My dear Sallie,

I promised you a fuller letter, but have felt but little like writing. I have felt more like one in a dream since my arrival, in fact since leaving home—than one awake.

My preaching has been of the poorest kind, and in the intermission Bro. Horn has actually talked me to death. R.C. H. generally the topic. He is a good man, however, and everybody in this country thinks a great deal of him, nothing done yet. We are having to reach out of doors, and I am sorely
Congregations are good and attendance is good. Your old friends are anxious to see you. Uncle Jim is stopping back for plenty of good things. Mary and Aura Dyer are still single. Do you remember the Parish girls? Ella Parish is teaching school. I stayed last night at Sister Victoria's. She was not a member of the Church when you lived here. I have stayed at half a dozen places since I came. But how must take one to a different place every day. There is one spot in this little old village more sacred to me than all others—of course on earth more sacred—the place where I first saw Sallie, and where her hand so often planted the beautiful flowers. And I tell you that Jesse and Jack came down Saturday evening. Jesse had my first dispatch. Quite a delegation came down from Bono. They came to capture me for Bono. I am pressed to go to Dallas, but after a most urgent letter from June after his return on Monday, I consent to go there until Monday and remain till our S. W. The 12th June will be drawn again Sunday. I have had no word from home since my arrival. I did not have to tell you to write to me at this place, but suppose you will. Be sure to write to me at B. Would give a small fortune if you could be here now there. Ed and Mollie have not yet arrived. They thought of coming
down during the meeting.

A letter to Rev. Horn from
his wife states that she had
been to hear Randolph preach
a few miles from there.

I suppose by this that he is
holding a meeting in that
country. I have made some
I remember in my meeting this
summer, first because I
have listened too much to the
silence of others. I ought
to have gone to Whitesboro rather
than to have come here.

I am not sure that I am
doing the very best in going
to Boston, but they are so
urgent that I can't refuse.
I wonder whether the doctor
is kind. He is below?

I repeat but little pay here.

Love to all.

A. Clark.