Hastings, 10 IX

Dear Mr. Tumble.

I have been in business during the winter, and it is long since I have been to town - the last time, I think, I saw you, and we spoke of our friend the Archdeacon, who was then on a missionary tour. He spoke, I remember, of the dropping of the year to him this little monthly. I read as of the possibility of his visiting the Cape on a mission, which will involve a long absence from N.Z. I do not know whether he has been recently in it; I am feeling much out of the world - the world beyond the tunnel, and care for those books with Mrs. H. Then weather permits, stay at home. The doctor provides absolutely all 'literary work' on account of my nerve trouble - a qualified, but troublesome apothecary, which is relieved complete rest will in time cure. With my ordinary letter, I have to 'ca' cansy': Before I have written a page this letter, my writing - in form, spelling, grammar, or simple words - has been easier especially in words too to go 'crack' (are already under two possible slips, I see). My notebook has greatly changed since I left the Post and books, I have accumulated for uses which I have slight hope of fulfilling - books which their natural enemies have begun to attack - do not look the same as of old. The spring has brightened me a little, and the apothecary has a far more open eyes - a case, and I have backed and sided the little poems, and enclosed the first fruits of the season. Sometimes I 'heave' to see you, and hope to see the Archdeacon, too, when he comes again the city.

Fairfield House

R. C. Pound HARDING