

Vassar.

Sunday, March 10 1872

My dear Carrie,

I have Just come from the meeting of Religious Inquiry, and after being very much bored there for nearly an hour, I do not feel much inclined to write. A missionary from Chile was the speaker and if he had spoken well he might have interested us very much in the doings of a strange land, however, he did not, and our pleasantest recollections of him will be connected with his sermon this morning, for it was only half an hour long.

You know we usually have to listen to sermons more than an hour long.

Today I was just preparing to get sleepy when Mr. Gilbert stopped.

This last week has been a fearfully cold one. The Art Gallery was so icy cold that we could not paint at all. It has been like one of our northerners, only of course much worse. The wind whistled all round the house and found its way into every crack and crevice. All the windows and even the blinds were closed but yet the corridors were bitterly cold. In many of the rooms ice formed an eighth of an inch and even thicker. Our room was very warm all the time and was a refuge for many of the girls who had to leave their rooms on account of the cold. It is warm again and today has been so rainy and sloppy that we were excused from outdoor exercise. Such a day as this, is not very conducive to cheerfulness, and I think almost everybody has been somewhat blue or homesick. I have not suffered from the latter malady much since Christmas, perhaps because I have not had time to mope. Our little oasis in the barren time from January to April has been a lecture from Wendell Phillips. He lectured here last Friday night and, as he always does, delighted everyone who heard him. The subject was "The Lost Arts," a lecture he has been giving for thirty years, he says. He looks very little older than when we heard him before, and I presume if you had heard him again your old time wish to be in his wife's place and sit at his feet and learn wisdom of him would have been renewed. His wife does not seem to appreciate her good fortune, however.

Tonight Mollie Hill and I have been to call on Cliffie Loverin (Clifford Loverin, '75.) She is really a fine looking girl, and talks well, seems quite gifted but is rather flighty. Very many do not like her, and I think I do not care to know her very intimately. It seems Bettie Paschal came North with Miss Loverin last summer. Cliffie is something after the style of Bettie. The twenty minute bell has just rung so I must close. I missed your letter this week, the one which usually comes on Saturday. Presume it will come tomorrow. Love to all from your stray sheep, Julie.