

ALBUM

M. J. HEYWOOD

1892.

Memorial Names.

The High Priest stands before the Mercy Seat,
And on his breast bright mingling jewel flames
Reflect Shechinah light; twelve patriarch names
Flash where the emerald and the sapphire meet
Sardius and diamond. With softer beam,
From mystic onyx on his shoulder placed,
Deep graven, never altered or erased,
The same great names, in birthday order, gleam.
May each name written here be thus engraved,
Set in the place of power, the place of love,
And borne in sweet memorial above,
By him who loved and chose, redeemed and saved.
Be each dear name, the greatest and the least
Always upon the heart of our High Priest.
F. R. H.

John Mosely.
3/8/92.

Time's Footsteps.

Time plants his steps in many ways.
In mossy lanes 'mid king-cups' blaze,
In ordered gardens' comeliness,
And in the trackless wilderness.

But in the mists of fading years
Time's footprint fades and disappears.
And then we long to have some sweet
Faint record of his flying feet.

And to that end this book is made
That memories may in it be laid —
That you may turn its pages o'er,
And see the dear old days once more.

W. J. C.

25. 11. 94.

With fondest love

From your "college daughter"

Lizzie © Karen Turner

"A sacred burden in this life ye bear
Look on it, lift it up, bear it solemnly
Stand up, and walk beneath it steadfastly
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin
But onward-upward-heavenward
till the goal ye win."

Best wishes for the future,
from Pollie McNab.

Dec 10/93.
(The Last Sunday in College)





To Polly with love and
best wishes

From Marion



With love to Pollie.

Annie Finlow.

Oct. 8/93

2.
— 3. 2



Dear Polly.

May every day bring near.

What-e'er your hopes hold dearest.

Lovingly yours.

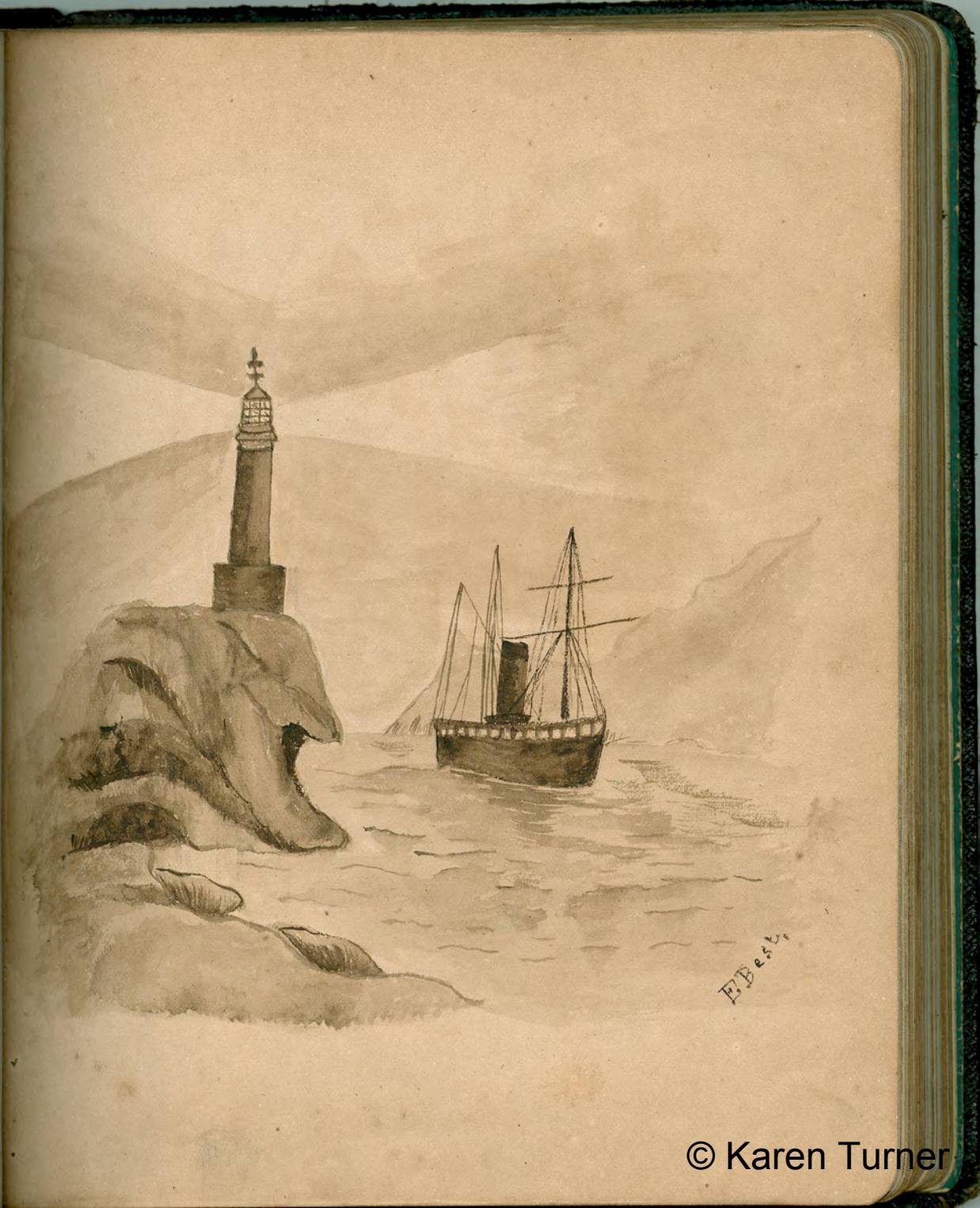
Emily De la Court.

24/9/93.



Heaven is not reached at a single bound
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies
And we mount to the summit round by ours

To dear Mary Will.
- Evelyn Wilder.



Nov. 13th 1892

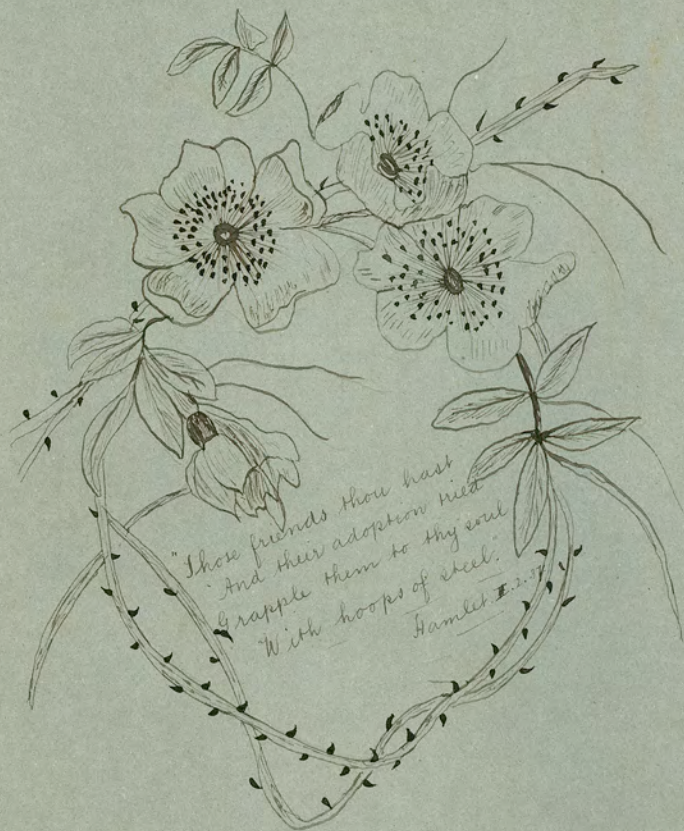


Peace be around thee
 whenever thou roost,
May life be to thee one
 summer's day,
And all that thou wishest,
 and all that thou lovest
Come smiling around thy
 sunny way,
With best wishes from,
 Loustance Kenshaw.

St Elphinst College,

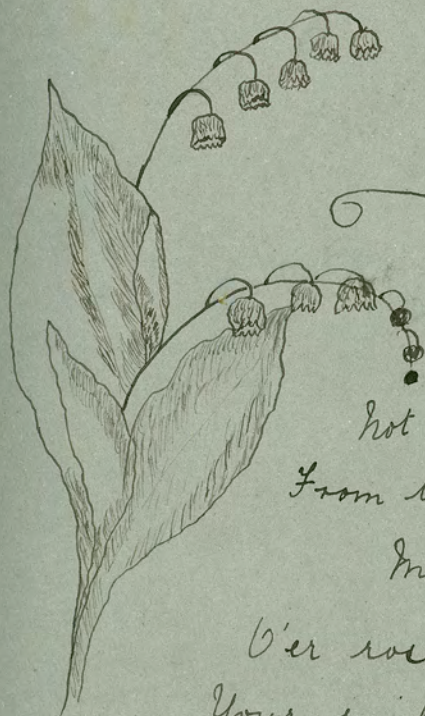
Warrington.

9:10:93.



"Those friends thou hast
And their adoption did
Grapple them to thy soul
With hoops of steel."
Hamlet II.2.77

To dear Pollie
With love and best wishes
From Dolly.



— A Wish. —

Not for a moment may you stray,
From truth's secure evening way,
May no delights decoy!

O'er roses may your footsteps move,
Your smiles be smiles of love
Your tears be tears of joy!

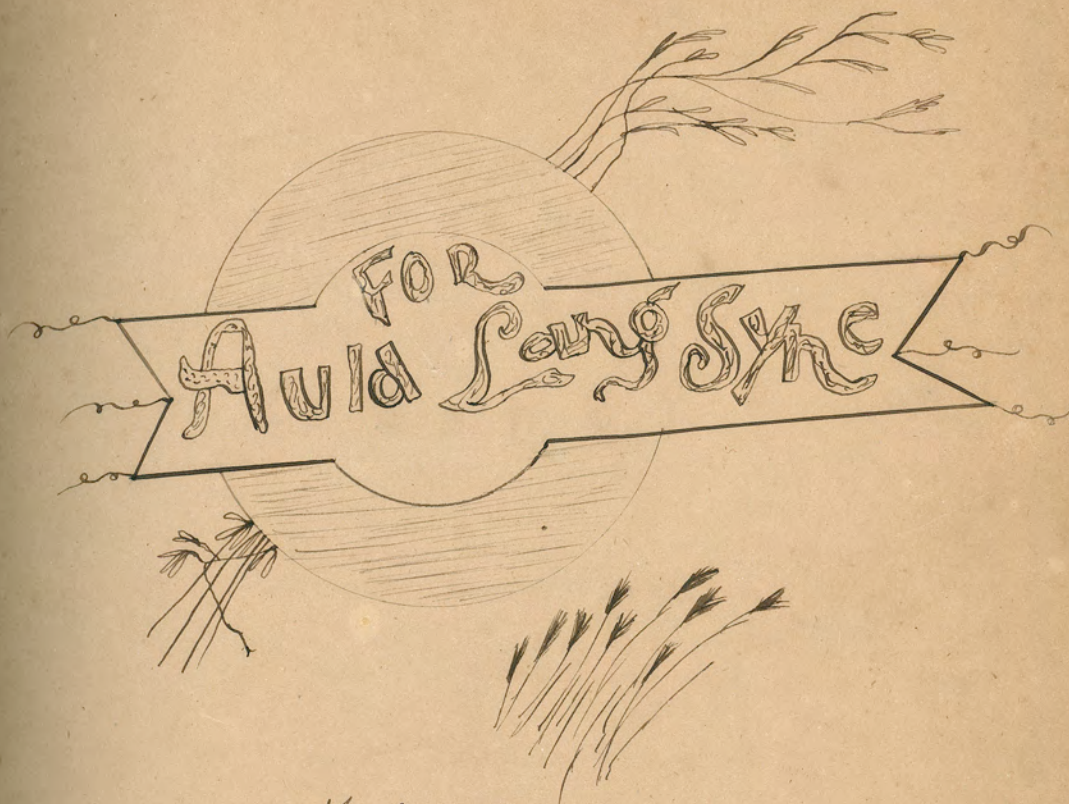
(Byron)

Warrington.

Training College

Helena North

October 9th 1892.



With love
from

Annie Hancock.

V. Y. C.

November 20. 1892.



A L A D Q E R

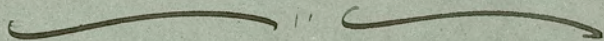
All common things - each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end;
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

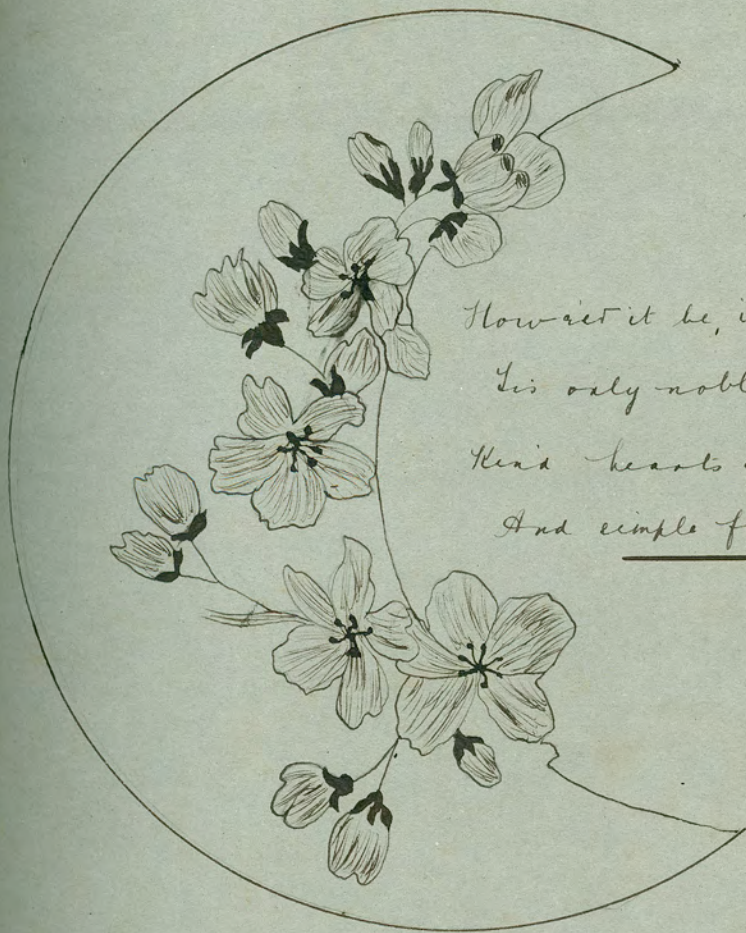
Maud M. Bowles

W. G. 1892.



" A little wish - a line or two,
But every word sincere
May Hope thy sweet companion be
And Friendship pure and sweet."





How art it he, it seems to me
Is only noble to be good
Kind hearts are more than crowns
And simple faith than Norman blood.

from your loving friend
Amy. E. Clay.

13/10/93

It's sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest
bark,
Bay deep-mouthed welcome when we
draw near home.
It's sweet to know an eye will mark
our coming
And look brighter when we come
(Byron)

With all love and
best wishes
Your sincere friend
A. Meredith.

"Ellan Vannin"

When the summer day is over
And its busy cares have flown
I sit beneath the starlight
With a weary heart - alone.

Then rises like a vision
Sparkling bright in nature's glee
My own dear "Ellan Vannin"
With its green hills by the sea.

Then I hear the wavelets murmur
As they kiss the fairy shore
And beneath the emerald waters
Sings the mermaid as of yore.
And the fair isle shines in beauty
As in youth it dawned on me
My own dear "Ellan Vannin"
With its green hills by the sea.

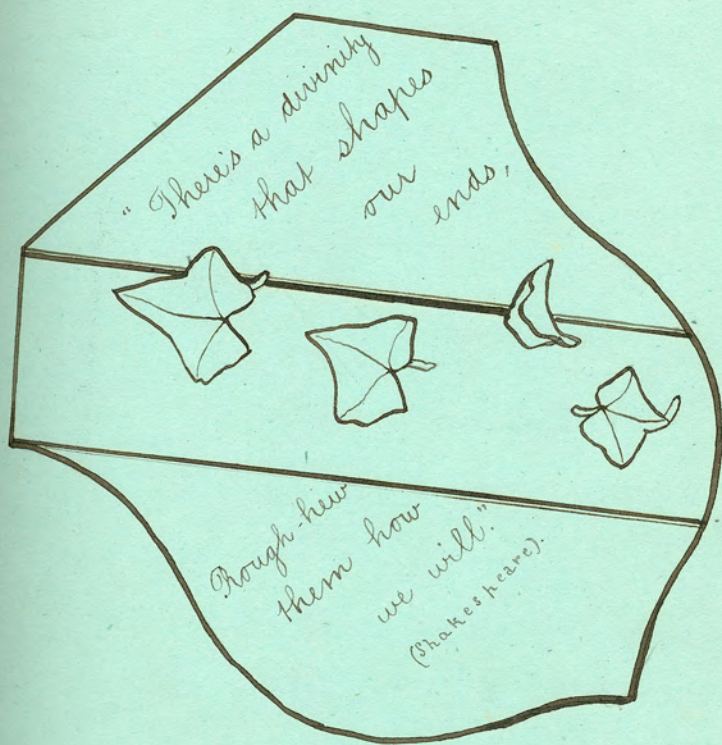
Then memories sweet and tender
Come like music's plaintive flow
Of the hearts in "Ellan Vannin"
That loved me long ago.
And I give with tears and blessings
My fondest thoughts to thee
My own dear Ellan Vannin
And thy green hills by the sea.

From your loving friend

Janie © Karen Turner

W.G.L.

15/I/12.



With love and best wishes
to dear Pollie
from Emily.



The boast of heraldry, the pomp and power,
 And all that beauty - all that wealth e'er gave,
 Awaits alike the inevitable hour,
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air
 (Gray's elegies).

Annie Park
 August 4th 1892
 © Karen Turner



'Tis sweet as year
by year we lose,
Friends out of sight
in faith to muse
How grows in paradise our
store.

With love and every
good wish

From © Karen Turner
From March 2. Calou

September 11th 1892

June 26th 1892



'There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray
you, love, remember; and here is pansies
That's for thoughts" (Shakespeare)
With love and best wishes
from May.

— Extracts. —

"You are endowed with Faculties which bear
Annexed to them, as 'twere a dispensation
To summon meaner spirits to do their will,
And gather round them at their need; inspiring
Such with a love themselves can never feel".

"It is not the wall of stone without
That makes the building small or great
But the soul's light shining round about
And the Faith that overcometh Doubt,
And the Love that is stronger than Hate"
(Longfellow)

With love
from
Florence Hulley.

Excerpt from "Abt Vogler".

"There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall
live as before;

The evil is 'null', is 'nought', is silence implying
sound;

What was good shall be good, with, for evil,
so much good more;

On the earth the broken arcs; in the
heaven, a perfect 'round'."

R. Browning.

St.

14.xii.93.

Waking Street.

W. L. C.

May 22nd 1892.



"Stone walls do not a prison make.

"Nor iron bars a cage."

Grow Your sincere Friend
and Well wisher.

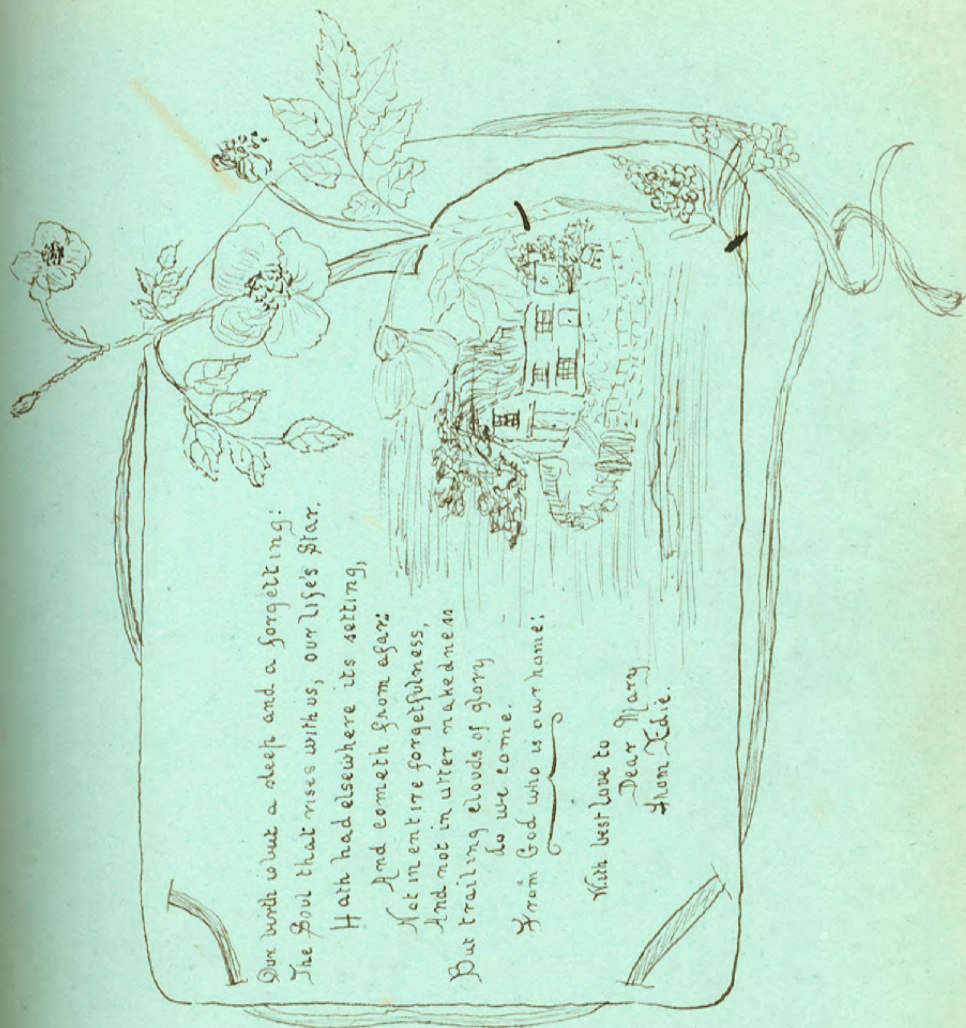
Minnie Blakey

Our world is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory
So we come.

From God who is our home:

With best love to
Dear Mary
from Edie.





"God does answer prayer, not always in our way, but in His way, the best way. And, if sometimes the answer comes not, may it not be because our prayer was weak and cold, or if the prayer came from a heart filled with God, be sure that the answer is withheld because He knows that to answer it would not be well for us - that spiritually if not physically that which we ask would do us harm."

With loving wishes
from
Margaret Stott.

2nd Sunday in Advent 1892.

Arcadia

May 10th 1895

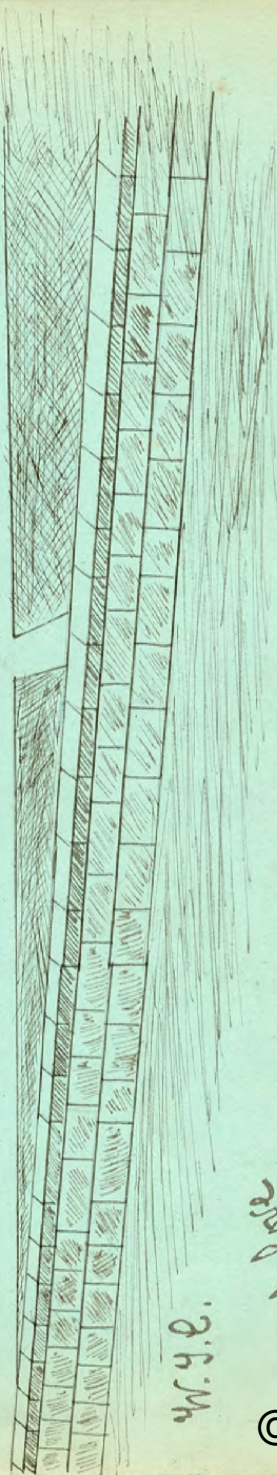
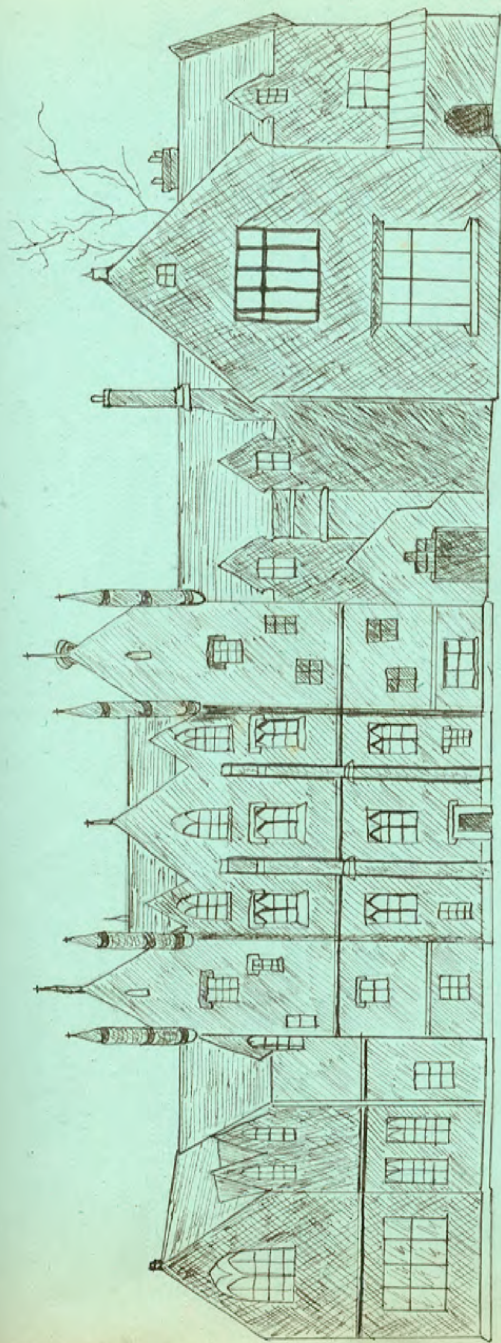


"My gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy
that you can wish"
"Shakespeare"

with best wishes

from

Lissie Taylor



W. H. C.

*done
with
pencil*

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares."

(Longfellow)

With love from
Maggie Stainton

4.XII. 1892.



Delight thyself in God
Raise thou thine eyes above;
His Heart is yearning for thee,
His bounty lies before thee,
Take thou thy fill of love.
The more thy need demands,
The more will He
Extend the sceptre of His grace to thee.

Delight thyself in God,
And all thou canst require
Shall be to Him well-pleasing
So will His love unceasing,
Give thee thy heart's desire.

Pressed to His bosom, guided by His eye
Thou wilt not ask the things He must deny.
(S. Bennett.)

So dear Pollie, with love from
her loving "mother", Barbara H.  Karen Turner
Nov^r 6th 1892.

Upon the
heat and flame
of my waste imper
sprinkle cool patience

There's nothing
either good or bad
but thinking makes
it so

Give thy
thoughts no
longer

Time
qualifies
the shark
and fire
of love

Power of
entrance to a
paradise

A
double
blessing
is a double
grace

One may
smile and
be a villain

Diseases
deeperate
grown by asperan
appliances are
relieved or not
at all

Be
thou
familiar
but by no
means vulgar

Where
love is great
the little doubts are
few, where little
fears grow great, great
love grows there

Drinking
is the
cool of
wit

Use
every man
after his deserts,
and who shall
escape whipping

With
receptions
action and
sugar as the
shell himself

Throw
the
fearer worse
and live the
half other

Do not, as
some angrains
show us the
thorny path to
heaven, while he
himself the primrose
path of dalliance treads

Truly
thy name
is .. man.

Extracts from Shakespeare.

Breathe his
faults so quaintly
that they may
seem the
taunts of
liberty

One woe
dash bread
upon another's
heels

Conceit
hides strength

The evil that
men do lives
after them, the
good is oft
interred in their
bones.

Love
you
well

Love often
loses both
itself &
friend

To be
honest as
the world
goes is to be
one man picked
out of a
thousand

With love and
good wishes from
your old friend,
E. Rankin
Warrington

These more
things in
heaven and
earth than
dreamt of in
thy philosophy

It is a
question left
us yet to prove
whether love
leads fortunes
or fortune,
love

Old friends, old friends, oh, I love old friends!
For many a thought with their memory blends.
Of bygone hours that I may regret,
So sweet they were, but can ne'er forget.

Oft and oft I love to dwell
On the sound of their names remembered well;
And reckon the claims by each possess,
As each one claims to be loved the best.

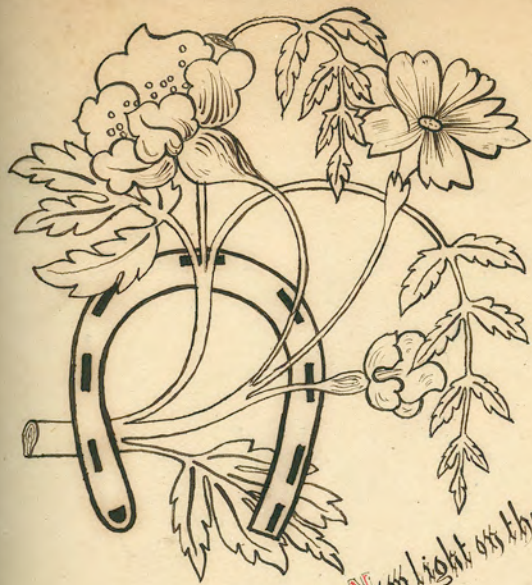
Let us value the friends we've known and tried,
And never forget this truth beside,
In friendships' bond we all hope to be
United again in Eternity.

With love
from
Jane Crooks

"Bear through sorrow,
wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of
youth
On thy lips the smile of truth."



With love from
Edith Roylance.
June 11th 1893



New mercies. **N**ew blessings. **N**ew light on thy way;
New courage. **N**ew hope, and **N**ew strength for each day;
New notes of thanksgiving. **N**ew chords of delight;
New praise in the morning. **N**ew songs in the night.



John. M. Jones.

23/4/92.

© Karen Turner



" Be what thou seemest, live thy creed,
Sold up to earth the force divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made,
Let the great Master's steps be mine."
With love to Mary
From Kate.

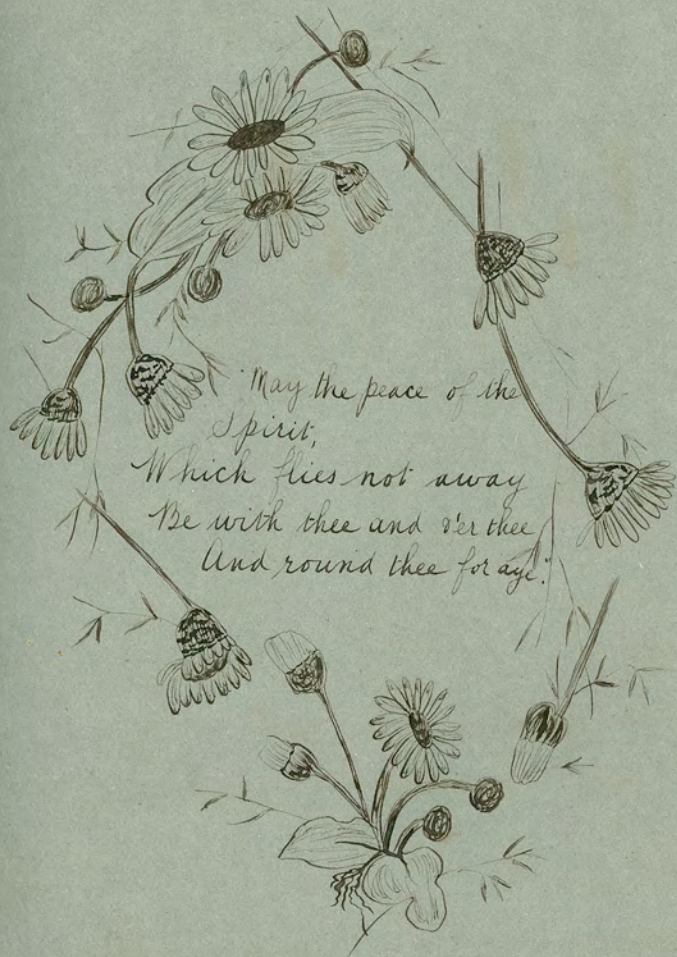


Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made.
Our times are in His hand
who saith "A whole I planned,
"Youth shows but half; trust God; see all,
nor be afraid!"

(R. Browning)

With love, from
Lucey Ellingsworth.

The Sunday after
the Guild meeting. 1892.



With love and best wishes,
from,
Mary Mound.

1/8/92.



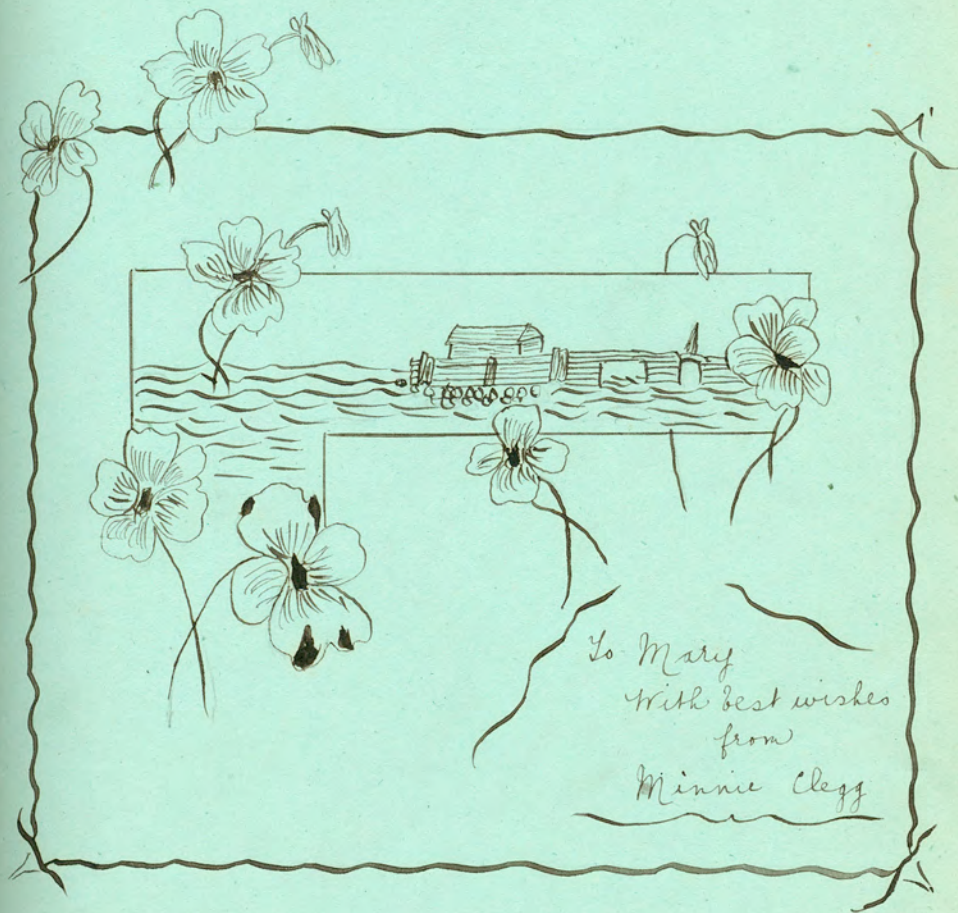
The fulness of his blessing incompasseth our way;
The fulness of his promises crowns every brightening day;
The fulness of his glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we realize the fulness of his love.

With love
and best wishes
from

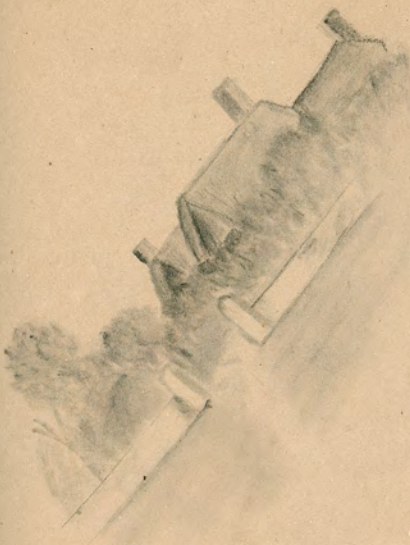
Alice Mosely

© Karen Turner

St Elphin's College
Warrington
2/9/93



To Mary
With best wishes
from
Minnie Clegg



Life's saddest mood brightens
In love's sunnier
And common's lowest clouds
All ill is good.

With best love
from Nellie S.
Middle Long



"Love took up the harp of life and
smote on all its chords with might,
To smote chord of self, which trembling,
passed in music out of sight."

Your loving friend
Maud Stanley.

Palm Sunday



Remember all the happy hours
We have spent together here.
And let their memory make us cling
The closer every year

With dearest love
from Nellie

The College Bell

Rung so oft from day to day
'Tis wonder 'tis not worn away
That good old college bell

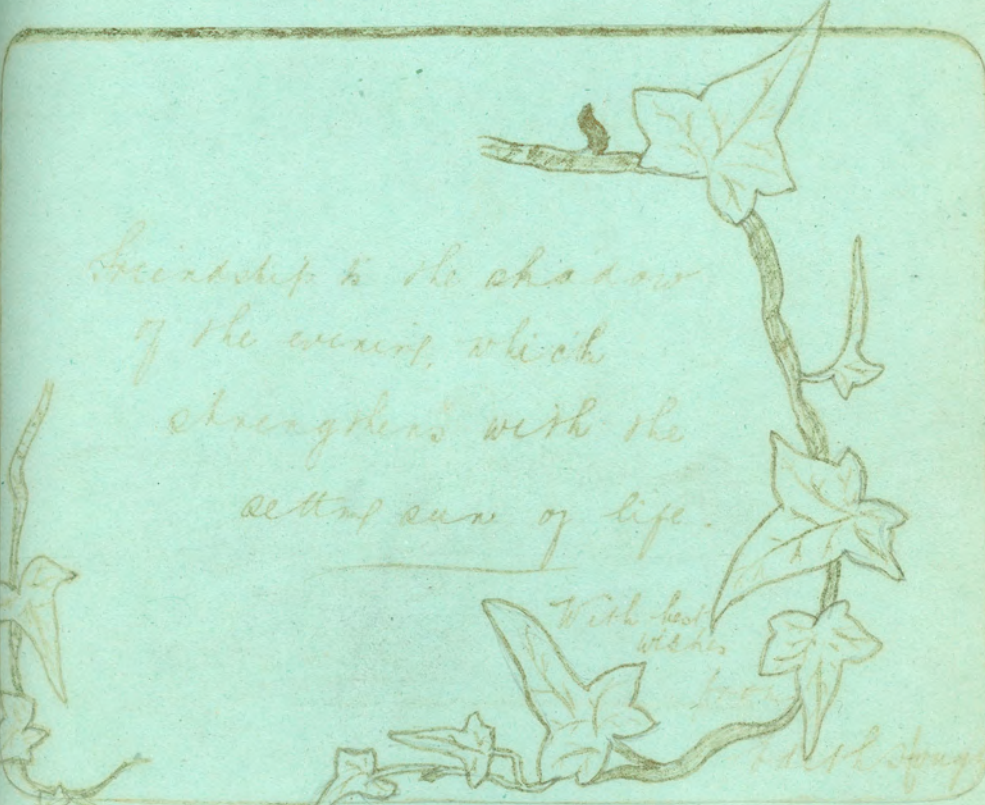
Oft in mornings ere 'tis light
While yet the stars in heaven are bright
And most good people sleep
The girls are wakened from their rest
And warned 'tis time to get them dressed
By pealings loud and deep

Again each day some dozen times
O'er all the place are heard the chimes
Rung from that iron throat
A call to lessons or to meals
To class walks or to chapel peals
Full oft in loud clear note

By every hand 'tis made to sound
To clang and wake the echoes round
Or give one timid peal
Or loud and hard and fierce & strong
A thousand ways that bell is rung
And all its influence feel

But not much longer shall we dwell
Where calls are sounded by that bell
(a true and faithful friend
Still memory through the coming days
Will lead us to that time always
When thoughtful hours we spend

Your sincere friend
John Wilkinson



Friendship is the shadow
of the warm, which
strengthens with the
setting sun of life.

With best
wishes

Yours truly,
K. Turner



"Mother And Her Soldier Boy."

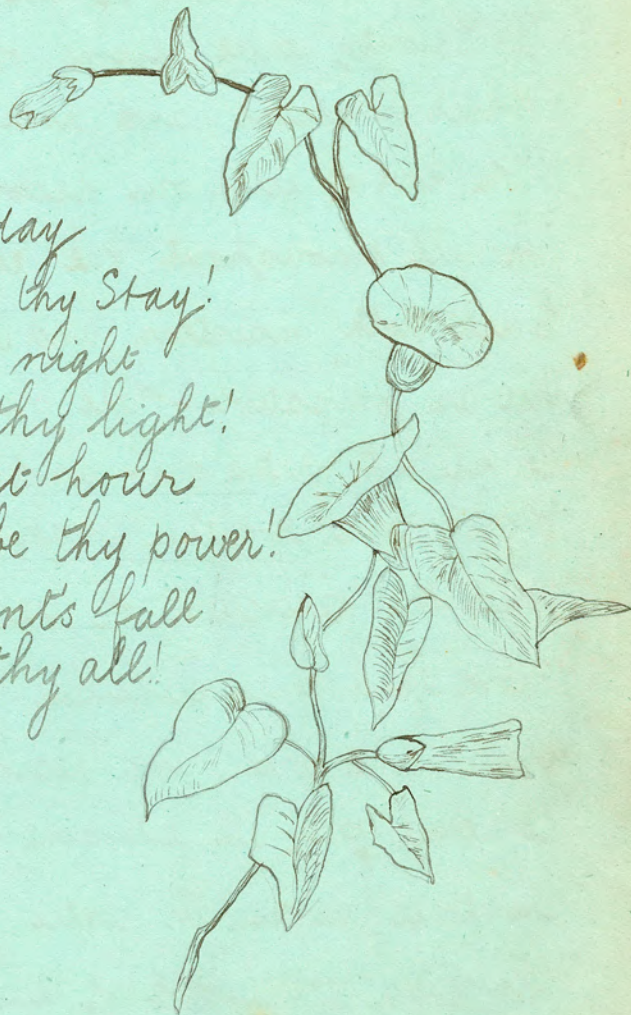
The sun had died, the moon lay fair
Across the sleeping land
And from the mist and shadow there
A form from shadow-land—
An Angel with his Mother's eyes,
Her soft caressing ways—
Comes to the Soldier where he lies
Beneath the moon's bright rays.

"Mother: "he breathes, then swiftly flees,
The spirit once again,
Who left that home beyond the seas
For life undimmed by pain;
And knowing now the calm sweet joy
That only Angels know,
Her Spirit seeks her Soldier boy
To soothe his bitter woe.

Her darling boy, her Soldier brave
The love that Mothers give
Will reach him e'en beyond the grave
As long as he may live;
Who sent him bravely to the war,
Upon his lips a kiss
Looks down on him - a shining star
From realms of perfect bliss.

December 20th 1899.

H. Poynton.
D. L. P.



For the weariest day
May Christ be thy stay!
For the darkest night
May Christ be thy light!
For the weakest hour
May Christ be thy power!
For each moment's fall
May Christ be thy all!

Alice Barnett.
November 19th 1893.

Love.

"Love is the happy privilege of the mind.
Love is the reason of all living things.
A Trinity there seems of principles,
Which represent and rule created life -
The love of self, our fellows, and our God.
In all throughout one common feeling reigns:
Each doth maintain, and is maintained by the other.
All are compatible - all needful; one
To life - to virtue one - and one to bliss:
Which thus together make the power, the end,
And the perfection of created Being.
From these three principles doth every deed,
Desire, and will, and reasoning, good or bad, come;
To these they all determine - sum and scheme:
The three are one in centre and in round,
Wrapping the world of life as do the skies
Our world."

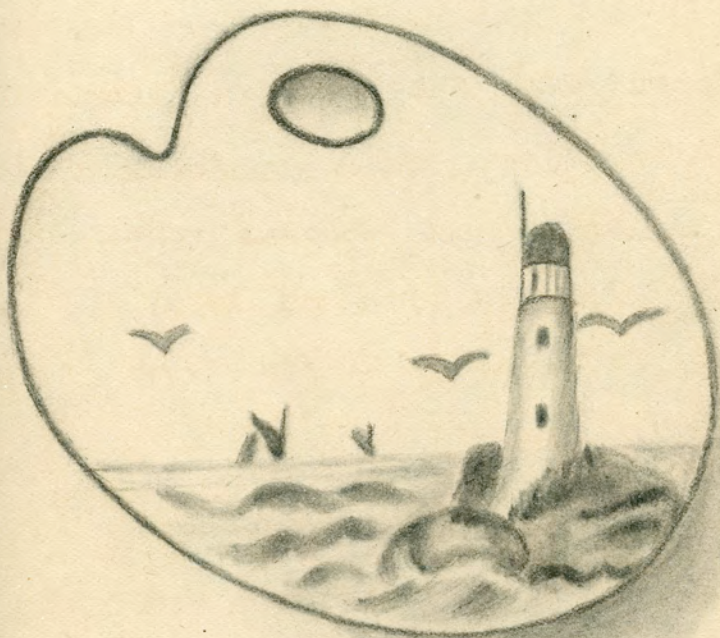
Yours lovingly

Phoebe Lumsden.

© Karen Turner

W. G. C.

May. 1893



With love
from
Mollie.



Yield all the days their dues,
But when the evening light is lost, or dim,
Commune alone, in spirit, and with Him;
Restore your soul with stillness as is meet.
And when the sun bids forth, haste not to shew
Your strength; but kneel for blessing, ere you go;
And meekly bind the sandals on your feet.

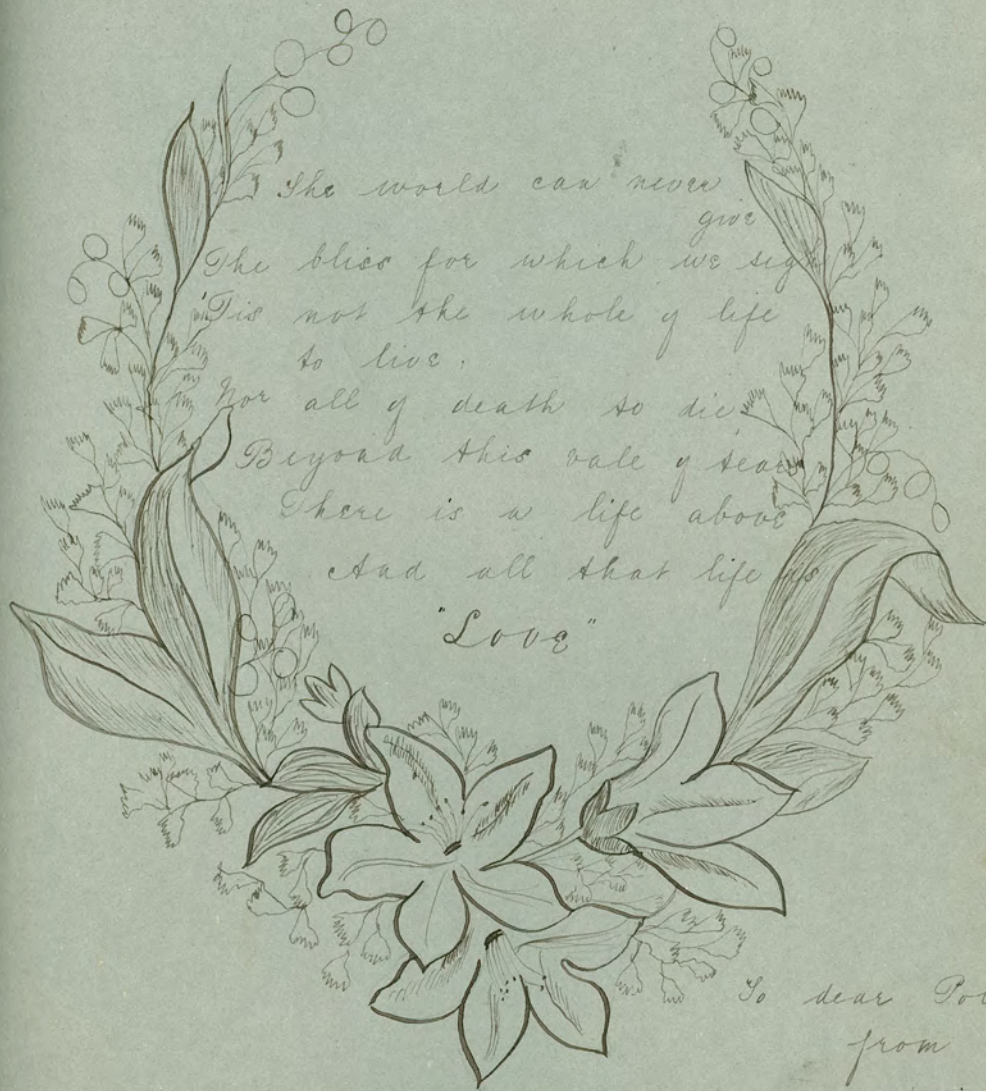
With love
from Maud Page
© Karen Turner



March brings breezes
loud and shrill
Stirs the dancing daffodil

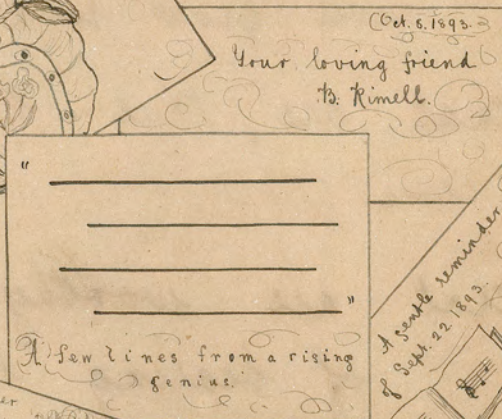
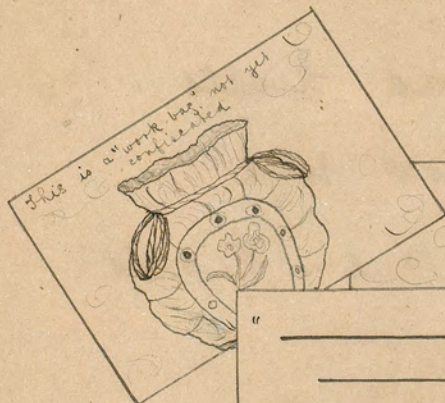
With love from *S. J. M.*
© Karen Turner
1893.

Sunday after Ascension



The world can never
The bliss for which we sigh
Tis not the whole of life
to live,
Nor all of death so die,
Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above
And all that life is
"Love"

To dear Pollic
from
Minnie S.



W. J. C.
December 10th /93.

Hearts.

Hearts, that are fond hearts,
never grow cold,

Hearts, that are true hearts,
never grow old,

Hearts, that are worthy
of bearing the name,

Through cloud and sun-shine
are ever the same.

With love from
yours faithfully
Louie Worsfold.

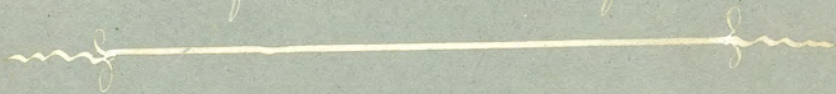
S. B. B. B. B.
MAY 1879

Though now apart our paths be
found links our hearts
With loving are bound

Remember me who ever
well for your future
success

Your loving friend
Anne Stennard

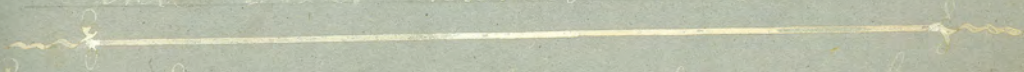
We may write our names in Albums
We may trace them in the sand
We may chisel them in marble
With a firm and skilful hand.



But dear Pollicie there's an Album
Full of leaves of snowy white,
Where no name is ever written,
But is always pure and bright.



In that "Book of Life" God's Album
May our names be penned with care
And may all who here have written
Find their names enrolled there.



Palm Sunday. Your loving friend

Top Long. Nellie Br.

Annie Parks.
A Barnett

Maud No. Bowles.
Ada McTyn.
Ethie Best.
Georgia Just.
Horrie Whadcon.
Jane Bealey.
Annie Simm.
Mary Gurbey.
Alice Maddams.
Lassie Roberts.
Hillie Hewitt.
Cissy Millington.
Annie Lyndall.
Mary Hickson.
Lillie Morrison.
Alice Morrell.
Emily B. Delabour.
Minnie Spethurst.
Horrie Deyles.

Annie Kennedy
Helen Chalkford
O.C.P.
GIRLS

Will you give
me a little
from the time
I read
Annie's letter

More things are wrought by prayer,

Than this world dreams of.

Wherefore, let thy voice rise like

A fountain night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or goats,

That nourish a blind life within the brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,

Both for themselves and those who call

them friend? For so the whole round earth,

Is every way bound by gold chains about
the feet of God.

(Tennyson).

With love from

Jane Beeley.



"In a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us thither."

Wordsworth.

With love and all good wishes
To Mary.

From Ada Wilson.

Alice Dale

Lillian Robinson

Isobel Johnston

Bertha J. Varley

Jane Hewley

P. P. Bailhache

Lucy McEllan

Ada Gardner

Woman's Sphere

They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had no limit.

There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

October 28th 1893.

Sincerely yours
P. Carey



"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them all day long
And so make life, death, & that vast forever
One grand sweet song."

With love and best wishes
from

Hellie Carter.

29/5/92.

We cannot all be heroes.
With some great & long running
Some dead in at insects at foot.
But we can't in a life time
Shed always noble acts and true
For noble souls too. (a many)

Not
great and
wishes from
May.



What a piece of work
is man! how noble in
reason! how infinite in
faculty! in form and
moving how express and
admirable! in action how
like an angel! in
apprehension how like a
god! the beauty of the
world! the paragon of
animals!

'God bless you and me'

The College visit of one old
donkey to another

The College
Warrington.

Dec: 10th 1893.

My dearest Pollie

Those friends thou
hast, and their affection tried,
Grapple them to thy heart with hoops
of steel

But do not dull thy palm with
entertainment
of each new-hatched unfledged comrade

With best wishes for the future, from
one who wears thee in her heart's
core — S of the D. D. B. S.

Extracts.

He liveth long who liveth well.

All other life is short and vain,

He liveth longest who can tell

Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well.

All else is being flung away

He liveth longest who can tell

Of true things truly done each day.

H Bonar

September 14th / 93

Ada Mc Myn.

Friendship

What is friendship? I will tell you:

Eyes that weep for other's wrongs,
Shoulders bearing other's burdens,
Lips repeating other's songs.

Friendship is a chain embracing
Rich, & poor, & young & old;
Even the beggar child may fondly
Touch in awe its links of gold.

Friendship is the heart's devotion,
By warm, loving acts confess'd,
Thinking trials only pleasures.

If they give a loved one rest.

Friendship is a sweet compassion,
When brave courage is unmann'd,
Asking naught, but bursting fully,
Quick to soothe & understand.

March 11th 1899.

In sincerity
Bertha, G. Mackenzie

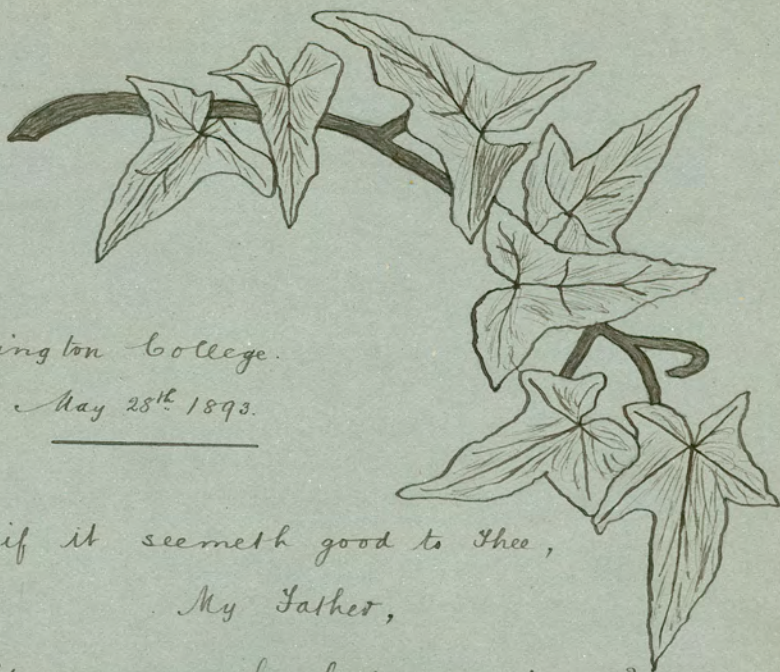


Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Longfellow.

June 23rd 1893.

M. H.



Warrington College.

May 25th 1893.

And if it seemeth good to Thee,

My Father,

Shall it seem aught but good to me?

Thy will be done!

Thou knowest I would rather

Leave all with Thee."

With love from

C. Rowley.

A Birthday

A birthday anniversary! what crowding thoughts it brings,
What conflicts in the human breast, what hope eternal springs
When mem'ry, faithful in her charge recalls to mind the past.
And tells the tale of other days, - of joys too pure to last.

A birthday anniversary! what solemn thoughts it brings
For 'though man knows the ills of life, yet still to life he clings,
Birthdays, as mile-stones of our years, to urge us on may tend
But as we reach and pass each one, we near our journey send.

A birthday anniversary! what warning thoughts it brings,
To those who say they're pilgrims here, and still mind ^{things} earthly
Who make the things of time and sense, their pleasure and their pride
Who own a holy faith their creed, and fashion as their guide.

A birthday anniversary! what grateful thoughts it brings
It leads the mind to that Great Source, whence every blessing ^{springs}
And as a mile-stone tells how far the traveller has trod,
Let birthday's Ebenezer's be of those who love their God.

W. H. best love.

from home

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This world is but a fleeting show,
And no wise man regrets it;
Man wants but little here below,
And generally he gets it.

From

'One who has got it.'

Sept^r 23rd 1893.



When'er is spoken a noble thought

Our hearts in glad surprise

To higher ends rise.

To dear Mary.

From Lizzie Robertshaw

What to Write.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in
Once in a century. - sight

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall awaken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men;

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

He who does this in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye.

