Dear Father;

I have just come up from supper, and as we do not have to study tonight I concluded to employ the time in writing. I read your letter of Friday last night, &c this you have the reply to the one containing the 2d.

This morning when we awoke the ground was white with snow, it has been snowing all day and is very cold. It was my time to build fire and how I dread getting up in the cold before daylight, hunting around
for kindling on the bare floor, it is more
pleasant to lie in bed until seven (7) o'clock.
I never feel like I want to "rise and shine"
in such weather as this.
We had no school today, but as healthy
the ones went over to College at nine (9) o'clock
and remained until twelve (12). One of the
teachers read to us. This evening we had to
study two (2) hours in our rooms. After
this was over the girls went out-done and
played snowball awhile.
Tonight one of the teachers of Baylor
University (Mr. McIntyre) took supper here.
He came for the purpose of getting subscribees
to the paper that the students of the
University are going to publish.
I saw in the "Herald" that Rev. Smith had
been called to the pastorate of the church
at Tyler. I sincerely hope that he will
not accept it, but rather expect he will;
I get the "Journal" regularly now every
Monday night; it certainly proves a source
of pleasure to me, I don't think I could do without it. It keeps me posted in affairs.

Yesterday was examination day in Latin. I stood a very good examination, was examined in Deudel and Grammar too. It was a written examination, if you know what that is. I got 97, only missed three questions, excelled the class as a matter of course.

"Still they come," another boarder came yesterday, she is sort of an old maid. She is the only Senior in school at present. Well I have left the best until last.

Paul came yesterday evening on the back. He had written to me that he was coming, but I did not expect him so early in the week. I can hardly realize that he is here - it seems more like a dream to me, for I did not see him only a few minutes. He did not come to see me today, I suppose he was kept away by the bad weather. I think it is terrible that we should both be in the same place and yet only see
each other about twice a week. Not that I think I can allow him to come oftener, but because I am afraid he won't want to come. I wish you would write to him to make his visits not like angels' visits and far between, but the reverse.

I am glad you remembered the day. It is a day I thought of it frequently during the day. You speak of the progress I have made, for the sake of my life. I don't know where the improvement is.

The girls are all sitting around the stove, telling ghost stories. I am off in a corner by myself writing, and my feet nearly frozen.

I am preparing at the prospect of going home Christmas. Don't you think I ought to come a week before, so as to have two weeks to stay at home? If so, it will only be about four weeks until I will see you. While often! Pray for your absent child.

Affectionately,

Gertrude Osborn.