Emma Rees.

January 29, 1879.

[News clipping]

Death of Rev. Mrs. McElroy.

[News clipping]

The Body of a Worshipped Citizen Found on the Shore at Fairport.

[News clipping]

Funeral of Mrs. Thomas F. McElroy.

[News clipping]

The text on this page appears to be a transcription of a historical newspaper or a similar document. The page contains various articles and advertisements in English. The text is too small and crowded to be read accurately without the aid of optical character recognition (OCR) technology. The document seems to be from the 19th century, given the style of presentation and the content of the articles. Without OCR, it is challenging to provide a coherent summary or analysis of the text.
Every tree, every flower, every leaf, every dancing stars to life some long buried memory; the green grass, the changing cloud pictures, the rich foliage, sunshine, and sunset flood my heart with tender recollections until I feel like throwing myself down in the shade of a great tree and crying like a school-boy.

There is a kind of sadness, like the sighing of the wind in the grand old pine forests of my native hills. The boys I played with are scattered and gone, and I am a stranger in the home of my boyhood. Some are sleeping in the village church-yard; the graves of some are in the gold caves of California; beautiful faces, once dear to me, have vanished forever, so that I often had my eyes filling with tears, and in the fullness of my heart, there remains only the sweet hope—

"That, in the by-and-by, may reel the stone from the grave away."

---

A TURNED-DOWN PAGE.

---

THE TWO ANGELS.

God chose the moment when he saw me. He sent his angels to call me, and they said, "God has chosen thee for his name to be his." And I knew that I had been chosen.

Ann and I were standing on the porch of our house, looking out over the lake. A great castle stood on the hillside, and we could see the lights shining in the windows. It was a beautiful evening.

Ann put her hand on my shoulder and said, "We have been chosen for a great purpose."

And I said, "I know it, Ann. I know it."

---

FOR LESS, LESS.

Wandered through the half-deserted city, through the empty streets, through the abandoned buildings. I saw no one, heard no sound, felt nothing but the dead stillness of the place where only death and despair remained.

---

THE UNFORTUNATE BROTHER.

---

NOT BROTHER.

This is the last time I will see her. I have loved her since I was a child. She is my sister, my partner, my everything.

---

SUIT TO SOUL.

---

I shall love you, even as I love myself. I shall care for you, even as I care for myself. I shall be your friend, even as I am your friend.

---

THE REMINISCENCES.

For that, but that, I must keep her memory alive. The memory of her face, of her laugh, of her smile, of her love, of her care, of her tenderness, of her kindness, will forever be with me.

---

THE SEVEN DAYS OF PEACEFUL SLEEP.

---

THE GLOOMY PHANTOM.

---

The gloomy phantom, the ghost of the past, haunts me still. It is always there, always waiting, always watching. I cannot escape it, cannot shake it off.

---

THE COLD-HEARTED WOMAN.

---

I have loved her, but she has not loved me back. She is cold-hearted, callous, selfish. I cannot love her anymore. I have given her so much, yet she has returned nothing.

---

THE DECEIVING ANN.

---

Ann has been lying to me. She has been deceiving me. I do not trust her anymore. I cannot believe her anymore.

---

THE UNCONTROLLABLE COUSIN.

---

I have a cousin, she is wild, she is free-spirited. She does not care about society, about rules, about regulations. She does what she wants, and I cannot control her.

---

THE SOUL OF THE SILENT WOMAN.

---

The soul of the silent woman is a mystery to me. She is always quiet, always reserved, always mysterious. I do not know her, I cannot understand her.

---

THE MOTHERLY WOMAN.

---

The motherly woman is the one who loves you unconditionally. She will always be there for you, always support you, always care for you. She is the one who knows you best, who understands you best.

---

THE UNFAITHFUL WIFE.

---

I have a wife, she is unfaithful. She has been cheating on me, lying to me, hiding her true feelings. I cannot trust her anymore, I cannot love her anymore.

---

THE SORROWFUL WOMAN.

---

The sorrowful woman is the one who has lost everything. She has been通过, through so much pain, through so much suffering. I pity her, I understand her, I support her.

---

THE UNRELIABLE FRIEND.

---

I have a friend, she is unreliable. She always lets me down, always breaks my trust, always breaks my heart. I cannot trust her anymore, I cannot love her anymore.

---

THE BEAUTIFUL MISTRESS.

---

The beautiful mistress is the one who has captured my heart. She is beautiful, she is passionate, she is kind. I cannot help but love her, I cannot help but care for her.

---

THE UNSTOPPABLE LOVE.

---

I have a love, it is unstoppable. It is strong, it is fierce, it is true. I cannot stop it, I cannot resist it. I can only let it take control of my life.
Mrs. E. L. Tallman of San Francisco, sister-in-law of our fellow townsman, T. W. Tallman, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. H. T. McElroy, arrived in the city last evening and will remain a few days, the guests of Mr. Tallman and family. The ladies are on their way east for the purpose of spending the summer.

May 1885
I AM SAD TRANSPIR.

Margaret of the north will come,
All around her will be
The snow of spring and the
Cold of winter. She will bring

She will bring with her the
Waves of the sea and the

Of days when snow is

When she comes, the


STARDAY.

I saw in a dream of my

Of my eyes as the


When the moon that

And the gentle days of

When the storm that


W. M. Morse Wed. June 1877.
Ocean House Lies.

Opening Address.

By Ralphy B., 1871

In laying these ideas before you we have, will, shall, and intend to advance the truth to the truth, so as to give our small paper a good name in journalism, and a few patronage from the public. I will here impress upon the memory of the public that I am not responsible for any "lies" in this paper, but I give my securities averaged at anything herein, they will please turn to and mail themselves of the person of G.W.H. Fighting Editor of this journal.

Hoping that this sheet will meet with a liberal patronage I have the honor to remain,

Respectfully yours,

Ralph S., Editor.

Post-Sue, All "Lies," big and little, fat and lean, tall and short, strong and weak, are respectfully invited to send in their "truthful" notes for next week's column.

Lies of the Season.

It is not true that the number of color put hair all on George 3's hair.
That he made a lightning change from auburn to black, in his entire.
That once H. was a three-story place, but had brought the best looking man in town.
That he is in with Baldwin, the photographer.
That B.U. S, John G. L, and L. E. C were killed out.
That Mr. F. is the bestest woman on the beach.
That somebody stole "bananas" at the big tree the other day.
That Deed. P forgot to pay a dollar at the party the other night.
That he said he would make up all shorts.
That Miss G. E. C has not yet been her first hunting expedition.
That Miss T. thinks herself the best dancer in town.
That she will not associate with, and does not dislike anyone under twenty-five years of age.
That Cat. offered to settle with Judge Talmage for 50.
That he stole the dollar.
That Tom E. had enough to offer the Judge's
New Year's Day

The bright, shiny man is driven
When the sun is old as wine,
With all the rings of sunshine
And the new ones all in line.

Then when the year is over,
And the wheels are turned in place,
The streets are lit up golden
And the children are made.
LINGERING AND DOZING.

Let us lay a heritage to thee—
Yet not as we are today;
Not deeds that, whoever bids thee,
To thee be in tender and true.

Tender and true! I believe, love,
The eye of thought, whisper through the trees,
Let the dream of beauty return,
Let the vision light from your brow.

I'm breathing here for you to prove,
And thinking with promising sighs.
The answer in Truth and in Love.

With joy, here once happiness!
Now answer: What, drowning the still
Ah, sometimes sound's too loud.
Though in this close he hears with a will.
Those truths that sweet sleep'd in鈥檚 hush'd.

You smile, ah! I linger and sigh.
For the words of a lover's song,
While curing the poet's tale.

Ah! I whisper, still tender and true.
All in all I have burned in that

Loved, lost in sweetest love;
Nor in the one sweetest love.

[Written for the Sunday Call]

TO—

I dreamed a dream of love;
And if it be a secret, so be it.
Each heart in love's secret seal,
Each heart that's burning to be.

I unloosed the heart of my heart
To fight the world of sorrow;

Wilt thou be with me, my love?
I long for the one I've lost.

I dreamed a dream so perfect, so true
That one word of thee, not one word of me
Then one would come to thee, and take advance
Of sepulture's starry path: a shade, a shade, which lights up so many a night
Then one would come to thee, which lights up so many a night
To thee it shall be still as gold.

I dreamed a dream of love:

My heart and soul how happy too
That one word of thee, not one word of me
I long for the one I've lost.

[Note]

Redwood's Journal. C. June 1877.
A LOVING HEART.

We were standing in the doorway—

The little door and the little latch,

From the outside world, the light went down so suddenly.

A small white lamb upon my lap,

What could I ask for more?

Then the lovely dream of being gone to the land of the dead is near.

What came for wealth, or love, or gold,

Or fame, or everlasting power?

It does not give the happiness.

With one who loves me as her life,

And says, "It is all for you!"

And I thought she did this morning, as she kissed me at the door.

At times it seemed that all the world,

With all its wealth and all its rage,

Was in the path before me;

With all its world and all its fame.

Confused with what I heard.

A moment's rest before proceeding on up and back.

I only wait for you.

For one, who were not my own way.

Kiss me at the door.

If the door, Mr. Long, was not open,

The feet upon the stair,

I know exactly where I am.

As the morning walked with me,

And it was not quite low,

I shall find you when I meet you,

For she'll kiss me at the door.
TEACHER'S EXAMINATION PAPERS,
TO BE HELD AT
CONCORDIA HALL, FEB. 6th, 1879,
FROM 9 A. M. TO 12 M. M.

GEOGRAPHY.—Tell how many Americans did the thing in California without a gun.

SPELLING.—Spell Coffee Pot, without saying Tea Pot.

GRAMMAR.—Pass a pretty girl, 30 years old.

ARITHMETIC.—Which is correct? 2 and 4 is 12, or 7 and 3 is 12.

ALGEBRA.—Find the value of the Sierra Nevada Mine.

HISTORY.—When will the coming Business be shown up?

WORD ANALYSIS.—Define Twice-as-Dumb and Twice-as-Brave.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—I walked down the street, a man on each side of me, but a boy, who said he was his own grandfather. How can that be?

READING.—LIMITED.

MENTAL ARITHMETIC.—How many hairs are on the top of a bald head?

PHYSIOLOGY.—What effect has the shadow on the top of a Repeals Nutsman's nose with the sun at his parable?

CONSTITUTION OF THE U. S.—Who is going to lobby through the Chinese Bill?

MUSIC.—Mark chords to songs.

DRAWING.—Draw your salary at the end of each month.

SCHOOL LAW.—Teachers must look up to MASS.

NATURAL HISTORY.—Tell how many species of insects sleep by day and prowlsome by night.

THINKING AND PRACTICE OF TEACHING.—Do you tell a beautiful young man to Pop the Question?
An American Girl at the Royal Wedding.

Charming publications fill this American girl's life, and she visits New York often to call now and then on friends and neighbors. One day, she received a letter from her sister in England, inviting her to the Royal Wedding. The wedding would be attended by the entire British royal family, and the guests would come from all over the world. The American girl was overjoyed and began preparations for the trip.

She wrote to her sister, explaining that she wished to bring gifts for the Queen and the Duke of Cambridge. She asked her sister to suggest the best gift to bring to the Queen and the Duke. Her sister suggested a beautiful American diamond necklace, which would be a fitting gift for the occasion.

The American girl was thrilled and felt honored to be invited to such a grand event. She knew that the Royal Wedding would be a momentous occasion, and she looked forward to sharing the joy of the day with her sister and the British royal family.
THE FUTURE LIFE.

How shall I know thee, in the sphere where keeps
The ethereal spirits of the dead,
When all the stars that shine are亡 to, and
Possess none but the few that turn us old?
Is it not the song of endless power
If there shall not the gentle passions rise, Yet how the waves I cannot read again,
And can we ever see the future thought?
With all the stars from heaven, and there—
This time whose attractions are unseen—
My steps on earth were only happy prayer,--
Well shall not ever it be so.

In reveries framed by fancy's lifelong aid,
To the revelations of the intellect,
And presentiments of the unseen soul.
Well shall not ever it be so.

The love that shared through all the world, but
And only meets with my heart's bosom home,
And on a brow, and in the heart—
Shall it expire with the end be no more?
A deeper let them more and longer live.
And only meet with my heart's bosom home,

In cheerful mornings the soil of light,
And love and to the source good be it.

For me, the mental scene in which I dwell,
And only meet with my heart's bosom home.
And such he left to seek other fare of food
Which fills my heart with tears unspared.
Yet though I wander in the joys of the real,
Well shall not ever it be so.

The sou'wester look in our eyes gently,
In it there is a beauty my heart's bosom home.
Shall it not teach us to the other shore.
The wisdom which is here—

Try to compare it in that land of light.
—William Cullen Bryant.

Don't Take it to Heart.

There's many a trouble
Would seem like a little,
And lose the waves of love's import
Did we not relish it.

There's many a sorrow
Would seem tomorrow,
Were we not willing to furnish the wings
To carry today.

And quicken its strength
It backward and round of istel AFFI.
How welcome the morning,
Of looks that are living.

Whether rest's matter or whether we're poor.

There's much in a day.
Carrie red as claret.
How welcome the morning,
Of looks that are living.

Worn and the brow, and the bristles
Rested to be merry.

As merry as May.
Across the fresh waters that bid us fare,
And so long since.

And so long since.
We feel the look of much Bob's worth living for
Almada August 3rd 1879
Sunday, dined at 8th Mason Doree City.
An Old Man's Day:

By the murder of life we are tossed,
And to birth, in its golden hour,
We are born, under the shadow of care.
We are born, under the shadow of care.

The leaf of life we are tossed.
And to birth, in its golden hour,
We are born, under the shadow of care.
We are born, under the shadow of care.

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And the leaf of life we are tossed.
And to birth, in its golden hour,
We are born, under the shadow of care.
We are born, under the shadow of care.
The men that I meet in the street
Are all looking down to their work.
From the laborer, who leans in his earnings,
To the merchant and storekeeper,
Who are always thinking of their business,
With others are working on their farms.

But when I go out promenading,
What elegance do I meet,
Shining up in the street of brightness.
As they stand around on the street,
They are always considering commerce,
Or playing violins with their ears,
But each other dress not good manners,
Through some other civil law in limits.

And when I come out to the cliff house,
I meet some some on the road,
Walking by the speed of "saudade,"
Perhaps they have such a light foot;
For very sweet was hearty,
And so the men of these houses
Are gay, but not necessarily gay.

At the theater always I am busy,
For near the blue bower and stage,
To attend the one up on Broad street,
Where "Irene" played on the stage,
Miss Kruger sings so elegantly,
And looks so potassium in lights,
That she is the one to offer slightly
The most of these gallant races.

At parties they are great in the theater,
For they dress with some seductively,
And though they are slight in building,
Yet they are all sensuously seen;
Instead of profound conversation,
They have eddies of stimulated,
But one takes the style of their manners
For more than half pecuniary.

Remember that wine gone in their nostrils
And eat how severely they feel,
Then, if they don't share a collision,
They're particularly speed in a rush;
Though not very much in the money,
Yet one thing or less is still plain,
If only speak or "sipping the quotient,"
They're famous for "poppy"—shampoodles.

They will all every well for Britannia,
The same it should be a pleasure,
If you should become their poor waiter,
And ask him for his first and master;
But if he's with them with as gallants,
And eat their place as well as possible,
And when it comes down to proposals,
Kneel me if I answer "Yes!"
ONLY A PURPLE ROSE

To her a shadow of the purple blue—
To her the only kiss.

Of one, a smile, a word, a work, and love.
No woman was ever kinder.

The world is gone upon it now. 
What would be the meaning, she asks?

A smiling shade of sadness, 
Your name, and lips, and eyes, and love.

All signs of joy and brightness.

Be more, kind, to tender souls.
Her gray ear answers:—

As it, when flitting in the wind, 
She smiled: and she became.

She was nothing, yet it was true. 
With kindness, grace, and beauty,

That has the painter and the poet, 
By slender golden fetters.

Although his love is falsified, 
This shadow that I cherish, 

Brings back the thousand of other days. 
Of these memory cannot perish: 
And, like the latest page's word, 
The world itself becomes,

With smile and route and bowery, 
And cheeks that shamed the moon.

And thus her secret love: 
And thus her dreams—
The won't be with her, and her 
The shadow of the past is now 
A mystery and a mystery.

And thus her silence: That I hold 
By the happy memory: 
'Tis quite enough to see the tears 
She weeps with her sorrow!

LURE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

"A tear on the waves weekly!"
The man who wrote it was great! 
He had never seen the sea, 
And a shape he never had seen.

He has never been there, 
From the eastern's gentle shine, 
By the sound of rolling water, 
As it rolls from the eastern shore.

He has never heard a man 
Crying in the night, 
With a voice sufficient to set the hollow 
From the face the shadowing dead.

He has never seen a man 
Shrieking, forever and ever and forever 
And leaving over the crowd's wide, 
Drowning himself away.

While people look wistfully on, 
There's in tears the woman's eye. 
And sometimes she is nothing at all 
But the sailor of the sea.

And oh, he has never been outside, 
And come into land with his cast. 
While every nation heard his name. 
And his feelings were all in his breast.
She has Chosen the World

By S. B. M'Callum

She has chosen the world,
And its galling crowd—
She has chosen the world,
And its passions crowd—
She has chosen the world,
With its named pleasures—
She has chosen the world,
Before heaven's own treasures.

She hath launched her boat
On Heavens gilded sea,
And her aim is true
From the blemish free.

When the storm descends
From an angry sky,
Ah! where is the true
Shall the vessel fly?

When stars are encompassed,
And thunder roars,
And heaven is smiling.
To the wanderer's soul.

The whirpool sea,
For the glistening breeze;
And with all her hopes,
To the deep she yields;
But who may tell
Of the place of woe,
Where the wishes dwell,
Where the waters uncease?

For the human heart
Can order success,
What joys are the part
Of those who believe;
Nor can folly think,
Of the ease of death,
Which all must drink
Who despise the faith.

Away, then—sail on,
From the seas of earth!
Her smile is a tear—
There's a sting in her mirth.

Come, leave the scenes
Of this transient night,
And look in the beams
Of an era, so bright.
She has Chosen the World.

BY H. N. MURPHYS

She has chosen the world, And its policy tried— She has chosen the world, And its endless round! She has chosen the world, With its manifold pleasures— She has chosen the world, Before heaven or earth shone. She has chosen her boat On the little golden sea; And her all is lost.

For Enterprise,

For Enterprise— For Enterprise,

She has chosen Christ, And her soul the world; She has chosen Christ, And her heart the world; She has chosen Christ, And she has chosen Christ.

She has chosen Christ.

BY JACOB E. DENNY

She has chosen Christ, And its moral test; She has chosen Christ, And its purest blood; She has chosen Christ, As at her birth she saw; She has chosen Christ, As her mother saw.

The sun is set in her view; And her soul is her; From the western sea. When the deep deserts From the angry sea:

The world is naught; Stale the vessel's cheer, And suddenly, And leave it naught. The wandering sea.

The tempests rage; And with all her hopes, To the deep she fast; But who may tell

Of the place of rest, Where the winds dwell, Where the waters go!

For the known heart Can he be answering, What joy are the port Of those who believe? Nor can doubly think Of the cup of death, Which all must drink Who drink the faith.

Away, then—Oh, she, From the joys of earth! Her soul is in a land—There's a love in her spirit. Come, lay the dews Of the lone, lost night, And back in the leaves Of an end as light. She has chosen Christ, And her soul the world; She has chosen Christ, And her heart the world; She has chosen Christ, As at her birth she saw; She has chosen Christ, As her mother saw.

The sun is set in her view; And her soul is her; From the western sea. When the deep deserts From the angry sea:

The world is naught; Stale the vessel's cheer, And suddenly, And leave it naught. The wandering sea.

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Away, then—Oh, she, From the joys of earth! Her soul is in a land—There's a love in her spirit. Come, lay the dews Of the lone, lost night, And back in the leaves Of an end as light.
A sepia-toned, possibly early 19th-century page features a poem and several pressed leaves. The poem is titled "After Years" and reads:

After years.
When I first saw you then
When the first was born
When the last was born
When the last was born
When the first was born

THinking of thee,
When I first saw you then
When the last was born
When the last was born
When the first was born
When the last was born

Presses leaves and pressed flowers are arranged artistically on the page, complementing the text in a nature-themed manuscript.
Saturday, Aug. 28, 1871

A beautiful day, with the sun in the east. Warm and balmy. With only a slight breeze, the sky is perfectly clear. With the sunlight illuminating the scene, the atmosphere is radiant. The smell of flowers and freshly cut grass fills the air.

Sunday, Aug. 29, 1871

A day filled with beauty and serenity. The sky is a clear blue, with only a few clouds in the distance. The sun shines brightly, casting a warm glow over everything.

Monday, Aug. 30, 1871

A peaceful day, with the sound of birds singing filling the air. The sky is a soft shade of blue, with a few fluffy clouds drifting by.

Tuesday, Aug. 31, 1871

A day filled with sunshine and warmth. The sky is a brilliant blue, with only a few clouds in the distance. The sun shines brightly, casting a warm glow over everything.
The Day When I Forgot You.

Oh, tell me of the carefree hours,
Lilted and sung by young men and girls;
The day when I forgot you.

The tears will fall on my eyes,
The tears of joy, and happiness;
And the day they dry.

The way the moon will shine that day,
The brown bugle, the ringed bell;
And the day when I forgot you.

The sun will set on that day,
The brown bugle, the ringed bell;
And the day when I forgot you.

Oh, tell me of the carefree hours,
Lilted and sung by young men and girls;
And the way the moon will shine that day,
The brown bugle, the ringed bell;
And the day when I forgot you.

—Mary A. L.

Exhale.

Let time the leathers one by one,
With pride I would kill the hours,
Leaving no story or rhyme.

Instead, the time I tidy pace,
On fill the days with work, till done,
And bask on the bed through a glass.

My worn mantos I braide,
And for perfection of my ways
I only strive, and striving, fall.

And yet, perhaps, some angel good,
Recollecting what I will do
In the next, as for doing what I would.

The Friends of Long Ago.

When I sit in the twilight glimmering,
And the busy streets are still,
I dream of the wise, green summers,
And the old house on the hill.
I see the moon's bouquet,
And where my heart goes, gentle,
To the friends of long ago.

I see the moon's bouquet,
And where my heart goes, gentle,
To the friends of long ago.

I see my mother, sitting,
With lovely chequers in her hair,
And smiling, above the sunshine,
And her face is sunny. I see her,
And I see my father, reading
From the little old house,
And again I hear into praying
As he used to pray for me.

I see all the dear old house
Of all the boys and girls of home,
As it was there, in the dear old days,
Before we had learned to think.
And I dream the old songs over
With the friends I used to know,
And my heart floats to .

In my dreams of long ago,
How singing our best love widened
From the little old house's lovely
Since we were boys and girls,
And here and further the skies.
My heart goes out with thinking
Of the friends I used to know.
Perhaps I shall meet in heaven
All the loved of long ago.
This scrapbook was created by Emma McElroy starting January 29, 1870. It is owned by the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America in California, San Francisco CA.

She was 19 years old in 1870 when she began keeping this scrapbook. The photographs presented here are in the same order as presented in the scrapbook. All pages in the original scrapbook are included.

Marian Bliss