Galveston. Dec. 19th 1871

Dear Father, Mother, and Sister.

You will be surprised, I know, when you read Mr. Stevenson's letter, but I hope it will not cause you one anxious thought. I would not have you feel that you will ever lose your daughter, but that sometime, if God spares us both, you will gain a son who is all that is noble, wise, and good.

You know, from what I have casually written in my letters, something of his life and principles. Left motherless when very young, his school life ended when he was twelve years age, and since then he has worked and struggled on alone. In 1865 he left Scotland, and came to America. A stranger in a strange land,— despised and persecuted on account of his work among the Freedmen,— sleeping for months with

a revolver under his pillow, and a guard at the door,— sick almost unto death with yellow fever, and nursed back to life again only by the tenderest love and care of his colored friends,— this, and much [illegible] story of his first few years in America.

He has persevered amidst trials and discouragements which would have disheartened most men, until now at 30, he has fitted himself, by his own exertions and industry, to fill almost any position in life; but the great desire of his whole life has been to have a finished education and be a minister, and now the way seems open. He expects to enter Yale College, next fall, and begin a seven years' course of study, and I shall wait for him, probably seven years, possibly only four.

So you see, Mother, dear, you will have your little girl sometime yet.

I want to teach several years more, and earn ever so much money, besides doing a great many other things, and then I want to stay at home with you the last year before I leave you "for good."

And I am sure you will not fear or hesitate then, will you, to give me up to one who loves me only too well. Dear Father and Mother, we await your consent and blessing.

Your own

Anna.