

February,

Friday,

THURSDAY, 7.

1897 79.

That was a wretchedly told story. To day is Charles Dickens birthday. He was born in 1812. Charles Dickens! Greatest of novelists kindest hearted of men! Oh how I admire you how I ~~to~~ have at least a little of that talent which distinguished you. Were I the author of but *Nicholas Nickleby* or *David Copperfield* my ambition would be complete. I am afraid I will never astonish anyone with my talent. If I have got any and I ~~most~~ ^{sure} have not it is hidden behind a cloud that has no sun to pierce and to dispel it. How sweet a pleasure must it not be to write such a work as *David Copperfield*. If we ~~his~~ ^{the} readers of the book are so much affected by the sad and joyful parts of ~~the book~~ ^{the story} how much more so must have been he who created those images he who for years had those images in his mind for so many years. But if we can not ever become a Dickens and on this point I am sure none will disagree with me ~~so~~ nevertheless we can read rejoice in and weep over those pages and thank God ^{for his goodness in} giving us such a comfort as *Charles Dickens*.

Saturday,

FRIDAY, 8.

Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded on the 8th of February 1587. To day is the 286th anniversary of her death. Whether or not she was guilty of what some historians accuse her I cannot say as I have not read much about on the subject. I can say though that she was most barbarously put to death. In my heart and in every true Christian's heart Mary Queen of Scots is revered as one of the noblest the purest of women. How great a contrast is presented when the Virgin Queen of England Elisabeth ~~so~~ ^{Charles} passes before our imagination. Sweet-tempered, lovely, ~~pure~~ ^{kind} and innocent woman how nice ^{you} you look when side by side with ~~your~~ ^{the} victim of your treacherous heart. Wicked of heart, cruel of mind, impure in thought, immodest in conduct, fearful in temper, disgusting in your vanity, a treacherous friend a jealous friend a fickle lover and a disgrace to your sex Elisabeth thou art truly England's greatest queens. And yet how many historians there are who devote whole pages in praising this evil one in woman's form.

Sunday

SATURDAY, 9.

To day is Sunday. Now there was no necessity for saying it was Sunday for there ~~is~~ ^{is} Sunday two lines above. What I ought to have said and what I now say is that to day is Septuagesima Sunday. This name must be as mysterious to most people as O'Connell's "parallellogram" was to the fish woman. Harrison was born one ~~year~~ ^{hundred} years ago to day.

Monday, 10.

To day yes to day is not to morrow. Although to day is not to morrow nevertheless it is washing day. "Devil a bit of comfort upon a washing day" says the old song but I think nothing is more unjust than this same saying. Many a happy moment have I passed on this much abused day. Friday is hangman's day, a day of fish, a day feared by superstitious travellers, dreaded by gourmands, hated by merchants despised by all receives less real abuse than Monday that day when ⁱⁿ the words of a South Orange poet—
 "One half of the world is ringing wet
 Or on the lines a-drying;
 'Sbat so the seven days' smirch may get,
 'A week's purrifying."