

Greenwood, Texas.

Jan. 8, 1893.

My dear papa:-

Your good long letter was received yesterday and cheered me so much. I had been suffering all day with the head ache and as there were no school duties to divert my thoughts they would wander to that dear home of mine and I could not drive away the homesick feeling.

Yes this last week we have had the most delightful weather I ever saw and, as you say, it could not possibly be improved on. The week was an unusually long one, but not tiresome, I believe I enjoyed it more than any of the past. I am becoming more engrossed in my work every day, find new pleasure in it all the time. I never appear before any of my classes with any other feeling than that it is a privilege and great pleasure to ~~be~~ to instruct them. I tell you

this, dear papa, so you will know
that your daughter's heart and
sympathy is in this great work
and that she is trying to do her
duty to the best of her knowledge.

It does not seem possible
that only one week has passed
since we were at home. I can't
be there the 24th of this month,
though I want to so much, but am
looking forward to a visit of a
day or two in March or April -
anything on your program for any
time in March? - don't think I
can go before then, will tell you
why next Sunday, if what we are
anticipating is realized.

Brother will go the 24 of this month
or next as he wants to see something
about the excursion next summer,
but of this he will write you.

We will begin right away preparations
for an entertainment for the
benefit of our college library, we
have several books and some money I
think. There is no place here suited

to give an entertainment in, no place
that will seat many, but we will do
the best we can.

We had a very good attendance at
Sunday school this morning, the
interest is still increasing. We
stopped at the baptist church on
our way home from S. D. and listen-
to an eloquent sermon (?) I wish
all these people could hear some
really good preaching for once, but
then they might not be satisfied
with the old dish if they were
allowed to taste of a new one.

"Our church" is getting entirely too
"progressive", this morning br. Blaney
had us vote - right in the church
house - as to whether we should
organize a prayer meeting, the
vote carried and next Sunday we
will organize. When you finish
reading your book and Charlie's I
will send you mine, suppose you
have read yours through by now.

Soon as you can you must come
up to see us, perhaps we can offer

a great inducement ere another week passes.

I want to write a letter tonight to mama and the children so I must not write you any more. I have written all the news in this, but I've been talking to you all the time, so I want to talk to the others a little while.

Write your children good long letters just as often as you can spare the time, and tell us how we should do this and that. It seems strange that we - inexperienced children - should act on our own judgment, never asking anyone how we should proceed in this matter or what is best to be done in that, only consulting together and our opinions never differ, so smoothly, so pleasantly we work together, never a far or even an unpleasant feeling. How thankful I am for such a dear brother.

Only think two months more and your daughter will be 22 years old, it does not seem possible, a woman,

only in years, and I often wonder if
I will ever feel, think and act as a
woman. The years are passing
too quickly and when I think of it
it seems hard that I can't be at
home all the time.

A good night kiss.

Your loving daughter,
Jessie.