

Eglie Wilson  
121 S<sup>t</sup> George S<sup>t</sup>

Mon. Feb. 16<sup>th</sup>

My dear Lady Dawson

Many thanks for  
your most kind letter, when  
it arrived we had sunk into  
deeper depths, for Mamma  
had gone to bed, with what I  
feared was a bad cold, however  
it was only a severe attack  
of influenza & she is up today,  
only of course feeling weak; but  
I hope & expect that she will  
be quite well by the end of  
this week.

As for me, I am somewhat

disheartened, my well wont  
leave me & I seem to be just  
next stage to well & yet I  
cant go out. However I must  
not talk about it, I hope that  
at least I am learning lessons  
of sympathy & I know it is all  
right, I think being so long in the  
house has robbed me of what I call  
"Spring".

As to Lois's promise of a Spring  
visit, I think it would be delightful,  
it is particularly sweet here at  
that season & perhaps Dr. Dawson's  
troubles may then be over & he could  
spare you too.

I dont seem as if I knew any  
thing to tell anybody.

Mr. Rainsford has been in town for a week, for the first time since he left us & everyone has been making parties for him to meet his many friends & lovers here - He preached twice in the Cathedral yesterday & it was nice even to know that he was there -

I wish you could drop in & see me - It is wonderful how very kind people are, when one is ill, & I feel as if I realised a large new mission to be found among friends who are not very ill & who need cheering; but I also perceive that it is a difficult & delicate mission needing to be performed with skill -

Tell Eva that there are many things I want to hear from her. Among others what American friends came to the Carnival? Her many friends here feel that I am defrauding them of her company, as I lead them to expect she would be here this winter. As soon as my cold is really gone, I will write & tell you, in the mean time you must think of me as spending my time reading & having a good long rest. If the weather is mild I may go out.

Give my love to Florence & Anna & with a great deal for yourself & Eva in which Mother warmly unites Believe me Yours very affectionately  
Sylvia Wilson