To Luia flow Guia Xhuas 1892

Our Books

Can Avelonen" Longs that we should hove on Boots lovel bound just as we should like to see our Friends Well dressed. But he who would despise a good Book in a soiled or Lorn Cover would as surely Scorw a trind in tattered raiment. In what frends can give as such un alloyed pleasure or ouch delightful companionship as our books. They never neuronar at our neglist vor bore as with Complands. Frer Sech and ever interesting they present to our minds eye a Kaleidoscopie run of the huverse and be sip the nector of Knowledge from the Well's of Philosophy # History, & Romance In this company we annihilate time that We stoud again on the threshold of the looks and behold the Earth newly created in all it's youthful regour and vispin loveliness with them we live and act in all the famous

deeds that sweet the drama of the world's History We see the Babylonian give place to the Dersian The Lersian to the Greek the Greek to the Roman and the Roman The quatest of them all Humbles and dispossessed by the rule + Sarage Get withal more vistuous Goth. An our own land we trace the reword march of civilization through minten cutures and Sarely the nineteenth is the most morvellous of them all and when we continuplate are that has been done We are constrained to ask If the ingenity of More has reached its limit of are we on the brink of still more wonderful discoveries. But Surely the greatest work of a great age bousists in placing such a rountigue store of Kurwlidge within he reach Jevery individual is the state who · disposed to avail himself of the privilege John Sacherland herthy Lydjil wales 1896

Seechest those for goys untainted To adorn they youthful prime make they self with God acquainted Render all three hast to him bullivate a lowly spirit all the days than hust to line So shalt thou with him inherit self the bliss that he can give G. Sutherland THE LATE MRS SUTHERLAND .- The death of

An muthy Sydfil

THE LATE MRS SUTHERLAND.—The death of Mrs George Sutherland, which occurred on Saturday at Grunds, 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 are. She will be greatly missed in the district, where her services were invaluable m cases of sickness or death. The funeral took place on Tuesday, and was attended by a large number of people.

To Min Fine Sutherland ... Alkasthe and tappiness by yours. and guery good. thing all your years Lingth of days. and & riands most true many as attack both. you and yours. Division Murray Grinds Jung. 15th 1899.

Tears idle tears, I know not what they mean Leans from the depth of some dimine despair Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes In looking on the happy autum-files and Thinking of the daugs that are no sure

To Senie Friend is a good of logal tone; Friend is a poem all alone. grus truly Recteau Sh Paul, Minnesola Tenie :-However your abode be that home ear blest: They health and happiness round you der appear We like like a full theaf doth gloriously end, Therine & Machen July 25/99. If finis That-S. a.

When all things were made nom was made better Than Tobacco: to be a lone mans companion a Bochelow Friend a Hungry mans Ford a Lad ruans bordial a wakeful mans sleep and a chilly mans fire :- There is no here like it under the Conopy of Ateren "Salvation you" in Weatword to Jutherland

what Saith the unctions preacher So high above the crowd with his hands so while a dointy and his heart so black's proad He draws a little tivele as nor on as his mind and shouts from all beyond it Godo mercy to he and me Id rather for my tracker hore wild windson the shore Or Breege amid the brouches or birds thating tors Or silvace high sholy than rante, such as he who does to measure mercy Muows not Charity te.

they loke is little the red red roce That hearly cprined in flue They loke to like the melody That's eweelly played his line as fair thow art my bound lass To deep in toke and Und I will love the chile my dear Tile all the leas fang dry Jule all the ceas fang dry my dea and the rocks melt with the lun and I mile toke these Chile my dea Till the Lands of life thall su Then fare the need my only tone Then fare the meel a while I will come hack again my ton The it were the three sand miles 9. Tu .

"What although Ere night mine only joy shall shattered lie Ju darkness with the dead! I must not fail, Nor be discouraged. In the work of God No man may turn of 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 his man hearth may mar the full Majestic mulic of a Prophet's voice, Speaking to all vision" Jeanie Meill of cloud, and vision" Jeanie Meill Nov 12 th 1896 Speaking to all the ages, from the mount

Thes the hills two love down by the cea walch for the ship that is relaring home with no I are coming hader again to Erice's lovely there Back again to you my love & my dear old Largymon 12 16 hot 1895

Seekist thow for Joys unlämted To adore this youthful prime Thake thy cell with Gad as quanted Reader all those hast to keen

Friendship like the Try clings to Olden times and olden things Agnes Frail

afour Grown is in your heart Not on your head Barbara M hengie 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 The while I speak His word, for no weak tears May fall upon the sacred fire; no sound Of breaking human heart may mar the full Majestic music of a Prophet's voice, Speaking to all the ages, from the mount Of cloud, and vision.

> Jeanie Neill Nov 12th 1895

Then the hills my love down by the sea Watch for the ship that is returning home with me I am coming back again to ? lovely shore Back again to you my love & my dear old Largymore

Georgie Mackay

12th Nov 1895

Seekst thou for joys untainted To adore thy youthful prime Make thyself with God acquainted ?? all thou hast to him. Friendship like the Ivy clings To Olden time and olden things Agnes Fairly

July 24th 1897

Your crown is in your heart

Not on your head

Barbara MacKenzie

June 17th 1899