

Vassar College

Sunday, Dec. 16 18/66.

My dear Kate,

You see by the date that I have made another exception to my rule, these two letters to you are the only letters that I have written on Sunday since I have been away from home, excepting a part of one which I wrote to Mamma. But Kate as I sit here with nothing to reach for we can take no more books from the Library until after the vacation, and look out of the window and see the snow falling to the earth, I think of Milwaukee and all the dear ones at home who are at church hearing Mr. Allison preach one of his dear good sermons, and I long to step in and be with them, and then I think of you lying perhaps in your mother's bedroom, or perhaps sitting by the library window, and how I wish I could come in and spend the morning with you, but this cannot be and I must try and not even think as such thing was ever possible, but you do know if I was at home that I would have been much with you during your long sickness, which you have borne so patiently.

But Kate dear, you must not think that I have not thought of you often during this heavy trial, for scarcely a day passes but what I think of you and very often wish that I could step in and see you, if it were only for a few minutes. I have been to morning prayers and also to Bible class this morning, I am in Prof. Farrar's Bible class, he is a wonderful man. I wish that I could understand him as a man and I do so wish that I could understand his belief in religion. He is certainly a very very sincere Christian, it seems to me that I scarcely ever saw one more in earnest than he, yet it is so difficult to know what he does really believe, and he seems so anxious that we should try and understand as far as possible what we believe, and not receive everything as true without asking any questions concerning it.

Laura Bartlett was sick and went home a week ago and is not coming back until after the Christmas vacation. I had a letter from her yesterday, and she said that your mother was in Brooklyn. I am so so sorry that Jimmie has been so sick, how sudden it has been but I feel that it cannot be possible but that he will be better before a great while. But the only way in all our troubles dear Katy, is to look for comfort to Our Heavenly Father, feeling that He alone knows what is best for us. which I know you do.

You may think that there was no need of my writing this, and that I have written it without any thought, but it is not so. I do wish that I could say something that would be real comforting to you, but you know that if I cannot say anything to comfort you, I do really sympathize with you, and I only wish that I could see you to say all that I would like to. instead of having only the privilege of writing, which is not often all very satisfactory. College closes next Thursday for a vacation of two weeks. Kate is going to Baltimore; Alice to Brooklyn, and I am going to White Plains. I hope to have a very pleasant time but of course it will seem strange to be from home on Christmas, as it is the first one that I have ever spent away from my own dear home; and New Years I shall think of your dear Katy, and of the two last New Years that I have spent at your house. But I must stop now and I hope as soon as you are able you will write. With much love to Mrs. Dana and to all of the girls, and with ever and ever so much to yourself,

I am as ever.

Your loving friend

Mary M. Badgeley.

Kate and Alice would have sent their love did they know I was writing.

I have just blotted the back of my letter but it is too late to write another.