

Birkenshaw,  
Little Metis.

June 15  
1899,

Dear George,

I take a few  
minutes at the close

of a dark & <sup>cool</sup> rainy and  
depressing day,

to send  
congratulations

on your new <sup>London</sup> <sup>knowing</sup>  
reluctance are no doubt the

golding refined gold, but  
some the cap suitable to

May you long live  
the wear them and

see you other duties  
and to know Canadian

secure by your brilliant example

Aspire that I may be  
a <sup>little</sup> <sup>more</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>you</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>permeated</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>your</sup> <sup>work</sup>  
I have given you  
rather  
Gunderson



And achievements,  
I had hoped to be  
rewarded a little by the  
metes air; but the  
fatigue of the journey and  
the broken weather we  
have had have so far  
left me where I was,  
a perhaps a little weaker.  
I am looking however rather  
to the paradise beyond  
than to the present world;  
and at my age can look  
for no permanent healing.  
I am quite content to go,  
which will be far better -  
and I would not say that

I cannot expect to be long  
here; and therefore shall  
be all the better pleased  
if you can visit us  
soon, — hoping yet to  
see you in the flesh  
and perhaps if weather  
surprises still no worse  
than <sup>I am</sup> at present, I must  
however bear in mind  
your many engagements and  
take the vice for the deed  
if you cannot come and meet

