



Birkenshaw,

Little Metis. July 24<sup>th</sup>  
/85

My dear Rankine

Your father has written  
you a long letter as else I should  
have made time to write myself,  
but here, as you know, it is easy  
to fritter away ones time & difficult  
to methodize so that one can have  
a fixed hour for anything; but to the  
point — our party now consists of papa,  
Eva, Clarence & myself & at breakfast,  
which we have just finished, we had  
a long talk about you, you gave fortune  
in getting <sup>accomplished</sup> to realize your desire to go

to Australia — the length of the voyage  
& the impossibility of sending you good  
wishes in time for your birthday —  
nevertheless I was deputed to add this  
note to your father's letter to give you  
our most loving greetings for the 12<sup>th</sup>  
of August — retrospective if so it must be  
Dear Rankine we do all love you do  
much & it would add greatly to the  
pleasures of life if we could be so  
fortunate <sup>too</sup> to be able to see you at something  
less than years of separation! Tomorrow  
we expect Adelaide Campbell who has  
promised us a visit of a week or so &  
now my postscript must close with loving  
adresses, as the mail has sailed,  
He is Hotel Hammuraid & your loving  
not coming Josephstadt.  
to Canada this Vienna  
summer.