kept so very still. My thought forced its way out too. It went into pleasant ways off in old haunts with dear old friends, and dear, coming to know the new friends. O, yes, there's many a summer land into which my bird thoughts go.

Aggie has too much to do, she can't stand all this she tries to do.
I read a little today. Char. Kingsley's "Two Years Ago".

287.

Friday.

October 15.

Looks out for courage. Do you suppose O, coldest reader mine that the courage failed to come. But it did not. It is there tonight ready, sure and I in its possession am strong. Clough's tell, money, we worry about a thing that wouldn't be me. That doesn't sound like me! I am really getting better, aint' I. O, am I not? Isn't something the least little bit better. I get so sure of it that I feel way up.

A damp fall rain outdoors, one or two attempts to walk, wet skirts dragging, a getting in a lot of that interminable copying, a nice lot of Charles Kingsley and some knitting. And for thoughts, quiet, very quiet comings from dear Helen Bissell and her trouble. One more to sit and love her up in Heaven, her dear one sister. One little new life close by hers to make her want to stay here.

Saturday.

October 16.

Don't know what to do with itself. I open with the weather business. An engrossing topic since it is so uncertain how it will come out. We are wafted from dark to light, from storm and live thunder to gently rolling [...] and then utter stillnesses. It was in one of the clean up minutes that Aggie was rash and said 'I will go to Albany and see "Lotta"'.

Stick in the knit and the copy, and then pass to the next topic which is Round Hill. I thought I'd caught a little dear away spot, so I donned hat and shawl and took a Back log study. My feet took to themselves soft [mind] until they resembled two raisins in an Indian pudding, and the rain came down upon me just as if I wasn't out in the loveliest of errands and the best of expectations. A mist lay over the river and all the hills. O when at last I could see our train with its long line of smoke go thru the mist & cloud so bravely I came home in a sort of triumph.

Sunday.

October 17.

Gathers around itself. That which has to do with the "Sainte Everlasting Rest". It has been well for me that I took up the little book this [morning]. Anything is good for me that takes my thought to the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens! I get so fixed to the few little incidents and accidents and groupings around me that my life seems to narrow. If I was really rising would my sky broaden or grow less as I moved on?

Charles Kingsley's "Two Years Ago", kind of stirs my heart up. There is so much in it that is tender, so much in it that I like. A story like that, a play, a song, can sometimes stir my heart and preach Jesus to me. Do I not glory a little save in that cross?

My [Cole's] letter while it makes me feel calmer, makes me wish for the work again. Some work, any work. O, God any thing [unto] this!

Monday.

October 18.

Sort of puzzles itself. Not in the weather, that seems [cut] [sure] and [true]. Why there were even sparkles and thrills! Not [...] letter which came out of Dannie's pocket sure and true. It says, "not play with letters any more, just come and there won't be any need of letters". There is such a brightness in the sky, that I read in all the prettiness that comes, yes, yes. I may go tomorrow. Not in the hill pictures, for they read true and clear every time, but in Gertie's sorry face, in the long talk as we walked round and round the square, talking until the dark crept up. Poor Gertie. How much more I could have done to make her life brighter here. I won't have this to say any more. I will help her all I can or anybody God sends here for me to be good to.

Tuesday.

October 19.

Finds out how it is. Not once or twice but it seems necessary lately to make her know pretty often. No clothes go in a valise, no girl runs off in the sunshine to the train. There was no sunshine that we could see. Ther first call told it all. Aggie is too sick to teach. I must do it. So all the things I would do are put away out of sight, and over to school I go. I am only sorry that I was rebellious at first, that I didn't rejoice more because a hard thing had come for me to do. I to covet self denials and then be sorry when they come. I am finding out lately that the spirit of the old martyrs is not in me. That I love my own enjoyment too well. We needn't wonder at God's dealings with us when we understand ourselves so poorly. [Mip] Moody's letter shakes the foundations of the family. Our people do not rejoice much over it.

293.

Wednesday.

October 20.

Does me up. All there is left of me is necessarily inflated to be visible. About the only sensation is one of utter used-up-a-tiveness. I could furnish matter for the Tragic Muse!

A few blissful moments with Eddie Finissey give tone and vigor to the morning. I look for Madam Finissey all the rest of the day. I am a fortunate individual. Look further on!

Entering with all my might into mother's bargain for a stove I carry out that interest and make it a visit. Then I jag-wag to Troy, fondly believe in riding over there in 20 minutes! With flying feet that jerk my heart into tautness I rush around and land at night school, a fallen monument. Lived to "giblets" and frantic, am made over into a target for Commissioner Dougherty to shoot at. "We aim high", in behalf of the Finesseys. I come home and [...]!

Thursday.

October 21.

Sends neither mothers nor commissioners. A respite a day of relief. I will put my feet up and take a cooling off. Carry about with me a dragged out sensation and merriment is not suggested by me. Aggie gets on a "one, two, three bounce" and enlivens our ghostly dwelling. It could stand much more, and the world would be the better for it.

No record that [Mip] Moody appeared. I am hereby in need of illumination on this point. I lay all my interests in night schools in the high way to be trodden under by foot of men. Come home decidedly down after such a racket. Can't tell

which would assuage my spirits best, vengeance, or repose!

Aggie is better. When she's sick home isn't home, half as much as usual. We begin to brighten up.

Friday.

October 22.

Bestows some one to glance at from Castleton borders. Norah Cook lives near enough to Castleton to bring the air from there. This is a satisfaction. Not a particularly big one, but I live in days of small things. It is easy to understand this, from a few furtive glances at my diary. My sister is well enough to be in school a few minutes. I mean rather that she is there a few minutes! This is a scarecrow of a pen! Aggie makes the night school to be no longer a howling wilderness. A few are called upon to stand round! My province is to see my other [sock] begun, and to read the introduction to Felix Holt.

The nice still evenings at home are blessed and mother and I talk.
A letter from Ida Todd.

Saturday.

October 23.

Stepping stones from these dead selves to higher things.

Dear anniversary days. You come and you make us stop and think. This is His day. Way up there in the blue, he remembers. I, sitting with the crimson floods around me, grow more and more sure that the flame shall find the azure. Where He is, that my eyes shall behold Him. How glad I am that nothing can ever sweep me to the years before I knew Him. I cannot get behind the eleven years. I say so thankfully. "Yes, my weary soul hath found Him. Such a perfect, perfect rest".

O, how lovely the day. Fit to make me bear in mind lovely things, for "my salvation is nearer than when I believed".

I go down to the train and [Mip] Moody does not come. This also causes me to wonder. Mother's store book comes in and her heart goes out and down. The shadow walks over to me, but do I worry about what I can hills?

Sunday.

October 24.

Lets me in. Into the soft April like air everywhere, the sunlight that was too precious to miss are little ripple too abundant to make us stop and save it up. Into the things that Sunday brings and no other day, the holy solemn air of the far away kingdom. I did not go to church for the week had left me very, very weary and my eyes were heavy. Gertie and I went out into the Sunday world over in a still place under a big tree. There we found it best but my heart ran away. It will feel even out in the sun, even by still waters. I came home and rested to get ready to write to my Sue. To come to the poor little call, "Help me, wont you?" Can I find any cheer in my life to send across to her?

Monday.

October 25.

Is somewhat "Felix Holt". I like to lay down a book feeling as that has made me feel. Sometimes I have come out of the hall where words have been spoken that were to prove a sure and steady help, and gone home in the night with the same charm around me. I suppose its one thing to want to be heroic and quite another thing to begin in the sorry day places and be it. We do so like easy things, so like to be like other people.

For the rest part of the day outside of the grand thoughts that came with Felix Holt, there was a laying my head back in a rocking chair and wondering what made me so sick in the night. What kept me from the sleep that would have helped make me heroic. Who ever heard of a sleepy hero?

The rest of it was like the other days here. I have kept the picture.

Tuesday.

October 26.

Chatters considerable.

Going to a wedding before breakfast is a good way to get something to put in your diary. I need additions. Will take any measures to help on. I read the prayer book with all diligence while Miss Mary Horrocks becomes Mrs. Charles Disbrow. They both seem to feel very good over it, and why then should not I, who have never a place in their thoughts? Well, well. Comments abound. The penalty of getting married.

I wish somebody would get married on my birthday. Its a good way of spending it.

Aggie's birthday is otherwise honored by "Uncle Tom's Cabin" from her sister, (she says "it came from Fannie, for there's nobody else"), a big apple from a youngster, an oyster fry for supper.

My knitting progresses, and copying somewhat. This is a fearful night, and a poor man's barn is burning down.

Wednesday.

October 27.

Tosses in my lap a new price. This time its news. I am informed that if I am to do nothing this winter I had better go to Cranford and do it. I agree with that. It occurs to me just so. I have a great deal of time. Time to do all the things I have always been

[leaf on page] get time to do, but

[leaf on page] hear that I do

[leaf on page] spring come you

[leaf on page] what it is that

[leaf on page] [very] much!

[leaf on page] [...] for which no

[leaf on page] [...] a conference

[leaf on page] [...] concerning

[leaf on page] Short and experssive

[leaf on page] rain upon me

[leaf on page] on teeth intent

[leaf on page] [...] in showers. Teeth

[leaf on page] [...], but not bare gums

so [leaf on page] [before], pray.

Copy, copy, on. this is what I did. The problem is solved now. Dan comes up early and brings me a letter. The one thought would be her Tuesday [page is cut off at bottom].

(Writing on leaf) Birthday [...] from ["Vassar"]

Tuesday.

October 26.

Chatters considerable.

Going to a wedding before breakfast is a good way to get something to put in your diary. I need additions. Will take any measures to help on. I read the prayer book with all diligence while Miss Mary Horrocks becomes Mrs. Charles Disbrow. They both seem to feel very good over it, and why then should not I, who have never a place in their thoughts? Well, well. Comments abound. The penalty of getting married.

I wish somebody would get married on my birthday. Its a good way of spending it.

Aggie's birthday is otherwise honored by "Uncle Tom's Cabin" from her sister, (she says "it came from Fannie, for there's nobody else"), a big apple from a youngster, an oyster fry for supper.

My knitting progresses, and copying somewhat. This is a fearful night, and a poor man's barn is burning down.

Wednesday.

October 27.

Tosses in my lap a new price. This time it's news. I am informed that if I am to do nothing this winter I had better go to Cranford and do it. I agree with that. It occurs to me just so. I have a great deal of time. Time to do all the things I have always been waiting to get time to do, but you don't hear that I do any. When spring comes you will wonder what it is that I've done. Very much!

In the minutes for which no work is, I hold a conference with Mr. Bean concerning Dannie B. Short, and expressive. I get no rain upon me but mother on teeth intent gets caught in showers. Teeth do catch, but not bare gums so wherefore, pray.

Copy, copy, on. This is what I did. The problem is solved now. Dan comes up early and brings me a letter. The one I thought would be here Tuesday [page is cut off at bottom]

Thursday.

October 28.

She could get her foot up. Yes and down, over and over a great many times. There's nothing truer. The cause of so much tramping can be "fetched" foward! [Mip] Moody came. Upon me desolves all, all but the one wee item to feed her. The rest was weighty. I shook under it. We buy, we talk, we eat (a little). We proceed to David John's, we gaze upon schools in the capacity of. All this in one day, and less. I have had a glimpse into other living, enough to imagine things and I feel good. All this from looking at the Presbyterian ministers wife in the depot and talking with her a minute. There is a sequel to the day. [Mip] Moody went. She strewed candy around Cohoes, that perhaps another, and more, you know! It has brightend me that she came [page is cut off at bottom]

Friday.

October 29.

Is rapidly translated. What funny times I have getting off lately. I should say so. There was no reason why I should not go, none that I knew of, and yet I laid around and didn't do this and didn't do that. The very minute mother said "I guess you had better wait till next week", I said, "no, I guess I'll go today". Then I sauntered around and didn't fully say so in my consciousness till the little boys came for the satchel. Gertie followed me to the 4.21 train solemnly and in to time I was off. I was not tired and fully alive to all that went on near me, so the little ride seemed long. I thought of lots of things on that cosy ride in the cars. The things I can only think of when I am moving, off and away. The face that [showed] on the depot steps watching for me has watched before. Tonight it did not watch in vain. No, nor the white faces of the chrysanthemums.

Saturday.

October 30.

Likes it. It's going to be very well for me that I am not of some of the little ways I have down home, for awhile. [This constant thinking of what is good for me, of what is not good for me, of what will tire me, and what will not tire me, is enough in itself to make me very entertaining and unselfish. It has there two tendencies, hate.] Besides there's lots of sunshine coming in the parlor windows all the time. Satie made a little bonnet for Bertha and visited and I knit and visited. Bertha stands by and gives well meaning directions about the bonnet which are not immediately enforced. When the bonnet is pronounced done Bertha says, "Now Satie, will you make me another?". We call to mind that a year ago this afternoon we were going up to the three o'clock train with Julia, Laura and Ida listening to the choirs music. "Put your head upon my knee". This brings back other things.

Sunday.

October 31.

Comforts his people. It was such a cold raw day, not a breath of the rare, sweet air that breathed about us last Sunday that made us know that just so sure as His life moves on and our life moves under it the beauty, the loveliness of things shall come back. How low down it makes anybody feel to be in a house where everybody but the one individual in question gets up Sunday morning and goes to church. The low down state is mine! Mine alone. But it was not an empty day. The comfort could come because it was His day and his rest flowed around our restlessness not because we were worthy but because of the infinite goodness of his heart! The snow came down in little bits, awful little ones, and we hoped it would keep old Mr. Johnson home tonight but it didn't. He came for Satie while she was dressing. A long sunday evening by the fire with one of Miss Warner's stories, "What she could".

305.

Monday.

November 1.

Introduces itself. It's cheer is not any too abundant. If it had been Minnie wouldn't have told us how cold her fingers were from hanging up the clothes. That's one of the dispensations of Mondays.

My bath was one of prolonged duration, in fact it was quite an event in the day. Dressing followed. Almost any young well-to-do lady in any of our eastern towns would tell you this in her diary every day. It had been sort of bright through the A.M. of things! I thought how nice it would be to go and meet Satie for she said she was coming down tonight. You never heard of my climbing such a hill as that was and my heart went like Fanchon's the day mother knocked the cage down with her head! Satie looked at me as if I was Moses, or Elias or one of the prophets! My, how it snowed. There's something very restful in these nights.

Thursday.

November 4.

"Her hand in God's". When a day like this comes and one knows that it is time to step over, a new step beyond one thinks of God. It is good if one can put the hand in His if one has learned how. I have a sweet prayer hour and if ever I needed a present Savior I am sure it was in that prayer. I believe that He will show me just what He wants me to do with myself this fall and winter and when other falls come again and again He will not let me decide the same old question alone. Have I not put my hand in God's? The tragedy of life, the part that willingly chooses hard places and give up self, charms me and holds me today. I have the whole day to think in and Romula was not without its influence. Satie takes the long walk down tonight to be with me on my birthday. The night lesson from Thomas a [Kemper's] was "Familiar friendship with Jesus", so sweet for this night.

Down home they don't forget Miss Phelps' sweet little book of poems comes on the evening train from Aggie [...]
[...] [...] [...] [...] [...].

Friday.

November 5.

Takes up the threads of life again. Yesterday seemd so like days other times and I verily feel just like beginning something again. Most all day I wrote I had a great many things to say to [Mip] Hastings. I very much want to go where she is this winter if it is best, if it is a blessing that it would not be wrong for me to take. I wish Jesus would tell me so I would know. If it were to open the way for future work, it might be mine to have, but I am so old now. I must do all for mother that I can. When [Mip] Hastings letter was done I took it down to the office & thought all the way how very nice the walk seemed. I feel so much more comfortable ! Sarah came in tired, and sober just as we were ready for tea. I was very sorry she had to walk, especially from a home where they have so many horses. All but Mrs. R. and me went to the young people's meeting.

Wednesday.

November 10.

Shoves over the hill.

You wouldn't think there'd be a snow storm and a great time of rain with it, and a blowing in one's face. All this we take in, gasping. To me riding up that hill with the milkman it was a point of vital interest. There's nothing that would make even immortal glory desirable earned in this school room of Satie's. I have no yearnings of soul to make this my permanent resort afternoons. But sitting here I can think how fast the storm is increasing, and how nice it would be to go to Smith College. It's nice even to be here to wonder if I ought to go, if God will tell me if it is best.

I get a glimpse into Mr. Johnson's, [...] the folks and have a pleasant evening. I go to bed laughing as I need to laugh with Jennie. Very well.

Thursday.

November 11.

Learns all about it.

A new phase of existence begins in thankfulness. One runs quick to be thankful when the weather shows signs of moderating. Plenty of slush, but a clear sky. You will find me in a country school house sitting round. With [Millbank]

and knitting work and occasional recesses to talk in I find life not so very hard. A boy, belligerent in composition finds it harder than I through Satie's "tending on him". It uses her up for the afternoon. We dine on chicken but in the most primitive style, bones lay around on dinner pail covers.

With night comes the loveliest morn, and we ride down home fairly delighted, like little school girls.

A circular from Smith College awaits me and keeps me thinking very late in the night, in the moonlight. Like as if I might be a little school girl!

Friday.

November 12.

Makes believe. The sun came in and the little parlor looked very fresh and new after the cleaning. I went at copying vigorously, and in the middle of it [Mip] Hastings letter came. It sent me I don't know where. For a minute, that first minute. I was glad through and through. I did not stop to think if I could take it. It seemed mine until the after thoughts. How nice I felt all day. I got all the little goods together and packed them up and went off, cause you see I was going to make Satie believe I'd gone home. I had a real nice time with Ella and Belle Wilcox, and staid longer than I meant. When I got back Satie was lying on the bed down stairs, and didn't say much. When I asked her "What for?", she said, "Why I thought it was making believe time", and I was making believe too.

Ella, like the little Ella I used to know, gave me showers of pansies to make me think of "once".

Saturday.

November 13.

Lives very fast. This is the long expected day to some people so I hop around and get in with those people. I always like to be where they're living in hopes and getting round to a good time.

Getting ready and getting off was done without much worry or hurry. We took it very quietly, just a little sad.

Down home every body was in a hurry, every body was [brim] full of "Maggie Mitchell coming". It seemed good this getting interested in something that was not "stove hills", and stewing.

I tell you it was jolly going down there, and let it be recorded and handed down this one night when we all laughed and laughed and laughed. Nothing else has been huge enough to get talked about since. It's all Fanchon, the cricket!

Sunday.

November 14.

Tosses, as it did one day before. The eyes are tired and they rest late, for it rains today and snows and I cannot go to church. There's nothing very low hearted in the talk and I keep where mother and the children are a great deal of the day. When I do go off by myself to write some little passages from Romula in my notebook, the ideas, white chrysanthemums make me cry.

The little thoughts that come of mother are so very fresh and close. In my thought of what I am to do or be I find myself in a perfect struggle. I can feel my heart beat as I try to decide which way is best, as I try to know just what God means with me. I try to see his way in little marks but I so much want His way and my way to be the same that I flounder hopelessly.

Mother don't say much. O, if I only knew what to do.

Monday.

November 15.

Hears more of tramps. At the rate my heart is going tonight and judging from the amount of ache in my bones, I have been a tramping and that furiously.

The heavens frowned and growled above me but they kept back the rain punishing me sufficiently with splosh! I splashed it out on that line.

Gallantly, as far as the Lansingburgh horse cars conductors is concerned is a virtue long since dead. When upon it follows that I trudge to 857 River St. for Agnes, my one sister. I feel kind of sorry for the child as she trudges along, choking back the tears that almost come as she thinks how hard it is for her to plan to go to Smith College, and how much she wants to do for mother and the children! Well, well, just work all we can and will trust God to show us the difference between the doors He has shut and the others!

Tuesday.

November 16.

Pets the dear chrysanthemums. How lovely they are this morning, not a stain upon their wonderful whiteness, just sweet and pure like the things that come straight from God. The little round disks comfort me today and keep me kind of easy, I couldn't keep so without them maybe. It's a pull and haul day, mother making and fixing bedsteads, changing round, and that kind of thing. This work has to be done I "spose" but it upsets me. I hate to have mother get tired. I would love so to have a home for her free from all this, just as some mothers have it.

The days seem very short now, it is dark when my train goes out.

My jaunt yesterday made me lame and sore. I don't know whether it was that that makes my head aches or not. Bed finds me early.

Wednesday.

November 17.

Goes at it again!

It is not in the most anticipating state that I arise betimes this morning and assume regimentals.

I pick up all the invincible I find any where around and proceed to take my station before the Dibbles and Finisseys, the Wools and the [Tumy's]. It was more like dumb driven cattle than a hero I can tell you, if art is long and time is fleeting. Mother's abundant good cheer at home buoys me up. Out of two side pieces and a couple of bags she is constructing a bed for grandma! The old lady's verdict on getting into bed is that, "Her willing soul would stay. In such a frame as this!" The terrors of night school are once more mine! I brave the impending and don't get so much killed after all no, nor scared!

I don't know where I've tired the most.

Thursday.

November 18.

Continues in the thus and so. Through the thickening smoke and haze of this present flopping wood comes up from Albany of a "good time". It is difficult to conceive of, my present boundaries are so limited. It's like smelling molasses candy cooking when you know you can't get to it. You may take a little night school instead. Gertie perches up as an alarm, with her music, "Ring the little bell to march off to school". This is more than I can stand!

I wonder if I should feel any easier if I should tell about how many I ought to write to. O, dear. Such a [...] as this. What is good for it? A letter to Satie gets sent on its rejoicing way amidst many good winds.

Such lovely weather as this for now. Think of it. Castleton people up there in your [...] drifts. Mrs. Taylor reads tonight in Turdelle Hall.

Friday.

November 19.

Engages against my head! The hurling of fiery darts which according to Dr. Watts necessarily follows is wholly and solely and achievement of Eddie Finissey's. It will be needless for me to state that he did it in his usual most pleasing manner. As to the engaging, my head swims, the rattle of one more state would brake of me a second Blanche Cook, one more hand up and you'll see me like that old man at the window in White St. If I was teaching for money no interest could command the use of that money, but as I aint it is not necessary for me to state what I will do.

The world sends nothing to me today nor do I send out to it. My boundaries are small. I keep up a mental skirmishing, which has none of the effects of a stilling. I need the kind of help hungry multitudes once were not turned away from having...

Anniversary of our party and the toilet set!

Saturday.

November 20.

Stands between romances and snow banks. The snow has sent on little tid-bits to tell us it was coming, but I never once thought there was any more poetry left in this fall. But a play like this came and hear how I rushed out into it, how I got out into the sun all I could and loved it because it seemed so for just such fretted unsettled girls as this girl. Inside there were lamp chimneys to be washed and a stove to put up, (there's always one to be put up at our house), and sweeping to do, but my heart had a wonderful way of getting above it and out where the bright was. Mother's spirit got way down to the China side before that stove got up. Before that she felt nice and I managed to get out some of my Smith College plans to her. I didn't say so, but I think and think about it, and the peace that I pray for, don't come. If I only can do right.

I may safely say the evening at [Mip] Monk's was jolly. Gertie and I both enjoyed it. What do you think. Fret Attwood at dinner!

Sunday.

November 21.

Draws me nearer to God.

It was good for me that I went down to church twice. I wanted so to get away from the outside to the heart of things and there's no heart of things to me except at the feet of His Christ. I hail gladly any little sign or token that my heart is waking, to turn to him is watching and longing for His coming.

The day did not smile, there was a mist rising, covering all the hills, and when we came home from church it snowed. The meeting at the Methodist Church took right hold of me, the singing shook me all up. It was so blessed to "sing of His mighty love". I was as happy as I could be that I knew. How I envy those young men from Troy that they can do so much for the Master. It's better than anything.

Find Aggie when we get home and, my, how the tongues run.

Monday.

November 22.

Is a back parlor day. The morning light is humiliation, it knows all the suffering such stoves can know to be supplanted. We do not enter largely into its feelings in the ruddy glow of the American Base banner, No. 12. I have a very high enjoyment of it, comfortably seated as I am much of the day, copying and dosing. I go down to the doctor's and come back on wings. He says I am better, that I may get well. What could I hear that would come like this to me?

My sweet chrysanthemums keep themselves back from death for me. How can I thank them enough? I shall miss them when they get too tired to stay.

Tuesday.

November 23.

Marches me forth on disturbing errands! Miss McMullen vacates whereupon I am commissioned to dawn upon Mr. M. Hubbard and make piteous appeals. I am held forth to at length and my chin drops. Close commission with glaciers, this I do not relish. Come up that hill thinking so. There's one good thing to go down into history, that copying is done. The old Normal work lies before me, no longer a shapeless mass, but with proportions and lifelike. This comforts me. [Mip] Moody's letter issues forth and instructs me as to the things I left behind. If she is right, if Castleton people do think my place hard to fill, I shall find a contentment in the thought that no one will ever know. It would be worth all the work. [page is cut off at bottom]

Wednesday.

November 24.

Is found [bran] in hand. Imagine a glass can and me in it, not all, but only part way. You will never see me any more away from this can. To get the [bran] down me, to attend to the [how] and the digitalis, to see about the lead wash, and get the bathing done requires statesmanship. Yes ma'am.

I go feeling around looking for a sign, but I have to feel my way by the old landmarks, by what I know of right and wrong. Gertie decides to spend her Thanksgiving with Sis, and I go down to the train with her. It's so funny that my thoughts of duty and the right lately are so gloomy, when God's children need no light, when they may walk near Him singing.

Thanksgiving.

November 25.

"Rejoices in hope". The girl that was down yesterday, down at the bottom of the hill where its lonely, lonely is up today. Something about the day was [inspiring]. I was glad all day to be home and home never seemed nicer. I thought so many times how much I wanted to be here a year ago today. It seemed lovely just to be here today about the house. Mother's driver was very nice, such days I cannot talk much about what mother does, for my heart feels so tender of her and the home. I enjoyed the service at the Presbyterian Church, though Mr. Meeker was too unwell to go through with his sermon.

The long quiet day at home ended and I went early with Aggie to Troy to see Maggie Mitchell in "Jane Eyre". I was very much pleased indeed.

Friday.

November 26.

Comes hard on shoes! It was funny coming home in the wind tow path way and feeling the rain pour down, but this wasn't a part of the way I had it all fixed. I wrote a letter for Grandma out to Aunt Mary Griffin and the minute I got it done I wanted to poste it. I'll wait months & months sometimes before I write the letters springs [...] being I ache to start off with [...] [...] must go the first train!. Well and mother's hair had to be taken to the switch, tender, and Mr. Graves appealed to for Katie Hans. So you see this is how I got wet. The day had no regular plan of work in it as a consequence not an awful sight got done. A little after five who should appear but Gertie. Night school surrounds me once more, for Aggie and Dan go on their way rejoicing to see ["Lovle"]. On the whole I rather enjoyed it.

Saturday.

November 27.

When was there a day like it? There has been in a part of it the enthusiasm of childhood like the little times way back when I was just as glad as I could be. The part of the day when I made button holes in the band of my black dress had its use to serve, no doubt, so also when I lay on the bed with a headache and when Fred Atwood came, but the part that had the music and the hope in it, began when Gertie came in with her face like an illuminated text. She was so excited she ran through the wind on the tow-path to tell me, and then couldn't do it. Mr. Johnson's words to her about me and Vassar seem like a message straight from God, and answer to my prayer of these weeks, that if there was any other opening, any other way, He would make it known. I go down at once to consult with Mr. Johnson and then Gertie and I go to Troy to see Maggie Mitchell's last play [...] The Pearl of [...]. We were all there but mother.

Sunday.

November 28.

Whispers of winter near. The first part of the day began excellently, bright everywhere. The wind and snow came on later. We were glad we went to church and glad we heard Dr. Sheldon. We came home earnestly consulting on missions and mission work. Gertie thinks she would like to go South and teach the freshmen. I help her plan and we both get enthusiastic over it. Our supper wasn't enjoyed as Sunday home supers are most always, cause I began to find fault with the children for not being more thoughtful to mother & they scolded, and it did not end in kind, gentle living, and I was so sorry.

I think of Vassar and think and think and wonder if it is for me, wonder what God's answer will be.
[page is cut off at bottom]

Monday.

November 29.

Prescribes such and such proportions. You'll hear once more that I laid out plenty to do and then lay around. I began looking over Latin thinking I had a nice little mess to do here, but today didn't do any of it. It took me most all day to get warm. Such freezing of us everywhere you never heard of. I got myself at teaching again, this time, as assistant. The day was bright and we all got warm after awhile. It didn't turn out to be a bad day after all. In the evening I said I was going to write five letters and I did. This is an unheard of chronicle and I put it down here with a face like Father Barbeands! Two more days to wait in [page is cut off at bottom]

for Andrews begins to do chores for mother. [top of page]

Tuesday.

November 30.

Comes upon us like a mighty man! Who can stand such weather as this? We breathe forth lamentations sitting with our breath against the isinglass and our feet in the ash pan. With the duty of exercising upon me I venture to return with magenta ears and toes that squeal! Gertie ditto, and some over. Well, I studied a little Greek, lay around to some extent, and wrote six letters. I can't set myself to studying for I don't know what to study. I am in the state of the unsettled and I don't know how to get out of it.

A nice letter from Ida walks in upon me and one of the best ones from [Mip] Hastings. I try to be calm and quiet, but I am in suspense, after all.

335.

Wednesday.

December 1.

Walks in smiling. December is a rough, old fellow, but he comes to us in a sort of good natured way. We've got to have him, so we make the best of it, with cold streaks running all along our toes.

I left some pansies in my dear little Parian marble vase and the water froze, and the dear little vase that tried so hard to keep pretty because I loved it so, lied in pieces on the mantel. It made me feel so badly to see it. I haven't felt as well as usual today, more tired, more pain in my back. Gertie goes down to prayer meeting at three and waits for the evening mail from Poughkeepsie but no letter. I try to keep patient about it, praying that though it tarries when it does come, it will bring God's answer. I am happy in thinking of it!

Thursday!

December 2.

Brings the answer! And this is how it came. Gertie said "Let me comb your hair for Mr. Johnson will be up here this morning with that letter. I feel it in my bones". "O, no, not till after dinner. I don't believe he'll be here with it before tomorrow or next day said the other girl". We had our breakfast together Gertie and myself and I was still eating when the door bell rang! And sure enough there was Mr. Johnson with the letter. His message to Gertie before I saw him was,

"It is all satisfactory". I have asked the dear Father to make this His answer, and I believe He has. I believe I shall go for all there is so much yet for me to do. I get all my Latin books out and begin to climb the mountain that lies before me, but I don't forget Sarah must have a letter tomorrow night when she comes home from Johnson Hill. I write her and carry the letter down. Then I write to Prof. B. a long letter.

Friday.

December 3.

Associates itself with dark closets. This is where I get some days and keep out on life in general, through [clinks]. I have no business to be feeling around with such a chance before me, but I lay it a great deal of it, to my physical ills. There were weeks and weeks when I was getting ready to go to Michigan that I felt way down, too far down to be visible. I have brightened since. O, how I dread days when I feel like this. I can trust in Jesus, and, yes I can "look outward and not in". A letter from Sue appears.

I go through the Latin marked out, and gasp some, get a few breaths of the sweet outdoor air, and find it in my heart to be thankful that the weather moderates.

Saturday.

December 4.

Collects cheer. The sun from the heavens above sends us some. Mother gives us some and there's lots more to be had if one keeps up heart and looks around a little. I poured and poured over the Latin and wished I'd done some of it a good while ago, in fact in lots of the minutes that I might have used.

After the Latin got through its appointed stage and station I went out doors. I am perfectly possessed to be out in the air, lately, and Gertie and I went over on the Round Hill. It did me lots of good just the
[page is cut out]

December 4, the day of [Mip] Hastings coming to Castleton. What a blessing God sent me and I knew it not.

Sunday.

December 5.

Another day to hear of Jesus! By lent of [...] of energy and incoming to our relief the marvelous two of us got to church. Mother, dear patient mother helping us all she could. I wonder if we keep in mind all these little things she does, that seem a little perhaps, but yet which we miss so when nobody does them for us. We had a nice sermon from Mr. Johnson about Jesus and the resurrection. All the thoughts of Jesus today are very sweet. I like so the little thrill that comes every time any thing reminds me of him today.

[page is cut out]

seemed so nice at home, shall not soon forget it. Mother reading dear old Quaker sermons to Grandma.

Monday.

December 6.

Has a little visiting to do. Still this lovely weather keeps on, no snow, no rain, no wind, the air soft and not cold. I told mother that I kept thinking all the time that winter was over and it was spring! She said she was afraid I would soon have a slight reminder or two. It happened quite to my advantage that I got so much Latin read in the morning for about noon dear Aunt Mary come and I at once resolved myself into a committee of the whole, and tried to make her glad she came. She brought Hattie Main, Uncle Davids' girl. Dan was so nice when he came up to supper. I like him when he is just as he was tonight so much. He said he met Gussie Rising in the P.O. and she smiled, such a pitiful smile it was that he thought of it all the way up. Dear little tender hearted boy. If he can only keep so!

Tuesday.

December 7.

Gets tangled up in Caesar and Virgil. The day does, but my sailing is fair. There's only one trouble as far as I and this Latin business are concerned. I keep at it so steady that my head gets into the state of Lotta's fish, "turn over and over and round and round". It is so tired tonight. Mr. Johnson made a long and extremely pleasant call. I was out for my walk, seeing him coming I stole up behind him. He is very hopeful about my Vassar prospects. Talks as if I were as good as in and gliding brilliantly on! Not yet Mr. Johnson, else why these affectionate clasps with Caesar, these longings to imbibe Virgil, these struggling pinions, and draggings on! Aggie goes down street and returns on flying chariot wheels. A letter from Rochester with a cricket monogram!

Wednesday.

December 8.

Fidgits. This is woman's talk, purely, and solely. Nobody but a woman would know what it contains in its length and breadth! There aint much about it that I haven't found out in my career which you may call long or short just as you look at it! The first idea that struggled through my brain on coming to consciousness was that I could be tolerably sure of sick headache today. I was not deceived. There came also upon me such an aching of bones, as makes one feel best in bed. That was my story the biggest part of the day, tho' I did manage to teach an hour for Aggie while she went to Troy and went down in the slush to meet her.

This looks dubious. I can not afford to be sick with all the Latin outside of my head. O, dear no!

Thursday.

December 9.

Perseveres backward! Rather of a melancholy nature than otherwise, getting on even unto tossings and pitchings. No Latin or French pours its floods in or around me! Whatever [scarings] I may have are held down and unwinded that the physical rules, when it pleases! Not much getting out or in or around as far as I am concerned!

A letter winged its flight to me from Mary, Cousin Mary at Mechanicville. A letter very generous to me but not half generous to herself.

That Professor down there in Po, lays it upon me to wait awhile. I could do it better, my dear sir, if I could busy myself, but as it is I've nothing to do when I aint pitching, but think and wonder! So hurry up.

Friday.

December 10.

Brings up reinforcements! A little better, a little brighter, but so tired! How could she study with the pain and the restlessness? Mother washed, but her dear, dear heart thought of me and she took many steps to the bedroom! I can't bear lately to think how much I love her! Why, O, why must the tenderness lie so close to the pain in the life story? When Satie's letter came I thought how tired she must be and how much she would like a letter tomorrow. So I got up and wrote her a little. I helped Aggie with her letter and then crept back to bed.

The nice supper helped me get a little strength so I could go over and try to take Aggie's place in night school. She wanted so to hear John B. Gough in Troy. How glad I am that I could do it!

Saturday.

December 11.

"Let me hide myself in Thee". The more so, days like this that bring to me the world's one Hero, the world's great Hero story. It is so sweet to know that my feet have been where His were even once, that my heart has tried to follow Him in His own blessed way. How much I was helped of Him even to do the smallest command! I love to say over and over to myself, "In its deathless bonds to thee", for I know that His love shall be with me always. Jesus gives me sweet thoughts of Himself all day.

It seems in some way planned that Gertie is to be the instrument through which all my good news from Vassar is to come. It was she who brought the much looked for letter this morning. The letter straight from Heaven that gives me joy through and through. I am glad now that it waited to come to me on this day of days.

I can rest so in my every thought of going, for the Lord's hand is in it! Until now my thoughts have tossed and tossed!

Sunday.

December 12.

Gives me rest! Not because I am worthy, but because He is good. This always. The long walk to church in the fresh open air of the morning was a help to the service that followed. I was glad there was a baptismal service today. I wanted the thoughts it would bring. I was very happy all the way home, very happy all the rest of the day. I wanted to write and tell somebody no, not tell, but transmit the joy, for anything sent out from today would take gladness into itself, without a medium. But I did not write. I rested and thought I wanted to think of none, but Jesus. I wanted the whole day to be His. I was so afraid I should lose Him for one moment, but He tarried with me. The Holy Communion was the service in the evening. There were thoughts in my heart of drinking the cup anew with Him in our Father's Kingdom. Aggie not received into the church.

Monday.

December 13.

Gives yet more. This day took its key note from a good ways from here. Not that it would have struck lower right here in the midst of things, with such an opening before me, that could not be, but it struck high, and it was God's message. My heart has been singing all day. I have a dear letter from Frank Kinsloe, and it says "I have given my heart to Christ".

My work all day was the study, study that has to be done before I go, but I couldn't get tired. I can't imagine any work that could have been laid before me to do, any service that would not have been glorified today, by the "Light about the head, shining on me as I go". O, I am so glad for Frank, so glad for the words I wrote in his composition book.

Tuesday.

December 14.

Thinks to itself. It comes to pass that I sit mostly, and pour over books. Come to the conclusion when I glide off to be up stairs that this kind of doings is not good for "aortive regurgitation", and wonder what I'll do about it! It is not discovered that any method comes to me whereby I can do less. It is well worth while to see me when I take up my line of march from the back parlor to bed. The sight is worth even more when I am already in bed, shawl over my head, mouth open!

Dannie and Aggie had what Ceasar in his Commentari De Gallico Belli would call an encounter at the dinner table. We were all so sorry to see them get so angry.

My little letter from sweet Minnie Forbes is a bright place. Even amidst brightness.

Wednesday.

December 15.

Calls the folks out. We shall now take a rest, for we are no longer to hear that the Rev. John Henry Hobart Brown is Bishop [elset] in Fond-du-Lac. We are no longer to hear that the consecration is to take place in Cohoes! Let me record it. Bishop he is made. Mother keeps saying "Did you know that Hobart Brown was bisship?" We are a very [reverent] family.

My sister has great "hurries to go", and I who have had so many things to see in my life, and will have so many more, give up the sight and teach. Somebody must alwasys teach in this family, there's a teach tied fact to all things. I get enough of it before two o'clock. I assure you. Come home, head a [simmering]!

Go at Latin, for you must needs know to get my stint done I must hurry. Head swims more. Mother don't like to make cotton flannel doings for me. Says so.

Thursday.

December 16.

Is a sell! We are the sold, my sister and this girl. A trip on our part to Albany, marked, "needless". Great [reach] being make for the Senate Chamber, it is found. Examination is the matter. Parenthesis. (Its always the matter with me, both ends of the year.) Prof. Husted now appears upon the scene and stops proceedings!

Unlimited leisure for once is supposably mine! We mustn't go to Albany for nothing. As our first object is not attained we must now have a good time. Mr. Husted does not stop these proceedings. How dare he? We betake ourselves to Briare's and eat ice cream and cake, we also ruse around see lots of folks, and a big funeral Capt. Cook's, "sailed round the world etc. Not we.

Arrive at the corner of Vliet and Garner at a little after five certificateless!

A lovely letter from Rhoda. Does my heart good!

Friday.

December 17.

Hasn't any fault to find with itself. So you see twas a pretty good day, bright too, with fresh snow around! I thought

would be a nice day to begin Christmas on so I set it apart and sent the word that shall bring "Merry Christmas" to Aggie and the boy. About mother's I can't find even today wise enough to say for sure, or bright enough. I wrote a long letter to [Mip] Hastings, and the drift of it was that we shall not have this winter together as we had thought. "God having provided some better thing for me"!

Still I pour solemnly over Ceasar's Gallic war and Virgil's Aeneid. Do not find myself so tired tonight as sometimes. The wait brings me a letter from Maggie Ryan, and from Mr. Cole. The day has been full of dreams, looking backward.

Saturday.

December 18.

Insists on being an anniversary. I suppose every day is one, but this you must know especially dates a certain first Normal Reunion. This occupies me mentally. The day has its own history. Mother and Aggie betake themselves to Albany and all else is dropped, that the 9:25 train may bear them on. Grandma constitutes herself committee of the whole. Does everything today mother don't let her do other days. She insists on putting the potatoes in before it's time, says that she always puts them in "when the sun comes in this window!" The weather is too much for us, a regular December wheezer! The folks get back from Albany and bless the sight of the gate.

I feel pretty well today. Stronger than usual, and very hopeful!
My letter was short.

Sunday.

December 19.

Is chiefly chilly. Where the mercury has gone to in the depths of thermometers is a matter on which I am not posted, but my feelings indicate a remarkable state of things. We are all cold, too cold to think much of anything else. It is an aphorism of mother's that "this is a cold house". I was not sorry I went to church. Dr. Maynard's sermon was worth all the cold creeping through me, even the faintness coming up the hill! The text was Jesus words, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out". The illustrations about the "Moravian brethren", the "Wandering Jew legend", Jesus surrounding us with a sphere of love placing us in the centre of the sphere. The sick man going day after day to the basement, all fitted in a wonderful way.

In the evening I copied from George Eliot and wrote a letter. Have missed some of the Sunday restfulness and peace, but God will give it me in His own sweet time. I thank Him that I can trust in Him!

Monday.

December 20.

Is progressive. It starts off sails to the breeze in Latin. Digs over it and over it some time after the sun gets in that window grandma tells about! No let up on the cold, great consternation among us, different theories as to the present resting place of the mercury. Packages arrive to Gertie, music to Aggie, my part which consisted of nothing soon told! Not even a letter from Maggie Ryan! My knitting proceeds under dubious auspices, but a few times the white thread goes in and this is a comfort to me!, some.

My walk was not unnecessarily prolonged, and I was not spared breezes, a great many.

Saddest of all my dear calla lily is desolate, all its pretty leaves are gone, and even its roots may be dead. Poor, dear

little lily.

Tuesday.

December 21.

Contains consternations of a different character! It's weather this time. Unheard of changes have taken place in the night and all the breezes this morning are spicy. Some even complained of being hot! This delights me. It is as we would have had it! I am not happy in freedom from aches today, like some days, but I haven't much fault to find. I am up and at things, and don't stop if I do ache a little here and there.

Mother washed and I helped her with the dishes. Am glad there's poetry in clean, white plates! Count it all joy that Caesar grows less swampy and dreadful. I read "him" more rapidly. Aggie calls upon me once more to take up her sceptre while she goes to Troy to hear "[Litiens]" sing. I do.

Sarah Steward's letter makes me glad, it makes me wish more for work to do for Jesus. How do we even know what words of ours may be made sweet helpers?

Wednesday.

December 22.

Expects and calculates. Going furiously at Latin you needn't suppose that much expecting gets done this set apart period! I religiously give my whole effort to "De Bello Gallico", until my head fairly starts up and won't! Just so today I lay divers wonderful plans as to how I am to get the Christmas presents to the folks, and give them most remarkable surprises!

I wonder if I ever went to that [Rens and Sar.] depot and got anything I went after. "Was there an express package for [Mip] Bromley!" No, there wasn't any". I muse on old probabilities. Mother's poor head does get down on a pillow and gets a rest thru' the evening. Did it ever need it more?

My Virgil does get most down when [Mip] Eliza Land stops proceedings by an unexpected call. Rather protracted!

Thursday.

December 23.

Tells about mud! Don't expect at this juncture that you're going to hear me finding fault! No, with such mildness as this I am in love! I can even look across the river and smile today. I don't get many looks that way. My nose suspends itself largely over De Gallico Bello. But I don't get cross. I feel good over it. I get out in the air and sniff it and sniff it, and don't get any tired. I trot down to the P.O. to receive as I suppose a registered letter, and lo, to my astonished vision is presented a certain parcel from B.K. Chase. I know what! That man at the express office needn't look his books over any more to see if it has come.

Evening with Virgil and a poking time of it. I don't feel like studying tonight!
Gertie is silent and won't talk a word. The dear child!

Friday.

December 24.

Seasons itself with mysterious airs! I do like to get off down to Troy or Albany the day before Christmas. There's fun, lots of it, in other people's comforts. Such looking at things, such deciding and wondering if they'd do such great questions settled in no time! But this hasn't to do with me. Mine was all decided days ago, and all I have to do is to come to Troy and have the precious bundle tied up! This is quickly achieved! I am mad because the cars get here in ten minutes! I felt like a long ride today. The bundle thro [Mip] Chisholm's interposition gets home unsuspected. The Baptist supper to which tickets were sent us was not extensive. Hardly attained thro' a snowstorm. I am a long time getting to bed! To adjust that ring of Dan's so it will meet his eyes on waking in the A.M. and not fall off the tack in the ceiling is a work of some dimensions. I tie mother's envelope to the kitchen door and arrange Aggie's books on the piano, then for bed!

Christmas.

December 25.

Does it itself! Don't want any help from anybody only the wishing, of course the day wants that. Where did all the cheer come from? This is one of the measurable questions, but we didn't have to try one out to be merry. Everybody finds their present that I spooked around the house last night to settle, and mine my sister puts on my finger herself, "I wanted to get something you could keep always", she said. The plain band of gold, this that I always liked so. Dan acts as he did when he put on his first boots! I go down to the one o'clock train with Gertie. A very interesting encounter with [Mip] Van Vranken ensues, not in any sense to be taken as a fight! How I love my dear home and all of them days like this. I keep all the comfort close and if the time ever comes that I am desloate and alone I shall be glad to have once had so much.

Sunday.

December 26.

Hears Jesus calling again. It seems as if so much was mine lately of gospel messages and holy services. Not always spoken are they. There are quiet helps at home! It was very mild and pleasant out doors. Mother came up stairs before I was up and brought the first message of the day, that she thought Aggie and I could go to church it was so nice out. We found it all just so. You will not hear that we appeared after the collection and almost after the sermon as has been the rule lately. That chap that seats us will be surprised when he finds out I was there before him! Mr. Johnson for the morning gave us the story of the blood stained doors. The rest of the day at home was just as full as ever. I was glad to read "Leslie Goldthwaite's one summer.

When mother came in and called me to dinner with "come see what [beautifullest] dinner mother's got". I couldn't keep the tears back. I thought of the Sundays close at hand when I should so much want to be here to Sunday dinners!

Monday.

December 27.

Plies the oar. If that means six fearfully long pages of Caesar all day and two pages of Virgil in the evening then I take that the full I have an understanding of it. I in common with my sister take my breakfast at eleven. That's the way I shall doubtless do in Vassar. Dear me how sleepy I shall be mornings if I have to have my breakfast down there at half-past ten instead of eleven!

There came a last line even to the six pages of Caesar, and the out-door air after that seemed surprisingly blessed. My call at Mr. Johnson's was pleasant. Anybody could say that. Anybody couldn't stand around in the P.O. an indefinite period waiting for the mail to be poured out and not any poured in him! but I did! The words at home are all low and

pleasant and my heart is up. The sick girl's sore throat makes me worry some, but mother will cure it!

Tuesday.

December 28.

Says, "Keep to your inside world today". We listen, for Dan's step noon and night for post office messengers, but nothing is fished up out of his pocket this day. We have to lean back on our Latin books, our knitting our tidies and our sore throats. Mother not included in any of the above sets the parlors to rights in anticipation of tomorrow evening. That work we girls ought to do every time, I wish I could leave after my work so much to show for it. The stoves are bright and shine forth since mother's fingers left them. The parlors have summoned all their fairies and marvelous touches abound! I keep pretty quiet and a consolation besides. If nothing comes from outside the thoughts can fly out, and anywhere. The sore throat is better some.

Wednesday.

December 29.

Treats of "just throwing our doors open". "Mother wished me to ask you Mr. Johnson", said I'm my call, "what your custom is in these socials". "O, there's nothing to be done, only just throw your doors open". This we proceeded to do. The night was dark, there was slosh in the streets, it was a long hill, the pillars were all sick or used up, and I don't remember the other reasons, but the ways mourned, few came, and these chiefly young, very! Our utmost was called for in the way of entertaining and to get anybody to answer you back. Why, I don't remember that it occurred during the evening. "They have done what they could, should have been our reward, written high, but not that. Sadder than this. While we were doubling our diligence somebody glided into our byways, and back doors and stole a pie! There came a last even to this. To be applied several ways.

Thursday.

December 30.

Treats of an arrival! Not people to visit us, though we are on the look out for Aunt Mary, nor people with soap, nor people to notify us about wills! Our visitor takes his station on the stove-pipe and grinds a process we watch with zeal as yet unabated.

Aggie in search of a ride, trips it to Troy, in this April weather. The rest of us dispose ourselves where we please, and do what we want to. As I make ready to meet my sister she arrives on the spot and we immediately eat supper together. Mother keeps asking, "Does the social meet here tonight?" We surprise Eliza and Amelia Land by venturing in there! We needn't have staid away so long, there's nothing to be afraid of. Amelia enquires concerning mother's "darn plants". Says she's "glad the man stole her pie, or whoever it was!"

365.

Friday.

December 31.

Tells its last little story. I am glad the back parlor has been so bright today. I have been in and out for the cheer was not there only but all over the house. Every thing says, "The last of the old year", but every thing says it very hopefully.

Dannie fishes up a letter for me at last and its from Satie. His piscatory powers of late as far as letters for me are concerned are very low down. My expedition down street might better have been on the Red River. I came home from the conference with Katie Doyle's mother without any match performance and retreating spirits! Mother comforts me! Besides there's my stocking to knit on! Grandma thinks the man that came to tune the piano "isn't much of a player". Anybody watching would see Agnes and I running around in the early dark inquiring for a chicken, home is home to the cottage. Corned beef, liver, and pig's feet instead!

It is almost twelve, almost time to shut this little book up and carry it off up stairs with the others. It waits only for the last words, which must be "O God our help in ages past, our hope for years to come".

Memoranda.

Our family at the Sem.

Mr. Hyde.

Mip Hastings.

Mip Ten Broeck.

Mip Brown.

Mip Croft.

Mip Bromley.

Mip Moody.

Ida Todd.

Satie Rising.

Rhoda Congdon.

Minnie Forbes.

Julia Miller.

Katie Fallom.

Winnie Richards.

Flora Withington.

Edward Leonard.

Emma Grinnell.

Mary Conley.

Annie McDonald.

Frankie Clifford.

Electa Stafford.

Sarah Wolcott.

Jennie Wright.

Memoranda

Sopie Hyde.

Kitty Davy.

Eddie Cook.

David Gibson.

Florence Gates.

Rollin Young.

Lorraine Loveland.

Edgar Harlow.

Laurilla Smith.

Jessie Hawkins.

Theo Stiles.

Fannie Lewis.

Mrs. Hawkins.

Mrs. Stiles.

Memoranda.

Cash Account. January.

Esther Wynn's Love letters.

Sunday Night.

My Darling! I implore you not to come. Have I not loved you enough, all these years long, for you to trust me, and believe that it is only because I love you so much that I cannot, cannot see you now? Dear, did I ever ask you to forego your wish for mine? Did I ever before withhold anything from you, my darling? Oh, love, you know, oh. Now well you know that always in every blissful moment we have spent together, my bliss has been shadowed by a little, interrupted by a little, because my soul was forever restlessly asking, seeking, longing, for one more joy, delight,

Cash Account, January.

rapture, to give to you!

Now listen, darling. You say it is almost a year since we met; true, but if it were yesterday, would you remember it any more clearly? Why, my precious one, I can see over again at this moment each little movement which you made, each look your face wore; I can hear every word; I can feel every kiss; very solemn kisses they were too, love, as if we had known.

You say we may never meet again. Love. But if that is to be so, all the more I choose to leave with you the memory of the face you saw then, rather than of the one you would see today. Be compassionate, darling, and spare me the pain of seeing your pain at sight of my poor changed face. I hope it is not

vanity, love, which makes me feel this so strongly. Being so clearly and so calmly conscious as I am that very possibly my earthly days are near their end, it does not seem as if mere vanity could linger in my soul. And you know you have always said, dearest, that I had none. I know that I have always wondered unspeakably that you could find pleasure in my face, except occasionally, when I have felt, as it were, a great sudden glow and throb of love quicken and heat it under your gaze; then as I have looked up in your eyes, I have sometimes had a flash of consciousness of a transfiguration in the very flesh of my face, just as I have a sense of rapturous strength sometimes in the very flesh and bone of my right hand when I strike on the piano some of

Beethoven's chords. But I know that, except in the light of your presence I have no beauty. I had not so much to lose as other women. But, dear one, that little is gone. I can read in the pitying looks of all my friends how altered I am. Even if I did not see it with my own eyes I should read it in theirs. And I cannot, oh, I cannot read it in yours!

If I knew any spell which could make you forget all except some rare moment in which you said in your heart 'she never looked so lovely before!' oh, how firmly I would bind you by it! All the weary indifferent, or unhappy looks, love, I would blot out from your memory, and have the thought of me raise but one picture in your mind. I would have it as if I had died and left of my face no record

on earth except one wonderful picture by some great master, who had caught the whole beauty of the one rarest moment of my life. Darling, if you look back, you will find that moment; for it must have been in your arms; and let Love be the master who will paint the immortal picture!

As for this thin, pale, listless body which just now answers to the value of me, there is nothing in or about it which you know. Presently it will be carried like a half, lifeless thing on board a ship; the winds will blow roughly on it, and it will not care. If god will, darling, I will come back well and strong. If I cannot come well and strong I hope never to come at all.

Don't call me cruel. You would feel the same. I also should combat the resolve in you, as you do in me. But in my heart I should understand

I should sympathize and I should yield.

God bless you darling. I believe He will, for the infinite goodness of your life. I thank Him daily that He has given it to me to bless you a little. If I had seen you to say farewell, my beloved, I should not have kissed you many times as has been our event. That is for hours of joy. I should have kissed you three times, only three times, on your beautiful, strong, gentle lips, and each kiss would have been a separate sacrament with a bond of its own. I send them to you here, love, and this is what they mean! (Aug. 15 and 16.)

From others.

I cannot love you more precious one! Neither would I if I could! One heart beat more in a minute

Cash Account. April

and I should die. But all that you have so much lived and cared for and expansion in me, has been only the clearing, refining, and stimulating of every faculty, every sense, by my love for you! When I have said or written a word that has pleased you thus, if there were any special fitness or eloquence in the word it was only because I sought after what would best carry my thought to you darling; what would be the best frame, best setting to keep the flowers or the sky which I had to see alone, to keep them till you could see them too! O, dear one, do understand that there is nothing of me except my heart and my love. While they [weildingly], tremblingly, rapturously growing within me, under the sweet warmth of your love no wonder I changed day by day. But percieve me it is ended. The whole solemn, steadfast womanhood within me realizes it.

Cash Account. April.

Sept. 19.

I need thee every hour.
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.
I need thee. O I need thee
Every hour I need thee;
O bless me now my Savior!
I come to thee.

I need thee every hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations love their power
When thou art nigh.

I need thee every hour,
In joy or pain,

Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

New Year's Eve.

From Leslie Goldthwaite's one summer. "To be able to hear, perhaps this was it, and this was greater indeed than any outer grace".

"Might she have it in her after all. Might she even be able to come if need be to the strength of mind of wearing an old gray straw bonnet and bearing to be forty years old, and helping to adorn the young and beautiful for looks that never, just so, should be bent again on her?"

"The words had a word for her"

"We do love leaves for their own sake; trees, and vines and the very green grass, even".

"It is the tender training of Him before whom our life is of so great value".

"Easy beautiful summer work, only to be shone upon, to lift up one's branching life and be reverently, glad, to grow sweet and helpful and good

giving in one's turn; could she not begin to do that?"

"There is a best to be got out of everything; but it is neither the best of place or possession or the chuckle of the last word".

"But in the midst grows silently the century, plant of the soul, absorbing to itself hourly that which feeds the beauty of the lily and the radiance of the leaf, waiting only for the hundred years of its shrouding to be over!"

"She's made a life for that child out of nothing a most".

"And I suppose the Lord's love come with them! I suppose He calls whether they get the full of the good and yet I think He leaves it like everything else a little to us".

"It's my faith that he's never gone away from his work

dear, that his love lies alongside every life and in all its experience; and that his life is in his love".

"It depends on what one is willing to get crowded out".

"She don't care what she is so that she helps along".

"She helps me to feel what the Higher, the Highest, must be".

"She was won to a perception of the really best in life, that which this plain old spinster", with her scrap of lace and a front "had found worth living for after the golden days were over".

"This woman had no self to be hurt".

"It defeneded, she began faintly and afar off to see upon where the true life lay, how far behind the mere outer covering vitality withdrew itself".

Cash Account. October.

Cash Account. November.

Account with Aggie, Credits to her.

Old account	10.65
Paid to Willards	5.03+
Gloves	1.50
Ear-rings	1.00
Water-proof	5.63
Cloth for Mrs. D.	1.75
Mending bracelet	.15
Postage stamp	.03
Money.	15.00
"	3.17
"	1.20
"	2.00
Fare to Albany.	.50
Ice-cream in Albany	.30
Tie	.25
Fare to Schenectady	.68
Balance on Satie's basket	.40
Balance on Albany trip	1.04
Bill at Kahn's	.42
Pen Knife	.60
Aggies fare to & from	.23
Troy Jan.C.	

My fare to Troy with trunk	.21
[Mip] Flagler	5.00

Money 5.00
Lent mother for me 3.00
Sent in box 2.00
Postage .35
Picture .33
Charges on box .50
Paid Joe Andrews .50
Paid Willard 7.00
Money .75
Postage .02
Unmounted Pictures/cards .81
Paid Clough 18.00
Expense on Dickens set .65
Postals .02
Oranges .25
Ticket to Pough 1.47
Paid Hildah 1.50
Money 1.00
Paid Willard 3.50
Sent in letter 2.00
" " " Jan 13 2.00

Summary of Cash Account.

Paid Ad Spicer 3.08
Money in Cranford .50
Stamps .15
(Part of this belongs to 1876)

Let thy life be like the snow fields where thy footsteps leave a mark but no stain".

O tell me how Love cometh,
It comes unsought unspent,
O tell me how Love goeth,
That was not Love that went.

They love the sea too well who complain of a fair wind and a desirable tide and a speedy coming ashore especially a coming ashore in that land where all the inhabitants have ever lasting joy upon their heads, ye cannot be too early in heaven.

Life may be lyric or epic as well as a poem or a romance.

"Looking outward and not in,
Looking upward and not down,
Looking forward and not back
and lending a hand".
(August 11, 1875.)

Three Kisses of Farewell.

Three, only three my darling,
Separate, solemn, slow!
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know
When we kissed because we loved each other
Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished our kisses as the
summer
Lavishes heat,
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrong,
When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give,
except
A sacrament.

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred into pain;
We have hurt each other often;
We shall again,
When we pine because we miss each other
And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take!
Buried, forgiven, before it comes
For our love's sake!

The second kiss, my darling
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always;
We always will.
We shall reach until we feel each other,
Past all of time and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place;
The earth is full of messengers,
Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
Which we shall know!

The last kiss, oh, my darling,
My love, I cannot see,
Through my tears, as I remember
What it may be.
We may die and never see each other,
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die, as live.

Token of what they will not see
Who see our parting breath.
This one last kiss, my darling, seals
The seal of death".
Saxe Holm.

Aug. 14.

"Unfinished work, let fall from
dying hands,
Has deeper meanings that are
voiced in tears!
Fair blooms whose fruitage is in
brighter lands,
They breathe the fragrance of
immortal years."

Thy Name.
I told the rose thy name, it blushed
and stirred;
Its petals trembled as in ecstasy.
I cried thy name aloud and lo
the bird
Burst into song within the thick leaved tree.

I spoke it when the morn was gray & cold
and straight from out his east up shot
the sun.
I spoke it in the night, the clouds
that rolled
Above dispersed; the stars came
one by one.

Should any whisper it when on
my face.
The black earth lies, calm
sleeping underground,
I think my heart again would
beat a space,
And that my lips would tremble
at the sound.

And if before the gates of heaven
I came
And could for mine own worth
no entrance win
I think that then, if I should
name thy name,
The eternal doors would stir
and let me in.

Dramas.
Geo. M. Baker and Co.
41-45 Franklin St.
Boston, [Map].

Helen A. Allen
11 Kilby St.
Worcester, Mass.

Carmen.

[This is in French I believe]

No 204 To

Miss F.M.Bromley,
Present,

Castleton Nov 4, 174.

Darling Teacher,

I am so glad you are so happy this morning. I think it is always so nice to feel bright and cheerful on our birthday's, don't you? The first thing I thought of when I woke this morning was it is Miss Bromley's birthday, and I prayed that it might be a happy day to you and that nothing might occur to make you sad or unhappy.

I have thought of you so much this week. I wish I could express to you how happy I was

Sunday. My thoughts went back to the times long ago when you partook of the communion in our little church at home and I cried because I could not commune too. I often wonder if you know the effect your words and actions had upon me. I have often wondered too, how you had patience & courage to keep on talking to me so long, for I feel that I gave you little encouragement to talk to me unless it may have been by listening attentively to all you said. But if you could only know how dear those talks were to me how I treasured every word you said I think you would feel repaid for the trouble you took. I think if you had left off talking

or writing to me then I never should have been a christian.

Again I hope you may be happy all day. I think you have much to make you happy for you are sure of all your girls love. I did not mean this for a letter but was just going to write a little note to tell you how much I love you but it has grown into quite a long note. I think you know (partly) how much I love you without my telling you but I like to tell you sometimes fearing you may forget.

Lovingly,
Satie

From Thoreau.

I saw that if there was a stone wall between me and my townsmen, there was still a more difficult one to climb or break through before they could get to be as free as I was. I did not for a moment feel confined and the walls seemed a great waste of stone and mortar. I felt as if I alone of all my townsmen had paid my tax. They plainly did not know how to treat me, but behaved like persons who are underbred. In every threat and in every compliment there was a blunder for they thought my chief desire was to stand on the other side of that stone wall. I could not but smile to see how industriously they locked the door on my meditations which followed them out again without let

or hindrance and they were really all that was dangerous, as they could not reach me, they had resolved to punish my body, just as boys, if they cannot come at any person at whom they have a grudge, will abuse his dog.

April 21, 1874.

Miss Bromley

My Own Dear Teacher,

Do you really love to have me like you? I have been very unhappy lately, for I feared you did not.

I presume I never should have indulged that feeling, only I am so tired and discouraged. I work much harder than I did last term, but I do not do well in anything, and, of course, give you frequent causes for displeasure.

And, so far have missed the good night kisses! I cannot give you any so long as I have sore lips. It's against my principles.

Yours in love,
Ella

I love you.

Sewing Society at Mrs
G.B.Sibley on Union
St, back of Free Library Hall

Miss E.M.Clark.
High School.
River St. cars for Lansing high
Vail St. walk to next comes
George St. N. of Vail. Right
[g...] house on George
St.

