Galveston. April 1st

Dear Ones All.

I dont want you to think that this is an "April Fool" letter, even though it may be short, and is written on the 1st of April. I have not heard from any of you for over a week, and have not written in more than that time, but to tell the truth, I have nothing of much importance to tell, and I suppose you think the same. Each day brings with it its own duties, which are much the same as those of the day before, and though they are all worth doing, they seem hardly worth telling. Yet, when I begin to feel discouraged because I think I am accomplishing nothing, I recall those lines of the "Village Blacksmith." "Each morning sees some task begun,

that the day-scholars were preparing for an exhibition, the proceeds of which are to be used toward

Each evening sees its close,
Something attempted, something done
Has earned a night's repose." — and
with that thought, I must go to bed.

Tuesday morning.

Father, your two last letters were so nice, I hope, if it is not too much trouble for you, that you will write them so all the time, as long as we are away from home.

I am through with night school, for this year at least, and feel as though I had just been "let out of school." I feel the better satisfied, because Miss Lane is going to continue the school for those who wish to go. She wanted to do it for the sake of the remuneration, so I am glad on her account, and for the sake of the scholars. I believe only 8 or 10, however, are going to her.

I think I have not written you