

2 Baenaal Terrace  
 St Vincent Pl 8  
 S meeb

14 Febry 1887

My dear Andrew,

My silence has perhaps puzzled you somewhat. I had however grave doubts whether I should be able to come over as I anticipated, and I wanted to tell you definitely in my letter - I am sorry enough to say now that I cannot come over, and I must forego the many revivals I had hoped for. The only chance now is that I may run over at Easter but that is uncertain enough - You will readily I think dear Andrew, believe that this state of affairs is much against my inclination - It is not a matter of money, although I have little enough of that just now,

but it is due to causes  
which have arisen within the  
Office. You know that Buckland  
died a few months ago and  
this has caused much  
inconvenience, Gates being now  
the only surviving partner.  
Besides this we have been  
terribly pressed with business,  
and Whiting with whom I  
principally work is greatly  
tired and would undoubtedly  
be put about by my absence.  
On a review of the matter  
and after a conversation  
with Whiting I have deemed  
it best not to take a holiday  
just now. It will I believe  
be to my interests not to do  
so. Once more this workaday  
word intervenes between me  
and my hopes - but it must  
be so.

I trust you got the volume  
of Burbeck's alight. It cost

4/6. I could not obtain  
Monteguien. I paid for  
the hope of Paine 4/ and  
send you the receipt with this.

Waeter is in trouble just  
now not alone on account  
of his own affairs, but in  
consequence of his mother  
and sisters being ill. Miss  
Hill has been ailing for some  
time and her eyesight has  
been weak - so much so that  
she has been confined to the  
house with bandages over  
her eyes - His mother is very  
feeble and when I spoke  
to Waeter the other day he  
told me he had great fears  
she would not live long.  
The weather too at this time  
is dreadful in its intensity.  
For weeks past there has been  
continuous heat - the place seems  
full of the smoke of bush fires

and the moon at rising &  
the sun at setting are  
always blood-red. Typhoid  
is rampant, and no wonder  
for plunks are everywhere  
and the death speeches lurk  
in them.

I have nothing much to  
say at present about myself  
except that I am thankful  
to say I am in fair health  
although feeling worn and  
at times far from happy. I  
mean to write you a good  
old - sort letter before long.

Tell the boys how much  
I regret not being able to meet  
them, and renew our  
I had planned - kisses for  
the Kuchnis and affectionate  
regards for 'Machie' who I trust  
has now quite recovered from her  
indisposition and will, I feel assured  
in common with yourself know  
that that indifference is not the  
cause which has prevented me from  
at Rosebank. Ever affectionately yours  
J. M. W. T. W.