not take any pay for his services, so as the pew-rent goes to him, Mr. Stevenson thought he could pay him in that way. Dr. Howard is one of the trustees of Barnes Institute, and is the only minister in the city who has ever been friendly to the teachers. He seems such a true Christian man that we like him very much.

I finished my first black dress, Saturday, and think that fact worthy of mention, for I have needed it so much, and it has been hanging over my head for so long, that I almost feel as though I had nothing to do now, but there is a mountain of work that I must do, within the next five months. We like Frances very much, she does much more, and better, than Martha used to, and I think we were very fortunate in getting her; besides she likes to stay here so well, there is not much danger that she will go away.

I expect Major Stevenson will be back next month, and he intends to bring his aunt with him, so our family will be increased some what. It is bed-time, and I must stop writing.

Love for all.
Anna.

By my "first black dress" I mean the one that I have made out of my old black one.

Tuesday morn.

It is snowing this morning, a few scattering flakes, the first snow that has fallen in Texas since the first year of the war, in 1861.

Galveston. Jan. 28th.

My Own Darling Sister.

Your letter and one from Carrie have just come to-day, and I was so glad to hear from you, and from home again, that I can scarcely settle myself down to writing yet, though we have had dinner since the letters came. I know, from my own experience at the Seminary, how very busy you must be, and so can overlook any seeming negligence on your part, though you can not imagine or understand how much your letters are worth to me, for I hear from home so seldom in any other way, and indeed receive but very few other letters anyhow, for my time has been so much occupied ever since I came South, that I have written to scarcely anyone. While I think of it, do you know where Tillie is? my Tillie,

I mean. Is the girl at the Seminary yet who spoke to you about her?

I think my little sister must be quite famous to take part in so many "Literaries." I am so glad that you are getting along so nicely, and that you can go right along, the next two years, without stopping to worry about the wherewithal, and that Miss Gill thinks so much of you, and — I am glad and thankful for ever so many things.

Monday Evening.

It has been so cold to-day, Mr. Stevenson did not want me to go to night-school to-night, for he thought there would not be many there, so I can finish my letter.

We started to go to the Baptist Church, last evening, but found that they had no meeting, so we went to the Episcopal. The church is a beautiful one, and is still trimmed as they had it for Christmas, and last night, as it happened, there were confirmation services, so I was glad that I went, for I had never seen any one confirmed before. Their old minister died, last Spring, just about the time I came here. He had built up the church from the very beginning. Only the week before his death, an intimate friend and member of his church had died; he was with him most of the time during his sickness, and on the following Sabbath was preaching his funeral sermon from the text, "And yet there is room," when he staggered, and would have fallen but for the help of some who sprang to his side; he rallied, however, and said he must go on, but had only spoken a few words, when his strength gave way, and he had to be carried to the Rectory where he only lived a few hours.

Mr. Stevenson has rented a pew in the Baptist Church at $66 a year. He recites his Greek to Dr. Howard who is the minister of that church, but Mr. H. would