

"Vassar."

March 3, 1872.

My dear Papa,

This has been a lovely day, warm and spring-like as was of our winter days. Birdie Bell and I took advantage of it by walking into Po'keepsie to church this morning. It is quite a long walk, for we were three quarters of an hour going in although we walked very fast. Coming home we took our time and that was just an hour. By going away we missed a sermon from James Beecher, who is now settled In Po'keepsie. The girls say his sermon was good only he expressed himself queerly and used some "slang." I think, though, he is very much liked In town. This afternoon has glided away very swiftly, as do all the days, weeks and even months. The time really seems very short since school began last Fall and there are only three mere weeks before spring vacation. Carrie Nortoa has been up in my room this evening; she says that Mrs. Whitman wishes me to spend the spring holidays with her, but I have had to refuse, because I do not want to go any where then. My bills have come in again and they seem very heavy. Do you really think you can afford to send me here another year? For it does not seem worth while for me to come unless I can have all my time occupied by study, and that now weald not be so unless I take music and drawing. I would write more but the retiring bell is ringing sad I must go to bed.

Goodnight, with love

Julie.

Julia M. Pease, '75