

Austin Texas, May 31, 1883.

My dear Sallie,

It is now 12 o'clock, and as we do not dine till one, I shall spend a few minutes in writing to you. I have just closed the month's reading. As the clock struck twelve, I was reading the 150th Psalm. It is a beautiful little psalm, full of expressions of praise. I am staying this week with bro. Collins. I believe I told you in a former letter that he married Sister Harwood's daughter. This is a most delightful family. His father and mother live with him. I expect to leave tomorrow - will stop one night at Burton to see Charles Dunn. We have had a tough time here. Three young ladies were baptized last night in the church. One other - a man - has made the confession, but has not yet been baptized. The meeting is just reaching a good degree of interest. - May the Lord bless our meeting tonight. Not many children have attended the meeting. There was a good number

Last night, and I preached a sermon for them.
I do wish people could appreciate the importance of
having their children become Christians while they are of
tender age. The cares and temptations of the world
so early in their lives crowd out all sober thoughts, that
it is dangerous for them to remain out of the church
very long after they know their duty. There is not
money enough in this world to purchase the joy
that I have in account of our two oldest being in the
Kingdom of our Saviour, and I would not have them
out for a thousand worlds. - Some of the
schools are having revivals to day. I went around
this morning to two of them and staid a little while.
Joe and Minnie have been in twice this week.
They were talking of going on a fishing excursion
yesterday. They are both looking better. - I am
very sorry to hear that Randolph's family are
all sick. I do not understand why they have
so much sickness.

If I don't get too home sick, I shall go to Uvalde
after the meeting at Burnham. It will depend some-
what on how you are all getting along at home.
I do wish we could all take that Galveston trip.
No rain here yet, it is dry, very dry.

May our Heavenly Father bless you and
the dear children.

Truly,

Addison.