

Beyrout, Syria  
May 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1894

Dear Father;

As the mail has not gone out since my writing I take an opportunity of writing a few more lines. I am well and am enjoying my labors. When I was in Constantinople Elder Robinson and I telegraphed the mission at Berne, Switzerland for more money to enable us to get to Beyrout. I sent for \$20—or 80 marks. But as some delay occurred in the telegrams we did not receive it: Got along quite comfortably however with what we had. The bank at Constantinople sent a draft on a bank here which we received only the other day, April 30. I think that perhaps I can get them to turn the account and let it be paid in Salt Lake to the tithing office. Perhaps that could be found out right at the tithing office. I shall wait until you write.

We have just been taking a lesson in Arabic: are getting quite an insight to the language; we have engaged a teacher for 12 lessons; we have taken seven of them. I trust all are well at home. The weather is very warm. Affectionately,

Your son—John

P.S. I should like all plants that I send home labeled preserved. Mother will please slip them into an envelope.