



W.K. BLACK, Manager.

NASHVILLE
TENN.

Jan. 28 1898

My dear Saint:

I have discovered Another! She is a Methodist too! Are all the saints Methodists? I should believe so if I did not remember Mrs. Marie, this other saint is Mrs. J. H. Jackson and she lives in Wilmington, Del., in a piece big house of stily side rooms, with a big family and no end of colored servants. She entertained me beautifully. Another interesting coincidence is that her Sainthood has been propped through Rheumatism! She was helpless; now she walks with a cane, she went to my lecture! I told her about you and the sinners and the Rheumatism and she immediately made me promise to send you the enclosed Rheumatic literature. If you take this treatment

you will be cured of the disease
without interfering with the Saviourhood.
At breakfast we had the Methodist
minister, Dr. Baker - formerly of
Newark. He knew all about you
and I thought him charming.
Altogether I had a beautiful time
in that house. Since then I have
traveled and talked much and
had a very noble reception everywhere.
At Atlanta Bob Ingersoll & I lectured
on the same night. The newspapers
had a report of the two audiences
made and I beat Bob by nearly
four hundred listeners. The way
of the wicked lecturer is turned
up side down! I often think of
you, dear Mrs. Love, and I am the
better for my thought of you.
Your patience and peace are lights
which are invisible to you but
which shine for many. When I got
home remind me of I hadley and
the Jackson statue; thereby hang the
a tale.

Yours faithfully,
Hamilton W. Mabie