

Wolfcale Family Bible

Wells County, Indiana

Contributed by Judith Ormsby Richter, judyri@ligtel.com
August 26, 2005

The **HOLY BIBLE**
Containing the
Old and New Testaments:
Translated out of
The Original Tongues,
And with the
Former translations diligently compared and revised

New York
Published by the American Bible Society
Stereotyped by J. & J. White

1818

Births

John Wolfcale was born the 30 day of September 1776
Bulinda Wolfcale was born the 4 day of January 1788
Nancy Ann Wolfcale was born the 12 day of December 1801
Siscelia Wolfcale was born the 10 day of September 1803
Abraham Wolfcale was born the 6 day of January 1806
Elizabeth Wolfcale was born the 4 day of December 1807
Martha Wolfcale was born the 10 day of October 1809
Mary Wolfcale was born the 12 day of July 1811
Bulinda Wolfcale was born the 11 day of January 1813
Janean Wolfcale was born the 6 day of August 1815

Deaths

Bulinda Wolfcale deceast this life December the 9-1817 *
Aged 31 years 10 months and 11 days

John Wolfcale died March 30 1851 in the sevety fifth year *

* *typed as entered "sevety" and "deceast"*

On the back inside cover of the Bible is a printed paper with:

LINES

On the death of **Liberta Brickley**, who died at the residence of her parents in Austintown,
February 13, 1860; in her 4th year:

Thy memory yet we cherish,
Sweet one beneath the vale:
'Twill from our hearts ne'er perish,
Though time and death may fail.

In childhood thou was taken,
From this vain world of tears,
But thou'rt not forsaken
Though very few thy years.

Thy stature it was small,
Thy features they were bright,
Thy wisdom was withall
A river of delight.

Thy presence and its merits,
The voice with us not heard,
Are shining with the spirits
In realms of light and word.

But then the dead will rise,
When a Gabr'els trump shall sound;
To yonder beauteous skies
And dwell with angels round.

Then why should we lament,
When this we know is true,
Why should we not repent,
And dwell with angels too.

Our voices then to mingle,
In one harmonious strain;
And sound the praises single,
Of our redeemer slain.

Thy father and thy mother
Will ever think of thee;
Thy sister and each brother,
"Till death their memories free.

Thy smiles so pleasant were
And ways so very pretty,
They all we yet remember,
Though thou art cold Liberta.

There are numerous clovers, which appear to be four-leafed clovers. Also a swatch of cloth is within the pages. Some pieces of paper are also there:

A poem “Ten Sick Men”,

“Puzzle” from the company, Woolson Spice Co, Toledo, Ohio with the product- Lion Coffee

Part of a page from a textbook on poems

A poem “The Hearthstone” by Helen Hunt cut from a newspaper dated January 12, but no year

A poem “Poor Little Ben” cut from a newspaper

Pasted on the front inside cover is another poem, “Bury me in the Morning” by Mrs. Hale

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1818.

over the
fowl of the
and over all
every creeping
upon the earth.
created man in his own
the image of God created

REVELATION.

tenth, a chrysolite; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst.

21 And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl; and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

22 And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.

23 And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

24 And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth, do bring their glory and honour into it.

25 And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.

26 And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it.

27 And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

CHAP. XXII.

AND he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

2 In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river was the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

3 And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him:

4 And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.

5 And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

6 And he said unto me, These sayings are faithful and true. And the Lord God of the holy prophets sent his angel to shew unto his servants the things which must shortly be done.

7 Behold, I come quickly: blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book.

8 And I John saw these things, and

heard them. And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which shewed me these things.

9 Then saith he unto me, See thou do it not: for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God.

10 And he saith unto me, Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book: for the time is at hand.

11 He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still.

12 And behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

13 I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

14 Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

15 For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.

16 I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning-star.

17 And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come: And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

18 For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, if any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book:

19 And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book.

20 He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus.

21 The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

John Wolscate was
Born the 30 Day of
September - 1776

Berinda Wolscate
Was Born the 2^d Day
of January 1788

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Born the 12 Day December
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Janean Wolcote was
Born the 6 Day of
August - 1815

Bulinda Woffcale

Deceast this life
December the 9 - 1819

Aged 31 years 10 months
and 11 - Days

John Woffcale
Died March 30
1851

In the seventy
fifth year

LINES

On the death of LIBERTA BRICKLEY, who died at the residence of her parents, in Austintown, February 13, 1860; in her 4th year:

Thy memory yet we cherish,
Sweet one beneath the vale;
'Twill from our hearts ne'er perish,
Though time and death may fail.

In childhood thou wast taken,
From this vain world of tears,
But thou'rt not forsaken
Though very few thy years.

Thy stature it was small,
Thy features they were bright,
Thy wisdom was withall
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Thy presence and its merits,
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But then the dead will rise,
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In one harmonious strain;
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Thy father and thy mother
Will ever think of thee;
Thy sister and each brother,
'Till death their memories free.

Thy smiles so pleasant were
And ways so very pretty,
They all we yet remember,
Though thou art cold LIBERTA.

* * *

Selected Poetry.

Bury me in the Morning.

BY MRS. HALE.

Bury me in the morning, mother—
Oh, let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere you leave me alone with the night;
Alone in the night of the grave, mother—
'Tis a thought of terrible fear—
And you will be here alone, mother,
And stars will be shining here.
So bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I am alone with the night.

You tell of the Savior's love, mother—
I feel it in my heart—
But, oh! from this beautiful world, ~~mother,~~
'Tis hard for the young to part!
Forever to part when here, mother,
The soul is fain to stay;
For the grave is deep and dark, mother,
And Heaven seems far away—
Then bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I am alone with the night.

Never unclasp my hand, mother,
Till it falls away with thine—
Let me hold the pledge of thy love, mother,
Till I feel the love, divine;
The love divine—Oh! look, mother,
Above the beams I see—
And there an angel's face, mother,
Is smiling down on me!
So bury me in the morning, mother,
When the sun-beams flood the sky—
For death is at the gate of life, mother,
And leads us to light on high.