1894

Dear Father;

With pleasure I again write. Am well and am prospering with my labors and am having an enjoyable time. Last Monday evening we visited Mr. Howrance's folks. they are very kind to us, which we appreciate. Het them take the news and they have read quite a number of our church works. They seem to be on a fair road toward accepting the Gospel. I can speak a little Arabic now, was told by one of them, during a broken conversation that I was smart in the learning of Arabic. I weighed the compliment and took it for what it was worth which was not very much I guess. We have made guite a number of friends and have aroused an interest in quite a great many to investigate. During a walk last evening in company of young Mr. Howrance he plucked this blossom which I enclose. The weather is getting very warm. But I take an almost regular morning bath; and a refreshing walk early in the morning so am feeling guite free from intense heat. I was very glad to learn that Jos. was building. Ezra's letter that was sent was very interesting; the poem to his Clellan friend is beautiful. I have not done anything about the \$20- I owe at Berne; was not able to with the last money \$50-you sent me as I had been out, some time and was obliged to make calculation on its lasting me till August with what things I needed right then. It takes so long you know for letters to pass back and forth between us. We calculate on our expenses being from 10-12 dollars per month; that make about \$25-per two months. When it is more or less I can let you know; only when travelling will it be any more than it is here. Bro. Robinson thinks that when he hears from Apostle Lund he will send me down to Haifa to labor and do my studying there are a few saints there. I shall like that. He will probably go north to Aleffo where there are elders laboring and where there are quite a number of saints, to see how they are getting on. I do not know that there is any more to write now. Trust everything is do well at home and that all are enjoying the blessing of god which I hope and pray.

Aff. Your son.

J.A. Clark