

Bank House,
Penicuik,
Midlothian,

Dec 1. 1896

Dear Boy,

It winna do, laddie. I can't come to town - work + things domestic are against me. My wife is ill and indeed only uncertainly well ever now. But I may see you in January. If you have a big occasion I shall do my duty then - second week or thereabouts.

I am wearying to see your good staunch face and kindly eyes.

Things, other than those I have spoken of, march well with me.

Thanks a thousand times for your noble article in the Lit World + splendid one in the Queen. I have a friend who sends me selected ones, + yours were among those sent.

It is infinitely good of you, dear boy, and though I do my best, I don't deserve half your goodness.

Ever yours,

S.R. Crockett

PS if you ever write don't say anything about my wife's illness. It is not a thing to write about. I will tell you when I see you.