

To the Doctor & your
daughters, &
yourself, I
remain

Very sincerely
your friend
A. R. Post

P. S. The drawings
are in Lathley.

Mr. S. B. Post
Dale
put
sail
saw
America
They have
been detained
by the serious
illness of their
party.

April 30

Dear Mrs. Dawson,

Yesterday's
mail brought Bertie
"The chain of life in Geolog-
ical times," which Dr. Dawson
was so kind in sending.
And on our parlour
table there are two copies
of the Leisure Hour, telling
not only of a naturalist's
visit to Egypt but of his
kind remembrance of
friends in Syria. All these
things make me feel that

I have been very neglectful
in not answering your
letter which I was so delighted
to get. Mothers whose
children are young, find
it very easy to excuse them-
selves from writing, & I shall
give you a book full of
apologies, but the recollection
of your own life when
your little ones were
always wanting you
to entertain them, will
make you I know very
charitable to me for not
being as prompt as is
desirable.

We do indeed appreciate

The opportunity we had
for making your acquain-
tance, & thank The Doctor
especially for his kindness
in sending The books &
The box of specimens which
will be a museum in
itself, & do a vast deal
toward unlocking some
of The mysterious doors
which lead young & old
into "The Expanding Palace".

That basket of papers
that The Dr left in The cor-
ner of The portico, stands
there still, for I hadn't
the heart to have it taken
away, as it recalls so vivid

ly his standing there
packing those boxes, & then
so carefully gathering up
the papers. Not many
men would take such
trouble, especially scientific
men whose time is so
valuable. Even Wilford
is beginning to have some
idea of "redeeming the
time", for to-day when he
was in great haste about
getting Bertie to bring his
tools instead of being so
much absorbed in looking
at the pictures in the D^r's book,
he exclaimed most woefully,
"O Bertie, you don't know
what time is to me!"

976/24/12

The children were much
perplexed by the Dr's degree
of F. R. S. and wanted to
know if it stood for
First Rate Scholar.

My husband is planning
to visit Europe this summer,
& if possible get as far as
London. As an object, he
expects to purchase various
kinds of apparatus for
the College, and to regain
the vigor which only change
of climate can secure.

Though he gets through
with an immense amount
of work, he has no reserve
of strength, & has to brace

himself up by resting on
the bed whenever he can
spare five or ten minutes.

Friday evening our rooms
were filled with students
and other native company.
Baskets of roses by way of
decorations, and tea &
cake, singing & games made
the time pass very plea-
santly. The game of
Proverbs they particularly
enjoyed. for since the
days of Solomon, I think,
there must have been
"Three thousand proverbs" in
the Arabic language.

I was quite pleased lately
when the American student

who is with us, in speaking
of the advantages of edu-
cation said a teacher of
his once told him that
for a man to have edu-
cation was like a bird
with one wing, but if
he had piety as well as
education then he was
like a bird with two wings.

On Sunday I went over
to the little S. School near
the college, & as the two
rooms were filled with
boys & girls, one of the
teachers asked me to go
with her & the women into
an adjoining house. We
found

The hostess had expected us & had spread her mats & folded her beds very neatly, but she herself was making her toilet as we entered.

She did not seem at all disconcerted, but very politely invited us to take seats, & soon finished dressing & sat down with us, & listened with great attention to the lesson.

Such episodes amused me very much, & do much to reconcile me to the army of pleas that besiege me on such occasions.

Hoping that you will all have a very delightful summer, & with kindest remembrances