

January 1st. Wednesday. May I this year have energy, good will and good faith! May I be guilty of no treason against duty and my best self! May I acquire more ~~wisdom~~ system, order, and wisdom in the use of things - may I, if God wills, carry out some of my plans for making my studies useful to others.

This is much to ask, but not too much of Him who giveth all.

Last year on Jan. 1st, I had not private money enough to buy a few flowers for my ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ New Year's reception. Today I have some hundreds in the bank, after paying \$3100 towards our travelling expenses, and making a good many presents at Christmas. I am thankful for this addition to my means, but earnestly hope to make a good use of it..

January 3d, Friday. Early to town. News of Auntie Francis' death. Telegraphed to Sam to learn about the funeral. Answer, tomorrow afternoon at Trinity Church, Newport. Occupations as usual. Excuses to Mrs. Robeson and the Brewers. Evening at home.

January 4th, Saturday. Took 8:30 A.M. train for Newport. Rev. E. M. P. Wells on board. A long talk with him, quite a pleasant one. Arrived at Newport, we took a carriage and drove to Sam's house.. Fare \$2, carriage .50. Harriet gave me all information concerning Auntie's end. She said from the first that she should not recover. Took cold some three weeks since at Trinity Church, Newport. Is supposed to have had heart disease and water on the chest. She died very quietly, on the afternoon of January 1st.. She had desired that her remains might not be disturbed for twenty-four hours after her death. In consequence * * * none of us had a last look at her strong, truthful, kind old face. The day was very stormy, funeral mournful.. Harriet and I the only ladies of the family present. Thus ends the mortal career of our good aunt, identified with much of our early life, an honest warm-tempered, warm-hearted person, never meanly or intemperately resentful. I regret and revere her..

January 5th. (New York). Sunday. Received like a sister (an older one) by Mary and Charles (Ward).. Went down to see Annie, who looks much worn with packing, etc. Spent the day pretty much with her. Visited Aunt Louisa (McAllister) who has a dangerous internal trouble. In the evening met the Halls and Aunt Maria and learned partly from their manner, partly from what Mary told me that they are not pleased with David's engagement.. This surprised me greatly. I ought to have known of it before..

January 6th, Monday. Visited Annie and Aunt Louisa. The latter assures me that the ranch was well sold. A poor attempt at study. Evening at home. ~~XXXXXX~~

January 7th, Tuesday. Visited Annie. Went to order a bonnet with Mary. Bought a cap. Had no reading, but saw Annie a good deal.

January 8th, Wednesday. Very much depressed about Flossy's affairs. For my dear, noble girl to be set at naught by people like the Halls does seem something of a caricature. I can give her \$5000 cash, and allow her \$600 per annum. They cannot give David one red cent. Yet this attachment, the most precious thing that either can have, is to be, they say, his ruin. They have not even called to see me. I digest these insults as quietly as I can, for dear Flossy's sake and bide my time.

January 11th, Saturday. Wrote Mrs. Brown of Belmont and Miss Loring about Cretan matters. Early to town to see Mr. Peck about the ~~xxx~~ ^{music} hall. He advises a fair

to be held there to last one week. Took up Fichte after a week's neglect in New York. I could make nothing of him. (Rest of this entry and the two next about Fichte.)

January 12th, Sunday. Mr. Calthorp preached, quite a vigorous sermon. I asked him to dine and enjoyed his conversation. He has three Japanese pupils. I shall hereafter invite him to bring them. I wrote some verses which did not at all come up to the conception. Wrote to Mrs. Griswold about my fair.

January 14th, Tuesday. (After a long Fichte entry). A good deal of study. Copied part of my interview with the pope. Read Fichte and studied Greek. Wrote to Mrs. Emerson and spoke to Mary Hague about the fair. Gave cock warning.

January 24th, Friday. A dreadfully busy day. Meeting of general committee on Cretan fair. 27 persons present. (List fellows of people to consult.) On arriving home had to pick out pieces from my notes of travel to read at the club tonight. Felt overcome with fatigue and nervousness and fretful, but I am quite sure I do not rave as I used to. My reading at the club was short and well liked, if I may believe what people said to me.

January 26th, Sunday. Some mental troubles have ended in a determination to hold fast till death the liberty wherewith Christ has made me free. The joyous belief that his doctrine and influence can keep me from all that I should most greatly dread lifts me up like a pair of strong wings. "I shall run and not be weary, I shall walk and not faint." At church the first hymn contained these lines:
 "Her Father's God before her moved"

which quite impressed me. For my father's piety, and the excellence of other departed relatives have always of late years been a support and pledge to me of my own good behaviour.

January 28th, Tuesday. Very angry with Chev for changing the heating apparatus without consulting or even informing me. A most unnecessary and inconvenient measure, a feature of his mania for such changes. (Fichte) Dined with Carrie Tappan at Cambridge. H. James was there, most genial. Chev had a bad fall on the ice.

February 1st, Saturday. Oh, Master, in this new month forsake me not! Thou knowest my present great need. Let me, dear Master, lose all but Thee, for Thou art all to have or to lose.

My brain generated many verses this morning.

February 2d, Sunday. Church was blessed. Prayer and sermon equally dear. In petition for those we love and against temptation my heart equally joined. Sermon on this text: "The life was the light of men". Life brings us light, experience brings us instruction. Life of good men and women, life of Christ. My heart uplifts itself in hope not to be divided by any personal seeking from the great army of good and faithful souls. The single eye, the single love. If Christ has taught anything, He has taught the necessity of purity and sincerity of aim to character. We do not serve God with the mammon of our own vanities and other passions. I write this personal record at this moment because I wish to remember this time, this effort and its lessons.

The thief's heart, the wanton's brow, may accompany high talent and geniality of temperament, but, thanks be to God, they need not.

February 3d, Monday. Resolved to work hard for the fair. (Long list of people visited).

February 4th, Tuesday. A meeting for the fair at our rooms at 7:30. I had to manage this, as I could. We were pretty orderly and business-like. I promised to visit six persons between this and Monday next. Chev spoke at Roxbury.

February 5th, Wednesday. A bite only at Fichte. Business overwre me and my anxiety about Julia increases. Mrs. Waterston will not serve at the South End table, alas! Studied, wrote a little argument for the fair to read at church meeting tonight. Dined at Mrs. Lodge's very socially and pleasantly. Deater Holmes was there, very genial. Went to church meeting, read my argument, with little effect, I thought.

February 6th, Thursday. Studied and had my Greek lesson. At 3 p.m. went to Dorchester, where I met a dozen ladies at the house of Mrs. Nazro, and read a few pages on Cretan matters. They will almost certainly give us a table.

February 7th, Friday. Two committee meetings, a most busy day. Read a little. Had Reddecanachi headline. We had quite a dispute, concerning the Greek church on which I made some mild criticisms, which his ignorance misinterpreted.

February 8th, Saturday. Busy all day. Called on Mrs. Coolidge for my fair. Wrote to Mrs. Lodge. In the evening to the ballet which I found vile. Chev ill all day.

February 9th, Sunday. Committee proposed on church table, pastor and wife, myself, Mrs. Wells, Miss Putnam, Miss Hooper. Sermon very pleasant and very good. Wished I could make a fine poetic picture of Paul preaching on Mars Hill, on one side, the glittering statues and brilliant mythology, on the other, the simplicity of the Christian life and doctrine. But today no pictures come.

February 10th, Monday. Evening meeting at our rooms for the South Boston table (for the Cretan fair).

February 11th, Tuesday. Early to town on business. Got Anagnos to help me read two odes of Anacreon. This was a great pleasure.

February 12th, Wednesday. Wrote notes about the fair, etc. Wrote on my little preachment for Saturday's meeting. Greek lesson. Went at 6 p.m. with Chev to West Newton. He to lecture for the Cretans. Rev. Tiffany proposed a collection, which Chev opposed. It was finally carried through.

Have studied Greek all these days.

February 15th, Saturday. A busy day. Finished writing my appeal to the ladies of the South End. Read a very little with Anagnos. Dined at 2 p.m. very lightly. Went to Mrs. Lodge's with a certain nervous agitation, determined to read my address entire, but not knowing at all how it would strike. Some twenty ladies I think, were present, perhaps more. I read my paper right through. It was well received. Mrs. Lodge agreed to take the head of the table, if another lady would assist. We nominated Mrs. N. Silsbee and formed the rest of the company into a general committee. I consider the table now as answered for. Went down to acquaint Sister Silsbee with the nomination which she accepted. Thus the busy week ends well.

February 16th, Sunday. Told Anagnos that he must work harder at books, at which he seemed hurt. To church. A sermon ending in an appeal for funds with which to build a larger church. Meeting after church. Subscriptions. I promised \$200, but hope to give more. Wrote to Colonel Holmes (?) of Milton, inviting him to act as chief marshal of the fair. Afternoon and evening at home of rest and refreshment.

(Follow many entries about the Cretan Fair, of no interest today).

February 24th, Monday. Much business on hand, no Greek lesson. I was feeble in mind and body and fretted over the loss of the lesson in a silly manner. Habit is to me, not second nature, but first nature, and I easily become mechanical and fixed in my routine. * * * I confess that to lay down Greek now would be to die, like Moses, in sight of the promised land. All my life I have longed for this language.

Beacon St. 4 p.m. Club at Mary Bigelow's. I was late, to my regret, but enjoyed the friends. I am to canvass Park Street for the Beacon Street table.

February 25th, Friday. Busy all day with committee meetings, etc.

February 29th, Saturday. There is a terrible truth in passion, and a terrible untruth. The truth is the beauty and nobleness of nature's ends, the untruth is the supposed power of any enjoyment fully to satisfy and attain them. The two perfectly united is a beautiful truth, but that this union may be permanent and perfect, not Eros, but Caritas, must be the third party, the point and bond of union. I have thought of this, remembering my essay on Polarity.

March 1st, Sunday. All of these days are mixed of satisfaction and dissatisfaction. I am pretty well content with my work, not as well with myself. I feel the need of earnest prayer and divine help. The sermon intimately dear and counseling. I lost the communion through Mrs. Webster's visit, which was, however, an interesting one. She has written a very genial play for children which she read me, wishing to have it performed for the Cretan fair.

March 2d, Monday. Reading for Freedmen at Mrs. Barnard's rooms, Hotel Pelham. A terribly stormy day. In doubt as to my audience, but found a very good one considering the weather. The Agassiz came in from Cambridge, which struck me as a great act of friendship, as they are both very busy people, but the good God knows how little satisfied I am with myself in these days. I pray and wait.

March 10th, Tuesday. Cannot find two of my essays, How not to teach Ethics, and Ideal Causation.

March 15th, Sunday. Quieter than usual. Church delightful though with some little disappointment. I consult Mr. Clarke about my essay and pass most of the day after church in anxious reading over of my papers. After trying the Fact Accomplished, I return to Doubt and Belief as being the best to give where I shall probably be heard but once.

March 16th, Monday. I had been invited to read an essay before the Radical Religious Club at 10 o'clock. I asked leave for Anagnor to go, and took him with me. My daemon (Secratio) had told me to read Doubt and Belief, so I chose this, and read it. I found my daemon justified - it proved to have a certain fitness in calling forth discussion. Mr. Emerson first spoke, very beautifully, then Mr. Alcott, these two sympathizing much in my view. Wesson followed, a little off, but with a very friendly contrast, then came Higginson, then James F. Clarke. Mrs. Dall and Mrs. Cheney both made remarks. Much of this talk was very interesting. It was all marked by power and sincerity, but Emerson and Alcott understood my essay better than the others, except J.F.C. I introduced Anagnor to Emerson. I told him that he had seen the Olympus of New England. Thought of my dear lost one, dead in this house (13 Chestnut). Anagnor is a dear son to me. I brought him home to dinner, and count this a happy day.

March 23d, Monday. My eye worse than ever. Lay on the bed most of the day, dreading the evening meeting. In extreme suffering. Tried a variety of useless and harmless things. Moulton came in and manipulated me after the movement cure.

fashion. I got a little sleep, but continued to suffer. Was unable to look at my manuscript until late in the afternoon, when I hastily made such selections as I could. Dressed for the evening and went with Moulton and Anagnone, Laura crying ^{hard} about my going. I suffered somewhat, but got through better than I expected. The Perabos played delightfully, the flowers which they gave me beautiful. Mr. Cheney seemed very amiable and attentive. I was altogether very happy.

(This entry and the next are dictated to Miss Paddock).

March 25th, Wednesday. To town early to see Mrs. Gov. Bullock, who would not take the Flower table. At 12 M. read my appeal at the Swedenborgian rooms, the ladies sewing circle being there assembled. Tried to see Mrs. Mudge. Saw Reater Williams about my eyes. Flossy's sewing school. Nancy Brown badly beaten by her mother. Went to see the mother, whom I found very comfortless. Gave her \$2. Then to meeting for church table. Thence went to see Mrs. Mudge, whose daughter may take the flower table. Anagnone and Dwight in the evening. A pleasant game of whist.

(I have put this in as a sample day during the preparations for the Oretan Fair. Many such are omitted. L.E.R.)

March 29th, Sunday. I have heard the true word of God today from Frederick Hedge, a sermon on Love as the true bond of society, which lifted my weak soul as on the strong wings of a cherub. The immortal truths easily lost sight of in our every day weakness and passion stood out today so strong and clear that I felt their healing power as if Christ had stood and touched my blinded eyes with his divine finger. So be it always! Este perpetual! My dear friend enjoyed this true refreshment with me.

March 30th, Monday. Thought at breakfast of Christ's beautiful prayer about his disciples, especially the words: "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil. I desire, my dear Lord and Master, to remember this prayer as if it had been made for me. I pray that the divine echo of yesterday's sermon may follow me through the week. Let me learn truths that I have not known, and endure patiently pain that I bring upon myself. So thy will be done, dear Master, and if unable to do it, let me suffer it sincerely.

April 2d, Thursday. Fast Day. Anagnone to church with me. We sat together. He repeated the confession, etc, quite devoutly, and tried to sing the hymns.

April 4th, Saturday. All sorts of business, committee at 4 p.m. Club in the evening at Rogers'. Delightful experiments in acoustics, with tones and flames. Oil and water in one bottle do not prevent resonance, but shake them together and the sound becomes as opaque as the light.

April 6th, Monday. Left for Portland, where I am to read this evening. Sam Shaw was at the cars. He got my tickets. Introduced to me Miss Allen of Gardiner, Maine, who made my journey very pleasant. Julia Furbish met me at the cars and took me to her home, where I saw her father, a man of 72, an old graduate of Harvard, formerly also a teacher, very friendly and worthy. After dinner John Neal and son and Mrs. Hanson came to call on me. My right eye very painful all day. A pleasant drive with Miss Furbish, then on foot to buy lace sleeves, 1.67, hairpins .07, Brown's treckes .35. Dressed, went to the Neals to tea, very hospitably welcomed. Brown's hall well filled, bad for speaking. Read appeal, arrival at Piraeus, day at Hymettus, days in Athens, four poems, and lastly Battle Hymn of the Republic. I made unusual exertions on account of the inacoustic character of the hall. An informal reception afterward at Mrs. Hanson's.

April 8th, Wednesday. Heard Dickens read Dr. Marigolf and Mrs. Gaup, and make a farewell speech.

April 11th, Saturday. Two committee meetings, each of them final for the present undertaking of the fair. Greek lesson, little leisure, a chequered day.

April 12th, Sunday. A lovely Easter sermon, the resurrection or going up of Christ typical of the rising of the soul from things temporal to things spiritual. Whether we rise from happiness or misery, we still go up when judgment and conviction overtake us. J.F.C., from this sermon, obviously believes the appearance of Christ after death to have been a fact, not a fancy. While he made it edifying and inspiring to us, I still feel that the significance of the occurrence, not its actuality, is important to us. I felt more hopeful and uplifted than in many days past. Let me not fail of my great resurrection, of thou great help of human hearts!

April 13th, Monday. My fair opened at six p.m. A very busy day. The opening promised well for the success of the undertaking.

April 14th, Tuesday. At the fair from 11:10 a.m. to 3 p.m. without intermission.

April 18th, Saturday. "Ce noble occur! j'ai senti sa noblesse." a quotation. The fair comes to an end today, or rather this evening at 10:30. We consider it to have been very successful, all things considered. I have seen many people, old friends and new, mostly under pleasant auspices. Must remember Chas. Allen and the Mudge ladies, who have been very kind and attentive. Bell and Joe Wales were pleasant. Mrs. Silabee a real trump. I do not yet know the whole result, but know that we shall not fall short of \$10,000, the sum we hoped to make.

April 19th, Sunday. To church, a most pleasant sermon. Prospect of rest and return to congenial pursuits very pleasing and welcome.

April 23d, Thursday. Began rehearsing for Festival. Got my ticket. Was a little comforted by the choruses of the 95th Psalm. Greek lesson. Anagn thinks my progress remarkable. I do not.

April 24th, Friday. After extreme depression I begin to take heart a little. Almighty God help me! Greek lesson. Rehearsal in the evening, choral symphony and Lobgesang. Lippincott offers me \$5 for a page for my Greek diary.

April 25th, Saturday. I write to Becker, declining Lippincott's offer for my manuscript. I struggle to be uplifted. Slept better last night.

April 28th, Tuesday. Le portrait de ma mère. Sweet days.

(No entry until --)

May 16th, Saturday. Went to see Ristori in *San Teresa*, a beautiful performance.

(No entries of any consequence until --)

July 2d, Thursday. Finished my poem for the N.E. Conservatory of Music. It has cost me a good deal of labor, which I pray God to accept as an effort to serve ~~my~~ my fellow-creatures in spite of short-comings which distress and grieve my heart.

(No entries save one or two quotations from books she was reading until August 15th, when she records a prayer too intimate and sacred to be copied, even by me. Then no entry until --)

October 16th, Friday. Farewell, sweet summer! Not half have I appreciated my home of rest here this year. I have, however, done some solid work, have written the long poem on music, several short ones, read over my essays, read Sir William Hamilton, studied Greek grammar and Xenophon. Master who knowest my whole heart, I implore Thy special grace and mercy. Thou alone knowest how greatly I need, how little I deserve them.

(This volume contains nothing more, except a few notes written several years later on Columbus and other subjects of study.)

(The Journals for 1869 and '70 are missing.)

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1918

I think often and, not only to copy but to print these papers in a volume to be called "The Walk with God."