

Brenham, Sept. 5, 1881.

My dear Sallie:

I feel this morning like writing you a good old fashioned love letter. I passed through a day of great mental strain and anxiety yesterday. The very great desire to hold up the cause of truth in a strong and impressive light gave me the greatest anxiety. Although there was an especial effort made to keep the people from hearing, the congregations yesterday and last night were large. The house was full last night. Our excellent lady came forward last night. Notwithstanding the large congregation, and the very excellent attention, I came home with an unsatisfied feeling

I start out this morning on  
another week's work with great  
fear and trembling. I shall  
begin this morning with, Christ  
in the Christian. Rom. 8:10.

May our Heavenly Father help His  
poor servant to win some souls  
to Christ. I shall preach to night  
on the Simplicity and Adaptation  
of the Gospel. My purpose is,  
that about the middle of the sermon,  
I shall have Brother to ring the  
Lizzy Day Song. He started this  
card Saturday out at Bro. Dabney's,  
but only got two or three words  
written, and has just finished it.  
He spent about four hours yesterday  
without any rest at meeting,  
and last night was too sleepy to  
go to meeting. All the little  
boys ask about him whenever  
he is absent. He took a cry

Last night at supper, because  
some company had his place by  
me at the Table. He takes a  
cry now and then. I was a  
little rough with him yesterday  
morning in washing him, and  
hurt some sores on his legs. He  
took such a big cry over this  
that I put him back to bed,  
and he came near missing his  
Breakfast. But you must not  
think he is a bad boy. He is  
just as pleasant and obedient  
as he can be toward me. He  
does exactly what I tell him  
without a murmur. He is  
making a great many friends,  
and I am proud of him.  
There is not a cowardly or  
base drop of blood in him.  
It is meeting time.

Love to all.  
A. Clarke.