

THE  
GIFT  
ALBUM

J. N. Putnam,  
Wolfsbunton,

From George Emery.



DEW

J. LARSEN

ELLEN.

ALBUM.



NEW YORK..  
LEAVITT & ALLEN.

Broken Ties.

The broken ties of happier days  
How often do they seem  
To come before our mortal gaze  
Like a remembered dream;  
Around us each discovered charm  
In sparkling minor ties  
And our <sup>again</sup> weary hands can <sup>never</sup>  
Unite those broken ties

The parents of our infant home  
The kindred that we loved,  
Far from our arms <sup>no more</sup> perchance  
To distant scenes removed  
As we have watched their <sup>breath</sup> parting,  
And closed their <sup>weary</sup> eyes

To my Friends

"I wish that no flattery  
may ever desecrate this  
Album, that no falsehood  
may darken its writings,  
but the spirit - light & love  
may brighten & sanctify  
its fair pages."

Amos

And sigh'd to think how sadly death  
Can sever human ties.

The friends the loved ones of our youth  
They too are gone, or changed.  
As worse than all, their love and <sup>truth</sup>  
Are darkened and estranged  
They meet us in the glittering throng  
With cold averted eyes,  
And wonder that we weep <sup>wrong</sup> on  
And mourn our broken ties.

Oh who in such a world as this,  
Could bear their lot of pain,  
Did not one radiant cloud of bliss  
Unclouded yet remain  
That hope the sovereign Lord has <sup>given</sup>



Who reigns above the skies  
That hope unites our souls to Heaven  
By faith's endearing ties.

Each care, each ill, of mortal birth  
Is such in pitying love,  
To lift the lingering heart <sup>earth</sup> from  
And speed to flight above,  
And every pang that sends the <sup>heart</sup>  
And every joy that dies,  
Tells us to seek a safer rest  
And trust to Divine ties  
Destina


To Annie

When the golden sun is setting  
And your heart from care is free  
While <sup>we think</sup> over a thousand things for me!  
Will you sometimes think of me


M. G. ....



*The Young Highlander*



From Greenwood Elementary.



I do not ask of others may  
A place in memory fair.

But from my heart - I wish to say  
Forget me, if you dare

Alto

To a Friend.

MAY the angels of love  
Descend from above,  
And give the success and good cheer;  
Happiness and health,  
Good true friends and wealth,  
And never a cause for a tear;  
May your path be bright,  
And ever in sight;  
May the true star of hope beam bright;  
May God guard thy way  
Forever by day,  
And angels watch over by night.

*Testament - Campbell*

Speak gently

Speak gently, oh! speak lovingly  
To her whose eye looks thine;  
Whom, at once let her not grieve  
With oft-perfection'd strains.

---

She breathes thy name carelessly,  
The storm is past or over,  
For words furrow her  
With scars he  
Thou might'st with love bestow.

---

Thou speakest to her all tenderness  
Of affection's spell;  
Confidingly;  
Thou art as to her  
A word, a word thy presence well.

---

Speak gently, oh! speak lovingly  
Her every thought a prayer  
Repeateth for thee,  
Thy good will be  
Whilst thine life chain shall be

---

Thou gently, speak, with fondness  
To her whose eye seeks thine,  
Thine, at once,  
Let her not grieve,  
Her hopes be thine

---

V. Van Alstine



For my young friend Mary

I think when I hear that sweet story of  
When Jesus was here amongst men  
How he called little children as lambs,  
I should like to have been with them then,  
I wish that his hand could be placed  
on my head,  
That his arm could be thrown around me,  
And that I might have heard his kind voice,  
when he said,  
Let the little ones come unto me!

But still to his footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share of his love,  
For if I thus earnestly seek him below,  
I shall see him and hear him above.

"In that beautiful place he is gone to find <sup>have</sup>  
For all who are washed and forgiven  
And many dear children are gathering <sup>there</sup>  
For such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

"But thousands and thousands who have <sup>and for</sup>  
Never heard of that heavenly home;  
I should like them to know <sup>forthwith</sup> their room  
And that Jesus has bidden them come.

Long for the joy of that heavenly time,  
When Jesus shall reign in his rest,  
And the dear little children of every clime  
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest!

Justina

Dearest Minnie

Though we may never meet again after leaving school yet I hope we shall often think of one another, and remember with pleasure the days we have spent together, which I dare say have been the happiest of our lives. That your life in leaving school may be happy that the hand of sorrow, if it touches your brow at all, may deal lightly with you, that you may see many long years loved by all around you, is my sincere prayer.

Mie. Stevenson  
Montreal. 1864.

To Miss

Though time may pass  
And youth may fly  
Though friends life's sooping  
Admitted I would bid  
The sun of all my hopes may set  
But I shall never cease to fight

To dear Maggie.

Forget-me-not, tis' all I ask,  
This simple boon of bliss  
had if it prove an easy task,  
Oh! sometimes think of me.

Kitty.

June 26<sup>th</sup>

1866.

To Mamma

Some would wish the pleasure  
Some would wish you wish  
But I would wish you treasure  
And a home beyond the east

May the Lord be your shepherd  
And the Holy Spirit your guide  
Till the rings you forever  
I shall at His side

Lines to Minnie

Oh! never throw a smile away -  
To some a smile were worth a crown  
But let it shine like a ray  
On those whose sorrows press them down.  
Thou canst thou nobly set thy feet;  
And even a smile will ease a load  
Of some poor faint & weary heart:  
That's struggling on life's weary road.

Oh! never throw a smile away  
For one sweet smile has power to win  
The wrong from the downward way  
And turn them from the path of sin.

Thy smile from wit to beguile  
The weak; the friendless, & the lone;  
To welcome with a cheering smile,  
Not be the first to cast the stone,

" " " "

Oh! never show a smile away!  
That very smile a soul might save,  
Might speak of hope, & light the way  
That's leading onward to the grave,  
Then let thy smile beam sweet & bright,  
Its happy influence felt the while  
Had many a heart now sunk in night,  
Will bless thee for thy cheering smile

Adolphustown  
December 1861

A Friend



We live in deeds not words  
In feelings not in figures on a dial

We should count time by  
heart-strokes

The most lives who thinks most  
Act the best and feel the noblest.

Yours affectionately

Helen E. Johnston

March 29. 1880.

To Minnie

True friendship is a gordian  
knot,  
Which angel hands have tied,  
By heavenly skill its texture  
brought,  
Who shall its folds divide?

Alice

April 19th

Kind words can never die.

A word scarce noted in its hour,  
May value to rest the spirits stir;  
A look may have a magic power  
To change the impulse of a life,  
And stir a fountain in the breast,  
Whose waters never more may rest.

Oh, deepest wounds are often made  
By unkind looks and careless words  
The tones in which those words were said  
Perchance shall stir the heart's deep chords,  
In time those chords shall vibrate still,  
And in eternity shall thrill.

J. Allen

Dear Minnie

Think of me in the hour of leisure,  
Think of me in the hour of care,  
Think of me in the hour of pleasure,  
Spare me one thought in the hour  
(of prayer).

Your friend  
Minnie

Adolphustown

Oct 31. 1849

To dear Annie

Harewell, sweet friend  
Get think of me,  
When spring's low voice  
awakes the flowers,  
For we have wandered  
far and free,  
In those bright hours  
we loved so well.  
"Ida"

Toronto. June 21<sup>st</sup> - 1866.



Dear Mimmie,

Watching, waiting, may we see  
Till our darling face we see  
And then how great the joy will be  
That joins our hearts forever,

Mary.

To Minnie

"When forc'd to part from those we love,  
"If sure to meet to-morrow,  
"We still a pang of anguish prove,  
"And feel a touch of sorrow."

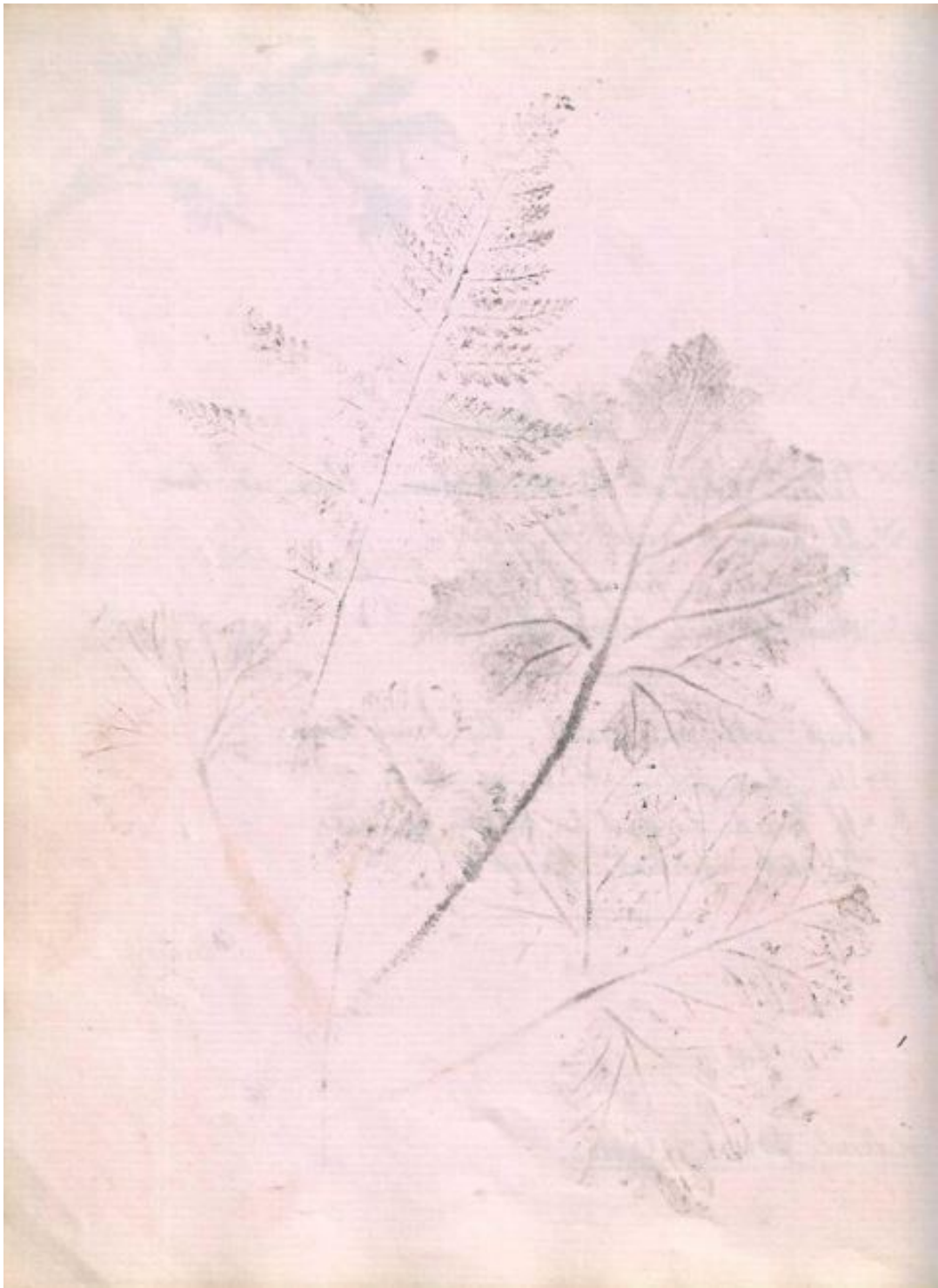
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"But who can paint the bright tears  
"We shed when thus we sever,  
"If forc'd to part for months, for years,  
"To part, - perhaps, forever!"

---

Emilie  
"

Montreal March 12<sup>th</sup> 1864.





To Mamma

May she to whom His grace  
is due,

Light trials find, if any,  
And may her hours of care  
be few,

And those of pleasure many.  
Maggie.

Toronto June 28<sup>th</sup> 1866.

Dearest Minnie,

Pretty I have now a  
poetess you know I am not;  
Grose I cannot write, so what  
shall I do. A few short months  
we have spent together, and  
I assure you, they have been  
months of pleasure. As long  
as life lasts, dear Minnie, I  
shall always think of you,

From your schoolfellow,  
Montreal.      Sheela Young.  
176 Sherbrooke St.

To Dear Annie.

I would like to see you  
All right in your mind  
I hope you had a good  
time as usual on your  
trip.

Very  
Sincerely,  
Henry Woodruff

Greenville, S.C.  
June 15<sup>th</sup> 1866.

The Midnight moon is evening  
her bright chain o'er the deeps

Who's heart's gently heaving  
as our infants asleep

So the Spirit bows before thee  
to listen and adore thee

With a deep but soft emotion  
like the swell of summer ocean

W. H.

Dearest Minnie,

Time is fast  
taking his flight and soon the day  
will be here when fond friends  
must sever. It may be for years or  
it may be forever but ah! Minnie  
if it so happens we may no more  
meet on Earth. might we not hope  
to meet again in the land, where  
parting and grief is unknown?  
Soon, I will be far, far from you,  
but I shall never forget the happy  
moments we spent here together,  
when we both strived to obtain the  
most desirable of all objects - a good  
education - of which, after once gaining  
it, we can never be deprived, nor matter

what adversities may come upon  
us. And now—

The cricket sings his evening song,  
The dewy grass below,  
The misty air rising over the hills,  
As in the long ago.  
Soft breezes sang the day to rest,  
The day so fair and bright,  
Life's ruddies tide goes rolling on  
And Minnie, dear Minnie, good-night.  
Yours truly in friendship,

Dixie

March 13<sup>th</sup> 1864

Minnie's love is like Scotch Whisky  
Take a pinch & that's enough  
Profit by this safe advice  
Before you fall in love with me  
A friend

William M. M. M.

Many words can not express  
Suffer thoughts of those loved best  
No one knows or feels the same  
No one knows each one's part  
It is known but by the heart  
Over bound by the golden chain  
Where both sweetest ever lie  
Always in the merriest eye  
That ever I have seen  
Say not - see a flattering self  
Only my old self - same self  
Wonders else but what - see  
Your affectionate - little  
friend -

Piston  
March 27th  
1850.

Wm. C. Esser



THE GAZELLE.



To Mimmie -

The noble woman, nobly planned,  
To war, to comfort, and command;  
The creature not too bright or good,  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple joys,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, fears, & smiles.

— — —  
E. A. B.

To Minnie

Though distance may divide us  
And you no more I'll see  
Remember it was Tom  
That wrote these lines for thee.

Ever affectionately,  
T. P. Keen

Be faithful & earnest, be  
honest & true,  
And God in His mercy will  
reward you.

Amen.

If as the world  
you live,  
God as the world  
will live.

Amen.  
Chandice.

To Minnie

Dear Minnie, we soon must part,  
Part perhaps, to meet no more,  
But the hope that's in my heart;  
So we'll meet on the Springy shore.

In that shore no tear is shed,  
In that land grief is unknown;  
Whither let us all be led,  
And praise the Lamb upon his Throne.

M. C. F.

Beethier (or hant)

April 2<sup>nd</sup> 1864

"Remember now thy Creator  
in the days of thy youth,  
while the evil days come not,  
nor the years draw nigh,  
when thou shalt say,  
I have no pleasure  
in them."

May these words be indelibly  
stamped upon your heart  
and memory (is the sincere wish  
of a true friend) for time and  
for eternity.

Wm. Allen.

35 Min. Arnie.  
Montreal.

"Both Sides of the Question"  
- His Side -

Walk right in - How are you Fred? -  
Find a chair and have a light -  
Well Old Boy! recovered yet -  
From the Merrays jam last night -

Didn't dance the Green and old;  
Didn't you? I had to lead  
Awful bore but where were you?  
Sat it out with Molly and -

Jolly little girl she is -  
Said she didn't care to dance  
Would rather have a quiet chat -  
And then she gave me such a glance -

So, as you had cleared the room -  
And captured all the chairs -  
As we had no where else to go -  
We took possession of the chairs -

I sat on a lower chair -  
Molly on the one above -  
Gave me her bouquet to hold -  
Asked me to pull off her glove -

Then of course, I squeezed her hand -  
Talked about - my wretched life -  
Said my soul's salvation  
Must be a bride, a gentle wife -

Then oh how - I used my eyes -  
She believed me every word -  
Almost - said she loved me -  
Jove! such a voice I never heard -

Gave me some symbolic flower -  
With a meaning, Oh so sweet -  
But: know where it is. I'm sure -  
Some - have dropped it in the street -

How I groined - & she Pops Girl -  
Well I know it: gratefully right -  
But she did believe me to -  
That I kissed her - Part a light -

- Her side -

Molly Mead - well really -  
I had here thought - of seeing you -  
(after what occurred last night)  
out here on the Avenue -

Then you needn't blush - I saw it all -  
Saw all that - ahem -  
Why what happened on the hill -  
at the Murray's dance last night -

Oh you hurried on here were you?  
Wasn't he an awful fool  
Some men must be caught -  
But he - saw his head right in the noose -  
I was dying 'too to dance -  
Would have done so if I could -  
But old Grey said I must stop  
and I promised Mama I would  
so I looked up to sweet & said  
I'd rather talk with him -  
hope he didn't see my face -  
Suddenly the light was dim -

Then oh how he squeezed my hand,  
and he'd look up in my face -  
with his lovely dark brown eyes -  
really it's a dreadful case -

He was all in earnest too -  
asked me if I'd call him that -  
and oh, I only wish you'd heard  
the idiotic things he said -

and seen me looking so impressed  
But I thought I'd have to laugh  
when he kissed a flower & gave him  
looking on like such a calf -

I suppose he has it now -  
has an eye glass on his cheek  
really it's a mystery to me -  
our men will believe themselves -

Turn to next page -



Lines to Minnie

Sighs no more, Lashes, sigh no more  
Than were necessary ever.

One foot in sea, and one on shore.

To one thing constant never:

Then sigh not so,

But let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny;

Remembering all your sorrows of yore

Into, Hey, ho, ho, ho.

Sing no more ditties sing no more

Of dumps so dull and dreary;

For friends of men has ever so

Since summer just has leav'd.

Then sigh not so,

But let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny;

Remembering all your sorrows of yore

Into, Hey, ho, ho, ho.

Let her

Saw him give one - Oh you witch  
But he begged so hard for one -  
and I thought no one should know -  
so I let him - just for fun -

— 11 —

Yes, I know it was not right:  
To trifles with his feelings dear -  
But men are such conceited things  
They need a lesson once a year -

— 11 —

EM  
August 20<sup>th</sup> 1879.

Lines to Minnie.

In thy Album (Dear Minnie) thou  
ask'st me to write,

And truly my poor muse would  
gladly indite

And offering that were at once worthy of thee,  
Get pleas'd to thy heart as arguments of me;  
But where are the words that could aptly give  
All the warmth of my wishes for thy happiness.

Our acquaintance but recent — <sup>long</sup> our <sup>intimacy</sup> <sup>long</sup>  
Get strangely my heart hath been  
drawn unto you;

And it feels like some strange fitful  
dream to this heart  
That we meet but to know, & we  
know but to part;

Sonnet

Since

Oh, watch you well by daylight—

By daylight you may fear,

But keep no watch in darkness—

For angels then are near;

For Heaven the source becometh

Our waking life to keep,

But tender mercy cometh

To guard us in our sleep,

Then watch you well by daylight,

By daylight you may fear,

But keep no watch in darkness—

For angels then are near.

Oh, watch you well in pleasure—

For pleasure oft betrays,

But keep no watch of sorrow,  
When joy with draws its eyes;  
For in the hour of sorrow,  
As in the darkness dress,  
So Heaven extract the sorrow,  
For angels then are seen.  
Oh! watch you well by daylight,  
By daylight you may fear,  
But keep no watch in darkness  
For angels then are seen.

Adolphus town  
Dec 1861

To Minnie

Though distant-seas between  
us roll,  
And distant-be our lot,  
Though seldom you may  
think of me,  
I'll ne'er forget - thee not.

Pedroca.

Toronto

Dec, 1864.

To Annie

Keep for love  
But never for anger  
Cold rain will never

Bring flowers.

To  
John

Knights-Head  
Hanna.

To Mamma.

It is the chime, the hour draws  
near;

When you & I must sever,  
Alas! it must be many a year,  
And it may be for ever.

Oh! sometimes blithe, when  
press'd to hear,  
When flippant tongues beset  
Thee;

That all must love when  
Thou'rt near,

But one can ne'er forget Thee.

Pretty.

1 June 26<sup>th</sup>  
1866.



To Mamma.

'Tis not the lily brow I prize,  
Nor roseate cheeks, nor sunny eyes,  
Enough of lilies and of roses!  
A thousand fold more dear to me  
The gentle look that love disclosed,  
The look that love alone can see.

Henriette.

Montreal.

April 12.

To Winnie  
Long may sunshine o'er the ledge  
"Bright as that around the arc  
O'er the touch of sorrow's fingers  
Leaves its traces on thy brow"

Dixie

A friend.

WEDDING CELEBRATIONS.—First anniversary—Iron.  
Fifth anniversary—Wooden.  
Tenth anniversary—Tin.  
Fifteenth anniversary—Crystal.  
Twentieth anniversary—China.  
Twenty-fifth anniversary—Silver.  
Thirtieth anniversary—Cotton.  
Thirty-fifth anniversary—Linen.  
Fortieth anniversary—Woolen.  
Forty-fifth anniversary—Silk.  
Fiftieth anniversary—Gold.  
Seventy-fifth anniversary—Diamond

—An honest dame in the town of—, standing beside the corpse of her deceased husband, bewailing in piteous tones his untimely departure, observed: "It's a pity he's dead, for his teeth are as good as ever they were."

## Love.

Love is a gift, which God has given  
to man above beneath the heavens.  
It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie,  
Which heart-to-heart & mind-to-mind  
In body and in soul can bind.

Emma.

July 21<sup>th</sup> 1866.

Frank.

1000

There is a meek and lowly flower,  
Which blooms beside the humble cot,  
And in the silent, midnight hour  
It whispers still "Forget me not"!

*[Decorative flourish]*

35 Union Avenue, Montreal

March 12<sup>th</sup> 1864.

I lived by dyeing and acquired  
much wealth  
stuff long I dyed, but lastly  
died myself

Osoyphurston

June 19/70

Present

Mary Leproy Beades

X ~~By Little Gary~~

I do Gary

Catherine Beavores

all from Napaul

X should be Elizabeth

should not

I say it should not

ooo To Winnie ooo

May thy days be those of happiness  
May fortune smile forever great the  
And never know an hour of sadness  
It's my true wish. I can assure that

March / 1864

ooo Julia ooo

To Minnie.

"Forget me not O never let my love  
be once forgot, forget me when I thee  
forget, till then forget me not"  
Augusta Dickson  
Toronto June 23 1866

To Minnie  
You I love and shall for ever  
you may change but I will never  
Gussie



To Minnie

"Close within us we will carry,  
"Strong, collected, calm, & brave,  
The true panoply of quiet  
Which the bad world never gave;  
Very serpents in discretion,  
Yet as guileless as the dove,  
Lo! obedience is the watchword;  
And the counter-sign is Love."

M. L. F.

April 2<sup>nd</sup> /64

(W. G. Luffice)

Lines to Minnie

We may write our names in albums  
We may trace them in the sand  
Or engrave them in marble  
With a firm and skilful hand  
But the pages soon are soiled  
Soon each name will fade away  
Every monument will crumble  
Before all earthly hopes decay.

But dear Minnie there's an album  
Full of leaves of snowy white  
Where no name is fair tarnished  
But forever pure and bright  
In that book of life - God's album  
May your name be penned with care  
And may all who here have written  
Write their names forever there.

Helen C. Weston  
Glenwood

My friend.

I'd breathe a wish that thou -  
Might'st spend thy life in love and peace  
May care's chill hand ne'er touch thy brow,  
But age shed joys as years increase! -  
And I would wish that visions fair  
Might ever gild thy thoughts of me, -  
That thou may'st sometimes breathe a prayer  
For one who often thinks of thee.

When this you see,  
Remember me,  
or C. J. C.

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