

Addison.

Willsap, Texas, Aug. 6, 1881

My dear Sallie:

The Budget of letters came yesterday. Sorry to hear of your ill health. You must take good care of yourself. I think I shall come home next Friday, if not sooner. I wrote to Randolph to come up and take my place. I was getting along very well, till last night, then I became very hoarse again. I am preaching three times a day in open air; and you know that this is very trying on ones throat. I am sorry that Sissey did not come up, though I am glad she has so pleasant a visitor. I wonder how Miss Lizzie happened to come out.

I left a letter somewhere there,  
I think on the table at library,  
that I intended to bring with  
me. It is from Sister Fisher  
of Austin. I wish you would  
look it up and give it to  
Rev. Tell him to bring it with  
him when he comes up, or if  
he does not come, to write me  
what he thinks about it.  
Tell Rev. that I think, possibly,  
that I may hold out here,  
by tating things quietly, but I  
would be very glad for him  
to come, if he has no other  
engagements. I fear that I shall  
not be able to hold the Abra-  
de meeting, if I press on through  
this one. The interest is  
becoming good, and the  
promise for a good meeting  
is favorable. Our congregation  
have not been large yet,  
but are increasing daily.

If Bro. Rev. come up next  
week, you might let one of  
the children come with him,  
and be company for me going home.  
The weather is very warm and  
dry. Some rain near here yesterday,  
and a little sprinkle here.

I am living in the good  
old country style here - takes  
me a good while to adjust myself  
to it. You know how it is;  
just all things common. Arum-  
ning to and fro. broster this  
sister that. bread and meat-  
coffee - talk, talk - how are  
the folks - "home with me?"  
"three miles!" - sleep - all  
together - pull off shoes, rarely any  
thing else - night shirts a "wicker  
cumber of the ground". I submit  
to it all with that degree of  
cheerfulness peculiar to my  
temperament - equal to that with

which, a master goes to the stable,  
But it is all right, if there is any  
fault tis with me. A man  
that cant talk three hours  
a day in public, and about  
thirteen in private to the dear  
Brethren and sisters is a poor  
preacher, and ought to be confined  
all his lastly existence to city  
preaching. A country meeting  
is a grand thing - all my  
longing is for a little more  
ability - especially vocal and  
abdominal.

This letter has been written while  
a good German Brother was talking  
most all the while to me.

The children will have to excuse  
me from writing, but I cannot  
excuse them. They have nothing  
else to do.

May the dear Father Bless you.  
Yours devoted,