

Private

Bank House,  
Penicuik,  
Midlothian.  
Aug 8.

Dear Mrs Pennell,

Your letter did me good - great good - and had I been in town I would have come right and talked things over with you. I have no one here to speak to and you would do me good.

Yes, I think in the future your offer of friendship will be one of the things I shall cleave most to, as I do now most heartily accept. I know you mean it. And whether the days darken or lighten I will claim it.

As perhaps you know my wife has had these attacks for many years, but lately they have become much worse – indeed, acute.

I am therefore trying to make arrangements which will provide for the children's future, they are all well up now, and in doing so I have to fight certain wild beasts of Ephesus in the shape of “relations by marriage.”

But whatever comes I shall know that your heart will sympathise and understand.

Yes, the artist was on my mind. I knew he would have to pack up and go. Right sorry was I, but we have had horrid weather. I am fathoms deep in a d--l of a cold.

My hand to you both

Ever your friend

S.R.C.