

(Mrs. Robt. Brewster)

July 10th 1916.

CENTRAL STATION HOTEL.
NEWCASTLE-on-TYNE.

Dear Mabel.

I am waiting anxiously to hear how you are - and whether you & R.B. are to be blessed with a boy. Lucinas blessings on you! I love the pictures of your darlings. It is splendid of Sylvia - what a big girl she has grown, and the baby is a darling. What a joy they must be! I am here for a week end to see Revere who is in the Royal Artillery Barracks getting his training. He is very well and taking to the work, though it can never been very congenial as his heart is on other things. We had a glorious day at Durham which he knows well. It is a wonderful building, and we had great fun browsing in the Cathedral Library. He goes to Shoeburghness in a few weeks for gunnery, and then may be drafted at any time for France. I hope it may not be for several months. You can imagine how anxious we shall be. My brother Frank lost his only son two weeks ago such a fine fellow. Six other nephews are in the thick of it at present. The losses are heart breaking, but we must go on to the bitter end. The outlook is more hopeful, but it will be a long business. Grace keeps well & is working as hard as ever. We have wounded in the Garden every afternoon, many of them Canadians, and her workshop is booming - 80 - 100 people every day. These New England women are drivers, when once started.)

I am away a great deal, always three days a week & lately I have had extra work with the Royal Commission in the Welsh Universities. We have just returned from a two weeks inspection of the colleges at Cardiff, Bangor & Aberystwyth. I am concerned with the proposal to establish a national Welsh Medical School. A most interesting people a nation apart in thought & in tongue. I was surprised to find Welsh such a living language.)

I am sending you Hilaire Belloc's new book on Lafayette, for convalescence reading & a short one by LL on the war.

Love to Uncle Ned. What splendid work he does for the country & for the Allies by his strong articles.

Kisses to the lassies. & love to R.B.

Yours affec.

WM OSLER