



The
Sunday Letters
Journal

*“When evening’s come, you homeward take
your way; we, till our work is done, are forced
to stay. And, after all our toil and labour past,
sixpence or eightpence pays us off at last. For
all our pains, no prospect can we see, attend us
but old age and poverty. ”*

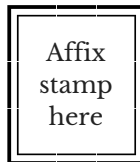
Mary Collier | 1739

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Sunday
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