

Penicuik  
November 23<sup>rd</sup> 1893

My dear Kirkurd,

Right gladly would I say "Yes", but man I canna. I have a big buik to be rot after the new year. I have to be three nichts awa' that week an' it's my communion week. We hae been verra anxious about the mistress o' the manse, and I darena tak' mair on hand the noo. I hae so muckle leeterary wark that I hae had to gie ower lecturing ategither. A man canna do a' thing. By early risin, he may do some leeterature AN' a Kirk, but gin he burns the ither end o' the day as weel, he'll do for himsel' an' his kirk baith.. So I have had to mak' a great big Solemn League an' Covenant wi' mysel to be a bear and juist bide in the den and growl. Hence I am losin' every freen' I hae in the world, but I hope I shall not lose the freend at Kirkurd.

Thank ye about the "Stickit" – the fourth edition is oot, an' a big braw edeetion is comin' – But I'm wonderin' noo what will come to the second buik, The Raiders, that is to be oot o' hand on the first o' March.

Wi kindest regards and hopin' that ye wull recommend the criminal to mercy,

ever truly yours,

S.R. Crockett.