Dear brother James,

This comes to let thee know, I have at last found time opportunity to write to thee, to whom I owe a letter or two. I must thank thee for the last received so long ago. All the news were welcome, any news of you is always acceptable, if indeed we expect to hear more especially, as I little knew that you had come direct to me, well I'm not grumbling, I'll just remark, in passing, that if from a small family, as perhaps thou ought to have, it might account for thy visiting so seldom, we rather hoped to have heard some thing of thy Melbourne trip, knowing some of the good folks there, but have had a dish of pickled men, do that respect if we all live well thy Annual visit we hope it will be much longer than
The last one. Aunt Alfred say Uncle James & Edward have never been out on the boat with us, if you come in the buggy, perhaps you could make a trip here. Aunt Ann often talks of going so a visit, but has not yet done so, don't hesitate to leave a horse with us, if you wish it. We have not heard anything of your plans. I have thought a change might do Rachel good. There are so many women folks down yonder if Lavina could take charge with Eliza & Helen for only "How do," & Rachel has never yet to see us yet.

Our wheat crop is not yet finished, the last good rain needed the sheaves, etc. we hope to go on tomorrow, but the creek are threatening us now just as they did last night. Week this has been just such a calm, lovely Sabbath day, "peace over the scene, calm serenity shed." We enjoyed a walk on the beach, we got through our harvest very nicely too.

Still got it all. 2 young men did it, it was splendid weather, but for this country, most people said, but we have been used to it so much better the reapers used to enjoy a bath every day, as that place where Eliza was worked, the bank is in such a state that they start with a run which they did, they could not stop again, they would look up & see Dick coming cautiously down, it made one kind of "tussing" suddenly down a steep place into the sea. Dear Williams & I went in to the monthly last night, again to the adjournment last week, & so enjoyed a little more of dear W. McCollin's pleasant society. We love him, Brink & are rather happy to see him here for the day with Frank, Esther, Emma.
Dear Lucy,

I wrote a letter to Mr. Smith, who is most interesting. He was at
my meeting when I first returned from America. He is a friend in England. Theodore
Goldsworth is very eager to go as far as Madras, but Lucy was working to
help raise all her children at school. She belonged to the Hounders
and was staying with Sarah's sister, a widow and sister of Martha Goldsworth,
at High-flats in Yorkshire. One day it was hard for her to decide whether
to go back to the house or to continue her work. She knew Lucy was there, but
she was too busy to write. She said she would write to her as soon as she
found the "Australian woman." Lucy had enough to do to keep her face straight.
She really believed he expected her to be a black woman, and she entertained
us mostly. I should like to write

Yours truly,

P. A. Smith