

7 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

This is the address of Alexander Whyte. That's crossed out.

Bank House

Penicuik

February 3rd. 1895.

Dear Mr Lloyd Osborne,

your memorial of the dead and dear came this morning to me in his own city – a bleak.dour Sabbath morning of melting snows. And it touched my heart so that I could not go to church. It was better than church, though I love to go there too, at least once a week

I have written and printed my words of him who first gave me hope and cheer in the old Saranac days and in a little I hope to write in a more permanent way, more worthily of him whom our souls loved.

Your memorial is exquisite, gracious, worthy. I have not yet recovered from the blow his death was to me. It seems hard to believe that it was a blow, but it was though I was little (could be little) to him. I used to wake in the night with the dull aching which told that something was terribly wrong. Then, out of unconsciousness, the thing came. 'Stevenson is dead. Stevenson is dead!'

It seems to have crushed literature over here. Barrie and his wife have been staying with us, but we simply could not talk on the subject. May I say that our hearts in the house above the Esk water go out to you morning and evening at the hour of prayer, to you his folk in Samoa.

I went the other day to the old Kirk yaird of Glencorse, where he requested me to go every Midsummer's Day and meet with his spirit. 'Go there. Say a prayer, and I will appear to you,' he said. Well, I cannot say he appeared 'in the eye of sense' as we Scots say. But there did appear the glory that shall follow. And if I have any hope for the future, (and I have), it is part of it that I shall meet RLS and, meeting, shake hands with him.

Greeting reverence service duty [] and affection to all at Vailima

Ever

S.R.Crockett