had finished reading the three, he said he wished you had sent four, this time.

While I think of it, Minnie, have you ever sent that basque pattern again and if not, will you please send it before very long? I hope to be ready to use it within a month or two. Did you finish your blue merino, last fall, before you went back to the Seminary? How did you make it, and does it look as pretty as you anticipated? Did you attend Helen Harden's wedding? I suppose she married Pussie; wasn't that his name?

Monday morning.

I hoped that I should have a letter from some of you yesterday, but none came, so I thought there was all the more reason why I must write. Oh Mother, darling Mother, if you could only write to me.

Love from your own

Anna.

Galveston. Texas.

Jan. 21st. 1872.

Dear dear Father.

I wanted to write you a long long letter to-day, because it is your 51st birthday, you know, and I thought I would like to write something that might be a token of my thankfulness for all your love and care which has been around me all my life. But I could not tell you if I would, how deep, and broad, and wide, is the place in my heart where lies the love for my Father, and Mother, and Sister, and so I can only send you a pen-greeting of love, with the earnest wish and prayer that, God willing, your life, dear Father, may be spared yet many years to bless us all, and that we may all be spared to each other. But Death, to me, does not seem terrible, as it once

did, for dying is but going home, it is only a step between this world and the next, and all our love, and knowledge and faculties, which are necessarily so weak and imperfect here, we know is but the beginning of that life which shall be perfected and glorified in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Minnie's letter and your note came two weeks ago to-morrow. Mr. S. seemed perfectly satisfied with his part, but I could not help longing for a word from you for myself, though I know that I have your blessing, even if you did not write it.

I didn't think until to-day that it had been so long since I sent my last letter. I am so busy every moment of the day and evening, and sleep so soundly all the time I have a chance to sleep, that a week passes by before I am hardly aware of it. Our day-school is very large now, and a certain set of new scholars have come in which make it hard to govern. Mr. Stevenson helps me all that he can, but he needs to study a good deal, and is away part of the time to recite his Greek lessons, so that I have the care of the room all the time, the same as last year. Then he and I teach the night-school, which numbers between 30 and 40 now, and that keeps us at the school-house until about 10 o'clock, so that I feel as though I hardly took a long breath from Monday morning till Friday night.

We are all very much obliged for the papers you sent, Father. Three numbers of the Advance and one Gazette came yesterday, and I have had a real feast reading them to-day, which accounts for my not beginning this letter until nearly dark. Mr. Stevenson said he wished my father would send three Advances every week, and after he