

To Lucia
from Lucia
Xmas 1892

Our Books

"Jan Hoelarsen" says that we should love our Books well bound just as we should like to see our Friends well dressed. But he who would despise a good Book in a soiled or Low cover would as surely scorn a Friend in tattered raiment.

In what friends can give us such unalloyed pleasure or such delightful companionship as our books. They never quarrel at our neglect nor bore us with complaints. Ever fresh and ever interesting they present to our minds eye a Kaleidoscopic view of the universe and we sip the nectar of Knowledge from the wells of Philosophy ~~of~~ History, & Romance. In their company we annihilate time & space we stand again on the threshold of the world and behold the Earth newly created in all its youthful vigour and virgin loveliness with them we live and act in all the future.

deeds that swell the drama of the world's History
We see the Babylonian give place to the Persian
The Persian to the Greek the Greek to the
Roman and the Roman (the greatest of them all)
Humbled and dispossessed by the rude & savage
Yet withal more virtuous Goth.

In our own land we trace the onward march
of civilization through nineteen centuries and
surely the nineteenth is the most marvellous of them
all and when we contemplate all that has been done
we are constrained to ask if the ingenuity of
man has reached its limit or are we on the brink of
still more wonderful discoveries. But surely
the greatest work of a great age consists in placing
such a bountiful store of knowledge within
the reach of every individual in the state who
is disposed to avail himself of the privilege

John Lubbock

Merthyr Tydfil Wales 1896

Seekest thou for joys untainted
Go adorn thy youthful prime
Make thy self with God acquainted
Render all thou hast to him

Cultivate a lovely spirit
all the days thou hast to live
So shalt thou with him inherit
all the bliss that he can give

THE LATE MRS SUTHERLAND.—The death of Mrs George Sutherland, which occurred on Saturday at Gruds, cast a gloom over the whole district. Deceased was in her usual health until within a few days of her death, and it was at first confidently expected that a few days' rest would suffice to effect a complete recovery. She sank fast, however, and died on Saturday. Mrs Sutherland was in her 71st year, and active beyond her age. She will be greatly missed in the district, where her services were invaluable in cases of sickness or death. The funeral took place on Tuesday, and was attended by a large number of people.

G. Sutherland
before
Mr Matthew Tydfil

To Miss Jane Sutherland

Health and happiness be yours.
And every good thing as your years
Length of days, and friends most true
may all attend both you and years.

William Murray

Grinds

June 15th 1899.

Tears idle tears, I know not what they mean
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes
In looking on the happy autumn-fields
And thinking of the days that are no more

To Lennie

Friend is a word of loyal tone;
Friend is a poem all alone.

Yours truly

Susie P. MacLean

St. Paul, Minnesota

U. S. A.

To Lennie:—

Where'er your abode, be that home ever best:
And never with poverty be it oppressed.

May health and happiness round you ever appear

And happiness yours be for many a year

Till life like a full sheaf doth gloriously end,
A wish from the heart of a friend.

Catherine P. MacLean

July 25/99.

St. Louis, Mo. U. S. A.

When all things were made none was made better
than Tobacco: to be a lone mans companion
a Bachelors Friend a Hungry mans Food
a Sad mans Cordial a wakeful mans sleep
and a chilly mans Fire: - There is no herb
like it under the Canopy of Heaven
"Salvation Yes" in Westward Ho

J. S. R. R.

What saith the tunctions preacher so high above the crowd
with his hands so white & dainty and his heart so black & proud
He draws a little Circle as narrow as his mind
And shuts from all beyond it Gods mercy to man kind
I'd rather for my teacher have wild winds on the shore
Or Breeze amid the branches or birds that sing & soar
Or silence high & holy than ranters such as he
who does to measure mercy & knows not Charity

J. S.

My love is like the red red rose
That newly sprung in June
My love is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune
As fair thou art my bonnie lass
So deep in love am I
And I will love thee still my dear
Till all the seas gang dry
Till all the seas gang dry my dear
And the rocks melt with the sun
And I will love thee still my dear
Till the sands of life shall run
Then fare thee well my only love
Then fare thee well a while
I will come back again my love
Tho' it were thousand miles
G. M.

"What although
Ere night mine only joy shall shattered lie
In darkness with the dead?—I must not fail,
Nor be discouraged. In the work of God
No man may turn or falter: I am His,
Not mine, not hers; I dare not weep for her
When God hath need of me. I dare not mourn
The while I speak His word, for no weak tears
May fall upon the sacred fire; no sound
Of breaking human hearts may mar the full
Majestic music of a Prophet's voice,
Speaking to all the ages, from the mount
Of cloud, and vision."

Jeanie Steill
Nov 12th 1895

When the hills lay low down by the sea
To watch for the ship that is returning home with me
I am coming back again to Erin's lonely shore
Back again to you my love & my dear old larymore
Georgie Macalray
12th Nov 1895

Seek not thou for joys untaught
To adore thy youthful prime
Waste thyself with God acquainted
Knead all thou hast to bein

Friendship like the Ivy clings
to Olden times and olden things

Agnes Fairbairn
July 24th 1897

Your Crown is in your heart
Not on your head

Barbara M Kenzie
June 17th 1899

To Tina

From Gina

Xmas 1892

Our books

“Ian Maclaren“ says that we should have our Books well bound just as we should like to see our Friends well dressed. But he who would despise a good Book in a soiled or torn cover would as surely scorn a Friend in tattered raiment.

For what friends can give us such unalloyed pleasure or such delightful companionship as our books. They never murmur at our neglect nor bore us with complaints. Ever fresh and ever interesting they present to our minds eye a Kaleidoscopic view of the universe and we sip the nectar of knowledge from the wells of Philosophy, History & Romance. In this company we annihilate time & space. We stand again on the threshold of the world and behold the Earth newly created in all its youthful rigour and virgin loveliness . With them we live and act in all the famous deeds that swell the drama of the worlds History. We see the Babylonian give place to the Persian, the Persian to the Greek the Greek to the Roman (the greatest of them all). Humbled and dispossessed by the rude & savage yet withal more virtuous Goth.

On our own land we trace the onward march of civilisation through nineteen centuries and surely the nineteenth is the most marvellous of them all and when we contemplate all that has been done we are constrained to ask if the ingenuity of man has reached its limit or are we on the brink of still more wonderful discoveries. But surely the greatest work of a great age consists in placing such a bountiful store of knowledge within the reach of every individual in the state who is disposed to avail himself of the privilege.

John Sutherland

Merthyl Tydfil

Wales 1899

*Seekest thou for joys untainted
To adorn thy youthful prime
Make thy self with God acquainted.
Render all thou hast to him*

*Cultivate a lowly spirit
All the days thou hast to live
So shalt thou with him inherit
All the bliss that he can give.*

G. Sutherland

Before

Nr Merthyl Tydfil

Newspaper cutting: The Late Mrs. SUTHERLAND – The death of Mrs. George Sutherland, which occurred on Saturday at Gruids, cast a gloom over the whole district. Deceased was in her usual health until within a few days of her death, and it was at first confidently expected that a few days rest would suffice to effect a complete recovery. She sank fast, however, and died on Saturday. Mrs Sutherland was in her 71st year, and active beyond her age. She will be greatly missed in this district, where her services were invaluable in cases of sickness or death. The funeral took place on Tuesday, and was attended by a large number of people.

To Miss Tina Sutherland

*Health and happiness be yours
and every good thing all your years
length of days. and friends most true
may all attend both you and yours*

William Murray

Gruids

June 13th

*Tears with tears, I know not what they mean
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes
In looking on the happy autumn fields
And thinking of the days that are no more.*

To Tenie

Friend is a word of loyal tone

Friend is a poem all alone.

Yours truly

Susie P. MacLean

St Paul, Minnesota,

U.S.A.

Tenie:-

Where'er your abode, be that home ever blest:

And never with poverty be it oppressed.

May health and happiness round you e'er appear

And happiness yours be for many a year

Till life like a full sheaf doth gloriously end,

It a wish from the heart of a friend.

Catherine I MacLean

July 25/99

St Louis, Ma, U.S.A.

When all things were made none was made better than Tobacco: to be a lone man's companion a Bachelor Friend a Hungry mans food a Sad mans Cordial a wakeful mans sleep and a chilly mans fire: there is no herb like it under the Canopy of Heaven.

"Salvation Yes" in Westward Ho

J Sutherland

*What saith the unctuous preacher so high above the crowd
With his hands so white and dainty and his heart as sleek and proud.
He draws a little circle as narrow as his mind
And shouts from all beyond it Gods mercy to be unkind
I'd rather for my teacher here wild winds on the shore
Or breeze amid the branches or birds that sing & soar
Or silence high & holy that than ranter such as he
Who dares to measure mercy & knows not charity.*

JS

*My love is like the red red rose
That newly sprung in June
My love is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune
As fair thou art my bonnie lass
So deep in love am I
And I will love thee still my dear
Till all the seas gang dry,
Till all the seas gang dry my dear
And the rocks melt with the seas
And I will love thee still my dear
Till the sands of life shall cease
Then fare thee weel my only love
Then fare thee weel a while
I will come back again my love
Tho' it were ten thousand miles.*

GW

*“What although
Ere night mine only joy shall shattered lie
In darkness with the dead? I must not fail,
Nor be discouraged. In the work of God
No man may turn or falter: I am His,
Not mine, not hers; I dare not weep for her
When God hath need of me. I dare not mourn
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Of breaking human heart may mar the full
Majestic music of a Prophet’s voice,
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