Dear Mother,

although this is Sunday, and against the rules to write letters, I get permission from one of the teachers to write. Yesterday and today the weather has been very bad, cold and rainy. Our room is very unpleasant. It is so large it takes forever to heat it up, and the stove is all cracked and quite small. How I wish for a strip of carpet along by the side of the bed, to stand on those cold mornings. This morning it rained so that we could not go to church, but Dr. Luther
called us all together in the parlor and preached to us. A few of the neighbors came in too, to hear him. He is going to lecture in the parlor tonight on "Close Communions," at the request of some of the girls. It is now about four o' clock the girls in our room are eating hickory nuts, it seems that they think of nothing else but stuffing. Two or three of them received boxes of provisions from home this week, as a general thing they are very liberal with their "trash." While I am on this subject I will tell you what we had for dinner. In the first, for meat we had turkey and oysters, then turnips, rice, tomatoes, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, corn bread and light bread. The dessert was sweet potato pie. The fare every day is very good, indeed I am flattering on it. The teaching exercise I gave last Friday was considered good. The "little one" seemed well pleased and want me to give another to them. I rec'd a letter from Paul Friday night in which he stated that he expected to start
down here Monday or Tuesday. Of course I will be glad to see him, but somehow I dread to have him here, for these boys are not gentlemanly at all, and I don't think their companionship will be good for him. But all my influence and advice will be for his good. He wrote to me that the buggy was home, I suppose now that you will do some visiting. Have you seen Dick lately? I've got a letter from Carrie. It seems a week ago, but have never got but one letter from Miss Sarah. Perhaps I did do wrong by not going in the park or the night of the party. But Dr. Luther doesn't want the girls to get acquainted with the boys. They are so hateful, the boys. They write on the bridge about all the girls they know. Dr. Luther is not going to let us go to any parties out of the boarding house. Bertha has a bad cold, but is well enough to prink about. She is not going home Christmas; she begs me all the time, not to go but I do not listen to her. Several of the girls
see going home to stay. They think too much partiality is shown towards others. Sometimes I am of the same opinion. Dear me! I am so cold and my headaches dreadfully besides. I am so homesick, I can hardly stand it. I often think I will just pack up my "duds" and start home. My toes are just aching. I wish I was by a fireplace where I could get my feet warm. I have written enough for this time. Good-bye, I will see you in about five weeks.

From, your affectionate daughter

Erinale, Calcutta.

"I am thinking of you, mother,
And since I am far away,
Thoughts of you are dearer, mother,
Growing dearer every day.

Your beloved image, mother,
Follow me where'er I go;
You're the dearest blessing, mother,
God hath given me to know."

Bertie.