My dear Newland,

Many thanks for your kind letter which brings back old times to me. No man loves them more, a Christian than more warmly. But my time, perhaps too scant, demanding

connection of you and [illegible] are very faint. But

Ray read me your book but that I may or never.
so with the mercy of "they" and all intent to me.

If I knew what I owed you or did that all my life or might bear to you, your enemies (if they have any) it would be done a grain with a glad heart.

No word will tell what is the changeless venerably or I have ever had since our parting that the true is here to live alone.

You must say how you are in health. Do you know we are both growing old men?

If ever you come to London, you know what it would give me to see you.

Pray give my kindest to whatever with which I see you.

Breath of sweet your

George S. M"Ewan.