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Esther Baldwin Williams's Diary, 1892-1896

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suddenly appear grand from hopelessness. As if despair meant more than joy.

I long to have a right to join in the service when I hear a catholic mass. I feel like an intruder until at last the music & far away character of the ceremonie makes me forget entirely about myself and any intrusion as a matter of such an infinitesimal matter.

Wanted to go to Alice's & have a rose & write a note for her, dreadfully, wanted to, but decided to be rational & go home. Now tonight I think me very foolish not to have gone. Always do what you long to do for your best friend if you are fortunate enough to have one

Afternoon St. Gervais. too late for Palestrina's music - fell upon a sermon and almost went to sleep. Some lovely singing afterwards, & then wandered home with more longings to go & see

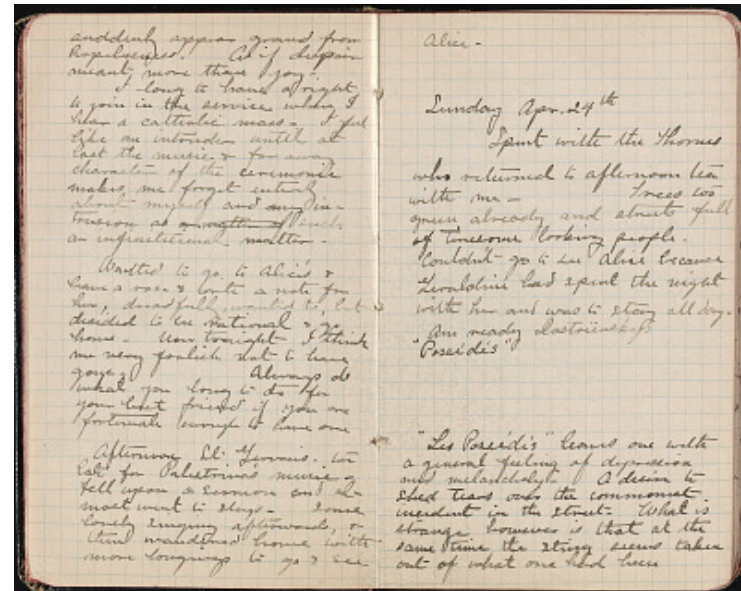
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Alice.

Sunday Apr. 24th

Spent with the Thornes who returned to afternoon tea with me - Trees too green already and streets full of tiresome looking people. Couldn't go to see Alice because Geraldine had spent the night with her and was to stay all day. Am reading Dostoiévsky's "Possédés"

"Les Possédés" leaves one with a general feeling of depression and melancholy- a desire to shed tears over the commonest incident in the street. What is strange however is that at the same time the sting seems taken out of what one had been



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