

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.