

Feb. 21. 1875.

Dear Papa and Mama,

Tonight we are in the presence of Death - For days there has been a struggle, and on this beautiful Sabbath it has ended. Marie Stuart a little Catholic girl, has left us for a better home, and indeed a happier one for her, I hope, as her life has been a sad one 'tis said. Never very strong and decidedly imprudent, she returned to College after her vacation with a severe cold, which finally settled into lung fever. But this would not have carried her off, had her constitution been moderately strong- Her Mother was with her today at the last, but her Mother is said never to have treated her well. She was sent for last week when it was know the child was dying, but did not come until Friday.

This is the second death in the College since its opening. Miss Lyman died just four years ago today, a little later in the day than Miss Stuart. It makes us all feel so sad, although many of us did not know the child personally: and especially so, as we all anticipate a festive occasion tomorrow. It seems almost wrong to have the festivities go on, and yet it is impossible to postpone them, for many strangers from different parts of the country are coming-

After our long siege of cold weather It is charming to have a bit of spring-like, such as today. Even the oldest inhabitants are said to have no recollections of so cold a winter as this. Do you have any news from the Poquonock relations? I wrote Auntie

immediately on my return, but have heard nothing in reply-

Yesterday another concert was given here, which turned out to be among the best ever given. Miss Stevens is quite a prodigy in Music, having committed to memory a piece of about 30 pages, which she executed beautifully- Fannie Buffington and Miss Sessions a congressman's daughter, sang a lovely duo.

Hope your letter will be received in the morning- Carrie's did not come till yesterday, and the mails must be behind hand.

Your loving daughter.