

not have gracefully from  
the Poet's laurel. -  
The old ~~Man~~ read me the  
Poem, then not written,  
about two years ago, when  
I was last at Aldworth. -  
I then took the liberty  
liberty of letting him the  
story was old! But the  
rest of the comment is  
charming - not that the lines  
you have culled - Dear old  
Poet, he deserves all his  
Fame! Ever your affec<sup>t</sup>  
Alfred Kingst.

THE GLADE,  
BRANCH HILL,  
HAMPSTEAD.

Nov: 3. 1892.

My dear Howell -  
Many thanks for your  
reminders. I will meet  
gladly lunch with you on  
Monday, (as I do not return  
to London till the afternoon)  
if, at least, this time is  
perfectly agreeable & convenient  
to yourself. Shall we fix  
it, when I see you on Sunday  
after St. Mary's? Your Oxford  
Magazine is of course welcome  
to my MS. We do the same  
thing, I think, at Cambridge.



I wrote the sermon for Oxford,  
but preached it last  
Sunday (by way of <sup>Dr</sup>  
Rebaisal) at the Temple.  
Cunning enough I had among  
my congregation a man  
whom I never saw, or heard of  
being, at the Temple Church  
<sup>before</sup> in all my time - David Justice  
Bowen. He came up to me  
afterwards, at the Athenaeum  
& said kind words & was  
evidently moved. I had  
always thought of him  
as a very humorous, & very

accomplished, & good too, in  
a way. The sermon is all  
about Tennyson - or rather  
about our obligations to  
such men, & our duty of  
honouring them - that  
we shall see -

Yes - there are charming  
things in the new volume -  
Esquisite humour in the  
dix club line poem, though  
the joke about the sins in  
the Pond is not so very,  
& has not even the merit  
of being new. It is a "chestnut"  
in fact - & chestnuts do