

Canada VI - Canada I

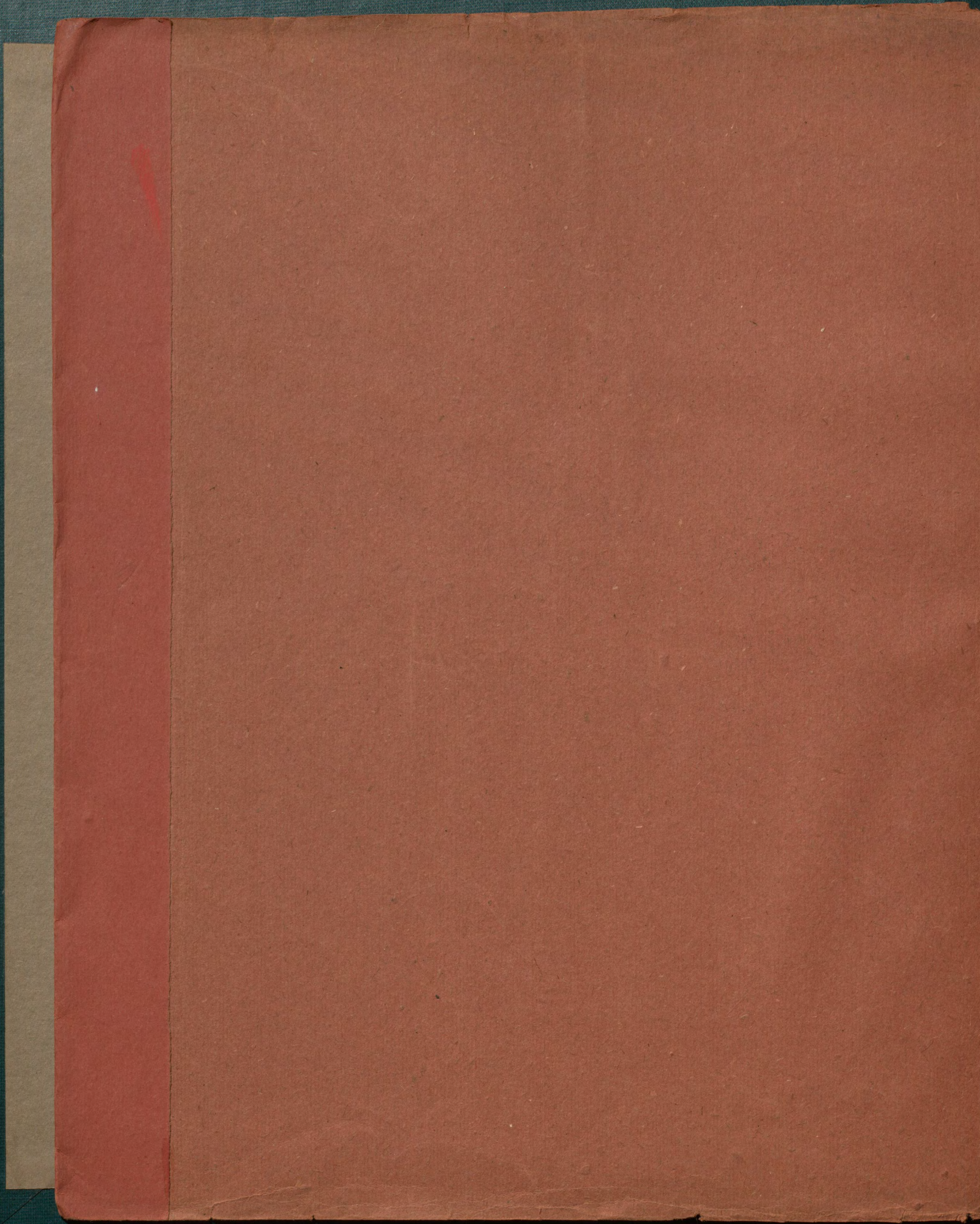


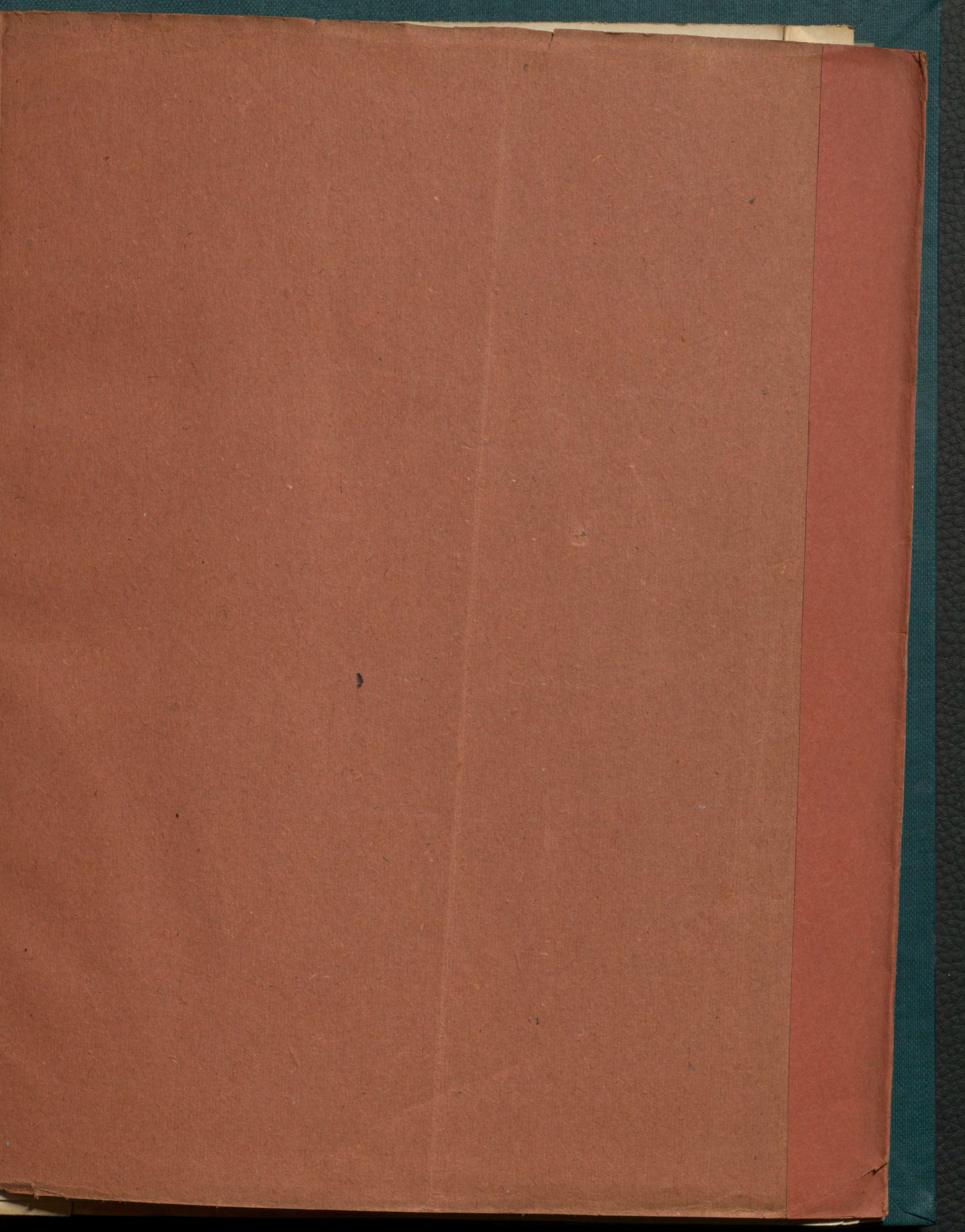
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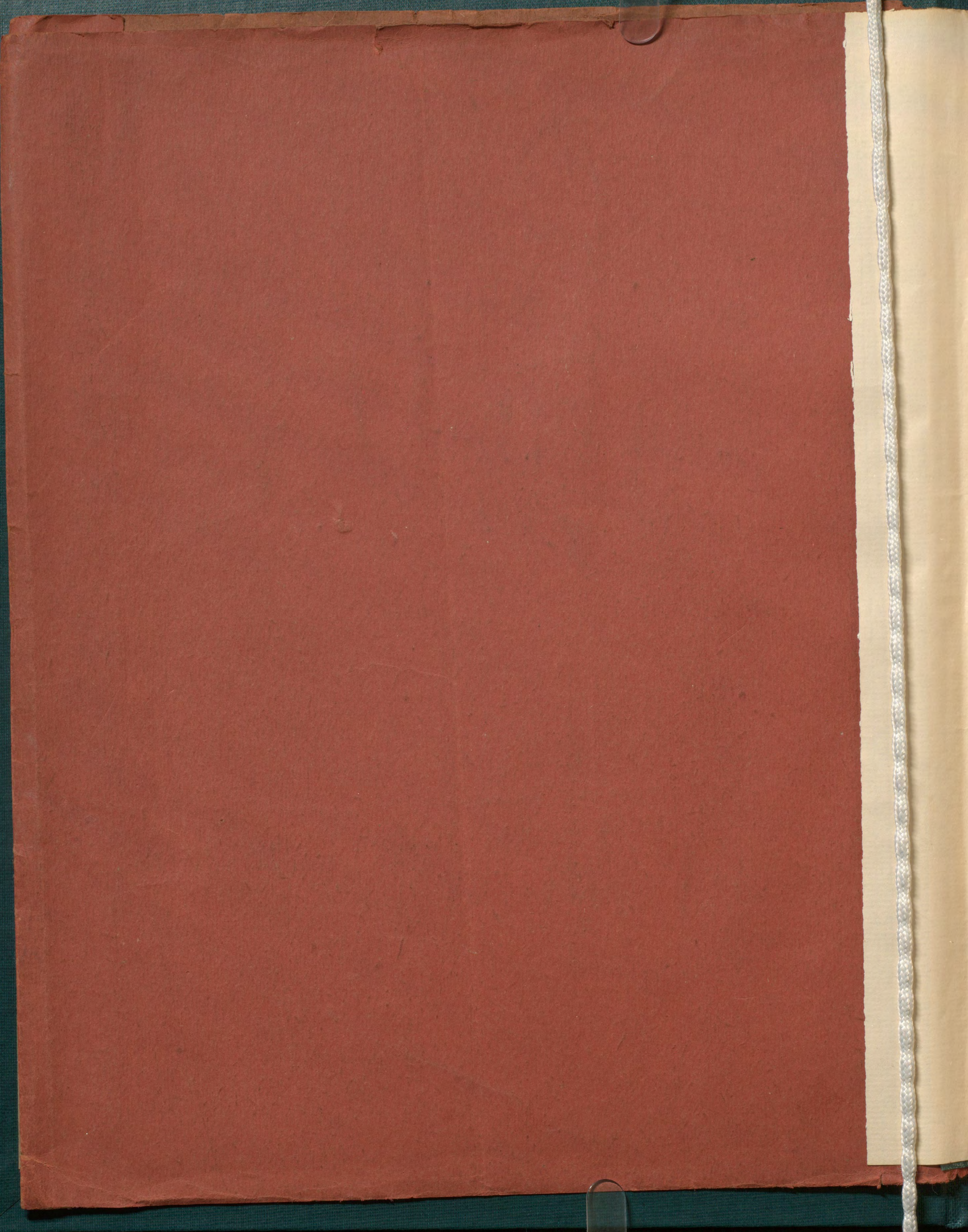
# KALENDAR.

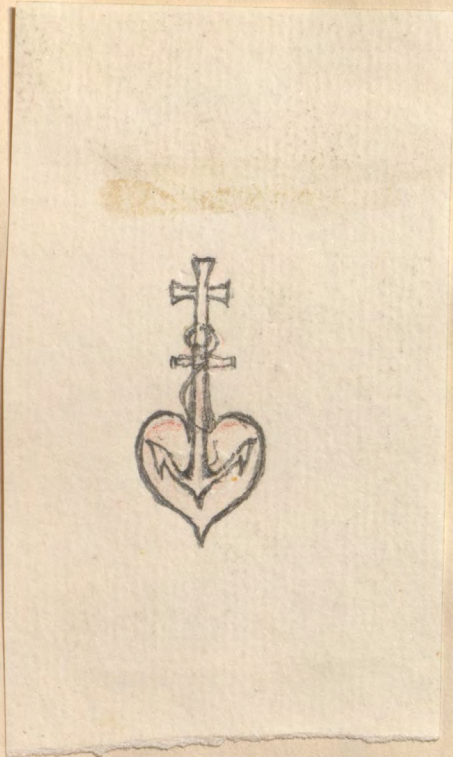
1901.

1901











PAXTON

R-D

VEL

189



**T**ravelled all the weary day  
 To reach the Mecca of my heart;  
 The morn of youth, the noon of strength,  
 The quiet evening, at length,  
 Still saw me on my way.  
 And now, outside the City gate  
 I hear, the pilgrims chant within;  
 The stars look down so cold and clear;  
 Behind me lies the desert drear;  
 O, have I come too late!

*April*

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
<b>S</b>	<b>M</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>S</b>																								

**O** lie full-length upon a headland sheer;  
**T**o hear the splash and murmur of the sea,  
**T**he gulls' shrill scream, the droning of a bee  
**T**o lay one's cheek up on the sunburnt grass,  
**A**nd with closed eyes, to feel the soft wind pass,  
**W**ith dainty rustle through the heather near.

*August & September*  
**AUGUST.**

S	3	10	17	24	31
M	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
W	6	13	20	27	
T	7	14	21	28	
F	8	15	22	29	
S	9	16	23	30	

**MARCH.**

**H**AT is the greatest sin?  
 GOD answered me and said,  
 "A life of self and scorn  
 Of those for whom Christ died."  
 With doubting voice I cried,  
 "Is that the greatest sin?"  
 "No," the great world replied,  
 "Failure and poverty."  
 O heart of mine! have grace  
 And tell me what is true.  
 My heart looked me in the face,  
 And then I knew.



**S**HOUT with a shout of welcome  
 And sing a triumph song,  
 For now upon the year's highway  
 Comes royal May along.  
 The trees have hung their banners  
 The minstrel birds rehearse,  
 And like true poets, strive their queen  
 To celebrate in verse.  
 The fields in greenest velvet spread  
 A carpet for her feet,  
 And every little flower looks forth  
 Its sovereign to greet.

**J**uly

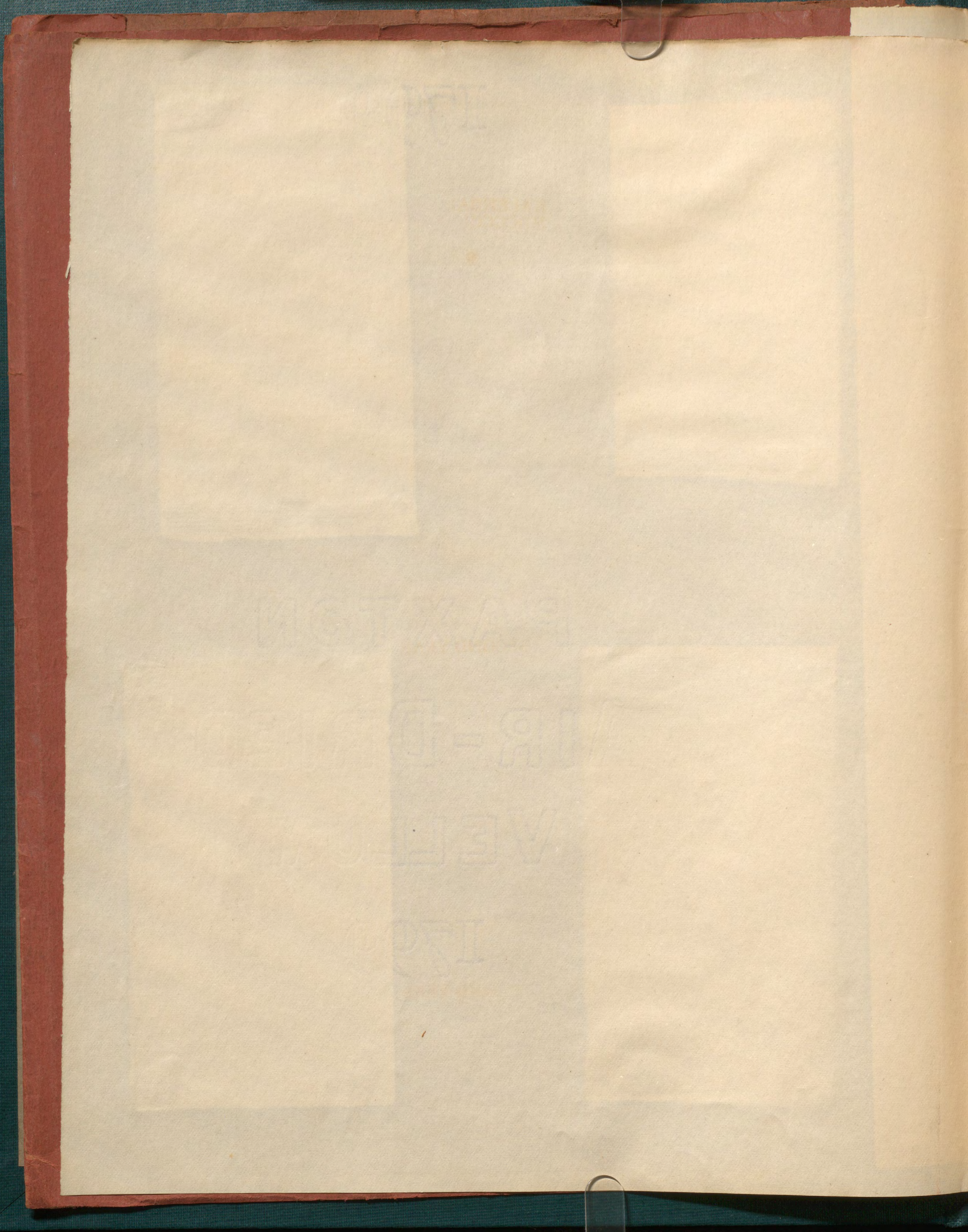
S	7	14	21	28	
M	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	31
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KALENDAR  
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KALENDAR  
MDCCCCI  
  
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THE CARADOC KALENDAR  
SECOND YEAR  
MDCCCCI  
SECOND YEAR  
Issued by The Caradoc Press  
Bedford Park

THE CARADOC KALENDAR  
SECOND YEAR  
Issued by The Caradoc Press  
Bedford Park



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THE CARADOC KALENDAR  
SECOND YEAR  
MDCCCCI  
SECOND YEAR  
Issued by The Caradoc Press  
Bellard Park

THE CARADOC KALENDAR  
SECOND YEAR  
Issued by The Caradoc Press  
Bellard Park



LITTLE BOOK OF TIME  
AND VERSE

Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look;  
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,  
And less this, I'm sure you cannot give.



LITTLE BOOK OF TIME  
AND VERSE

*[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side]*



LITTLE BOOK OF TIME  
AND VERSE

Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look; <sup>34</sup>  
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,  
And less this, I'm sure you cannot give.

*Two Gent. of Verona.  
Act. Sc.*

Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair loo  
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,  
And less this, I'm sure you cannot give.





**A** LITTLE BOOK OF TIME  
AND VERSE

Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look;  
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,  
And less this, I'm sure you cannot give.

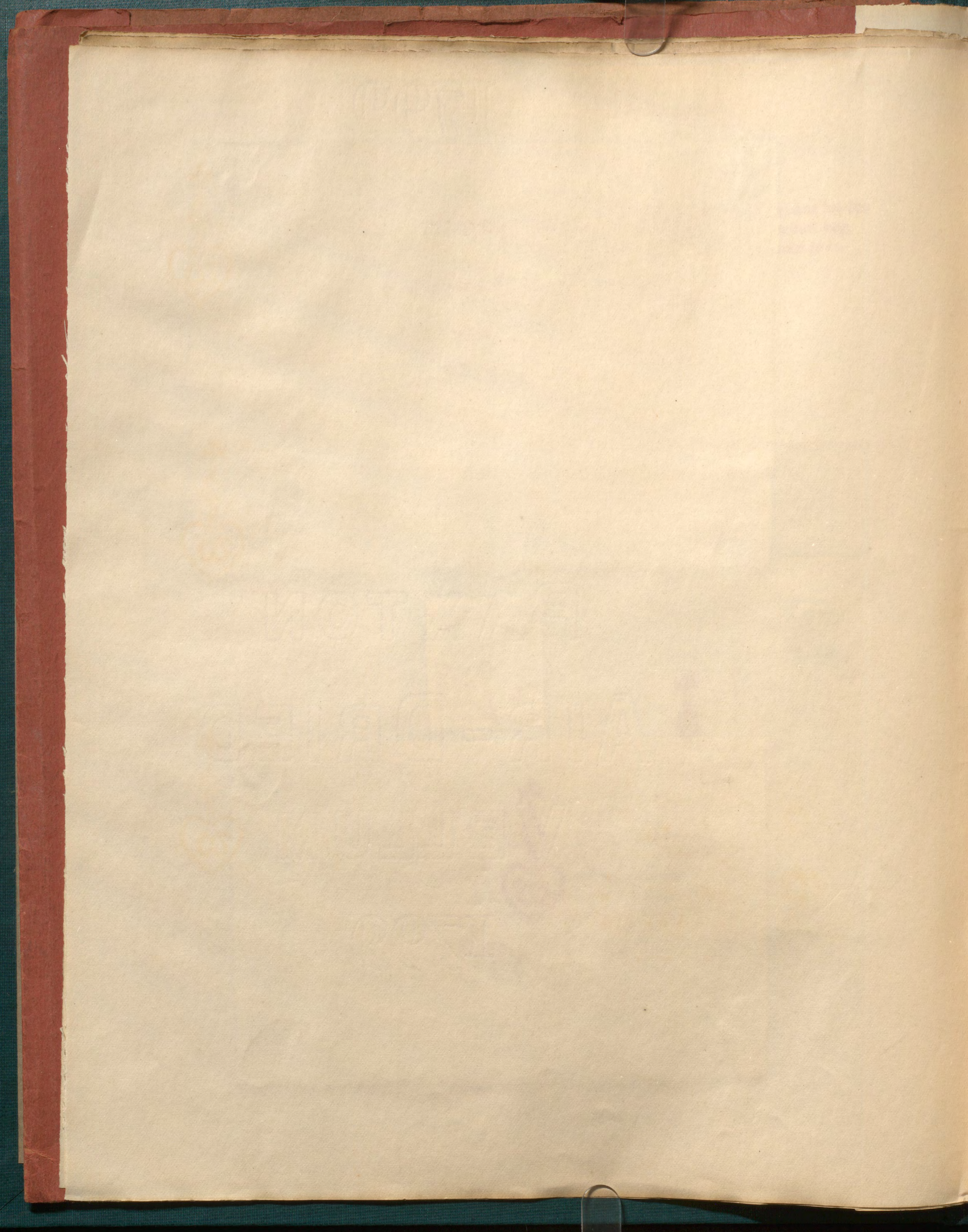
*Shakespeare*



**A** LITTLE BOOK OF TIME  
AND VERSE

Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look;  
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,  
And less than this, I'm sure you cannot give.

*Shakespeare*



OF THE FAIR GODDESS FOR  
THOU FALL DEEP IN LOVE  
WITH ME

PROPERTY OF  
THY SLAVE



OF THE FAIR GODDESS FOR  
THOU FALL DEEP IN LOVE  
WITH ME

PROPERTY OF  
THY SLAVE





**N**OW THE FAIR GODDESS FOR-  
TUNE FALL DEEP IN LOVE  
WITH THEE!



**P**ROSPERITY BE  
THY SLAVE.

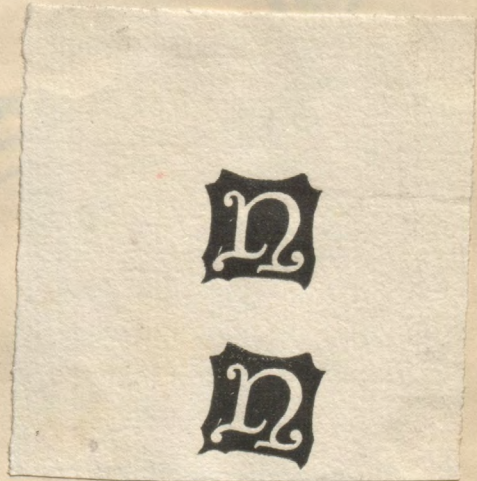
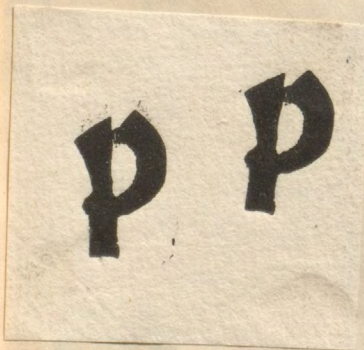
*Shakespeare*



**N**OW THE FAIR GODDESS FOR-  
TUNE FALL DEEP IN LOVE  
WITH THEE!

**P**ROSPERITY BE  
THY SLAVE.

*Shakespeare*



**N**ovember. 2<sup>o</sup>



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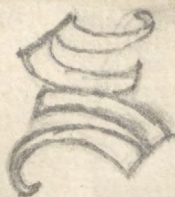
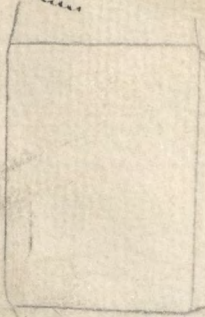
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OCTOBER.



OCTOBER



OCTOBER



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September

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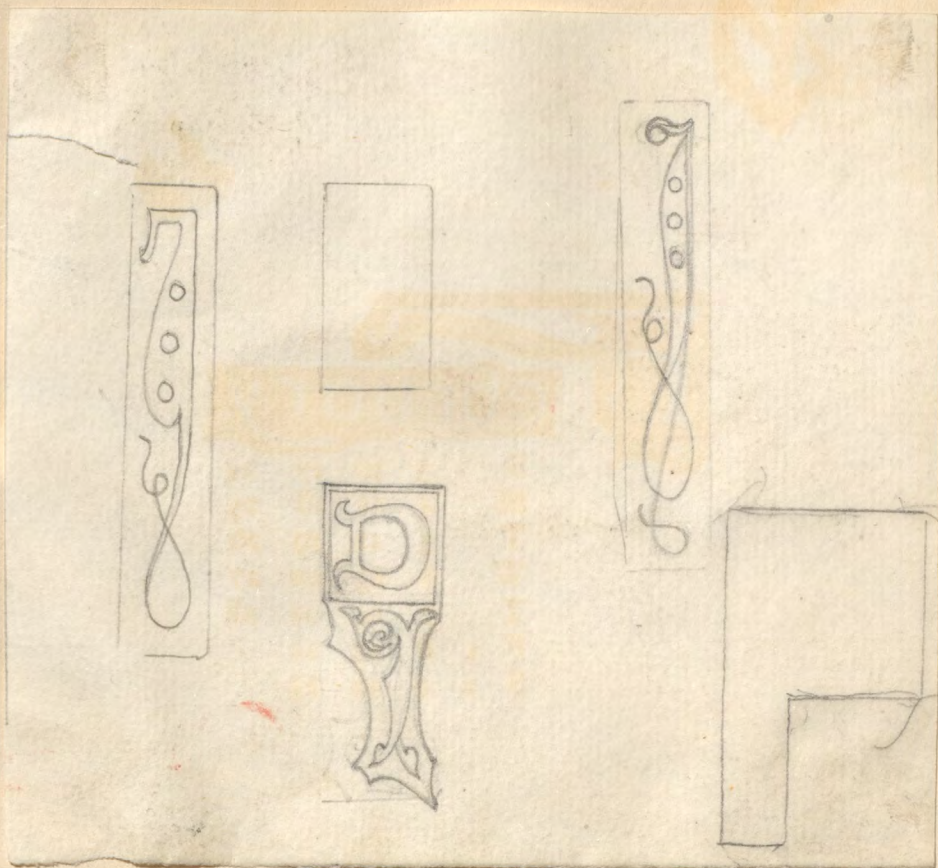
JUNE



**JUNE**

S	2	9	16	23	30
M	8	10	17	24	
T	4	11	18	25	
W	5	12	19	26	
T	6	13	20	27	
F	7	14	21	28	
S	1	8	15	22	29

September



# July

S	7	14	21	28	
M	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	31
T	4	11	18	25	
F	5	12	19	26	
S	6	13	20	27	



February.




**F**ebuary.


S	3	10	17	24
M	4	11	18	25
T	5	12	19	26
W	6	13	20	27
T	7	14	21	28
F	1	8	15	22
S	2	9	16	23



MARCH.

JANUARY.

DECEMBER.



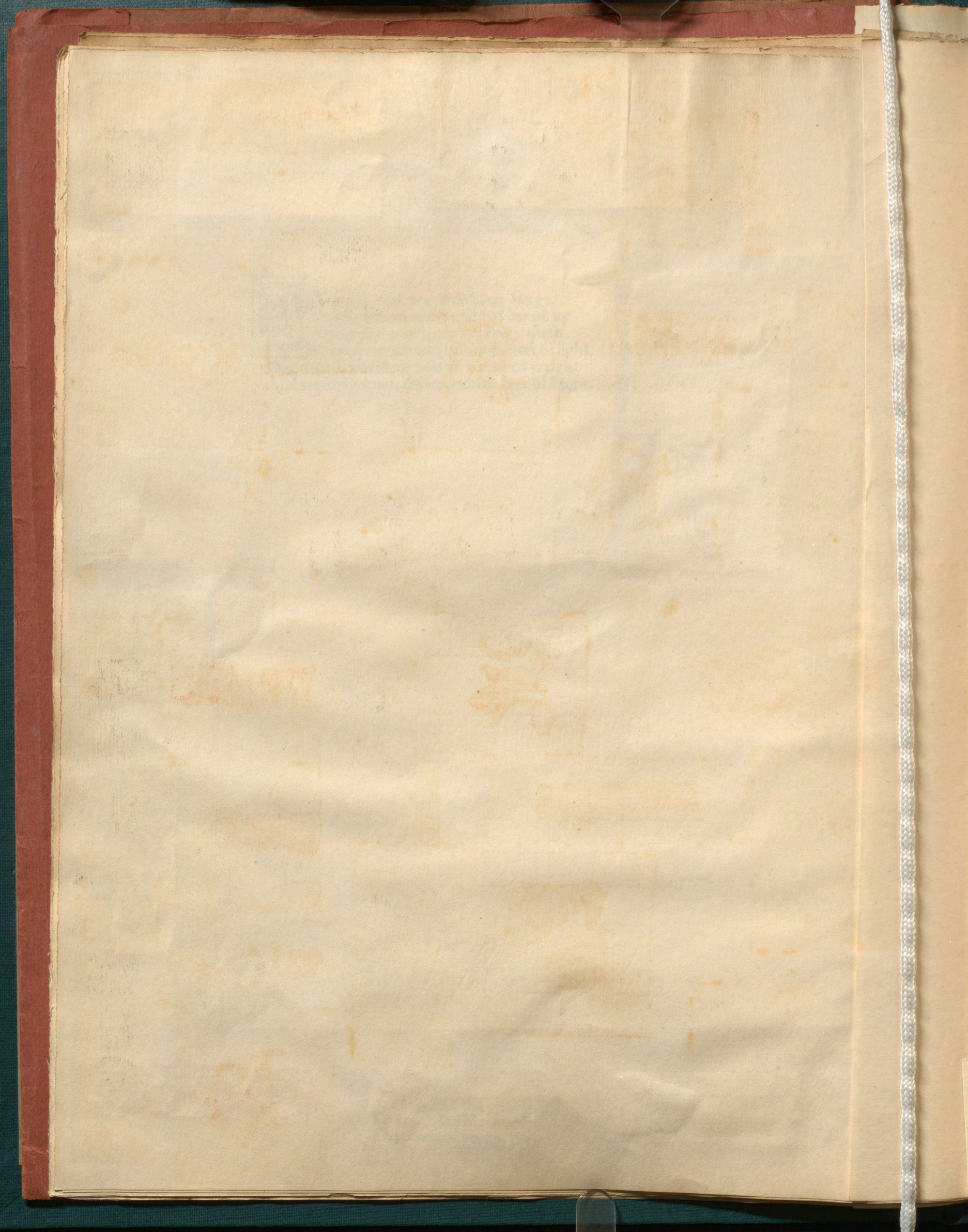



JANUARY.

MARCH.

DECEMBER.





Shall have



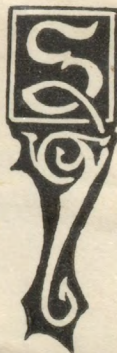
ebruary.



Hy. ∞



Arch.



January.

PRIV.



uly.









November.  
December.



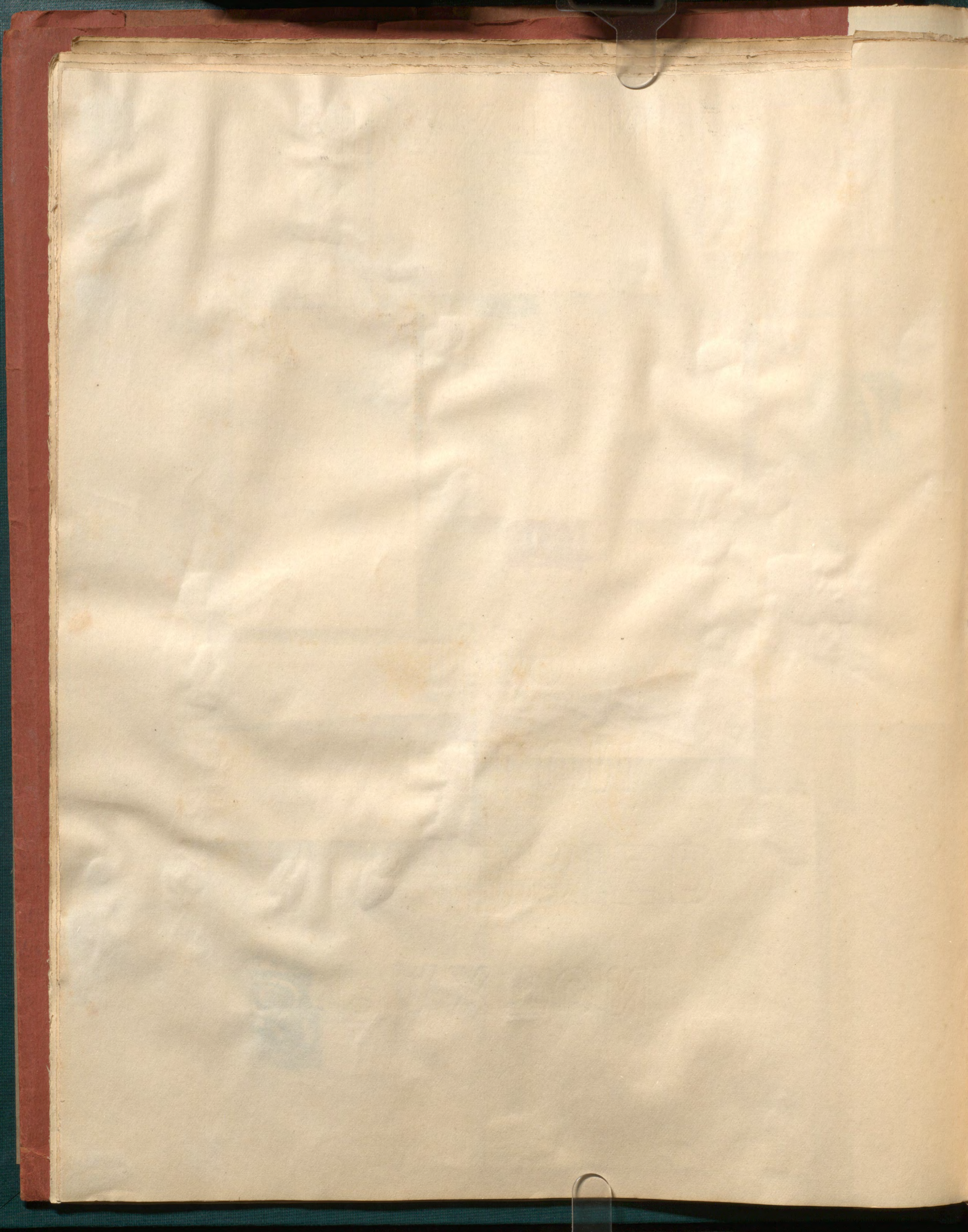
September

October

August

June





I travelled all the weary day  
 To reach the Mecca of my heart;  
 The morn of youth, the noon of strength,  
 The quiet evening, at length,  
 Still saw me on my way.

And now, outside the City gate <sup>within</sup>  
 I hear, ~~within~~, the pilgrims chant;  
 The stars look down so cold & clear;  
 Behind me lies the desert drear;  
 O, have I come too late!

**I** travelled all the weary day  
 To reach the Mecca of my heart;  
 The morn of youth, the noon of strength,  
 The quiet evening, at length,  
 Still saw me on my way.

And now, outside the City gate  
 I hear the pilgrims chant within;  
 The stars look down so cold and clear;  
 Behind me lies the desert drear;  
 O! have I come too late?

travell'd all the weary day  
To reach the house of my dear  
The road was long, the night was dark  
The path was rough, the wind was cold  
Still I went on my way  
And now, outside the City gate  
I hear the ringing of the bell  
The stars look down on me  
Behind me lies the past  
Oh how I come too late



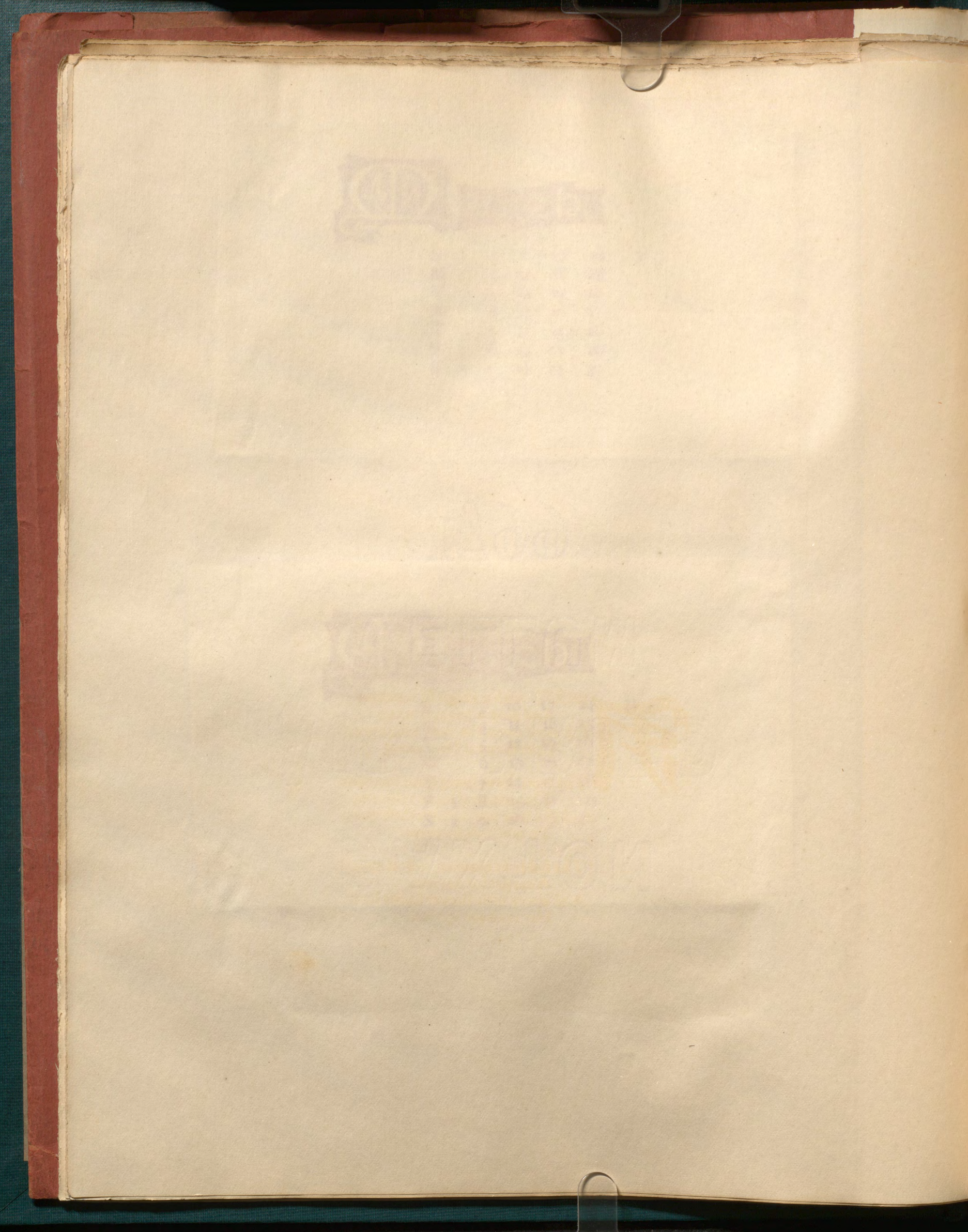
R005011

**T** travelled all the weary day ✓  
To reach the Mecca of my heart; *space*  
The morn of youth, the noon of strength, *space*  
The quiet evening, at length,  
Still saw me on my way.

And now, outside the City gate  
I hear, the pilgrims chant within; *space*  
The stars look down so cold and clear;  
Behind me lies the desert drear;  
O, have I come too late! ? — ! ?

**T** travelled all the weary day  
To reach the Mecca of my heart;  
The morn of youth, the noon of strength,  
The quiet evening, at length,  
Still saw me on my way.

And now, outside the City gate  
I hear the pilgrims chant within;  
The stars look down so cold and clear;  
Behind me lies the desert drear;  
O, have I come too late?



R006011  
Shout with a shout of welcome  
And sing a triumph song,  
For now upon the year's highway  
Comes royal May along.

The trees have hung their banners  
The minstrel birds rehearse,  
And like true poets, strive their queen  
To celebrate in verse.

The fields, in greenest velvet, spread  
A pathway for her feet,  
And every little flower looks forth  
Her majesty to greet.

**S**HOUT with a shout of welcome  
And sing a triumph song,  
For now upon the year's highway  
Comes royal May along.

The trees have hung their banners  
The minstrel birds rehearse,  
And like true poets, strive their queen  
To celebrate in verse.

The fields in greenest velvet spread  
A carpet for her feet,  
And every little flower looks forth  
Her majesty to view. greet —

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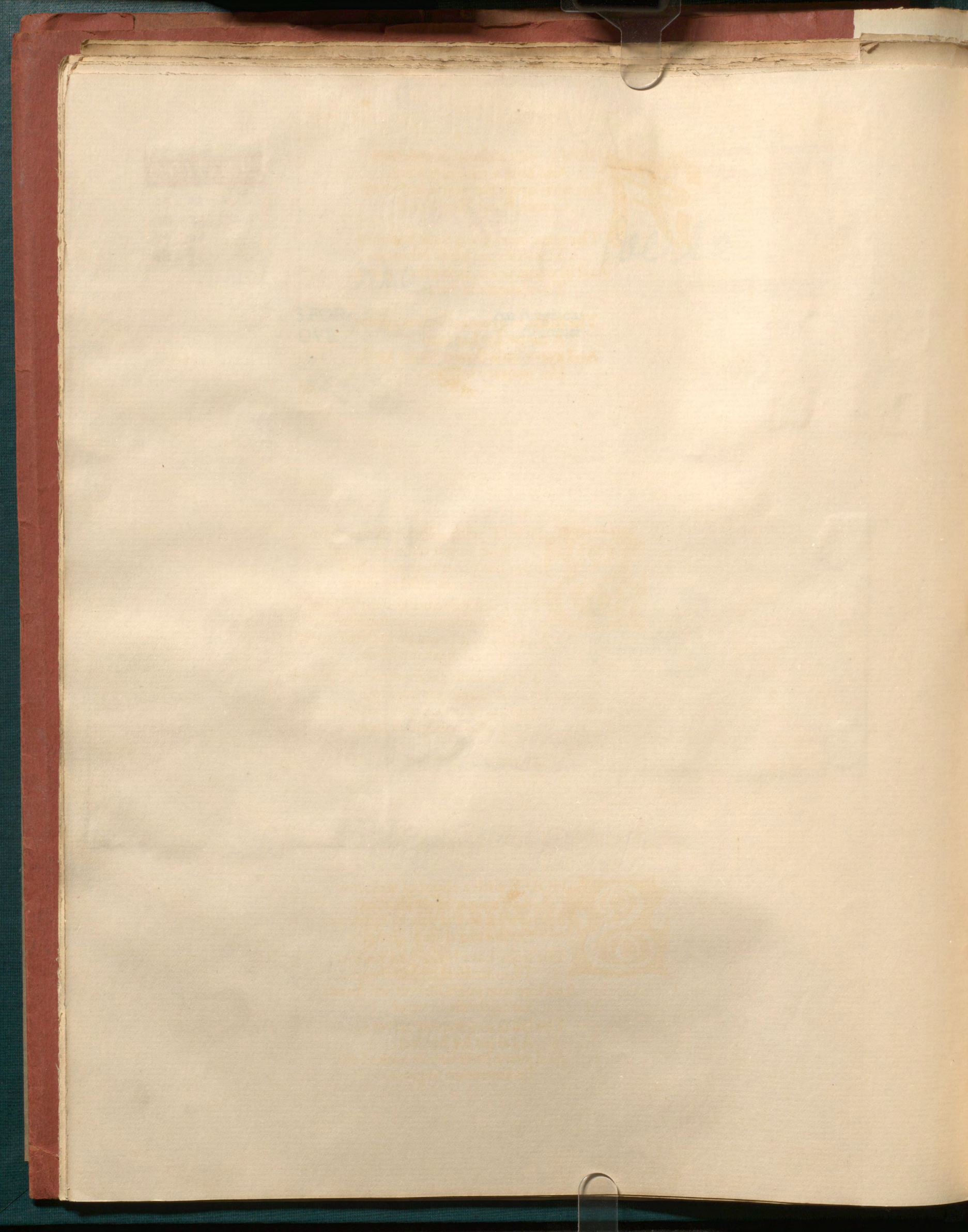
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Shakespeare





R005011

**SHOUT** with a shout of welcome  
And sing a triumph song,  
For now upon the year's highway  
Comes royal May along.

The trees have hung their banners  
The minstrel birds rehearse,  
And like true poets, strive their queen  
To celebrate in verse.

The fields in greenest velvet spread  
A carpet for her feet,  
And every little flower looks forth  
Her majesty to greet.

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And sing a triumph song,  
For now upon the year's highway  
Comes royal May along.

The trees have hung their banners  
The minstrel birds rehearse,  
And like true poets, strive their queen  
To celebrate in verse.

The fields in greenest velvet spread  
A carpet for her feet,  
And every little flower looks forth  
Its Sovereign to greet.

**S**HOUT with a shout of welcome  
And sing a triumph song,  
For now upon the year's highway  
Comes royal May along.

The trees have hung their banners  
The minstrel birds rehearse,  
And like true poets, strive their queen  
To celebrate in verse.

The fields in greenest velvet spread  
A carpet for her feet,  
And every little flower looks forth  
Its sovereign to greet.

to day with lifted hands. Two times we up  
above the lower things of earth with  
that our souls ascending into light.  
These prayers are more than difficult  
the first with looking face & three

It is not rest we want, but wings,  
 Strong wing & swift to bear us up  
 Above the weariness of weary earth.  
 In buoyant air & blazing noon of light  
 Our tired souls shall lose all sense of  
 weight  
 And see undimmed, the longed-for  
 face of Hope.



**I**t is not rest we want, but wings,  
 Strong wings and swift, to bear us up  
 Above the weariness of weary earth.  
 In buoyant air and blazing noon of light,  
 Our tired souls shall lose all sense of weight  
 And see undimmed, the longed-for face of Hope.

So they, with lifting hands, can raise us up  
 Above the lower things of sordid earth,  
 Until our souls, ascending into light,  
 Where buoyant air makes descent difficult,  
 Are filled with satisfying Peace & Hope.

head  
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Sad tears for the sad days past.  
 Withered & dead ~~flowers~~ flowers  
 Our ~~flowers~~ flowers. Like flowers he buried fast  
 Under the empty bed.

the first of them found  
the shining paper  
but also with some few  
the paper being

the first the best of them  
which are made in the  
the paper being the same  
to make paper

R005011

Hope, with a silver pencil, traced  
Her shining prophecy  
But Fate, with iron pen, defaced  
The happy legacy.

Life took the reed & tried to scan  
Which message was the best;  
An Angel came, & wrote for man,  
A nobler palimpsest.



HOPE, with a silver pencil, traced  
Her shining prophecy  
But Fate, with iron pen, defaced  
The happy legacy.

Life took the reed and tried to scan  
Which message was the best  
An Angel came, and wrote for man  
A nobler palimpsest.

Handwritten text in the top right corner, appearing to be bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is faint and difficult to decipher but seems to contain several lines of a letter or document.

Handwritten text in the middle right section, also appearing to be bleed-through. It includes a few lines of text, possibly a signature or a specific note.

Faint, illegible text located in the lower middle section of the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.

Another instance of faint, illegible text in the lower middle section, continuing the bleed-through from the reverse side.



R005011  
"What is the greatest sin?"

~~God~~ <sup>Christ</sup> answered me and said —

"A life of self, & scorn  
Of those whom I have loved,"  
for whom I bled

With a wailing voice I cried  
~~What~~ <sup>What</sup> is the greatest sin?"

~~The~~ <sup>The</sup> great world replied: —

"Failure of poverty."

"Oh heart of mine have grace,  
And tell me what is true"

My heart looked me in the face  
And then I knew.

September

---

thou dost beaige the foot where Reason dwells!  
With clam~~orous~~ shout + Strong availing force  
Dost strow the hats of wisdom sweet seed;  
D<sup>r</sup>iving her vice who would a party ~~at~~ have;  
Offended Honor dabbles with command  
And Justice flies a free upon the walls.  
D<sup>r</sup>ought ~~with~~ show<sup>it</sup> have, I temperance or peace  
But full surrender, instant & compelle



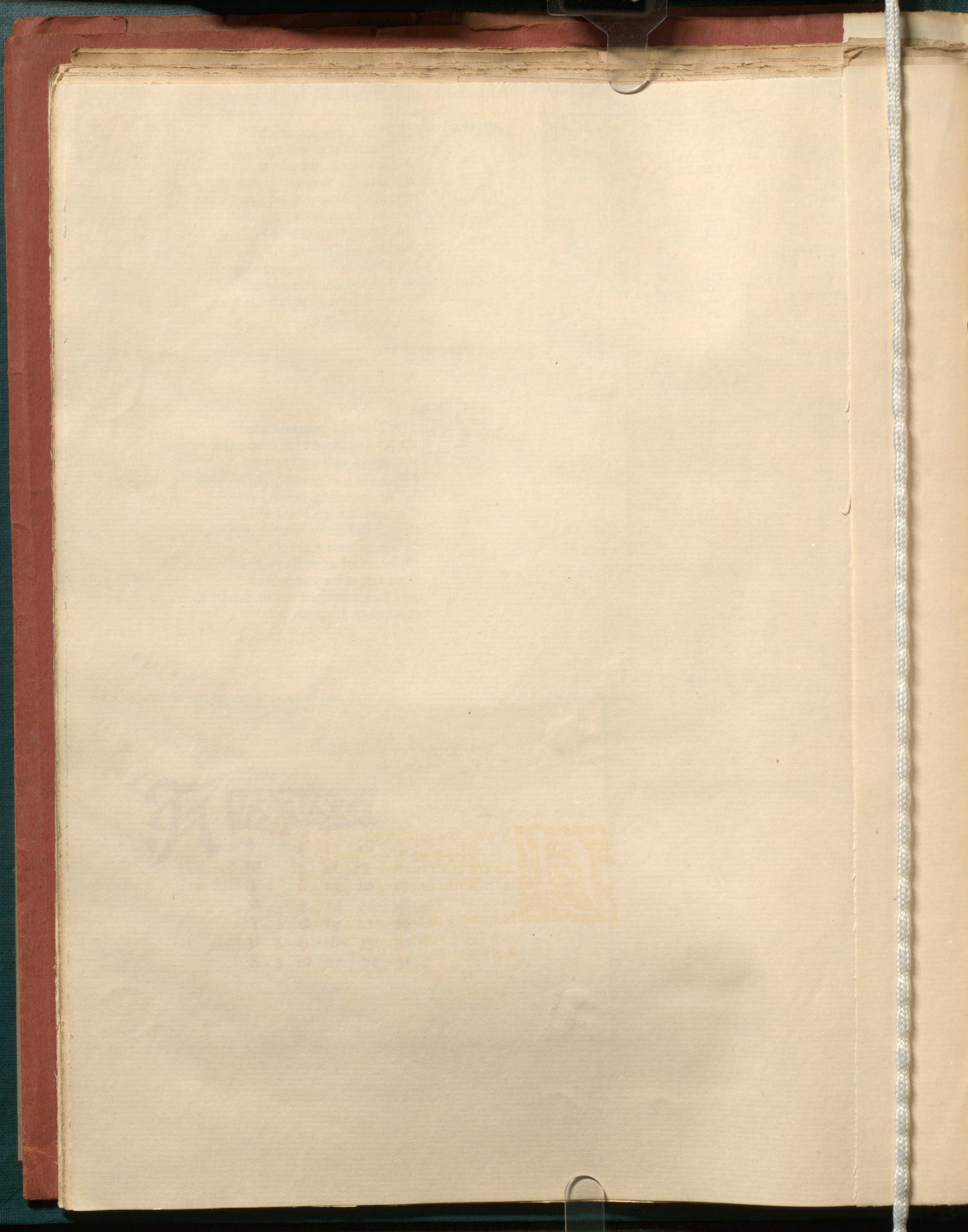
HAT is the greatest sin?"  
GOD answered me and said,  
"A life of self and scorn  
Of those for whom Christ died."  
With doubting voice I cried,  
"Is that the greatest sin?"  
"No," the great world replied,  
"Failure and poverty."  
O heart of mine! have grace;  
And tell me what is true."  
My heart looked me in the face,  
And then I knew.



HAT is the greatest sin?"  
GOD answered me and said,  
"A life of self and scorn  
Of those for whom Christ bled."  
With doubting voice I cried,  
"Is that the greatest sin?"  
"No," the great world replied,  
"Failure and poverty."  
O! heart of mine have grace;  
And tell me what is true."  
My heart looked me in the face,  
And then I knew.



HAT is the greatest sin?"  
GOD answered me and said,  
"A life of self and scorn  
Of those for whom Christ died."  
With doubting voice I cried,  
"Is that the greatest sin?"  
"No," the great world replied,  
"Failure and poverty."  
O heart of mine! have grace  
And tell me what is true."  
My heart looked me in the face,  
And then I knew.



As were the Earth without the light  
Of sun or moon above  
So are my days like darkest night  
Without thy love, my love.

No spring or summer I foresee  
Can in my year have part  
It must eternal winter be  
Without thy heart, my heart



As were the earth without the light  
Of sun or moon above,  
So are my days like darkest night,  
Without thy love, my love.

No spring or summer, I foresee,  
Can in my year have part;  
It must eternal winter be  
Without thy heart, my heart.



The path is wet with tears,  
 Shed for the summer gone;  
 From the sad trees, they, one by one,  
 Fall silently adown.  
 Tears for the bright days flow,ow,  
 Russet & gold, I see,  
 And green, the autumn's prophecy,  
 Of summers yet to be.  
 Tears for the sad days past,  
 Withered & brown & dead;  
 Dead Hopes, like flowers lie buried fast  
 Under the leafy bed.

October



THE path is wet with tears,  
 Shed for the summer gone;  
 From the sad trees, they one by one  
 Fall silently adown.  
 Tears for the bright days fled, *d*  
 Russet and gold, I see, *d*  
 And green, the autumn's prophecy *d*  
 Of summers yet to be, *d*  
 Tears for the sad days past, *d*  
 Withered and brown and dead: *d*  
 Dead hopes, like flowers lie buried fast *b*  
 Under the leafy bed. *d*

The path is wet with tears  
I shed for the summer gone  
From the sad days that were by me  
I call all my days  
I care for the bright days that  
I cannot find  
And now the seasons pass  
Of summer yet to be  
I care for the sad days past  
Whisper and sigh and shed  
Dead paper, like flowers, in the path  
Under the leafy bed



*[Faint, illegible text or markings in the center of the page]*

*[Faint, illegible text or markings in the lower center of the page]*





THE path is wet with tears,  
Shed for the summer gone;  
From the sad trees, they one by one  
Fall silently adown.

Tears for the bright days fled,  
Russet and gold, I see,  
And green, the autumn's prophecy  
Of summers yet to be.

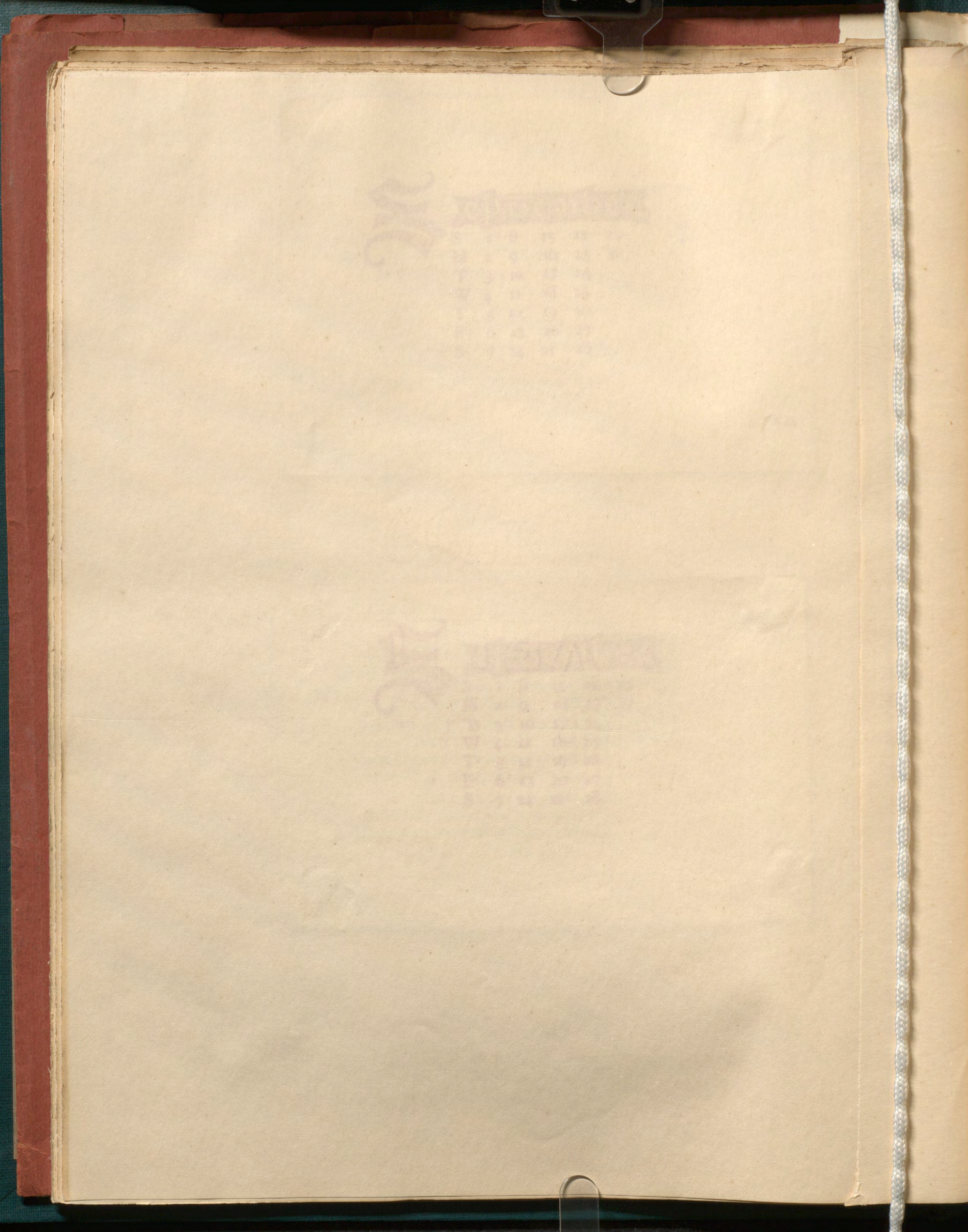
Tears for the sad days past,  
Withered and brown and dead:  
Dead hopes, like flowers, lie buried fast  
Under the leafy bed.



THE path is wet with tears,  
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From the sad trees, they one by one  
Fall silently adown.

Tears for the bright days fled,  
Russet and gold, I see,  
And green, the autumn's prophecy  
Of summers yet to be.

Tears for the sad days past,  
Withered and brown and dead:  
Dead hopes, like flowers, lie buried fast  
Under the leafy bed.



Your way was the same yet  
 But you brought out the  
 In the day that the sun  
 The sun that you  
 With you

You were a great and  
 But you were not our  
 Kind of people and  
 There is much for  
 In you

You may be a great  
 But you were not our  
 Kind of people and  
 There is much for  
 In you

There may be the better part  
that you cannot think out  
for the day that is the  
the more that you  
love you

There may be a great deal  
that you will not  
Epistle of Shadrach and  
There is a great deal  
more you

There may be a great deal  
that you will not  
Epistle of Shadrach and  
There is a great deal  
more you

R005011

You may bar the castle gate  
But you cannot shut out Fate  
On the day that she is due  
She will knock and you  
Will open.

You may set a guard and wait  
But you will not out-watch Fate  
Spite of strategem and plan  
She's a match for <sup>any</sup> man  
Even you.

March

**Y**OU may bar the castle gate  
But you will not shut out Fate;  
On the day that she is due,  
She will knock and you  
Will open.

You may set a guard and wait  
But you will not out-watch Fate;  
Spite of strategem and plan,  
She's a match for any man,  
Even you.



travely do the gods their gifts dispense!  
a most solemn music sung.

heaven-sent  
now hymns of penitence  
o when I the singers now ~~at length~~ perceived

Circes swine agape for filthiness

one upon a gloomy day  
Glean come out to play  
Joan's health's sleep and water  
I give the powder back to the  
The butter will be in the  
How shame of you the power  
The  
The  
The

Once upon a gloomy day,  
Delia came out to play  
Youth & Health slept out with her  
(Bewildered I could not stir), (O sight the <sup>preyest</sup> ~~dullest~~ heart to  
And Beauty took her by the hand.  
(Amazed, I could not understand)  
The  
How shamed of gloom the peevish Sun  
Smiled this sight to look upon  
And hasted in his warm beams to shed  
Sunlight on ~~each~~ her sunny head  
.....

Once upon a gloomy day  
Delia came out to play  
Youth & Health slept out with her.  
O, sight the preyest heart to stir  
And Beauty took her by the hand.  
The dullest wit e'er understood  
How shamed of gloom the peevish Sun  
Smiled this sight to look upon  
And hasted in warm beams to shed  
Sunlight on her sunny head.

(February)



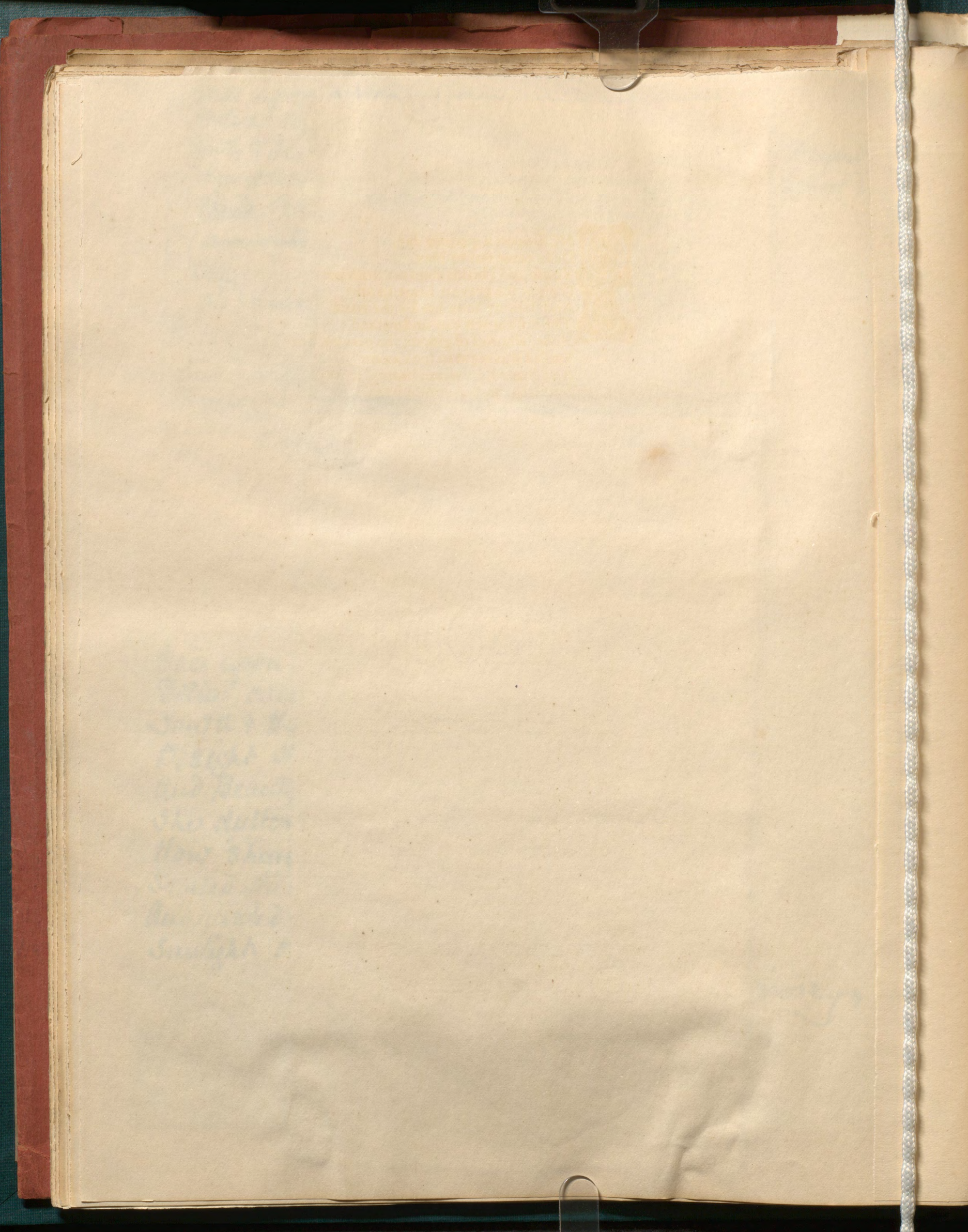
R005011

**O**NCE upon a gloomy day,  
Delia came out to play.  
Youth and Health stepped out with her  
O sight the greyest heart to stir!  
And Beauty took her by the hand.  
The dullest wit can understand,  
How 'shamed of gloom the peevish Sun  
Smiled this sight to look upon  
And hasted in warm beams to shed  
Sunlight on her sunny head.

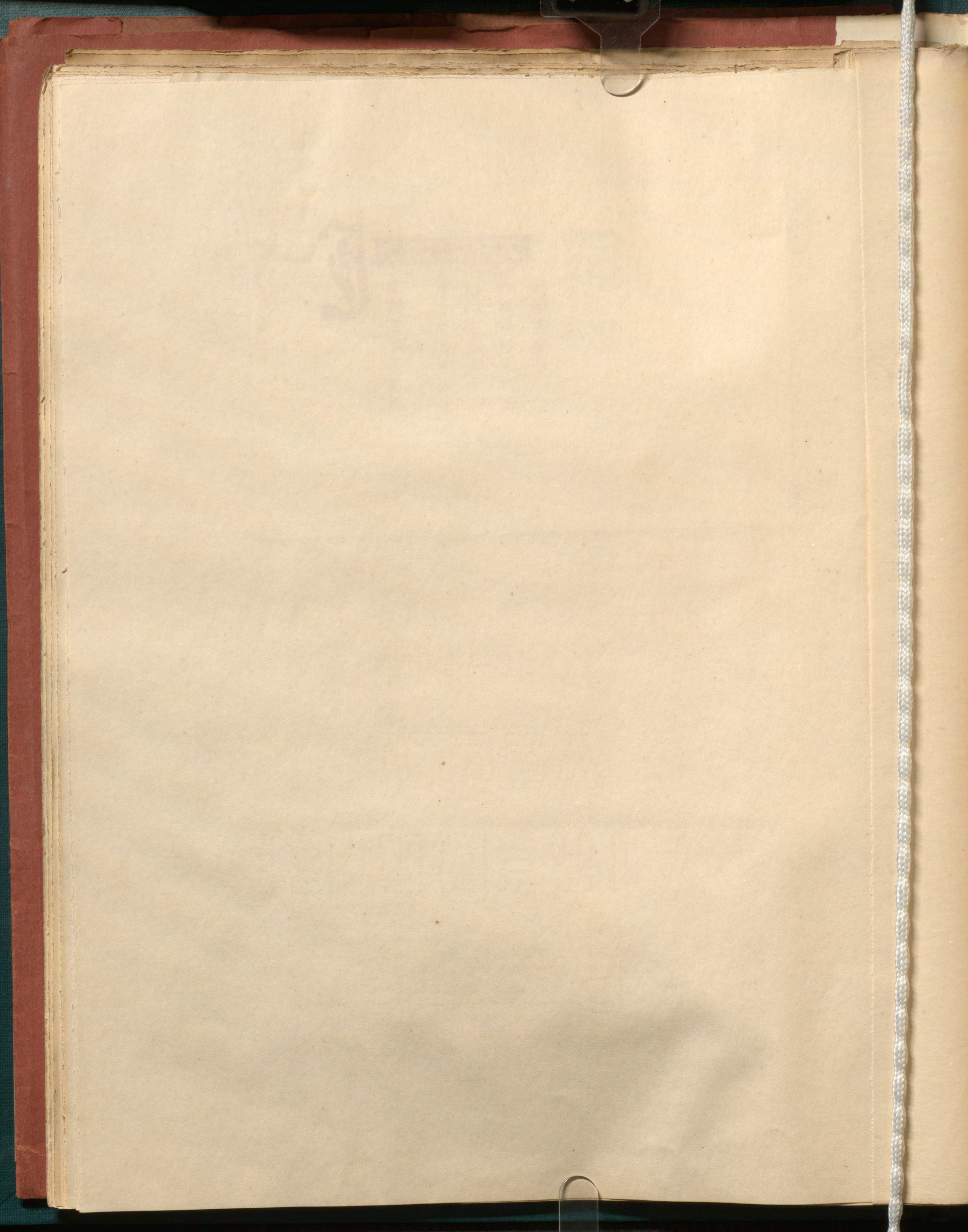
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WRITTEN DESIGNED CUT ON WOOD  
PRINTED AND BOUND BY H D AND  
H G WEBB AT CARADOC BEDFORD  
PARK CHISWICK FINISHED  
DECEMBER  
MDCCCL.

**S**PRING and Summer now are fled,  
Mourning Autumn, too, is dead;  
The leaves have laid aside their dress  
And shivering stand in nakedness.  
The river, late so strong and loud,  
Lies silent 'neath its icy shroud.  
The solemn hills, just capped with snow  
Look down upon the vale below,  
Where through the night of Winter sleep  
The little seeds their vigil keep.



**O**NCE upon a gloomy day,  
 Delia came out to play.  
 Youth and Health stept out with her  
 O sight the greyest heart to stir!  
 And Beauty took her by the hand.  
 The dullest wit can understand,  
 How, 'shamed of gloom, the peevish Sun  
 Smiled this sight to look upon  
 And hasted, in warm beams, to shed  
 Sunlight on her sunny head.





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STATION

RECORDED

INDEXED

PER

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To lie full length upon a headland near the  
To hear the splash & murmur of the sea.

The gulls' shrill screams, the droning of a bee;  
To lay one's cheek upon the sunburnt grass.

And with closed eyes, to feel the soft wind pass.


With dainty rustle through the leather near.


---

August

---

Keep these. how like an inward for  
- great areas due for where Reason dwell.  
climatic about & strong avalanche force  
show the head of random great that  
& will then have of compulsion in piece  
the suspension. metast & complete.


 O lie full-length upon a headland sheer; *semicolan*  
 To hear the splash and murmur of the sea; *''*  
 The gulls' shrill scream, the droning of a bee; *''*  
 To lay one's cheek upon the sunburnt grass, *1*  
 And with closed eyes, to feel the soft wind pass, *S*  
 With dainty rustle through the heather near.


 O lie full-length upon a headland sheer;  
 To hear the splash and murmur of the sea;  
 The gulls' shrill scream, the droning of a bee;  
 To lay one's cheek upon the sunburnt grass,  
 And with closed eyes, to feel the soft wind pass,  
 With dainty rustle through the heather near.



HY dost thou lie a prisoner  
in the dark?  
Rise up and climb, and thou  
mayst yet behold  
Sunrise upon the hills of Liberty.



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# JANUARY.

S	6	13	20	27	
M	7	14	21	28	
T	1	8	15	22	29
W	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	31
F	4	11	18	25	
S	5	12	19	26	

# FEBRUARY.

S	3	10	17	24	
M	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
W	6	13	20	27	
T	7	14	21	28	
F	1	8	15	22	29
S	2	9	16	23	30

# MARCH.

S	3	10	17	24	31
M	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
W	6	13	20	27	
T	7	14	21	28	
F	1	8	15	22	29
S	2	9	16	23	30

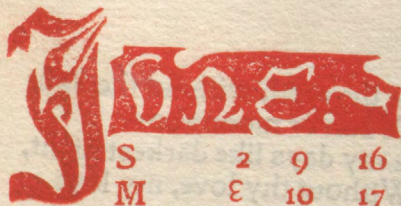


# APRIL

S		7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	
T	4	11	18	25	
F	5	12	19	26	
S	6	13	20	27	



S		5	12	19	26
M		6	13	20	27
T		7	14	21	28
W	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
F	3	10	17	24	31
S	4	11	18	35	



S		2	9	16	23	30
M		3	10	17	24	
T		4	11	18	25	
W		5	12	19	26	
T		6	13	20	27	
F		7	14	21	28	
S	1	8	15	22	29	

# July

S		7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	31
T	4	11	18	25	
F	5	12	19	26	
S	6	13	20	27	

# August

S		4	11	18	25
M		5	12	19	26
T		6	13	20	27
W		7	14	21	28
T	1	8	15	22	29
F	2	9	16	23	30
S	3	10	17	24	31

# September

S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	
W	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
F	6	13	20	27	
S	7	14	21	28	





OCTOBER

S	6	13	20	27	
M	7	14	21	28	
T	1	8	15	22	29
W	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	31
F	4	11	18	25	
S	5	12	19	26	



November

S	3	10	17	24	
M	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
W	6	13	20	27	
T	7	14	21	28	
F	1	8	15	22	29
S	2	9	16	23	30



December

S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	31
W	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
F	6	13	20	27	
S	7	14	21	28	



S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	31
W	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
F	6	13	20	27	
S	7	14	21	28	



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R005011

## IRISH MUSIC

voice beside the dim enchanted river,  
Out of the twilight, where the brooding trees  
Hear Shannon's druid waters chant for ever  
Tales of dead Kings and Bards and Shanachies;  
A girl's young voice out of the twilight, singing  
Old songs beside the legendary stream,  
A girl's clear voice, o'er the wan waters ringing  
Beats with its wings at the gates of dream.

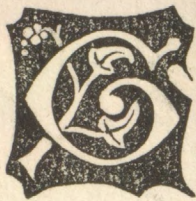
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DECEMBER  
MDCCCC.

30	31	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

IRISH MUSIC

your roads for the mountain side  
Out of the twilight, when the breezes blow  
Hear Shannon's distant waters hum  
Tales of dead Kings and deeds and legends  
A girl's young voice in the twilight  
Old songs beside the legendary wells  
A girl's clear voice, a boy's low voice  
Down with the king in the gate of Tara

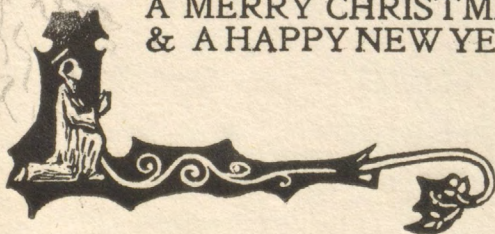




**G**OD BLESS  
The MASTER of this house  
And the MISTRESS also  
And all the little CHILDREN  
That round the table go.  
And all your Kin and Kinsmen  
That dwell both far and near  
We wish you  
A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
& A HAPPY NEW YEAR.



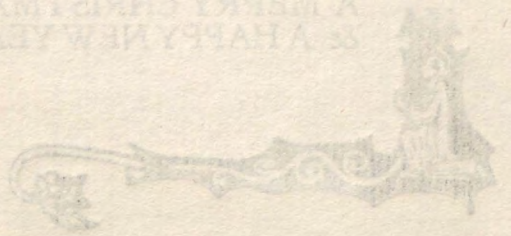
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A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
& A HAPPY NEW YEAR





From  
H.D. & H.W.  
Carr  
P.O.  
York  
Park  
Christ  
mas  
M.D.C.  
C.C.O.

*[Faint, illegible handwriting]*

*[Faint, illegible handwriting]*

From  
HD & HG W  
Caradoc  
Bed-  
ford  
Park  
Christ-  
mas  
MDC  
CCC

✠ A B C D E F G H  
 I J K L M N O P Q  
 R S T U V W X Y Z  
 a b c d e f g h i j k l m  
 n o p q r s t u v w x y z  
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0  
 i ii iii iv v vi vii viii ix x

**I**N the name of the Father  
 and of the Son and of the  
 Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

**O**UR Father, which art in  
 heaven, Hallowed be thy  
 Name. Thy kingdom come.  
 Thy will be done in earth, As  
 it is in heaven. Give us this day  
 our daily bread. And forgive  
 us our trespasses, As we  
 forgive them that trespass  
 against us. And lead us not  
 into temptation; But deliver  
 us from evil. *Amen.*

✠ A B C D E F G H  
 I J K L M N O P Q  
 R S T U V W X Y Z  
 a b c d e f g h i j k l m  
 n o p q r s t u v w x y z  
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