Galveston. April. 16th.
Tuesday Evening.

Dear Ones All.

Somehow I am so tired every night by the time I get home from school, that I do not feel very much in the mood for writing, but I thought I would try to write you a few lines every week. I feel as though I should see you so soon, that I can save the most I have to tell you until I come. Miss. Nichol's mother wrote in her last letter wishing me to come home with Miss. N.—. They live near Racine. Miss. Nichols wants me to go, but she does not know about my plans, or that Mr. Stevenson expects to go home with me, and I shall not tell her at present.

Has your minister, Mr. Wells, a

family? I think you have never written of anyone but himself. Did you see the story about the twins, Minnie, written by Emma Dickinson, in one of the late numbers of the Advance?

I hear Frances' arithmetic lesson in the evening, and since that, have been helping her about her Sabbath School lesson to-night, so my letter has been written a word or two between times, and bed-time has come without my getting much written anyhow.

The scholars bring me such beautiful boquets, every day. I wish I could send you some of them.

Much love as ever.

Anna.