

Punch Office, 85, Fleet Street,

4 June 1891

My dear Fish,

I have to thank you,
no doubt, for the "Coming Race." I
do thank you, for you meant well,
but you have upset all my faiths.
I believe now neither in the Pope
nor in Spurgeon. I do not know
whether I am ammoniac dolomite,
or a fish, or an Angel (I suspect
the latter) and I am very happy
until I meet a G. G. Still, I
am, yours truly,

The An, once

Frd. Lang M. J.

Skirley Brooks