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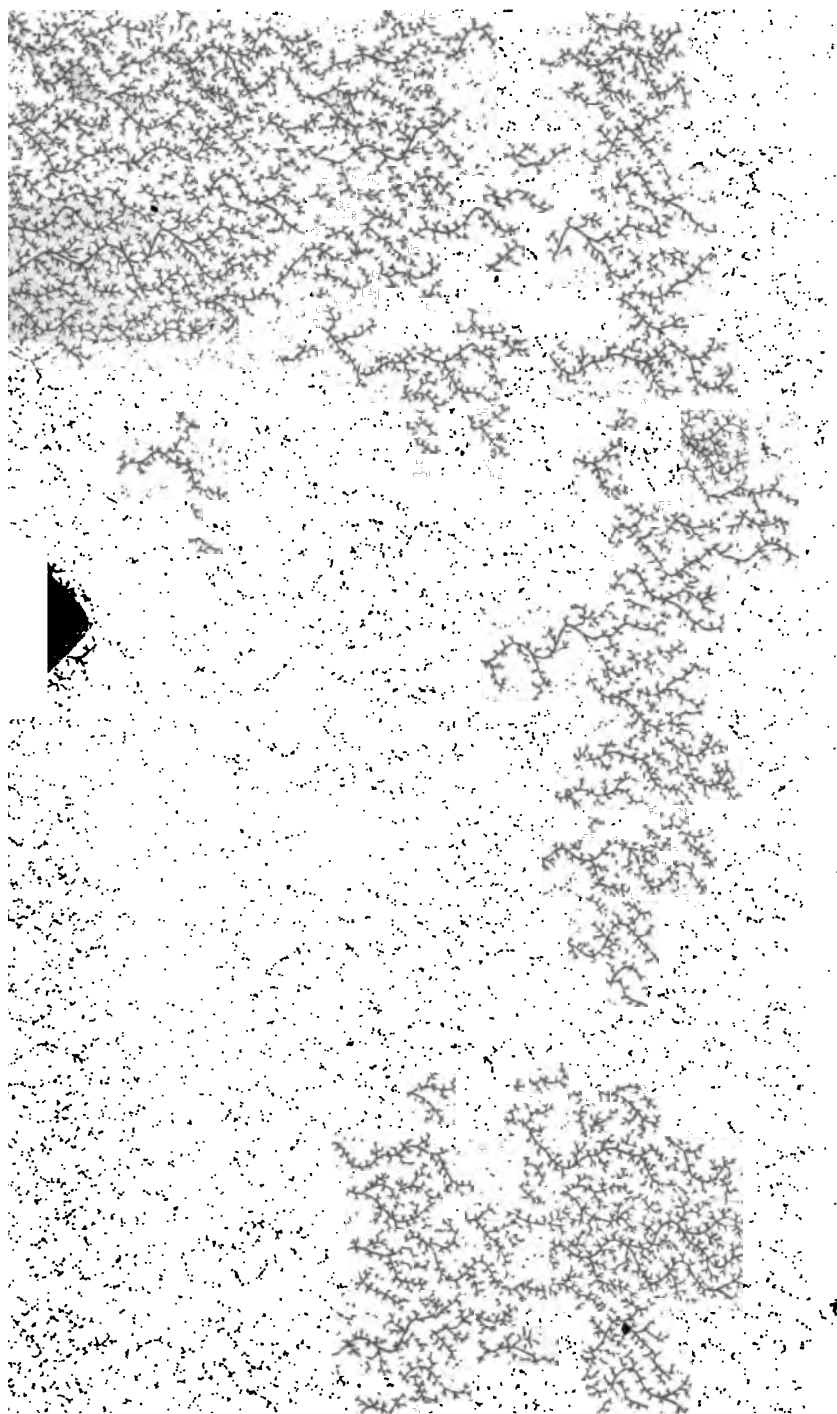
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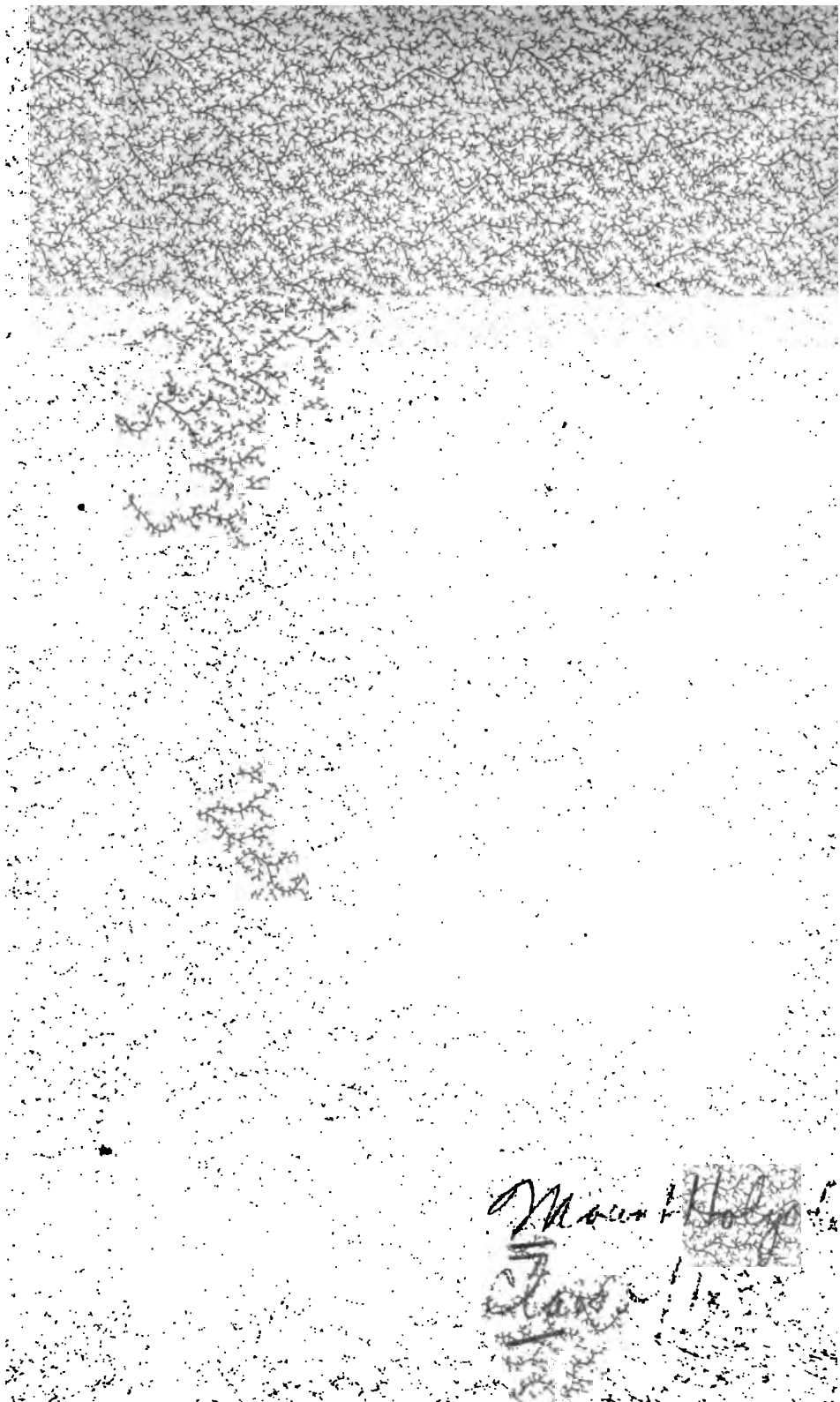
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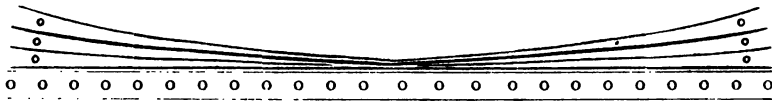
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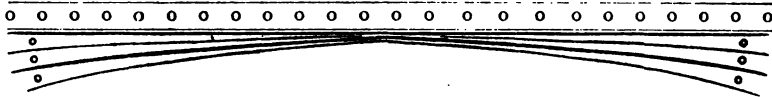
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EPISTOLÆ ALUMNÆ.

Mt. Holyoke Seminary and College.

↪Class of 1880↩



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1. Women - Education: Institutions  
(Higher) US: Mount Holyoke





*university*

EPISTOLÆ ALUMNÆ

OF

Mt. Holyoke Seminary and College.

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CLASS OF 1880.

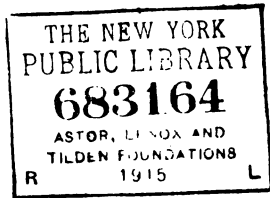
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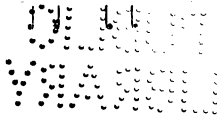
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

1890.  
E.S.C.



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“Ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing,  
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;  
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another—  
Only a look and a voice then darkness again and a silence.”



## EPISTOLÆ ALUMNÆ.

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LILLIE L. SHERMAN.

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NEWTONVILLE, MASS., Aug. 28, 1890.

*Dear Girls:*

I am wondering if the matrons of our class, who were kept from our last reunion by family care, will object to my beginning this—*dear girls?* Those that were there I am sure felt as I did, as if they were girls again.

I have been asked to give the report of our meeting and am very glad to do so, for a very happy meeting we had. We were together with Mary Graves Severance, at her cousin's, Mrs. James Gaylord's, and enjoyed it exceedingly, as you all must know. Annis Smith and myself occupied a room ~~between Sybil's and Sarah's~~, and you all can imagine the number of visits we had from the former. Sybil roomed with Carrie Parsons Judd and Sarah with Emily Minor.

We were together every where, having a special seat in church when listening to a remarkable address from Dr. McKensie, of Cambridge. We held a long business meeting and hope our decisions have met with the approval of the majority. I will report what I think you must all know, that the letters will be printed each year if this proves a success, and all the care of it is kindly undertaken by Zella. Also that the \$500 was made up and presented to the Seminary for the purchase of a Dynamo with which to light the Seminary and grounds, provided the sum necessary to complete the purchase be raised in three years. We voted to help in raising it, sending all money received to Minnie Judd. We have ten dollars on the next \$500, and the Seminary has between \$300 and \$400.

We also read letters from several of the class and were favored by a poem from Sarah. Among the many pleasant memories is one of a ride we had the last morning, when Emily Minor, Sybil, Sarah and myself drove to Holyoke to speed Sarah on her homeward way. Returning, we drove up Prospect to enjoy the beautiful view once more, then drove to the Ferry to take the cars ourselves.

It seems to me that there is no other school which so thoroughly makes her graduates feel as if they were truly returning home as does Mt. Holyoke. God bless her! I want to say for those who have not been

able to visit there for some years, that you would be delighted with the changes and progress made. They have passed through trying times, but I am sure that all these things will work together for good, for I believe the many prayers that have risen for Mt. Holyoke will be answered, and I sincerely hope that Mrs. Mead is the chosen one of the Lord to guide them in passing through the cloud that has been hanging over them. Let us be faithful in doing our part!

Now for a very few personal items: I am very well, and very happy at the thought of going back next month to work in Northfield. This next year will be my third. I am to have charge of East Hall and probably teach mathematics and rhetoric. I was hoping to have my sister, who has been there longer than I, return with me, but she is not well; so I shall have neither sister or classmate there next year.

Mr. Moody has asked me to consider going to Chicago the next year to be in his school there but nothing is decided certainly in regard to it. Now I must bid you all a loving good-bye, and God bless you!

Yours most truly,

LILLIE L. SHERMAN.

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ZELLA A. DIXSON.

MORGAN PARK, ILL., Oct. 27, 1890.

*Dear Girls of '80:*

"After many days" the class letter is ready for the printer. It has been delayed by the failure of the members to send in their letters. Many did not receive the notice at all and knew nothing of the plan until I sent them the notice that they were delaying the letter. It has been necessary to send a second and then a "third and last call" to a large portion of the class before letters came. Therefore, it is with joy that I am able to send forth the "Budget" with only one letter missing. I have not been able to get any word, whatever, from Rosa Porter, either for the letter, or the birthdays of her children for the calendar.

I want to make one suggestion for next year. If all will write their letters on one side only, of a sheet of paper, it will save many hours of copying which were necessary this time.

I have received your many "wee notes," which came to me personally in your contributions, and am exceedingly glad of all your loving confidence. They more than repay me for my labor on the letter. I am fast becoming the "little white haired woman" of the class prophecy, but would you believe it, I have as yet failed to write that wonderful book that was to honor the class of '80. But never mind, girls, I'll get about it one of these days, just to prove that our class prophets were not "false prophets."

Excuse me for occupying the largest chair at the "Round Table," Clara would have it so.

I am still very much in earnest with my library work. I give you all fair warning that I mean to climb to the very highest round of the ladder that I can possibly reach. On the altar of my profession I gladly and lovingly lay all I have and am. I consider no sacrifice too great to make where its interests are concerned. Oh, girls! when this life of mine is ended, if this wicked old world can only be a little better—if ever so little because of my life, which I have lived, so often in such hard pain—how great a reward. "No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife and all life not be stronger and purer thereby." More and more as the months and years go by, I find my desire growing stronger and clearer that I may be able to *serve* with loving, tender service, those whom I can reach, holding out my hands to those in need wherever I can find them. In the Library profession I find abundant opportunity to work for Our Master. Here we have classes going out to be helpful members of society and faithful workers in the vineyard. The more perfect the library service the better equipment for them and the stronger work they will do. In library work we have a congregation, where the service never breaks up; a school where the lessons are ended only with death. "It makes weary feet, but it leaves the spirit glad."

It will be a great pleasure for me to entertain any of you at Morgan Park, or to meet you in the city any time you are passing through Chicago. Can you imagine how lovely it is for me to be so near Clara and her delightful family? Mr. Arnold is *pure gold*, and just the husband for our Clara. We are very proud of our "Little Zella"—she is very dear and sweet, and already shows signs of an incipient librarian.

Yours, in the bonds of '80,

ZELLA A. DIXSON.

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ANNIS A. SMITH.

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WEST CAMDEN, N. Y., Aug. 25, 1890.

*Dear Girls of '80:*

I am delighted to find that we seem likely to have a class letter once more. It is very good on Zella's part to undertake the task, and I hope it will not prove more difficult than she has anticipated.

When the few of our number who were present at Anniversary, voted that the letter should be sent in by the first of September, it seemed like a long way in the future; but the long, sunny days of summer have quickly passed, and the fall days are almost here. If it were not for the stern law that only those who contribute can receive, I should be tempted to remain silent. I am not willing, however, to suffer the penalty of so doing, so will send my contribution, however little of interest it may contain.



When I wrote last December for the circulating letter, I expected to remain at home during the year. Soon after I received a letter from Lillie Sherman, asking me if I could not go to Northfield and teach during the winter term, as Miss Pettee wished to be absent for a term for study and rest. It was somewhat difficult for me to be spared from home, but arrangements were made, and I went to Northfield early in January. On my way there I stopped at South Hadley for a three days' visit. I was delighted to find the number of improvements that have been made since "our day." Those who think Mt Holyoke is still where it was ten years ago, should visit it and see for themselves what progress it is continually making. It greatly needs money, but that seems to come very slowly.

At Northfield I took Lillie's place at "The Revell," one of the smaller houses, while she acted as head teacher at Marquand, the large hall that Miss Pettee had charge of. Helen Flint also taught in the Seminary, and we had many delightful little class-meetings. Then during the spring term Lettie Stimpson spent a day and night with us, and we had a class-meeting with four present.

My one term lengthened into two, as Miss Pettee felt the need of a longer rest. In order for me to remain my sister was obliged to leave the Seminary, where she would have graduated in June, and return home. As she will go back this coming year, however, for her college degree, she was not greatly troubled at the loss of her Seminary diploma. On account of so much illness in our family her school course has been very much interrupted; but I expect to be at home during the coming year, and trust that nothing will happen to prevent her taking her degree.

My experience in teaching at Northfield was a very pleasant one. The Seminary is most beautifully situated, with charming views of river and mountains, and the whole atmosphere of the school is a very pleasant one to live in. During the latter part of the spring term Mr. Moody was at home and spoke to us frequently. Dr. Pentecost gave the Anniversary address on Wednesday, June 18th, and directly after the address, Lillie and I left, in order to take the train that would bring us to South Hadley in time for supper that night. Of our transactions there and of our good times I do not need to tell you, for others of our number will tell the story. The only drawback was in the fact that so few were present. But, as Sybil said, wait till the twenty-fifth year, when the class babies are grown up, and then we'll have a full meeting. How I should like to see those class babies together! The card of Zella Arnold is the latest arrival.

My letter is already a long one and I will bring it to a close with a great deal of love to each and all.

Your classmate,

ANNIS A. SMITH.

MARY K. CUMMINGS.

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THOMPSON, CONN., Aug. 30, 1890.

*My Dear Classmates :*

The notification of the new plan about our letters came to me from Zella, *via* Middletown, so I conclude some do not know that for a little over two years Mr. Cummings has been pastor of the Congregational Church here. We have not a large parish, but a very pleasant one. Some may not know just where Thompson is, as nearly every one thinks of Thompsonville first, because it is much larger. We are in the very north-eastern corner of Connecticut. Twice this summer we have called on Julia Kelsey, who has been at Dudley, Massachusetts, during the summer. She is the only member of the class that I have seen for some time.

I wish you all could see our pleasant home and make the acquaintance of Herbert Kimball Cummings, who will be two years old the nineteenth of September. He can now say a good many things and is ready to try anything one suggests. He has a "little house" which is a great help to his parents when they want him to "stay put." If any of you feel the need of such a contrivance I shall be glad to tell you how it is made.

We have been at home all summer, but are planning to be away for a month during September and October. Mr. Cummings joins me in sending greetings to the sisters and brothers of '80.

MARY E. CUMMINGS.

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MARY L. JUDD.

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MENDON, MASS., Aug. 27, 1890.

*Dear Girls :*

I, for one, am glad we are to try a new plan with class letters. It is a long time since I have had the "Budget," and it will be pleasant to hear from you again.

Not many were at Reunion last June, but we who did meet had a delightful time together. It seems as though the years, as they pass, instead of separating us only bind us more closely together. It is a cause for gratitude that we find so much sympathy and help in each other.

Perhaps you all know that I'm still at Mt. Holyoke—nearly four years since I entered upon the work there—uneventful years to me in many respects, but bringing changes, of which you probably all heard, to the school.

Several of the teachers have been away at different times for the purpose of study, and I hope to take my turn before long—am sure I shall appreciate being a pupil again as never before.

I want to thank you for announcement cards received from time to time. It is pleasant to be thus remembered and to have glimpses of your home life.

What are the years bringing to you all? Much of joy, but also to some of you sorrow—shadow with the sunshine. Did we not know that “all things work together for good to them that love God,” we might be inclined to question the wisdom of some things which come into our lines.

I return home this week. Come to Mt. Holyoke whenever you can, you will always find a hearty welcome.

With love to you all, yours in the bonds of '80,

MARY L. JUDD.

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ORETHA S. LEMON.

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STILLWATER, MINN., Aug. 29, 1890.

*Dear Classmates of '80:*

To find the time and favorable opportunity to attend to this class letter business, has really been a serious matter; and now its the last day in the afternoon, and I can't promise anything that will be interesting.

Sybil, in a letter to me, suggested that it would be a good idea to review the past ten years, giving dates of all our principal movements, and that this letter might be a good one for reference, in coming years.

I want to say right here, that I am glad of this determination to have a *printed* letter. The budget came to me while I was sick last fall; it was very welcome, but as some of the letters were two and a half years old it was not as interesting as if of more recent date. It was such slow work, getting that one bundle all around the class.

I don't think I can tell you anything new about myself. I haven't been abroad either as a missionary or traveler; neither have I done anything astonishing in my own narrow sphere, but I *have* got a baby, as you doubtless all know. She is ten months old, and—but there—what's the use of my enlarging the subject. You will all expect me to do the regu- tion thing and tell you that she is the sweetest, prettiest, best, smartest, healthiest, and several other superlatives, but if I did, all the other mothers would be in arms. I can truthfully say, she is *one* of the best babies. I have never lost a night's rest with her; she is so happy and good-natured (gets that from her mother, you know.) and has always been a pleasure.

Dear little Gladys, she is rightly named—for she has brought glad-ness to our home, such as we never dreamed of. I regretted exceedingly

that I couldn't attend the reunion in June, but we had a small one here.

Estelle Taylor came in July, and we have enjoyed our summer very much—or, at least, I have.

During the teachers' association in St. Paul, I received a letter from Mary Leach, saying she was there. I immediately *ordered* her over here, and she spent from Saturday night until Monday morning. It was a short visit, but we three girls improved every minute, you may be sure. The heat was something terrible, and I reckon Mary went away thoroughly convinced that Minnesota is not altogether at the north pole. I was so sorry that Mr. Lemon should be away, for I am quite proud to present him to my friends. I was glad, though, that she could see Gladys.

My husband went to Tacoma, Washington, early in the summer, to make his everlasting fortune. The plan when he left, was for me to go in the fall or winter. Now he has decided to come home in October, but whether to visit or to take us back, I don't know, and I don't ask too many questions.

I shall hate, dreadfully, to leave my old home, and my father and mother are rebelling against my taking Gladys away, but if it seems best, I shall go and try to be satisfied, for my husband's sake. I am hoping, however, that there can be some plan made whereby Mr. Lemon can arrange his business so that he wont have to be there only a part of the year, and in that case I shall remain here, for a time, at least. I should be sorry to go so far away, for I should never expect to get back to reunions then.

I remember our good time three years ago, with the greatest pleasure—even the rain didn't dampen our ardor.

Do you remember Miss McVicar, who taught music at the Sem? She is now the wife of Prof. Carman, principal of the High School in St. Louis. I went to see her, not long ago, and found her just the same as when we knew her, though, perhaps, she may look a trifle older.

That makes me think to ask, do you feel ten years older than when we graduated? I know I look older and homelier (if possible.) I weigh nearly 180 pounds, and you would hardly recognize the lank girl who couldn't scare up more than 120 pounds to save her.

Wasn't it nice that our class gift was so large? And the object to which it is devoted is the best we had suggested.

How I would like to see you all. I do wish we could have some more pictures, and exchange again. Is it too much to ask? Ten years is a good while, and our class pictures are rather out of date now. Mine looks as though it was of the vintage of '49.

Sarah Agard is coming to Minnesota to teach, I hear. I hope she may be near enough so we can meet. After you have all been here once it wont seem so far out of the world.

The announcements of the arrivals of Alice's and Clara's daughters were received, and I take this opportunity to welcome them to our circle of class babies.

As I think of you all, there are so many things I want to know, that I could ask questions faster and more numerous than a machine could turn them out, but I trust that the printed letter will satisfy my curiosity.

We all extend our congratulations to those of our number who have been abroad. I wish we, who have been less fortunate, might have the pleasure of listening to their accounts.

All those who are in trouble, have my deepest sympathy. Sybil wrote me of the death of her dear old father, and I know her loss was great.

I shall wait with the greatest impatience for the letter. It is very kind of Zella to take all the trouble of printing and mailing it. I move we give her a rousing vote of thanks.

I send my best regards to the husbands, or more properly, *class-brothers*. Kiss the babies many times, and each and every one accept much love from

Your classmate,

MRS. F. H. LEMON,

(ORETHA SEYMOUR.)

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### KITTIE W. CRAPO.

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VALLEY FALLS, KAN., Aug. 28. 1890.

*My Dear Girls:*

As I date this epistle I see I have nearly forfeited my right to the class letter and feel condemned for my procrastination.

My dear friend Virginia Brown, with her three little children, have been visiting me for the past few weeks, and I have had no thought for letter writing. Doubtless you all remember her, and some I know count her among your personal friends. You will be pained to know that her husband died about a year ago, leaving her with three little ones to care for—the oldest then only four and a half years old, the youngest but a few weeks old.

It has seemed so good to have her with me, and this morning I feel lonely enough as I go through the deserted rooms. She has one beautiful little girl—the oldest, who bears the name of “Kittie”—and my baby girl found her name “Virginia,” awaiting her arrival at our home.

I have little to write you of my own “life and doings,” for 'tis just a happy, peaceful, home life, with a kind, loving husband and two dear children therein. My dear parents are only a few steps away—always loving and kind, and full of tender care for me. Surely “the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places.”

My health is not very good at present, but I hope it will be much better as cool weather comes on.

Dear girls! please remember you can always find a welcome at our hearthstone, come when you will.

Mary Leach, when are you coming to visit me? Mr. Crapo often speaks of you, and hopes to renew his acquaintance with you. I mean to write you personally, ere long—also to Katie Judd and others to whom I am indebted. Samuella, have you quite forgotten the “wanton Kitten?” Can’t you write me? I think Emily Anderson owes me a letter, too.

Good-bye, dear girls, with much love.

KITTIE WADSWORTH CRAPO.

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ELIZABETH D. BLANCHARD.

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UMATILLA, FLA., Sept. 29, 1890.

*Dear Girls of '80:*

It seems only a little while since I read the circulating letter in my den in Washington, yet I wonder sometimes if I really was there or whether I dreamed it all.

I had such a tempting offer from that corner of the Union that I left home on very short notice, but I never would again. The country was very barren, though the mountains were magnificent, a perpetual delight and feast to one's eyes. The leaving of that region was, however, the best thing about it, though I hope I may go some time again for a pleasure trip.

It was far from home! My father was not well through the winter and that made me still more homesick. I reached home in June, and three weeks after he passed away from us. As mother and I are the only ones left in the family we shall try to keep together as long as we are spared to each other. My aunt is coming down for the winter.

With love to all, very truly, ELIZABETH BLANCHARD.

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SAMUELLA CROSBY.

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87 EAST SENECA ST., ITHACA, N. Y., Oct. 4, 1890.

*Dear Girls of '80:*

Another move, with change of address, and many new duties, not lack of interest in the class letter, must account for my delinquency in writing. A card from Zella, this moment received, reminds me that there is one more chance of being included in the distribution, to which I give instant response.

Early in July, mother and I left Rochester for a few weeks in the little hill town of Pompey, a charming spot 1800 feet above sea level,

where there is abundance of good, bracing air, beautiful walks and drives, with lovely scenery on every side.

Our life in Rochester has always been pleasant in many ways, and especially so the past year. But one thing is a great drawback to perfect happiness—my time gets so frittered away for a thousand little nothings, that I have all the while an uneasy sense of leading a thoroughly useless life, and that you all know a Holyoke girl can't stand. Before leaving in the summer I had determined not to return to the same way of living this year, and so my summer was largely devoted to pondering over the question of what to do next. Various have been the schemes considered. The result is I am taking lectures at Cornell, in History and English Literature. Some day I may teach again and would like to fit myself for making a specialty of these subjects, particularly the former.

My mother is with me, of course. She is well and seems very contented. We have good, comfortable rooms within walking distance of the campus, and think we shall enjoy the new experience very much indeed. We may be here some time, but when any of you are in doubt, 37 South Washington street will always be a safe address. We feel that Rochester is our home and sooner or later shall be permanently settled there if we ever are anywhere.

Before the circulating class letter came to me in May, it had seemed a very long time since I had known anything about most of you, but even so I was surprised to learn of the many changes time had brought into our ever widening circle. Now and again an announcement card has reached me from one or another of you, which I fear has not always been acknowledged. Please forgive me this time, or rather these many times, accept now one and all my hearty congratulations, with best wishes, and try to believe that in the future I will at least endeavor to do better.

Eagerly indeed shall I await the coming of a fresh letter from each of you and to each by the same means gladly send a loving greeting.

Most faithfully and cordially yours, SAMUELLA CROSBY.

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SARAH J. AGARD.

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STAFFORDSVILLE, CONN., Aug. 29, 1890.

*Dear Girls:*

What a blessing it is we can write letters, and how we do enjoy the letters of our classmates! But I am not going to moralize, but talk about myself, just as I like to have the others do.

I taught last year in New York City, as I have done for two years before. I enjoyed the teaching. The life in New York I found somewhat wearing, especially from the almost continuous noise of the streets. The dampness and chill of the air seemed unfavorable to my

health and it has seemed best not to return this year. There are many things in the city that I shall miss elsewhere and which I enjoyed while there.

I have done considerable work on the herbarium for the school during this last year, and have taken much pleasure therein. The suggestions given in herbarium work and botanical study at the meetings of the Torrey Botanical Club were of value to me as a teacher. School closed about the middle of June. I was very tired, so I went to our class reunion as a means of rest. I need not say that I enjoyed it much.

I have spent most of the summer at home. My life has been that of a daughter in her father's house, doing a little here and a little there, as was needed. My brother and his family have been here this summer for some time and that has added to my happiness. My sister Mary is about the same in health that she has been for some time; any change is very slow with her, but we hope she will be stronger some day.

I am getting ready to go to my new school next Monday. I can not write much about it now, except in general. It is a small girl's school in St. Paul, Minnesota. The address will be St. Catherine's School, 139 Pleasant Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota. I hope the change of climate will benefit me and I shall grow stronger; this is the chief reason why I go so far westward.

Now, dear girls, do write to me if you have time. I like to get your letters and I enjoy writing to you when I am not so busy that I can not write unless I am obliged. I would like to put a message for each one of you, but I must not this time.

With kindest regards for the brothers, kisses for the babies, and love for the class sisters, I say, God be with you! Good-bye.

Your classmate friend,

SARAH J. AGARD.

Home address, Staffordville, Conn.

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CLARA C. ARNOLD.

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*Dear Girls:*

So many things I want to say to you I am afraid I can never get them into a letter of reasonable length. Perhaps more than anything else I want to tell you how very gratifying was the result of the recent Class Reunion, to me.

Mary Graves' letter, giving a report of it came while I was still confined to my bed, and it "did me good like a medicine." I think we may take a justifiable pride in that \$500. More than one of the Holyoke alumnae had said to me, "How many does your class number; aren't you undertaking a good deal to raise \$500?" It only seems to me that you are the same girls, for I recognize in this the same spirit that said, "Let



there be class rings, and there were class rings"—the spirit of Caleb, saying "Let us go up and possess the land, for we are able to overcome it." I was also very much pleased with the action taken in regard to the Class Letter, for while I shall miss, as much as any one, your familiar handwriting, I think the gain in other ways will more than compensate for the loss. Once each year we shall have correct addresses, and definite, reliable information of each member of the class, together with the report of the year's progress at Alma Mater. This will not only be very delightful but will bind us together as a class, keep alive our interest in the college, and inspire us to united and individual effort in her behalf.

I feel like proposing here that we pledge ourselves to do all in our power during the coming year for the advancement of Mt. Holyoke College. Let us break the alabaster box, girls, and give of our precious things, and prove ourselves her loyal daughters. I was led to think more seriously on the subject by a friend calling my attention to the alarming way in which skepticism and agnosticism are creeping into sister colleges, and in my heart I said, "Thank God, Mt. Holyoke Seminary was and Mt. Holyoke College is, and is to be a Christian college.

I have faith in the new regime, for I hear Mrs. Mead very highly spoken of. A friend, in writing me, said, "Mrs. Mead was one of my teachers at Oberlin, and has always been one of my ideal women. She is a woman whose influence will be felt in a quiet, strong way; she has the English charm of repose, and is a lovely lady in every way."

I wonder how many of you have ever attended or known much of the Alumnae Association of the Northwest? It is not as large as the New York Association, of course, but is getting quite as strong and enthusiastic. Our new president, Mrs. Peterson, is an inspiring leader. In the Spring she sent circulars to the Alumnae of the Northwest as far as addresses could be obtained, and as a result several hundred dollars were added to the fund for the Lydia Shattuck Hall. And in June she gave a reception at her beautiful home, just outside the city, which was very delightful. I was not able to be there, but was told that they were feasted and toasted and royally entertained, and each one present felt for once in her life, at least, it was good to be a Holyoke graduate.

I want to invite you very cordially, if you are ever in or near Chicago, to attend our Fall meeting. It is held the third Saturday in October; place of meeting announced the week previous in the dailies. But if you are in doubt, write me and I will gladly inform you.

I think I am very fortunate in living in Chicago, for I see more of you here than most anywhere else I might be. Carrie and Zella both are within an hour's ride, and Valetta during the school year—though the rising generation of Lake View claim so much of her time I do not see her very often. Then I have had nice little visits from Ella Ingalls, Estelle T. and Mary L.—little visits, but long enough to make me determine they should never be so short again.

I am slowly learning how much I missed by not getting better acquainted before. And however it is, I don't know, but every girl I have seen looks fresher or younger than in '80. I wonder if it is true right through the class? I really feel quite ashamed of myself, because I thought it was the proper thing to grow old, and have been acting accordingly.

How delightful it is to have Zella in to tea with us every Saturday night, I leave you to imagine. Zella's modesty rather protests against the "clippings" about her and her work, but I argued your side of the case and prevailed. It is said there never was but one man that wasn't hurt by being lionized, and that was Daniel, but it didn't say anything about women, and I assure you Zella has not been hurt a particle. She is the same sweet little womanly woman she always was, and deserves all the honor she receives.

And now I think I must be getting about to 14thly myself; and, girls, whatever other astonishing thing I do, rest assured I shall never write an autobiography; but 14thly, let me change the heading—"Ourselves."

Nothing of general interest occurred in the history of the Arnold family till last December, when came a trip to Washington, thence East to my old home. I have neither time nor cunning of pen to describe the delightful hospitality of Alice's home, but Allie fills the chair of housewifery just as ably as she used to preside over the class meetings in "Room S." Little Ella is a class baby to be proud of. Mr. Olcott I don't quite dare describe, but I hope you may all know him some time.

I staid East all winter, or until my mother's recovery from an accident which came very near being fatal. Sazie went East again this summer and is still with grandma, though she will soon be home.

Of baby Zella's coming in July, I think you all know. She is lying on my lap this minute, looking up in my face, cooing and smiling, and wondering why her mama pays so little attention to her, and saying very plainly she had rather be talked to than described. She is a blue-eyed baby and fair, like her papa, we think.

This brings me right down to the present time, and in the coming year I hope many of you can read bits of the family history as it makes itself here in our Chicago home. Any of you who will come will receive no doubtful welcome. Sincerely,

CLARA CLARK ARNOLD.

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MARY F. LEACH.

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*Dear Girls:*

How delightful it will be to have soon a letter from each of you that I can keep, and so, from time to time, I can have a visit with you all. Just now, however, I do not approve of this new plan. Class letters are

hard enough to write at best : and now I want the inspiration of chapters of your life histories fresh (or otherwise) from your pens. To think of sitting down in cold blood to write my chapter, especially amid the distractions of getting settled and beginning my year's work.

This should have been done in vacation, you say? Why, it couldn't. Vacation days were full to overflowing.

The first week the music teachers of the country met here. There were three concerts a day—four Thomas concerts during the week.

The next week came the Educational Association in St. Paul. I attended, but did more sight-seeing than "meetin' goin' "

The following Sabbath was spent with Retha. (I have visited six of our girls, and what delightful homes they do have!) There I had the unexpected pleasure of seeing Estelle. The little Lemon is altogether too sweet for her name. Just think of a baby who never, under any circumstances, keeps her mother awake nights!

Then four of us from Detroit went down the Mississippi together. I wonder if it is possible for any river ride to be more beautiful?

My summer all through has brought me so much more than I anticipated. Think of seeing the Dells of the Wisconsin, Minnehaha, and Minnetonka, all in one trip; and with congenial companions!

The remainder of the summer was spent in a round of visits that I always enjoy; but this summer they seemed more and more pleasant than usual. The warm welcomes and the appreciative words from my Sedalia boys and girls (now young men and women,) made me thankful for the past and hopeful for the future.

On my homeward journey I spent twenty-four hours in Chicago with our girls and making the acquaintance of little Zella.

Now I am at home and at work again. Though after sharing in home life as I have this summer, it seems almost a mockery to use the word home in connection with the life I lead.

I am in the High School here teaching Physics and Reading—have no duties outside my recitation room. My work is lighter than ever before. I hope I'll not grow lazy. When the wheels are fairly started, I mean to take up German.

The especial delight of my life here is that Detroit is the home of the dear aunt for whom I was named, and though I do not live with her, it is a great pleasure to be near her. Her address is the one that you may be sure that anything sent there will reach her, whether here or not. Should you mislay it, look up Frances. Memorandum Catalogue.

And now, dear girls, I shall watch impatiently for the coming of you. God grant that, whether joy or sorrow, the coming year, His presence may dwell with you.

As ever yours,

74 Pitcher St., Detroit.

EMILY T. MINOR.

PARADOX, ESSEX CO., NEW YORK, Aug. 28, 1890.

*Dear Girls:*

I could talk with you all so much easier than I can write to you, and I cannot but wish, that instead of sitting alone in my room and writing to you, that we could have one *grand class meeting* here, (we could if a dozen sat on my bed,) and let our tongues instead of our pens tell the story. Eight of us did have our class meeting within the walls of our Alma Mater, in June. We only wished for you all. It seemed so pleasant to be there, and I could not realize that ten years had passed since we were all together there. It made me feel old, I assure you.

Our Alma Mater has made great progress since we were graduated, and we have every reason to feel very proud of her. There are many changes and so many improvements, and as I went about Williston Hall and the Annex, in company with Miss Clapp, and saw so many added facilities for scientific study especially, I felt (don't you tell, girls,) as if I knew nothing at all.

And didn't we feel proud when the announcement was made of the gift of the Class of '80? I was so glad that we had the whole five hundred dollars then, and I think we did splendidly. That Reunion was so pleasant, for I hadn't seen some of the girls in the ten years.

Since Sarah Agard has been in New York, we have seen much of each other. We two have had many class meetings, either in her room or mine. I think I have not seen any others. I hope no one will go through New York without coming to see me or letting me know where I can find you.

I am in the same place that I have been for eight and a half years. Am getting to be a gray-haired missionary, those who have seen me will bear me testimony, though some *do* fail to see the gray hairs. My work is much more than that it has been, only increases the longer I have been in it. I realize that I have been so long in missionary work, and in long years, I am where I least expected to be. But I do not mind it. My motto, "Quo Deus Vocat," and that I am where He has called me. There are so many of the "weary and heavy laden" who need Him who said, "Come unto Me," and many of the children who need help and encouragement. If I can be a blessing to any, I am so glad. I love my work more I believe, the longer I stay in it.

I am in the mountains spending my vacation. Stayed in the mountains busy until the middle of August. Am in a very comfortable place, and shall in a few weeks be back at

This plan about this letter delights me, and I am so glad Zella has undertaken it. I shall be so anxious to get the letters, and hear from you all.

Sincerely,  
EMILY T. MINOR.

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JULIA C. KELSEY.

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DUDLEY, MASS., Sept. 8th, 1890.

*My Dear Classmates :*

It is of so recent date that I wrote my last letter that I scarcely know what to write. I came to this New England village on the 2d of May, with our two children, and many a ramble we have had over these country rounds and green fields. I came here very much out of health and although not very much stronger have been much benefitted by the rest and change.

My husband joined us about four weeks ago and is seeking a new settlement at the East. Our Mission church in Ohio needs us so much and we felt sorry to leave, but it could not support us, neither could I endure the unfriendly, malarious climate of the low-lying country along the Scioto.

The week before I came East my father died, thus removing my one surviving near relative. He had but a short illness, full of suffering and on account of the distance I could not reach him by message nor even attend his funeral. A few days before, his brother, my uncle in New Haven, at whose house I was married, also was laid to rest. So life is filled with joy and sorrow and we are forced more than ever to feel how fleeting all earthly hopes are and that nothing is sure save the life of the soul.

Where we shall be, as a family, and when, time alone can determine. It is a great trial to me to be thus drifting about, with little children. But God is our all and He knows best about us all.

Yours with love,

JULIA C. KELSEY.

Any communication addressed to me at Cutchogue, L. I., will always find me.

J. C. K.

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SYBEL G. BROWN

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WHATELY, Sept. 1, 1890.

*My Dear Girls :*

When I said good-bye it seemed a long while before the class letter would be called for, but Sept. first is here and I must not delay for fear of being left out.

I have been spending Sunday with mother in the old home, but go back again to-night. I suppose by this time you have each heard about the reunion. We were but a handfull and we missed the long row of dear familiar faces that ought to have been there. We made good use of our time, however, especially in class meeting, and when we sought our downy (?) couches your humble servant did her best to keep the echoes ringing.

I am growing old, gray and fat, but I feel as young as any when I am among the girls. It was a delightful reunion and I think the flavor of it will remain for five years to come. I hope by that time the babies will all get through cutting teeth so that they can either present themselves for the inspection of their aunts or keep the head of the family company at home and let their mothers off for a frolic.

I am afraid most of you mothers will forget how to be gay by that time. There is not much to write about myself. I am still here with my babies and find plenty to do. I shall be glad to welcome any of you at any time when you come to Boston. I shall watch for the class letter and hope this plan of ours will prove so satisfactory that we shall keep up the printed letter year by year.

Now I must say good-bye and "God bless you every one." Letters will always reach me sent to my old home, Whately, Mass.

SYBEL G. BROWN,  
65½ Green Street, Boston, Mass.

LUCIA A. COLEMAN.

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NORWICH, Vt., Aug. 26, 1890.

*Dear Classmates:*

Though unable to meet with the few of you who were in South Hadley, at the reunion, it was my intention to send you greeting there. But my customary carelessness made me forget the date, and I thought it a week later than it was. However you were a host, and the rest of us seem to have been unnecessary. We can say, "Well done," which I do with all my heart.

I shall miss the slow old "Budget," which was so welcome, but this will be much better on the whole. It seems as if we were getting separated from each other when we hear so seldom.

For myself I have only to say that I am in good health and still teaching. I left Hanover, N. H., a year ago and taught in North Abington, Mass., last year. This made it possible for me to be a good deal with Margaret and her mother during Mrs. Leavenworth's last days. I am to be in Chicopee, Mass., next year, and hope I may see more of my class-

mates than I have recently seen ; for I haven't forgotten one of you and sympathise with you in your joys and sorrows so far as I know them.

To the best of my belief I am owing no one of the class a letter, except Sarah. So if you think I have failed in my duty please consider there is some mistake which I would be glad to rectify if I know of it. I shall look anxiously for the letter till it comes.

Yours with love,

LUCIA A. COLEMAN..

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ELIZABETH R. FLAGLER.

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CORNING, STEUBEN CO., N. Y., Aug. 26, 1890.

*Dear Girls:*

If I had not recently written two class letters, I might know what to say to you, but under the circumstances I do not. You might overlook the first repetition, but I doubt whether you could the second.

I wrote a letter to be read at reunion, but it arrived at its destination too late—all was over. I am inclined to think it is wandering over the earth in search of the members of '80. I know some of you have seen it. The budget was received not long ago, and I dutifully took out the old letter, and put in the new. I have not received any account of the proceedings at reunion, wish some kind-hearted writer would write me. I am sorry I could not be present—very sorry.

Most of you know of my mother's death, nearly two years ago. My health failed after so many misfortunes, but indeed it had not been good for a long time. I was a victim of a nervous disease, have been under treatment here about a year. Am much better. I certainly hope to teach after Christmas, and trust I may be able to do so earlier. This is a unique cure, but judging from the results, it is certainly successful. No medicine is given, fasting is an important item, each fast being followed by a hot "pack." Our physician, however, does not depend upon external remedies. He considers the physical state dependent upon the spiritual, and his constant endeavor is to lead the patient into a state of peace—first with himself, then with the world.

Condemnation and righteous indignation form no part of the creed here. *Forgiveness*, of ourselves, as well as of others, is the central teaching. We are taught the kingdom of heaven is indeed within, that when ruled by anger or resentment we receive the same judgement meted out to another. "For with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again,"—not by God, but ourselves.

I fear I do not live up to the standard, but indeed I believe. I have seen persons restored to health after years of distressing illness through the change in their feelings.

I have no definite prospect for the future, but hope I may have an opportunity to teach when the time comes. My letters sent here or to New Hackensack will be forwarded, and I need not say I am always happy to receive messages from you.

Dear girls, please remember me when the photographs are taken.

Lovingly,

ELIZABETH R. FLAGLER,  
Care of A. G. Ingersoll, M. D.

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HELEN FLINT.

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MT. HOLYOKE COLLEGE, Sept. 31, 1890.

*Dear Girls :*

The late date of this letter is a sad acknowledgement of my remissness in sending in my report. When I intended to write you my mother was taken sick and then in a few days after this my own plans fell into such confusion that I could not write the letter.

I spent the last school year at Northfield, enjoying my work exceedingly, but finding my nerves in a very unsatisfactory condition at the close of the year, I decided to try a year in California in a day school when the strain of boarding school life would no longer wear upon me. I spent most of the summer in making preparations and finally had purchased my ticket and packed my trunk when an unexpected telegram August 26, prevented my going.

The prospects for the school suddenly closed over and it seemed unwise for me to go so far away on uncertainties, with my own health not very firm and my mother's a matter of grave uncertainty and anxiety. The way opened for me to come here and study for my degree, which I may take this year. Be that as it may, it is a delightful rest to me to be free from the cares of teaching and be back here, figuratively speaking, on my native hearth again.

I room in No. 1, Miss Blanchard's bedroom, you remember, next to the steward's office. At the table I sit "opposite" Miss Prentiss. I do hope I shall have the pleasure of welcoming some of you here this year.

Lovingly,

HELEN FLINT.

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CARRIE F. SCOVILLE.

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PLAINVILLE, CONN., Aug. 5, 1890.

*Dear Girls of '80:*

I have just had the class letter and I am glad there is a prospect of another one so soon, for many of these letters were two or more years old.



I was interested in all you wrote of yourselves, your homes and your work. The work some of you have accomplished makes my quiet, every day life seem very insignificant indeed. Since the letters last came, another member has come to our family—a little boy, Ralph Irving. With two children I have my time fully taken up, and none left for outside work.

I often think it is harder for us at home to do right than for those who are doing some special work away from home. So many little things come up every day that are hard to bear and try one's patience to the uttermost.

I am sorry to hear that so many of the class have been ill, and rejoice in the cures. I am glad to hear from Samuella again. What a good time so many of the girls have had abroad! Lizzie Derrickson, of the class of '82, is visiting me; she brought her class letter, a printed one. It took two years to get the letters together for printing. I hope ours will not be so long on the way. With love and good wishes to each member of the class of '80, I am,

Sincerely yours,

CARRIE FRENCH SCOVILLE.

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EMILY G. ANDERSON.

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SOUTH RYEGATE, VT., Aug. 30, 1890.

*My Dear Classmates:*

I am still in my father's house, caring for him just the same as when you last heard from me; the surroundings and conditions are unchanged.

I shall probably remain here as long as father is spared to us and all communications may be addressed to me at this place. Please remember to put the "W" in my husband's name, John W. Anderson. I am a busy woman, having the labor and responsibility of home resting on me. I am very thankful for health and strength to do it. There is always a bright side to our lives if we only look, that is what I am trying to do. Our blessing is always greater than the affliction if we only watch for it.

I extend my sympathy to all who have been called to mourn, and my congratulations to all who have been made happy. I was very sorry not to attend the reunion in June but could not be spared from home.

I know I have left unanswered many announcement cards and letters. I appreciated them all and was deeply interested in all. I felt a desire to answer but could not. Time is too short to do all I would like.

I am glad of this new plan for the class letter. Now we can leisurely read the several letters without the feeling that some one is anxiously

waiting. The arrangements referring to the class gift pleases me well. I am not engaged in any charitable work, outside of home duties, except the teaching of a class of boys in the Sabbath School.

Just now I am enjoying the brightest and happiest period of the year, the portion in which my husband is with me. Mr. Anderson still remains in Florida, but spends a part of every summer with us. He is with us now. I have been so busy enjoying his presence and companionship. I am truly tardy in writing this letter.

Our boy Lloyd is a young man in height and a very straight-going child. How pleasant to meet an unbroken class again. We may up above.

Much love to all.

EMILY GIBSON ANDERSON.

### MARY G. SEVERANCE.

TURNER'S FALLS, MASS., Aug. 28, 1890.

*My Dear Classmates:*

As I glance at the date of my letter, I am wondering if mine will be the last to reach Zella.

Honestly, girls, I can't quite say that I thoroughly enjoy addressing this august assembly, this August day, all in a body. The thought that I am writing for so many eyes to read, almost overpowers this poor brain of mine, and takes me back to those Saturday mornings in "ye olden time," when three hours of precious time were spent in trying to express thoughts which would not be expressed, and writing a composition which no daughter of Eve or Mt. Holyoke would care to read or hear read.

But this is not the morning for composition work, is it? so I will strive to concentrate my wandering thoughts and give you a little idea of what Father Time has brought to me, during the last year.

Although Lillie will tell you all about our reunion, I do want to add my mite and tell you that it was a most enjoyable time for those of us who were privileged to be there, and that each one of you who could not have the pleasure of meeting with us, was remembered with many loving thoughts and words.

Has the class of '80 been drinking at the fount of perpetual youth, or is it "Love is blind," that made us one and all declare that, seemingly, not one had grown a day older than she was ten years ago. But best of all, we found that we were the same *girls* in heart and soul, as we were in the old school days.

As you will see from the heading of my letter, my home is still at Turner's Falls, although a little later we may move to Greenfield, as my husband has recently gone into business there. He has just returned from South Dakota, where he has been during the past year, for the benefit of

his health. Last December I took my little girl and went to Dakota for a visit. I was gone about four months, and had a delightful time. My husband had charge of a gold mine in the Black Hills, so I had an opportunity of knowing what it means to live in a miner's camp. However, I am afraid I do not realize the hardships of such a life, for the log cabin which we occupied was quite an imposing one, for its kind, having eight rooms, all completely furnished. Then, too, we could easily obtain all the necessaries of life, so that the experience, instead of being a hardship was very novel and interesting to me. However, I am heartily glad to have our little family together once more, and with all due respect to my Western sisters, I must say that I cannot but feel that the East is good enough place for *home*, after all.

I am delighted that we are each to have a copy of our class letter for our *very own*. I feel sure that I shall read mine over and over, until it is literally worn out.

Really, girls, as my poor old memory begins to fail, I feel that a copy for my *very own* is almost a necessity; for *one* reading does not suffice to imprint indelibly upon said memory the whereabouts and circumstances of each one.

Well, girls, as my life at the present writing is confined simply to keeping house, with all the joys, perplexities, and every-day duties which those two words involves, and as I could not probably tell any of you anything new about this ancient and time-honored custom, which brings its ever-recurring duties, I will bring my letter to a close, with much love to each and every one of you.

Yours very lovingly,

MARY GRAVES SEVERANCE.

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ALICE H. OLCOTT.

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GARLINS, VIRGINIA, Sept. 1, 1880.

*Dear Classmates:*

I am very sorry my letter bears such a late date, but I have been trying for the past few weeks to find time to write and have failed. To-night I am tired and sleepy, but the fear that I may forfeit the precious class letter impels me to write a few lines. When Zella's letter came, telling me of the proposed plan, I was enthusiastic and felt sure that I would be among the first to respond to the request, "you will try and make a special effort to have your letter in my hands some time this month," but alas! the care of four children, one a wee baby, and one sick part of the time, the desire to fix up our new house and keep it "always in order," with the assistance of only a "pretty good" girl, and very little strength, together with duties to home folks and mankind in general, have rendered

it almost impossible for me to find time to compose and pen my share of this important document.

Having made my excuses I will try to enumerate my list of items. The last time I received the class letter was January, 1889. It found me taking care of a sick baby and brought great comfort to the sick room. The following month the same little one was sick again, but since has been well most of the time and has developed into one of the dearest, sweetest children in the state of Virginia. That winter we were keeping house in rooms. When the warm weather came we moved out to this little village and lived in a tiny house belonging to my youngest brother. We lived out doors most of the time, cooking under a tent and eating under the trees. We had a very pleasant, happy summer. Towards the latter part of August we went up among the mountains for a few weeks. My mother, brothers and sisters were camping out in a house instead of a tent, and we had time to visit them.

There was a peach orchard on the place and so we had peaches in every conceivable style and put up enough to last us during the winter. We came home the first of October, expecting to come out to my brother's house, but I was taken sick and we did not get out here until the middle of November. While we were away my brother had a kitchen built and also had the house plastered and painted inside, which made us a very cozy home.

We were so pleased here last summer that we decided to build for ourselves. We secured the lots adjoining my brother's and the new house was begun in September. We also had a well driven on the line dividing the lots so that both homes would then have the benefit. My brother is unmarried and has lived with us for several years. He continues to board with us though he sleeps in his own house. All winter we watched the progress on our house and planned many happy times.

During the winter, just before Christmas, we had a delightful visit from Clara and her family. Although we were in rather small quarters I think every one of us enjoyed it. Mr. Arnold and Clara both admired our new house, though there was very little to admire. Little Sazie and my little folks grew very fond of each other. Ella and Jennie often speak of cousin Sazie and now of little cousin Zella. The children were very well during the winter. We all had the usual colds but we escaped the Grippe, though our neighbors had it.

We hoped to move into our new house in the spring, but for one reason or another, the work did not progress so we had to wait. We spent the month of June in the city, and while there little Alice Griswold Olcott came to us. She is a dear little babe, as good and sweet as possible. About the middle of June we had a flying visit from Margie and her husband. It seemed good to see them, but their stay was entirely too short.

The first of July Mr. Olcott had to go to Kansas City for the office, and on his return stopped in Chicago and had a pleasant visit with Clara

for a few hours. It was nice to hear so direct from her. At present he is in St. Paul, having been sent West again by the office. Perhaps he will have an opportunity of seeing her again. Well, we moved out to our new house the latter part of July and find great comfort and satisfaction in being under our own roof, "our own vine and fig tree."

We extend to each and every member of the class of '80 a most cordial invitation to come and see us. It has been a week since I began this writing, but the care of Harry boy, aside from other duties, made my finishing sooner impossible. Harry is up and around once more and we rejoice greatly that he is. He and the little girls send love to the many aunts and uncles of '80.

And now with the hope that I shall have a letter from each and every one of you, I remain as ever,

Your classmate and friend,

ALICE H. OLCOTT.

ELLA E. INGALLS.

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JAMAICA PLAINS, MASS.,  
37 Spring Park Avenue.

*My Dear Classmates :*

It seems quite an undertaking to write fully and freely of my life since January, 1889; not that it has been so very eventful—no births, marriages or deaths in my immediate family, and other events are quite common-place; yet into these months have come experiences interesting to me. I will tell you first of my pleasure in attending Mr. Moody's conference the first week of this month, because I may thus influence some of you to go next year. I would that I might impart to you some of the inspiration which I there received. It was most encouraging to see such a company of people as was there assembled, and most delightful for ten days to be free from anything offensive to ear or eye.

The place itself is beautiful. I thought often of our friends who have been there as teachers, and did not wonder at their enjoyment. I never so fully realized before what are the fruits of simple faith. I wish that I might greet some of you there next year.

Letters occasionally come to me forwarded from Scranton, although I have been from there more than a year. The breaking up there was not without some pangs, for during my stay of eight years I had become attached to the place and people; but it has been a relief to be out of school, so great that I am not inclined to resume the occupation.

After spending a pleasant summer at my home and a few weeks at Jamaica Plain, I went with an aunt to Chicago, where I very pleasantly passed the winter, visiting several friends. I saw much of the city, in

some respects at an unfavorable season; was impressed with the grand scale upon which it is built, and also with the smoke, cloud and dirt, and did not fall in love with the place. Perhaps our Chicago friends will say that it was because I did not stay long enough. I had a very pleasant visit with Clara, and considered that a great privilege; found little Sazie a most interesting child.

Carrie called on me and kindly invited me to visit her, but sickness in her family at the appointed time prevented my going.

I regretted to decline a most cordial invitation from Retha to visit her and see that beautiful baby. I was sorry not to have seen Valetta, whom I learned was in the vicinity of Chicago, but Clara did not know just where,

On my way home in March I spent two weeks with a friend in Zanesville, where I saw the kind of hospitality of which I had heard; received and made many calls; was interested in meeting the people; and visited Zella's old home.

In New York another pleasure was mine. I spent one night at 10th street, where Emily boards, and had a nice little visit with her; had my mind stirred up by way of remembrance while she told me her interest in Seminary matters.

Soon after my return I accepted a position as assistant in a church within a few blocks of my sister's home, so our long cherished desire to be together has been granted. I find the occupation very interesting; think that I can appreciate something of the cares of a pastor.

I occasionally visit Sybil and her numerous family; always leave with the conviction that she has found her calling.

I was delighted to find soon after coming here that Hattie Thayer Kinney lives within half a mile of my sister's. She has a very pleasant home and always seems happy when I see her.

Well, girls, this life is but a school; let us receive day by day whatever comes as a part of the great lesson, and so learn that the Master's commendation shall at last be ours.

Most sincerely yours,  
August 30, 1890.

ELLA E. INGALLS.

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MARGARET L. MOODY.

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MEDDYTEMPS, ME., Aug. 17, 1890.

*Dear Girls:*

I have just received official notice of the new plan about the class letter—which plan it seems to me possesses many advantages over our old one—and I hasten to get in my contribution before September 1st, that I may not be omitted when the time for distribution comes.

Since I last wrote you my life has been such a mixture of pleasure and sorrow that I feel as if I had been living at extremes. One of the pleasures has been the building of a little house for ourselves. In May, of '89, the ground was broken and we expected to taste, if not our Thanksgiving, at least, our Christmas dinner in our new house. Things progressed favorably at first, but after the fashion of such undertakings, dragged at the last and it was not until late in January that our house was ready for us. In the meantime we continued to board, living very quietly. Just at the time when our house was begun I spent a week in New York with my husband, and then had a small visit with Emily Minor. Later in the season I went on a western trip—business for my husband and pleasure for me—and it *was* pleasure. I enjoyed every bit of it, and most of all, I think, shooting the rapids in the St. Lawrence, on my way back.

Early in February of the present year, our house being completed, we went in triumph to Wallingford to bring my mother on to live with us. She had been in West Medford but a few days when she was taken seriously ill; at the same time I had my first experience of rheumatism, which kept me in bed several weeks, so that it was not until the last of March that we moved, and then how different was everything from what we had hoped and expected! My mother was carried into our new home never to leave it alive. She was most patient and resigned all through those weary weeks and months, and on the 28th of June she left us. In the meantime my husband's health was breaking down through overwork—he suffered constantly with severe headache. Not long before my mother's death I was obliged to go on a little sea trip with him to get him away from business. Went to Baltimore, via Norfolk, and ran down to Washington to take a wee look at Alice, which was a taste of old times. Business being forbidden for three months at least, in July we came up here among the woods of Maine.

Meddytemps is n town of 257 widely scattered inhabitants, fourteen miles from the telegraph, with the mail three times a week, and Sunday when the minister comes, once in four weeks. We are in a droll little old farm-house at the foot of a beautiful lake, and beside its outlet a winding stream full of water-lilies. We spend our time reading and sleeping, walking, driving, rowing and fishing. The air is delicious and there is lots of it. Our return home is uncertain. Mr. Moody's health is much improved and we are only waiting until it shall be fully restored.

Nettie's school this year, as last, is not so far from us but that we expect to see her occasionally.

None of the girls of '80 must come to Boston without running out to see us. We aee but a few minutes out, and you will be sure of a hearty welcome

With love to you all,

MARGARET P. L. MOODY.

VALETTA C. MAREAN.

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LAKE VIEW, ILL., Oct. 4, 1890.  
1188 Wrightwood Avenue.

*Dear Ones of '80:*

When Clara's letter reached me, telling of the plan for a printed letter, I was on the point of starting West, so I delayed till I reached here, then was too tired to write.

I can tell of nothing new in my life during the last two years.

I have taught here ten months of the year and then went home to spend my two months' vacation.

It seems as if, when I left the Seminary ten years ago, almost all whom I knew there passed out of my life. I have never visited our Alma Mater and have met only five members of "Our Class" since '80. Now and then I meet some of our teachers, as I did Miss Clapp on my journey here this fall.

I wish very much to have the class letter, but fear I have delayed too long. Best wishes for the prosperity of all.

Your classmate,

VALETTA C. MAREAN.

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CARRIE M. BLAKE.

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ENGLEWOOD, ILL., Sept. 6, 1890.  
7028 Wentworth Avenue.

*My Dear Classmates:*

Am I a little late for the class letter? But as it will not have far to travel, I hope I may not be the loser by the delay. I am glad we are to have the printed letter, and think we shall find it more satisfactory than the circling one.

Just now I am enjoying a short visit from Sarah Agard, who is on her way to St. Paul, Minn. We have found much to talk about, different items about the class and the Seminary have come in for their share of our attention, as well as reminiscences of our experiences at Hoosick Falls, N. Y., where we were both teaching.

Mary Leach also made me a brief call last week, so I feel that I have been more than usually favored.

My sister Emma enters the Seminary this fall. In her experiences there I expect to again live over my own. Another sister, who is making her life work kindergarten teaching, will probably make her home with me this winter.



As for myself there is little new to tell. A year ago at this time I had the pleasure of a visit home, which was a great treat. I also found the change beneficial. Since then I have been enjoying our quiet home life, very happy in the love of my husband and little Mabel.

We have just been making the home nest more cozy by the addition of fresh paper to all the upper rooms. Just the pleasure and satisfaction that comes with such a renovation, all housekeepers can appreciate.

May each of us, during the coming year, realize as many of the joys we anticipate, as our Heavenly Father shall see best to grant us, and may we be spared bitter grief.

Hoping in due time to hear from you all,

Your loving classmate.

CARRIE M BLAKE.

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KATHERINE P. JUDD.

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*Dear Girls of '80:*

If I do not make haste September 1st will be upon me and my letter will not be on its way. It has not been forgotten, but somehow the days slip by so rapidly that I do not get time for all I would like.

How glad I shall be to hear from you all and to know once again where to locate you.

I think it is a very nice idea to have a printed letter once more, though I myself do not feel that I can write anything that will be worth putting in print. I shall not only be in haste to get the letter for the sake of hearing from you all, but I also am in haste to see Sarah Agard's poem, which some of you know I was obliged to lose for I had to leave before the final class meeting anniversary day.

I will not undertake to describe the pleasant time we had at our Alma Mater, in June, for I presume some one else will do it so much better than I; but I will say that I am sorry more of you could not be present and we could look once more in each others' faces and see what time had wrought there.

Now just a few words about myself. As most of probably know I have stepped out of the *maiden* ranks this last year and entered into an entirely different life, and a very happy one it is, to. It is needless for me to say I have found the best man in the world, for you would say, "that is what they all say." We are keeping house by ourselves and I am enjoying it very much, and I am sure you would say, could you see me, that my cares don't hang very heavily upon me, for I have grown very stont and fleshy the last year and some say I look ten years younger. However that may be I know I do not feel any older than when I graduated.

Any one of the class of '80 will find a warm welcome in our home

and trust I shall surely see some of you here some time. I can not tell of any great thing I have done, for my work is of the humble kind ; but I feel that if I do cheerfully each little duty as it comes along that it is as pleasing in the Great Master's eyes, as if some large thing had been accomplished.

Now all the dear ones of '80 who have had to meet with bitter sorrows since last we met, my heart goes out in sympathy toward you, and I trust you have had the dear Lord to comfort and help you ; and those of you into whose life new joys have come, I am glad for you.

Now, sisters and *brothers*, (for I would not leave them out,) and the dear little ones, God bless you all.

With a heart full of love for all, I remain yours in the bonds of '80,  
Southampton, Aug. 28, 1890. KATHERINE PARSONS JUDD.

## ELIZABETH SAMUEL.

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BREWSTER, MASS., Aug. 22, 1890.

*My Dear Girls :*

So we are to appear in print again ! I hardly know where to begin, or what to say, for I do not know how far on its journey the class letter had gone. I do not know how many of you know that I had to give up my work in Bangor, two years ago, as I was not well and found it would not do for me to stay in so cold a climate, as I was obliged to go out in all sorts of weather.

I had no plans for the future, save to come home and rest, but, on my way home had a chance to go to the New England Conservatory, in Boston, as teacher in the literary department. I was not at all sure I could do the work, but thought it best to try, and found I had just about strength to keep up with my duties. I have been there two years and expect to go back next month.

I have been blue and miserable and discouraged enough in these two years. In addition to my own poor health, we have had much sickness in the family. My father was nearly killed last October, by an accident, while traveling in the West. It seems a miracle that he escaped with his life, but he has never fully recovered from the shock, as it partially unbalanced his mind. Still we have much to be thankful for, that he is as well as he is.

Things are a little brighter, in some ways, and I am gaining in health and courage, so I hope some day to be on my feet again. I am thankful I have been able to work at all, and feel that my position at the Conservatory was really sent to me, when I had to give up my chosen work. One thing is in my favor, and that is *age* is a help in my profession, and by the time I am fifty I may be in good working order.

I am glad we are to hear regularly from each of the class, for I find, as the years go on, that I want to hear from you all.

Next time I'll write in a more cheerful strain, I trust.

With love to all,

ELIZABETH SAMUEL.

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JULIET STIMSON.

NORWICH, VT., Sept. 3, 1890.

*Dear Girls:*

I am sorry my letter is late; so little as I have to say I might have said it promptly.

It has greatly surprised and slightly pained me that the Budget has been called in. I had an affection for that dilatory package. Among other advantages it gave one a great chance to realize the joys of anticipation.

I have been at home for several years, except last Spring I spent a month with a brother, and on my way home spent two days at the Sem. and one with our three classmates at Northfield, a day that I enjoy remembering. I have seen a little of Nettie this summer. We had one "tramp" together. I am looking for a visit from Lizzie Samuel in a few days.

This letter is a little brief, but nothing has happened to me, and I have not time for a map of my mental state or a history of my moral development and I should not quite like to give them that enduring fame which printers' ink imparts. Neither have I energy to go into an analysis of my hopes and fears for the Seminary. Many of you would think me too conservative, but I dread much change, even in externals. "Manners maketh men." And I think the perpetuation of ancient customs help a little to preserve the original character of an institution, and the original character of Mt. Holyoke is scarcely susceptible of improvement.

Your loving classmate,

JULIET STIMSON.

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ESTELLE TAYLOR.

STILLWATER, MINN., Aug. 29, 1890.

*My Dear Classmates:*

The class notice came to me only last week, remailed from home. I know this is late in the month, but hope my few words will be in time for the printed letter. I should be sorry to miss hearing from all, though I have little of interest to tell you of myself.

My home is still in Orchard Park, N. Y. I spend much of my time with my sister in Buffalo, staying when I am most needed. My mother is in better health than when I wrote last.

The summer I spent with Bertha five years ago was so enjoyable that I have looked forward to the time when I could come again, and this year seemed to be the right time. The reduced rates had much to do with it. I decided on Saturday, and Monday, July 7th, I left home. Bertha had been writing for me to come, as Mr. Lemon was to be away all summer. It was a great pleasure to both of us to see Mary Leach. The Sunday she spent here is one long to be remembered.

I am very fond of dear little Gladys. She is a beautiful baby to look at and as sweet in disposition as she is pretty. You will each have to come and see her for yourself, to appreciate how lovely she is. Retha is a most devoted mother. We have taken much comfort staying quietly at home. I was very tired when I came, but feel as well and strong now as I ever did.

The time for going home is near. I shall leave St. Paul September 11th, and expect to spend two weeks in Chicago on my way home, and shall try to call on those of the class who are there.

It has never been possible for me to attend class reunion, but as the years go by I think more of you all and would be so glad to entertain any and all of you at my home. My address in Buffalo is 570 Niagara street, and should any of you be in the city I should be so glad to have you call at my sister's, and if I am not there they can telephone me to come in on the first train.

My home address is Orchard Park, Erie Co., N. Y.

With love to all, I must send this on.

Your classmate,

ESTELLE TAYLOR.

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EMMA A. DODD.

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PEACHEM, VT., Aug. 26, 1890.

*Dear Classmates:*

I have been spending the summer in this beautiful spot where I find Mt. Holyoke graduates. As I wrote my class letter last spring I shall be obliged to repeat much that I wrote before, as so few of the girls will read that.

My present profession is wife and mother. I do little outside work, believing that a woman does no better mission work and that she is working "for the Lord" just as much when she makes a comfortable home with well cooked meals, for one man and attends to the physical, mental and moral well-being of only one child. It is not to me a narrow sphere nor a shut-in one. Do I need to say that to Holyoke graduates or

is there some younger sister who feels that it is hard sometimes to lay aside the printed books that lie so invitingly near because the little books of human nature are there and will not be laid aside, but insist upon being read. Dear mothers! enjoy your children and do not let the many little duties that must be continually done for them, take away the pleasure of it all.

One thing more, and this may be rank heresy, but I think if Mary Lyon lived now, she would say "Amen." When the leisure hour does come and the little ones can be left to sister, mother, or nurse, and the mother can take a little time "off duty," do not let the missionary visit or the Sunday School class claim that, but feel that your "duty" is to do what you want to, to give yourself a pleasure, to take the walk, or read the book, or visit the friend, or something that will send you back to sewing, children, or housekeeping rested, fresh and bright.

And believe, dear girls, when you are doing this you are doing God's service. Now after all this it is hardly necessary for me to tell what my work is and has been for the last three years—simply keeping house and taking care of my baby in the winter in New York City and every June taking him into the country where he can grow strong and learn to love Nature.

This summer I left him twice over night to take trips to the White Mountains, staying one night on the top of Mt. Washington. In New York I see Emily Minor and Sarah Agard and attend the meetings of the New York and Brooklyn alumnae. There I see many fine women and learn to be very proud of the graduates of Mt. Holyoke.

This summer I have enjoyed learning something of Vermont, her noble missionary record, and her brave men who came at their country's call. In the sweet village churchyard lie many of these heroes. Young lives offered up to make their country free. In September I go back to New York, where I shall always be glad to see any and all of my Holyoke classmates. My address can always be found at 755 Broadway, the publishing house of Dodd, Mead and Co.

Yours truly,

EMMA A. DODD.

### HATTIE THAYER KINNEY.

I am sorry to have no letter "in person" from Hattie Thayer, but know that you will all enjoy sharing with me the few hurried words that came in answer to my urgent call for the class letter that did not come at the appointed time. Hattie is far from well and has not been able to add the burden of even a few lines to those that are already laid upon her. Most of you probably know that she has joined the ranks of the married

sisters and is now anchored to a home of her own, in which are little children as well as husband to care for. She writes :

“ I am unable to write a class letter ; I am not at all well, and this combined with extensive repairs on our house, a great deal of company, among them an invalid sister, and the impossibility of securing a good domestic, hinders me from adding my contribution. A sudden and unexpected departure from home only proves an added hindrance to answering your letter as I should have done. So I write to ask forgiveness for what must seem an inexcusable neglect.

Lovingly yours,”  
Mrs. Edward Kinney.

HATTIE THAYER KINNEY.

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ANNA C. EDWARDS.

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NORTH HAMPTON, Sept. 30, 1890.  
197 Elm Street.

*Dear Girls of '80:*

It is with great pleasure that I respond to Zella's request for a few words for your class letter. Your names and faces are as fresh in my memory to-day as are those of '90, and indeed you seem never to have quite parted from me, for I have followed you in thought and in many ways have known much of what has come to you all. One only—dear Carrie Jennings—has passed away beyond our sight and call. Many of you have gladdened our hearts by your visits to the old home ; others I have met in my journeyings, some few I have seen surrounded by their own families. I have attended the wedding of one, and almost all have written freely to me of their joys, their anxieties and their sorrows.

All this I need not say has brought me very near to your hearts. This first decade of your active working lives is in many respects quite as important as any that remain to you in the future. You have found your places in life, you have tested your powers, you have tasted the joys of success, have borne sorrow, suffering and trial through all, and by means of all have grown in grace and in the knowledge of Christ.

What better than this could we have desired for you. I wish to thank you for your loyalty to Alma Mater manifested in many ways. You have known something of the long struggle she has passed through in these later years in gaining for herself public recognition as a college. For myself I find great occasion to rejoice in all that has been gained and look forward with hope to the future. I am resting this year from my usual cares, and find already a decided improvement in my health.

Miss Shattuck's death last November left me very lonely ; the north wing parlor can hardly be again what it was when cheered by her pres-

ence, still I hope it will be for many long years yet a rallying place for all returning Holyoke alumnae.

Your sincere friend,

ANNA C. EDWARDS.

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MT. HOLYOKE COLLEGE, Oct. 9, 1890.

*My Dear Mrs. Dixon :*

If I am not unworthy the name of a friend you will let me send you greeting at this late day. My time has not been my own to command any hour for sober thought outside of the duty of the hour, since the term opened, much less to add a word to the "Budget" If you knew how kind and cordial the teachers have been to me, helping unskilled fingers to pick up the threads of all this busy life, you would love them better than ever you have done.

The home so dear to your memory looks vastly improved with its new hard wood floor so polished one almost sees her reflection in its bright surface. The lattice work outside under the porch has been removed, making the room much lighter and taking away the look of an underground apartment. Miss Cowles sits opposite to me at No. 1, supported on her left by Miss Briggs, our Greek professor. Miss Vitzthum presides at the French table and allows no English word to break upon French ears, while Miss Enyelhardt preserves the purity of the German at her table.

We have some Japanese students, but as no teacher is yet proficient to teach the Japanese tongue we have no Japanese table yet. The number here at present is about three hundred, The entering class is much larger than last year. I think eighty of the young women are entering upon the special course, but in the catalogue they may not be classed where another year we hope to see them. Every Monday evening the teachers' parlor is devoted to a faculty meeting for conference on matters so dear to us all, and to you also who love and honor your college. Some few changes have been made, such as reporting but once a week. We are trying to teach the girls to govern themselves, and my faith is strong that the rules will be obeyed where self imposed far better than where coming from teachers, and thus justify our course. The recess meeting comes at nine o'clock instead of eight, as formerly, that two consecutively study hours may be secured. The silent time is observed morning and evening as of old. There is no reporting on silent study hours. We hope the pressure from the class room will make it necessary to study both hard and silently.

We rise at six and breakfast at seven ; we gather for devotions in the chapel at twenty minutes before nine, and the bell for the first recitation hour rings at ten. The college is promising in every respect. The girls

are not perfect, they will speak above a whisper now and then, or a merry laugh will ring through some corridor, but on the whole they are dear girls, of whom a mother may be proud. The spirit manifested at devotions is serious and responsive, giving us hope of earnest hearts. The number of those who hope they are Christians is very large, seemingly only a few are not on the Lord's side. You may be interested to know where my rooms are; they are the two just east of the south parlor; a door has been cut through them giving me my parlor next to the south wing parlor, and my sleeping room next and opening out of my parlor. I have my own furniture, thus linking me to my past most happy life.

These October days have been and are still ablaze with the most glowing of autumn colors. The mountains are revelations of beauty. I wish you could all enjoy them with me. Thus far no epidemic has broken up our classes, the health has been almost perfect. Dr. Frisset, who has practiced twelve years in Springfield, has established herself just opposite my door, and is endeavoring to prevent disease, hoping not to be called on to cure it. We are very fortunate in securing such an one.

The home is unchanged in spirit and purpose. To send out in the world just such workers as many of the girls of '80 have proved themselves to be, is our purpose, our hourly effort and constant prayer. We spend upon you daily our earnest prayers that the Father's blessing may rest upon our work and upon your strong hearts beating with quick sympathy in our efforts to realize your ideal and our own for the college.

Please pardon my delay and remember me among your members as one who lives to work for the highest interest of the college.

I am yours sincerely,  
ELIZABETH S. MEAD,  
President of Mt. Holyoke College,  
South Hadley, Mass.

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### REUNION—1890.

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This is the month of June; the month of roses,  
When skies are bright and days are warm,  
And half the world in sympathy proposes  
To seek the college hall and greet the graduate swarm;  
When mem'ries dear arise, the fair young faces,  
The lips that sweetness dropped or wisdom ruled;  
The riches of teeming Past displaces  
The hurrying Present rarely to Patience schooled.  
But through these echoes faint with long repeating,  
A voice as soft as summer zephyrs be,  
To all her daughters sends in kindest greeting  
That they her latest born may see.



“ Come out of the city, you pale, weary maiden,  
And feast on the glory and greenness of earth ;  
With its flowers and its fruits let your hands be laden,  
And songs of thanksgiving temper your mirth.

“ Come up from the country, you nut-brown daughter,  
And bring of your treasures to gladden our eyes,  
Our College is dearer than ever we thought her ”—  
So ended the message, lost in surprise

At the rush of responses, “ O, could we, O, could we—  
I will ; I'll try ; take the children ! be there.  
My school—how can we ? The babies ! O, should we—  
The housekeeping cares—how my husband would fare ! ”

Then a silence fell, too deep to be broken  
By aught but the spirit of Holyoke's fair mount,  
Scarce a thought was heard or a word was spoken  
As each carefully made a prospective count.

And one began to fill each bit of time  
In seeking thoughts throughout a tired brain ;  
Hoping, perchance, to weave a web of rhyme.  
As in the parching drought one hopes for rain.

Now at the end of days she brings to you  
Whate'er hath chanced of pleasure or task,  
If many were the moments spent, or few,  
Or how, or when, 'tis not for you to ask.

Enough that love hath been the guiding star,  
And memory spurred the flagging pen to zeal,  
Enough if classmates come from near and far,  
Eager, as old, to share each other's woe and weal.

The same kind Power shall guide us still,  
The same strong Arm shall give us a rest,  
And we in hope, or joy, or sadness will  
Trust Him to do that which for us is best.

So each shall live her life, and blessing  
The world about her, be it short or long,  
Shall weave the little endless threads of being,  
And of her life make one grand holy song.

S. J. A.

## ROUND TABLE.

### THE SEMINARY LIBRARY.

In the election of Mrs. J. E. Dixon to the position of librarian, the trustees of the seminary at Morgan Park have shown themselves fully alive to the demands of the times, and fully determined that the very valuable libraries in the possession of the institution shall be made to the greatest possible extent available. Mrs. Dixon was engaged for some years in Columbia College library, of New York City, as an assistant to Mr. Melville Dewey, inventor of the Dewey System. This is the system *par excellence* of cataloguing and operating libraries, and Mrs. Dixon has been thoroughly trained in all its details. She is one of the best cataloguers living, as those acquainted with her work can testify, and the libraries of Elyria, Mount Vernon, and Mansfield, Ohio, La Crosse, Wis., Denison University and Kenyon College, give ample evidence of the same fact.

As an adept in library management, Mrs. Dixon's ability is witnessed by her work in Denison University. During the past year she has directed courses of collateral reading for about forty-five of the students, by advising them from her wide knowledge of books what books and in what order they should read. Besides this she has been ready at all times to exhaust for inquirers the resources of that library upon any subject under special investigation. In this way she will be a valuable adjunct to the professors in the seminary by making available all the valuable material which the library possesses. The seminary library, especially the Hengstenberg collection, contains a large number of very rare and valuable books. As Mrs. Dixon has made a special study of rarities in books we shall undoubtedly learn of the discovery of choice books in our possession of which we are not now aware.—*Chicago Standard*.

It was with regret that the Board of Trustees of Denison University parted with Mrs. J. E. Dixon, the accomplished librarian, who had been in charge of the library for two or three years, and had wrought wonders in its organization. She found it in confusion, the books put upon the shelves without order, and drawn with only a show of a system, so that the value of the library to the student, or even to the professor, was comparatively small. But she introduced a plan which she had learned in New York, and which excels all others in its effectiveness, and the result was wonderful, not only in the general appearance of the library, but in the use made of it by the students. But Mrs. Dixon was invited to take charge of the library at Morgan Park, at a larger salary than she was receiving at Denison, and it seemed to her interest to go, with the blessing and best wishes of the Board accompanying her. She enters upon her duties there October 1. Meantime, the library at Granville has been provided for in such a way that the system so effective under Mrs. Dixon will be in force in the future, and will make the library none the less useful.—*Cincinnati, (Ohio,) Journal and Messenger*.

Mt. Holyoke College girls are back again and the college opened last Thursday. There is a large attendance, and the entering class numbers over 100.

683164

CHILDREN'S CALENDAR OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

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January 3, 1887,	JENNIE L. OLCOTT.
February 9, 1885,	ELLA M. OLCOTT.
“ 16, 1883,	RUTH LESTER SEVERANCE.
March 1, 1885,	SAZIE KEESE ARNOLD.
“ 14, 1889,	JOSEPH DIXSON ARNOLD.
April 27, 1888,	EARLE LEONARD CRAPO.
May 30, 1885,	GEORGE WADSWORTH CRAPO.
June 14, 1890,	ALICE G. OLCOTT.
“ 27, 1887,	ELIZABETH MORRIS SCOVILLE.
July 12, 1887,	THORNE CLARK ARNOLD.
July 19, 1882,	FRANK CHILDS KELSEY.
July 24, 1890,	ZELLA BILDERBACK ARNOLD.
August 6, 1889,	RALPH IRVING SCOVILLE.
August 14, 1882,	JOSEPH BRAINERD DIXSON.
August 15, 1876,	J. LLOYD ANDERSON.
August 31, 1878,	HARRY E. OLCOTT.
September 10, 1884,	ARTHUR BALDWIN KELSEY.
September 14, 1890,	— BLAKE.
September 19, 1888,	HERBERT KIMBALL CUMMINGS.
October 6, 1889,	LOTTIE VIRGINIA CRAPO.
October 9, 1887,	ALLEN ROBERT DODD.
October 13, 1886,	FLORENCE DUNCAN KELSEY.
October 17, 1889,	GLADYS ANNA LEMON.
December 22, 1887,	CLARA MABEL BLAKE.

DEAR GIRLS: Remember these birthdays in prayer that Our Father will bless these our children, and that not one of them shall be lost when He comes to make up His jewels.

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NECROLOGY OF THE CLASS OF 1880.

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CAROLINE JENNINGS, Washington, D. C., 1881.  
JOSEPH BRAINERD DIXSON, Elyria, Ohio, 1882.  
FRANK CHILDS KELSEY, —, 1883.  
JOSEPH EHRLMAN DIXSON, Dayton, Ohio, 1885.  
THORNE CLARK ARNOLD, Chicago, Ill., 1887.  
EARLE LEONARD CRAPO, Valley Falls, N. Y., 1888.  
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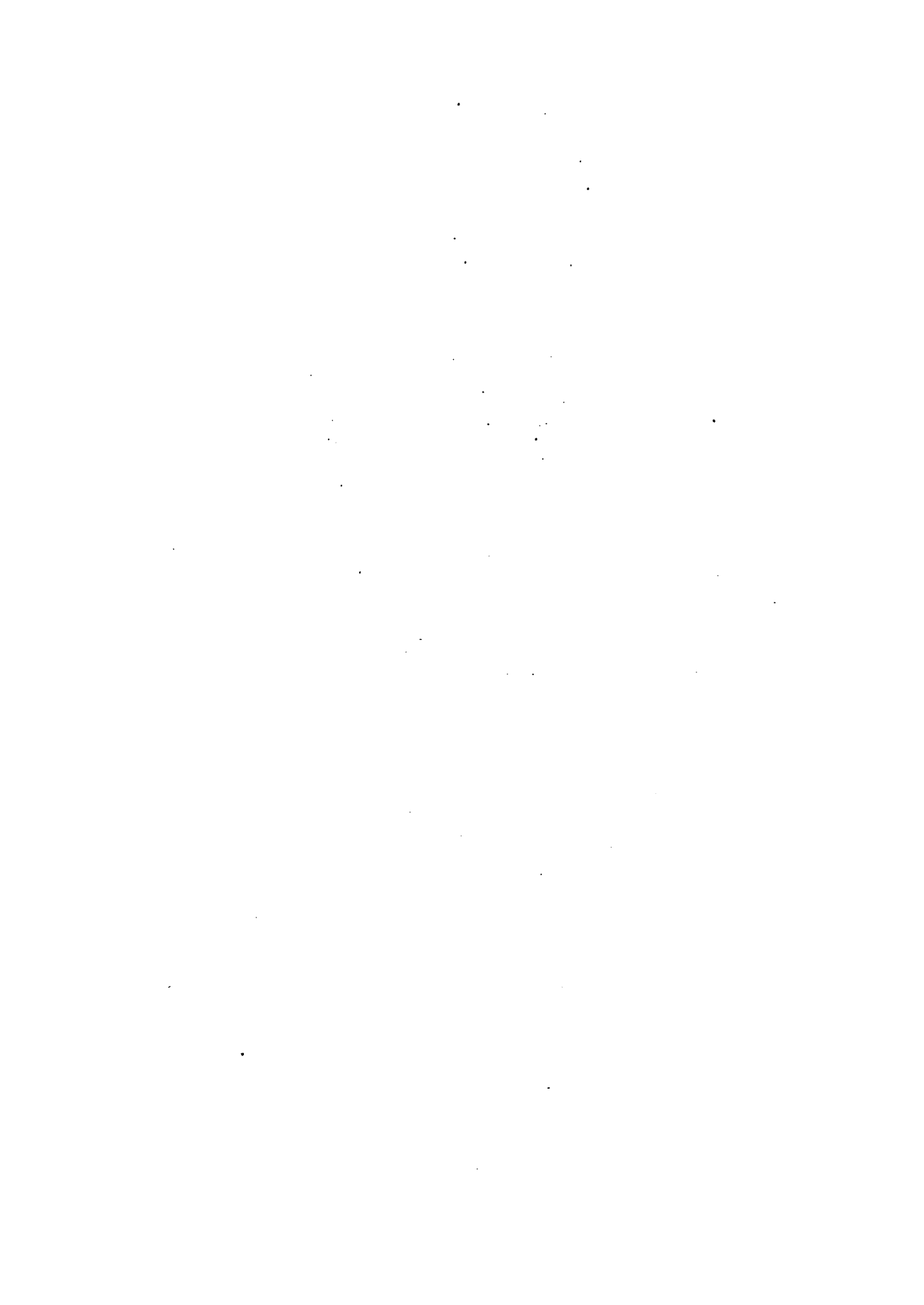


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