Hobart 28 Nov 1891

Sunday night

Very much so!

Dear old Doc,

Please 14 letters to Post

To height, do you not understand

that this family is doing well.

I believe there are

Some from me. Notice I have

Some from there. Here there is

A respectable balance to the

good. Have written I hope,

And you came last week.

I feel as if I had not to

Nothing to say, or at least do

Nothing that you will be the

better for hearing. Remember

Go received so fast, that I seem

To be according to you about every

other day. His last came.

Curse he went to Yokkora.
Down to Engand and that it is your birthday on the 2nd. Don't that same to those you may. Many happy returns of the day, and to every body their love. I don't believe she has done their notion that the Congratualtions will be in time. She also tells me to say that they were all going to have their likeness taken to send to you for your birth day. But don't say were looking soozy that they resolved to wait it on. So I dont know when you'll get them. I wont to be taken now when at any particular about the fees forwared if begins to feel as if I was going off again. Should get here in 24 hours.
in another month. How
nervous. As you are so kind
it will be well to throw in
a French phrase occasionally.

I fear some of Cast Llet's have
read that like an obituary,
but really the matter seems
to be the only news.

He told me that Corinne Llet was received on Thursday
week. Miss N. Giblin died
on Saturday morning. She was
buried on Monday morning.
at Connelan. John next to
from old ARIG. How the horse
took the service, Mr. Clarke
assisted. In the evening a
telegram came from the Mission
for John Hutchet, saying that
Col. Boyd had been thrown
from his horse & killed. Of
course he went to Monaca.

at once to tell them, I have
the news told to poor Miss
Boyd who was there. She

Hannah started at daylight
next morning, for the town,
Hannah got back on Thursday.
It appears to have been an
accident, no one fault.
Not even poor Boyd's own,
which is some comfort.
He was riding home from his
office at the Court, where the
horse died violently at
something. Three hours later, he
fell on his head. Death in
neck. I believe there isn't
be a case for the court.
It is a good thing that
Mayf & Harold are now old
enough to earn their living.
I am very much grieved.
Poor old John Woodbridge has gone at last, after having been in his deathbed for about 3 weeks. I went to his funeral on Sat. aft. at Blewbury. It was a long funeral. First he was carried to the little Wesleyan chapel by the roadside at Blewbury, to which the old man was much attached, for there as he told me "he found peace." There Revd. Carey of Swindon conducted the service of the Lord a fine old hymn: "O God, how help me in my past." Then the funeral wended to Blewbury.
Church and there Rev. Heicklen, Martin & Mason took up the evening with the English Service. I think Rock of ages. He was buried close to the Church in the English burial ground.

It took 12 seconds to break down. I could not keep saying how thorough the old man would have enjoyed the whole thing if he could have lain away he heard it. I thought of it prayed.

The old man was a good type of the bluff, hearty, patriotic Englishman, saturated with English poetry. I could never have too much of the "exercises". I said to it, follow us. It was the Services were pity
Good Fri, beloved, at the dinner good, it was Saturday afternoon.
It was a leisurely style of it all feel in with my fellow in which was rather meditative.
And I tried to enjoy it vicariously for the old man.
I only wish he had the satisfaction of journeying unseen.
You know I had been out to seek him a good many times on sundays.
He had opened out to me a good deal about his life,
Of his hope or rather assurance for the future.
About how he was really Heavily fierce.
It was worth going to the funeral to hear these hymns sing: "O God our help in ages past" "Rock of Ages", only a little piece.
At the Chapel by their Bookman, Wesleyan fashion of reading
out each verse separately.
What now we cease to think of
their rigid theology, their hymns are grand.
The passion of the mystic glow through them too material
vignety, though perhaps this phrase is only true of
anything again to day in School where we were practicing
for the Christmas service.
We had Jesus, lover of my soul", and immediately
after some drizzling drudge unceremoniously, I thought may
blasphemy (lord, it is too
feeling) - "Jesus is a friend
of mine." (You remember Matthew Arnold's remark)
A tailor, a man of work and wisdom
Unseen - had his hall and high room
Great to his suitors, small to the slight.
Great to the well-dressed, small to the foolish.
Great to the rich, small to the poor.
Great to the world, small to the world.
Great to the wise, small to the wise.
Great to the strong, small to the weak.
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And while one revels at the sanctimonious preoccupation
of the law, one can't but be touched by such a hymn as
old Halls. There is a
land of pure delight, and
its tender reverent loving;
its something better than
this life, a place "where
beyond these borders there is
place." Indeed, mean
as it go off this way, but
you were always a good
deal of heaven, I thought
that it was absolute to me as
Tew Meredith. Tragedy being
the Paris you probably will
grow worse to a little
sensuousness come here...n
Moreover it won't deprive
you of virtue, nor story. God
Bless you, I have none to tell,
Sir, "may more than Carrying
Neddy knife printer.
It is one o'clock & have
Just been up to see the
Little brother who is settle
To bed under Mr. Jones rather
Billying supervision. She
only has her dear love to
Cord.

On Friday night, the girl
Dorothy went up to Mrs
Crockett's with Mr Nolan.
They came back this evening
but I haven't seen them.
The weather has been very
Changeable, to day it is
Chilly, with cold wind,
but fine. It has been a
Good Spring so far.

Mr Booth said is going
to pay its creditors a dividend
Of 2 1/2 in the next month.
This is the first dividend.
I fear they will have to
Make a call on the shareholders
That it will be years
Winding up. At 2 when I
Saw at the Funeral, said
That he had been through
The books & it ought to pay
Everyone in full without
Calling on the Shareholders,
But Much Fitzgerald is
Making a mess of the
Liquidations, as I thought
He would.

This is not a cheerful letter, but I hope it will
Find you cheerful, as it leaves me at present.

God bless you, yours