childhood of our Savior; after that, more singing, and then the distribution of the presents by Santa Claus who was dressed so grotesquely that every move he made was received with shouts of laughter.

If a "Merry Christmas" is to be estimated by the number of presents one receives, then surely I have had a very merry one this year. Christmas morning, I had a beautiful book "Gems of Womanhood" from Mr. Stevenson, and a nice Album from Miss. Nichols. In the evening, I had from the scholars, a toilet box of perfumery, vase, basket of wax fruit, a copy of Tennyson's poems nicely bound from my Sabbath School class, a lace collar and white satin bow, and a gold? pencil.

Miss. Nichols had a book from Mr. Stevenson, a gold pen, something like Minnie's, from me, and from the scholars, a set of wine glasses, (not of much use to her, she thinks) and a box of perfumery.

Mr. Stevenson had an Album from

Galveston. Texas.
Dec. 31st. 1871.

Dear Ones All.

It is the last night of the Old Year, and I want the last letter I write in 1871, and the first one I shall write in '72, to be yours.

I shall expect Minnie's letter, this week, but thought I would not wait for that. Our vacation has passed very quickly, and I have accomplished about as little as I usually do. It always takes us all day Saturday to do our cleaning, baking, and mending. Last Sunday after Sabbath School, Miss. Nichols and I went to the Episcopal Church which is a beautiful building, and was beautifully trimmed with evergreens and flowers. In the evening I went to the Baptist Church with Mr. Stevenson. Sunday morning, while

we were eating breakfast, three ladies came from the boat. Mrs. Rowe, whose husband is a minister under the A.M.A. at Corpus Christi, her daughter, and an old lady traveling with them who lives in Corpus Christi, but had been North for her health; she was over 70 years old, and had not been North before in 42 years. There was no boat that they could take until Tuesday afternoon, so they had to stay here until then, and were here to our Christmas dinner, which however was not much more than we have every day, as we had so much to do to get ready for the evening. We had a turkey for dinner, two kinds of potatoes, bread and butter, tea, mince pie, and oranges. The turkey was a present from our meat-man. I found it tied to one of the posts on the gallery when I first opened the door, Monday morning. I bought the mince meat down town, all ready to put into the crust. I got quite a large can full for two dollars, and though it would be better to buy it than to try and prepare it ourselves when we had so much else to do. We have saved the A.M.A. a good many dollars, for we have done the work now full six months. We have a girl engaged who is coming early Tuesday morning, and then I hope we shall have a rest from house-work a while. I dont object to doing house-work, but I cant do that and everything else too.

The exercises at the Institute, Christmas evening, passed off very pleasantly, only there was such a crowd, as there always is on such occasions. The tree reached to the ceiling, and was full of presents, and when the tree would hold no more, they filled two tables and the organ. The exercises of the evening were opened by singing, prayer, and reading the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, then followed recitations by the scholars of all that is said in the Bible concerning the birth and

Miss Nichols, a gold pen from me, and from the scholars a Bible, clothes brush, tin basket, a beautiful little gold tooth-pick, and a tin trumpet; then after all the other things were distributed, one of the girls presented the picture which I wrote you about. It hangs over the table in our sitting-room, and is indeed very beautiful. It is an oil painting beautifully framed. It represents a cloudy sky, and a stormy sea; from the midst of the waters rises a jagged rock surmounted by a massive cross, on which the sun light is streaming from above. A female figure, with almost a heavenly expression on her face, is clinging to the left side of the cross; her left arm is grasping the wrist of another female who, almost despairing, with hair dishevelled, and clothes engulfed in the angry waves, is striving to climb up the rock to reach the cross.

of light brown stockings; they look almost like silk. I think they are lisle thread.

I believe I never wrote you of my birth-day present from Mr. Stevenson, which was a beautiful silver napkin-ring.

But more precious to me than any or all other gifts is the ring on the fore-finger of my left hand. Mr. Stevenson and I sat up Sunday night until after 12 o'clock. We heard the bell strike, one by one, until the Old Year was gone, and then in the beginning of the New Year which has dawned so full of joy for both of us, he placed the ring, our ring upon my finger where it is to remain until I am his wife. Oh, my dear ones, I can not tell you how very very happy I am. The tears will come as I think of it, for very happiness. Truly "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad."

Wednesday Morning.

Frances came yesterday morning, but I was up at five o'clock, and

It is called "Christian Charity." the picture I mean.

One thing more of mine I forgot to mention, a tiny pair of red china slippers.

The weather is and has been very warm lately so that we have not had a fire much of the time for over a week. Christmas night, I wore my white dress looped up over my silk skirt, and although we had no fire the room was uncomfortably warm then, except near the windows. Flowers are blooming in our front yard, and if I do not forget it, I will send you some.

Jan 2nd. 1872.

We commenced school again yesterday, and night-school last evening. Miss Nichols is not going to night-school, if Mr. Stevenson needs any help, I shall go with him. After school yesterday, one of the girls brought me something done up in a paper, which she said was my New Year's present. I opened it, and found a large long pair

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had breakfast nearly ready when she got here; this morning we were both up about half-past four, and it is not six yet. We had to make up another bed for Frances, so Mr. Stevenson bought a new mattress, comfortable, and spread, for my room, which fixes me up considerably.

I received both your letters, Minnie and the Rockford paper, all of which were very very welcome. Dear Miss Haven! Her life was so pure and sweet on earth, it was but a step for her, I ween, between earth and Heaven.

I am glad you told me about Jimmie, Father. I had thought of him a good many times, and wondered whether he was alive yet.

When you write again, will you please send me a little bit of white woolen yarn, Mother? and also Miss Nichols' picture. I want to put it in the first place of the Album she gave me. The flowers are too damp yet to send. I shall have to leave them until next time. Love for all. Anna