Columbia College on the Remote Date of June 3, 1863.

I regret that I am unable myself to rise and respond, but I am happy to be with you, my fellow alumnae, today, and glad that I can submit in writing a few words on Columbia college of my time.

I entered this college in February of my senior year, having done my other collegiate work at Limestone. There being uncertainty as to Limestone's reopening after Christmas, because of war conditions, I was sent to Columbia college to complete my course. I was examined by the faculty, Henry M. Mood, D.D., as president, and was found qualified to take up the senior studies.

Professor Wannamaker was instructor of the scientific study. Professor Orchard and his daughter, Miss Sophie, instructors in music. Mrs. Puerifoy was on the faculty and Miss Amanda Rodgers, (the mother, I think, of Governor McLeod) taught English. Her sister, whose first name I can't recall, was a member of our class. Miss Amanda Rodgers was much beloved for her gentleness. Mrs. Jones taught moral and intellectual philosophy.

The graduating exercises were held in the Washington Street Methodist church, which was burned by Sherman's army. Dr. James Duncan of Virginia, a brother of our Bishop, Duncan, delivered the address to the class. He impressed us with the fact that there were other things of importance than the spinning of the "hank of yarn". Things higher.
the class that, owing to the war, he could find only three parchments. The other diplomas had to be on paper, but promised that after the war he would replace them with parchments. Alas, for the parchments! They were forgotten in the turmoil of reconstruction. If you will pardon the reference, my diploma, which I am proud to have hang on the present college walls, is one of those three parchments.

As to the burning of Washington Street, I have always understood that it was destroyed by Sherman's men thinking it was the First Baptist, where the Secession convention first met, only to adjourn later to Charleston because of a smallpox scare.

The Methodist college was first organized and opened in Spartanburg. My older sister attended the school there in 1859. I am under the impression that the college was established some years previous to that date.

The building on Plain street, now Hampton, in Columbia, which was used in my day and time at the college, was quite inadequate for the number of students. Many refugees from the coast and from adjacent states came. The city was crowded, too. The college was quite beautiful and was a good beginning of greater things, which we have now realized. We students were taken for a walk each day when the weather was good. We paraded two by two—teachers in front and teachers in the back. We covered the city which was small compared to its present extent. On the south, the South Carolina college was the limit; on the east, the Blanding street
railway station; on the west, the Gervais station; on the north, the insane asylum in one direction and Arsenal Hall in the other. Arsenal Hill, now the Governor's Mansion, was a military school for boys. I think it is one of the most beautiful places in Columbia and was again impressed with it upon a recent visit there.

Pardon, please, a personal reference at this point. My grandfather, who had seven daughters, moved to Columbia to educate those seven young ladies. He was a planter in the upper part of the state. My mother was one of the seven, so she was educated in Columbia, too. He planned for the seven to finish their education, but after three had done so, the lure of plantation life took him back. The school they attended in Columbia was Miss Maxwell's. She married the Rev. William Martin, and Miss Bell Martin, so beloved by older Columbians, was their daughter.

It's a long time since 1863—half a century plus 16 years. I have watched our church seek and present educational opportunities and we have a right to be proud of what the Methodists have done, against odds, in South Carolina. I wish I could go into more detail, but time, like my vitality, is limited. I hope I have in a quiet way linked the past with the present.

This is to my younger sisters at their request. Be lenient with defeats and modest in expectations. I am bearing the burden of 84 years. I feel honored in your invitation and I am thankful to both church and state for our schools and colleges. May God Bless you.