

Spring,

[Feb. 29, 1875?]

Dear Mother,

It doesn't seem at all like Spring, for the snow is six inches thick, but the sun is quite warm and altogether it is a beautiful day, Last week was so full of good things that it has spoiled me. Monday was a holiday it being Washington's birthday or the day after, which is just the same and Thursday, "The day of Prayer for Colleges". Dr Storrs of Brooklyn gave us a very fine sermon and on Wed., a very interesting lecture on "European Libraries", yesterday, a concert by the Cecilia Society of which I send you a programme, and last night another lecture from Bishop Huntington, on "The unconcious Power of Education", which I am ashamed to say almost put me to sleep.

Said Bishop will preach for us this morning, with the Episcopal service. I am so sorry my prayer book is at home, although it is a shabby specimen. Our Linear Drawing is getting to be much more interesting, we have advanced from barns to human heads, and the change is agreeable, it is a perfect mania in this parlor to draw them and papers are lying all around with horrible looking faces on them. Prof. Van Ingen told us to draw some one we knew so I tried to draw [crossed out: be] Pappa but before I got through I decided it looked more like the Emperor Augustus, but my greatest trouble is that I cant make women's faces at all, they all look like men, so I clap some back hair on and declare they are women although the girls laugh at me, and say they cant tell whether they look the most like effeminate men or masculine woman.

While I think of it, I will ask you to make my dress skirts pretty short, so they dont touch the ground at least, but if you have made them already, it isn't worth while to change them. I am quite anxious to see what you have bought.—

The Chapel bell interrupted my writing, the Episcopal service was, such a pleasant change but it made me feel blue, thinking of you all at home, the time[...] goes fast enough on workdays or else we have no time to think of it but on Sunday the time drags. I wish there was something pleasant to tell. I cant think of anything except that we had turkey for dinner yesterday, that will please Evie I know. Why didn't she write me last week. I looked for a letter every day, but none came; dont forget to tell me how Annie is, the girls ask me and I am ashamed to say I dont know. Congratulate Rachel for me. what posseses her to get married, tell her it dont pay, and that we cant do without her. We have almost finished Cicero that is all we are going to read and next week begin the Eulogues. I am awfully hungry and wish the dinner bell would ring. Your loving Daughter,
Mary.

[Mary E. Gaston, ex-'78]