

Now I think I will try a cup of what they insolently call Golden Tips, a find young Tippy Tea. And then they say specifically No Tips. It is very disheartening. While I am waiting for it, and for the possible her, I study the only literature before me. What is a Loganberry Kiss? Is it at all like the Plover's Lunch, that hurts and is desired? It is strange to think that Catharine is even at this moment turning a Somerset in front of the altar. The whole business reminds me of the time we lay outside Jifjaffa, and the Padre said to me : "I would rather have written that poem than take castor oil in the morning." I had been reading him my Ode on the Intimations of Immorality in Early Childhood. Well, well. How vividly, whenever I adventure on stew now, I remember the stew we had that night. How it all comes back. The whole circumstances of this meeting are so mysterious. It gars me grue, if I may be permitted the expression.

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