To Luia flow Gua Huar 1892

Our Books

Taw Hoelaren "Largs that we should hove our Booth well bound just as we showed like to see our Friends Well dressed. But he who would despise a good Booth in a soiled or Lorn Cover would as surely Leon a Friend in Fathered raiment.

In what freuds ever give as such we alloyed pleasure or over delightful componentip as our books. They were neuronar at our neglest hor bore us with Complaints. Frer Fresh and ever interesting they present to our minds eye a Kaleidoscopie vin of the huverse and be sip the nector of Knowledge from the Wello of Philosophy # History, & Romance In their company we annihilate time +Space We stoud again on the threshold of the looks and behold the Earth newly created in all it's youthful rigour and virgin loveliness with them we live and act in all the famous

deeds that swell the drawa of the worlds History We see the Babylonian give place to the Lessian The Lersian to the Greek the Greek to the Roman and the Roman (The greatest of Them all Humblea and dispossessed by the rude + Sarage Get withal more virtuous Goth. An our own land we trace the reword march of civilization through winter cutures and Sorely the winetenth is the most morrellous of them all and when we contemplate are that has been done We are cousts aired to ask If the ingenuity of Mora 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 rountiful etore of Kurwleage within he reach of every individual in the state who disposed to avail himself of the privilege John Inherland Merthy Lydfil wales 1896

Leechest thou for goys untainted To adorn thy youthful prime make thy self with God acquainted Render all those hast to him bullwate a lowly spirit all the days thou hust to line So shalt thou with him inherit sell the bliss that he can give G. Sutherland 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 acre. 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.

for huthyr Tydfil

To Min Time Sustantais ...

Heast and happiness be your years lings as your years want assault both you and poor.

William Murtay

William Murtay

Thirds

Jungo 1546

1899.

Leans idle leans, I know out what they mean I have from the depth of a one dinnie despair. Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes In booking on the happy autumn faileds In booking on the happy autumn faileds and Thinking of the steeps that I are no more and Thinking of the steeps that I are no more

To Senie Friend is a good of loyal time; Friend is a poem all alone Lusie & MacLean Lh Paul, Minnesola Tenie: There er your abode be that home ear blest: U.S. a. Lud neur with poverty he it oppressed.

Yay health and happiness round you der appear

and happiness yours be for many a year the life like a full theat doth gloriously end, otherine & Mar lean July 25/99. 4 Juis Mo U-S. a.

When all things were made none was made better than Tobacco: to be a lone mans companion a Bachelow Friend a Hungry mans Food a Lad rwans bordial a wakeful mans sleep and a chilly mans Fire: - There is no herb like it ander the Comopy of Hearen 'Salvation Yeo'in Westword Ho.

John Mone

what Saith the huckions preacher So high above the Crowd with his hands so while adouty and his heart so blacks proad the draws a little Eircle as now on as his mind and Shuts from all beyong it Gods mercy to hear kind Lid rather, for my twaker hose wild winds on the Shore Or Breeze amia the broughes or birds that sing to ors Or silvae high a holy than wanter such as he who does to measure mercy of wow not Charity

My loke is like the red red roce That newly opring in fune They loke to like the melady That's lweelly played his home les fair thow art my bours lass Lo deep lu Whe acu I Und I wile love the chile my dear Tile all the lear fang dry Tele all the Cear fang dry my dear and the rocks melt with the leur and I will toke theo Call my dea Till the Lands of life Chall run Then fare the need my only love Then fare the meel à while I will come hack again my too The it were the thousand miles 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 of falter: I am His, with mine, not hers; I dare not weep for her When God hath need of me. I dare not mourn the while I speak Itis word, for no weak tears May fall upon the sacred fire; no sound of breaking his man heart may mar the full Majestie mucie of a Prophets voice, Speaking to all the ages, from the mount of cloud, and vision."

Jeanie Neill cover to the sound of cloud, and vision."

the the bills try love down by the lead to be the bills the Chip that to returning home took no I am coming hads again to Erice stonely there Back again to you. my lose & my dear old largy more georgie to act any 12 the love 1595

Seelist thow for Joys unlawied To adore this gruthful prime Thate thyself with Gad as quanted theader all thou hast to bein

Freendspip like the Try clings to Olden times and olden things Agnes Fairl July 24", 897

Afour Grown is in your heart Not on your head

Barbara M Kengie June 14th 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.

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.

"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