

Vassar, Feb. 15, 1888

My dear Sate:

Your letter was a great surprise to me and gave me much pleasure. This evening as I am too stupid to accomplish anything in the line of study I will visit with you a while.

Yes four years have brought about many changes in our circle of friends at Alfred most of whom I have lost entire track of. The thought makes me sad, for many were the happy times we had together and it hardly seems possible that four years would separate us so widely.

As for myself, I am sure I shall never regret coming here. The time has been spent profitably and happily, and on many accounts I shall be sorry to leave when June comes. This is my senior year, as you know, and that fact indicates many privileges unknown to the underclassmen. The seniors have one corridor devoted to them, and on it we all live, have our senior parlor, class-meetings, and most of our jollifications.

The senior parlor is one of our greatest privileges. This is a room handsomely furnished by the girls in the class (each one giving some one thing) where we may entertain our guests, hold our class meetings, and parties.

On Monday eve of this week the lady principal with us gave a reception to the officers of the college and the junior class. Last night (Tuesday) we had great fun reading the valentines which were sent to us. These valentines were mostly rhymes written by the girls, some being sentimental but most of them contained grinds. After we had finished reading, one of the girls treated us to an elaborate "spread."

Friday night we are to have a concert. During the year we have numerous concerts and lectures given by the finest talent in New York, which are free to us all. The finest theologians in the country preach to us on Sunday, each Sunday a different minister which is by no means the least advantage Vassar offers us.

Some say I have changed, others say not; at any rate I feel the same as of old with one exception, I do not care much about visiting Alfred Centre though I would like to see many of my old friends.

I hope you will make H'ville a visit when I get back. How I should enjoy a talk over the old times. Then the acquaintance of your young son will be exceedingly delightful,

A letter from mama yesterday announced the marriage of Hiram Baker to one of our H'ville girls. Thus one by one my old friends marry off. I expect to be the last, Will Calder is in Burma ...

(Letter incomplete.,

(Mary (Sheldon) Stephenson, '88)