THE

HOLY BIBLE:

CONTAINING THE

OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS:

TRANSLATED OUT OF THE ORIGINAL TONGUES,

AND WITH THE FORMER TRANSLATIONS DILIGENTLY COMPARED AND REVISED.

WITH

CANNE'S MARGINAL NOTES AND REFERENCES.

TOGETHER WITH

THE APOCRYPHA.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

AN INDEX:

AN ALPHABETICAL TABLE, OF ALL THE NAMES IN THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS,

WITH THEIR SIGNIFICATIONS;

ALSO,

TABLES OF SCRIPTURE WEIGHTS, MEASURES, AND COINS.

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.

PUBLISHED BY H. & E. PHINNEY

1847.

Margaret & Thomas Dearing.

Saco, Maine.

October, 1847.

For the Register.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE CHARLIE,

WHO DIED SEPT. 185[illegible]

We loved thee well—alas! [illegible]
For thou wert mortal clay,
"Born but to die"—a morning flower
To flourish but a day.

Yet still I cannot make thee dead;
Methinks I see thee now,
With that expressive, thoughtful look
Which hung around thy brow.

I miss those sweet, familiar tones,
I miss thy sprightly form,
Why do my thoughts so often stray
To thee, my dear first-born?

Thy little toys—thy vacant chair,
Thy little bed, now lone;
Alas! all these but bring to mind
That thou art from us gone.

Gone, we would hope, to brighter scenes
Than earth could e'er afford,
To mingle with the angelic band
In sweet, sublime accord.

Then let us ever be resigned,
And feel that thou art blest,
Though it is hard to lay thee down
In the cold grave to rest.

[illegible] our Heavenly Father's hand
[illegible] the fatal blow,
[illegible] would "kiss the rod," and say
"Our Father—even so."

ANNIE.

A Little Grave.

"It's only a little grave," they said;
"Only just a child that's dead."
And so they carelessly turned away
From the mound the spade had made that day.
And they did not know how deep a shade
That little grave in our home had made.

I know the coffin was narrow and small;
One yard would have served for an ample pall;
And one man, in his arms could have borne away
The rosewood and its freight of clay,
But I know that darling hopes were hid
Beneath that little coffin lid.

I know that mother stood that day
With folded hands, by that form of clay;
I know that burning tears were hid
'Neath the drooping lash and aching lid;
And I know her lip and cheek and brow
Were almost as white as her baby's now;

I know that some things were hid away,
The crimson frock and wrappings gay;
The little sock and half worn shoe,
The cap with its plumes and tassels blue;
And an empty crib, with its covers spread,
As white as the face of the sinless dead.

'Tis a little [illegible] have care;
For [illegible] thore,
And [illegible]
May [illegible] tears,
How [illegible] of joy.

[illegible]

[illegible] following [illegible] legend in "[illegible] Yule-tide Stories," one of Bohn's Antiquarian Series. It is too beautiful to remain in the sole keeping of antiquarians:—"There was once a mother and a child, and the mother loved this her only child with her whole heart, and thought she could not live without it; but the Almighty sent a great sickness among children, which seized this little one, who lay on its sick bed, even to death. Three days and three nights the mother watched and wept, and prayed by the side of her darling child, but it died. The mother, now left alone in the wide world, gave way to the most violent and unspeakable grief; she ate nothing and drank nothing, and wept, wept, three long days and three long nights, without ceasing, calling constantly upon her child. The third night, as she thus sat overcome with suffering, in the place where her child had died, her eyes bathed in tears, and faint from grief, the door softly opened, and the mother started, for before her stood her departed child. It had become a heavenly angel, and smiled sweetly as innocence, and was beautiful like the blessed. It had in its hand a small cup that was almost running over, so full it was. And the child spoke: 'O! dearest mother, weep no more for me; the angel of mourning has collected in this little cup the tears which you have shed for me. If for me you shed but one tear more, it will overflow, and I shall have no more rest in the grave, and no joy in heaven. Therefore, O dearest mother! weep no more for your child; for it is well and happy, and angels are its companions.' It then vanished. The mother shed no more tears, that she might not disturb her child's rest in the grave [illegible] for the sake of her [illegible] the anguish of her heart [illegible] self-sacrificing is a mother's love."

[illegible] Monument of Flowers.

LUCY A. [illegible]

'Twas early one bright sabbath day,
In spring's transcendent morn,
As bursting leaves and budding flowers
High hill and vale adorn,
In musing mood, with silent tread,
I sought th' abode [illegible]

The tender grass [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

For [illegible] injured [illegible], and [illegible] gray,
[illegible] the self-same [illegible]
[illegible] tribute [illegible] hopes,
And [illegible] left to wail.
For mound and marble seemed to say,
'We lived, and died, and passed away.'

A little infant's new-made grave
Now met my wandering view,
Without a stone to mark the spot,
Still fresh with [illegible] dew.
But some kind hand had planted there
A bunch of violets bright and fair.

And from that lowly little grave
I felt no will to rove;
That simple monument of flowers
So sweetly spoke of love.
'Like these we die—but wherefore mourn?
To thee and us will spring return.'

[illegible] the smile [illegible]
The pleading [illegible] and joy,
And well, mothers, a theme like this
Might angel harps employ.
'Mothers—mourn not [illegible]
The less of earth, the more of heaven.'

Family Record.

MARRIAGES.	MARRIAGES.
Thomas Dearing Jr., Saco, Me. & Margaret C. Aumock, Millstone, N. J. Married, March 9th, 1844. By Rev. C. F. Worrell.	Leander G Brunelle & Louisa A Dearing Married June 19 1878 By Rev T D Anderson All of Portland Maine
William C Aumock of New Jersey Anna L Hains of Maine Married in Saco Aug 18 1848 By Rev N. M. Williams	Henry C Leary of Scrobrook Man & Rose Emma Dearing of Portland Maine Married June 15 1892 By Rev W Ayers

Family Record.

BIRTHS.	BIRTHS.
Charles T. Dearing Born 30th June, 1845.	Leander G Brunel Born Jannary 20, 1850
Louisa Nancy Dearing Born 22d January 1854.	
Rosie Emma Dearing Born 30th March 1861	
Louisa Clifton	
Thomas Alphonso Brunel Born Feb 12 1882	
Richard Brunel Born January 23 1887	

Family Record.

BIRTHS.	BIRTHS.
Thomas Dearing Jr. Born October 8th, 1819.	Margaret C. Aumock Born Sept. 27th 1823

[Thomas Dearing Jr., was son of Thomas and Mary Dearing of Old Orchard, Me., (See under Deaths - Bible of John + Nancy Aumock)
R. Brunel 9/30/29

Family Record.

DEATHS.	DEATHS.
Charles S. Dearing, Died December 17th, 1846. Aged 17 months & 17 days. Thomas Dearing Jr. Died September 9th 1891 Aged 71 years eleven months & 1 day Bessie Emma Dearing Leary Daughter of Thomas & Margaret Dearing wife of Henry Leary Died 23 days Dec. 8, 1894.	Margaret (Cannock) Dearing Aug. , 1903

Marriage Certificate.

Printed at the Monmouth Inquirer Office, Freehold.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

This is to CERTIFY all whom it may Concern,

THAT Mr. Thomas Leaving Prof. Saco Maine and Miss Margaret C. Hancock of Nepery appeared before me, and no lawful hinderance appearing, were solemnly united in *Holy Wedlock*, this — Ninth — day of March in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty four and pronounced *Man* and *Wife* by ME.

C. F. Worrell

The Spring Street Baptist Church

Orgines 1860 Rev Mr Butler Pastor

Rev Mr Butler & Wife

Deacon Bango & wife

Deacon Inswith & wife

Clerk Mr Kimbe & wife

Mr K Jorden & wife

Mr Wm Jorden & wife

Mrs Margaret Jorden

Miss Margret Jorden

Miss Mary J Jorden

Miss Ellen Jorden

Mr Thomas Farbanks & Wife

Mr Elbridge Coffen & Wife

Miss Norton

Miss Abbie Coffen

Charles Coffen

Miss Susie Coffen

Mr Gould & Wife

Miss Ansail Gould

Mr Abram Libbe & Wife

Mr Hicks & Wife

Mr Sotoy & Wife

Mr Hopkins & Wife

Mr Thomas Dearing & Wife

Mr Frank Bartlet & Wife

Mr Record & Wife

Mr Dexter & Wife

Spring Church continue
Mrs Chamberlin
Mrs McKenney
Miss Ruth McKenney
Mrs Stockpole
Mrs Dingley
Mr Damal Wiggan & wife
Mr Horson Wiggan & wife
Miss Emma Libbe
Miss Rossie Phillipis
Miss Emmer Kimble
Mr Abbon Jorden & wife
Mrs Burel
Mrs Stason
Miss Ester Chase
Mr Phelep Bridges
Miss Nancy Bridges
Miss Sarah Bridges
Mrs Howard
Mr Kiner & wife
Mrs Wiggan

Portland May 11 1890

O what a happy return of the
the sabbath to look back over the
past 49 years of my life for in tho
se years have been meny changes in
my life but in them all I have never
regreted the setep I then took for I
put on christ by being baptized
May the 9 1841 in Macdugle St New York church
by the Rev Mr Duncan Dunbar O happy
I was and christ has been ever dear
to me ever cince in 1844 I came
to Main to live in 1845 I lost a
Dear Brother in 1846 I lost my
Dear Boy the pet of Father and my
self, I felt that my Heavly Father
know wat was best for me
my Pastor thought I had best
send for my letter I joined the
church in Coco then we left e
whent to Camden Maine and fro
m to Dameris cotta and from thor
to Auburn Maine my heart was
made glade or to rejoice for my
Husband receved Christ as his

first Sunday in April

Savour 1858 he was Baptized +
+ By Rev Mr Knox
we joined the Lewistown Church
and when the Auburn Church was
formed we came of with the rest
a bout 60 in number in april 1860
and we lived there till May 1872
the we came to Portland and
we joined the first Bastist
Church and I have allways
felt that I had a friend that
Stick closer than a Brother in
all my Sorrows wich has
been meny for I have lost
dear freands Father Mather
Brothers & Sisters I feal thay
have gon home and I hope
to see them when my Debt
is payd but how long my
Debt may run I can tell but
I hope to be ready to pay it
when it come du
Margaret C Dearing

this is for Thomas A Brunel

in the summer of 1864
Louisa N Dearing was Baptized
in the Spring of 1888
Rossie Emma Dearing was
Baptize By Rev Dr Small Pastor
of the ~~Church~~ firs Baptist Church
Louisa was Baptized by the
Rev Dr G P Mathews of Auburn
Thomas Dearing
My Dear Husband died 9th of Septe 1891
a nother one of my Dear ones has gon
befor me to the happy land whare
I hope to go as soon as my work
is don hear on eart M C D

Portland