



**BIBLIA,**

Das ist:

Die ganze

**Heilige Schrift**

des

Alten und Neuen

**Testaments,**

Nach der deutschen Uebersetzung

**D. Martin Luthers;**

Mit eines jeden Capitels kurzen Summarien,

Auch beygefügt vielen aufs neue berichtigten Parakelen,

Und 40 vortreflichen bildlichen Vorstellungen versehen.

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In Stereotypen verfertigt, von J. Howe.

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**Philadelphia:**

Gedruckt und zu haben bey Kimber und Sharpleß, Buchhändler,  
Nro. 8, Süd-4tenstraße.

1828.

# Familien Register.

Geburten.

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Christiane Nissley  
was born June 24<sup>th</sup> in  
the year of our Lord  
1824

Mountjoy Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

Eight Months after date We or either of us do promise to pay to Peter Porcupine, or order, the sum of Ninety dollars and Eighty seven cents Pennsylvania Currency with legal interest for the same without Defalcation Value Rec<sup>d</sup> As Witness Our hands and seals this the 15<sup>th</sup>, day of Nov<sup>r</sup>. A.D. 1826.

(No witness is required)

Christian Comely L.S.  
Henry Hardding Sen<sup>r</sup> L.S.

\$60.00

November the 15<sup>th</sup>, 1826

Sixty days after date I promise to pay to James Henry, or order, the sum of Sixty dollars with lawful interest for the same without Defalcation. Value Rec<sup>d</sup>,

(No witness is required)

James Daughterson

Received Mountjoy November 16<sup>th</sup>, 1826 of Mr.  
George Liverpool the sum of Eighty dollars  
in full (it being for a draught Horse) of all demands

\$80.00

James Poorty

Mountjoy Township Lancaster County Pen<sup>a</sup>

Nancy Neigh<sup>r</sup>

Labour for Learning before you grow old, for Learning is better  
than Silver and Gold, Silver and Gold will vanish away but Learning  
once gotten will never decay.

May nicht den lieben Gott läßt geschehen, Und sohnst mich in  
allzeit; Das wird Er wunderbarlich geschehen in allem Sinn und  
Anweisung, Amen Gott den Allwissenden, bewirt Ihr fort auf  
Reinern Land gebauet.

Hing brück und gar mich Gottes wegen spruchst das Iren  
Nicht geborn sind Herin der Gimalt wessen sagen so wird  
mit Euch Ihr anmeinen wie: den ansehnst seine Gutsbriefe  
Ihr Gott, Ich bin Reue, so

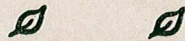
{ On Happiness } November the 15<sup>th</sup> 1825.

The great pursuit of man is after Happiness: it is the first and strongest  
desire of his nature;— in every stage of his Life he searches for it as  
for his treasure;— courts it under a thousand different shapes;— and  
though perpetually disappointed  
In our Pilgrimage through this world... some of us May be so  
fortunate as to meet with some clear fountain by the way that  
May cool for a few moments the Heat of this Great Thirst after  
Happiness— Yet our Saviour (tells) Who knew the world, though  
He enjoyed but little of it tells us that whosoever drinketh of this  
Water will thirst again.. and we all find by Experience it is so,  
I conclude upon Solomon's Evidence — He Advised every man  
who would be happy to <sup>fear</sup> God and keep his Commandments.

Anna Nisly was born December 6<sup>th</sup> 1782  
Died April 13<sup>th</sup> 1861

Aged 78 years 4 Months & 7 day  
78

## ALMOST HOME



Lead me a little longer, Father ! Very soon I know  
That I shall reach the ending of this rough and toilsome way.  
The evening shades are coming on—the ruddy after-glow  
Upon the hilltops marks the swift approach of close of day.  
My feet are aching, and my heart, long tried, has weary grown ;  
The burdens have been heavy—the afflictions so severe ;  
My strength, at best, is weakness—Father, leave me not alone,  
For I am safe, in light or shade, if thou, my Lord, art near.

Lead me a little longer, Father ! With my hand in thine,  
I walk securely. By thy side temptations lose their power ;  
No sorrow can o'erwhelm me while upheld by grace divine,  
For the rare glory of thy love illumines my darkest hour.  
And, though amid the shadows of the fast approaching night,  
The path that I should go my tear-dimmed eyes may fail to see ;  
Yet, to the very end, that path will glow with heavenly light,  
If down its last, most steep decline, my Lord is leading me.

Lead me a little longer, Father ! Just ahead I see  
The gates of pearl and jasper—and beyond them lies my home !  
Sometimes, e'en now, the music of the angels floats to me ;  
While voices that I've loved below are sweetly calling. "Come!"  
I hasten on with eager step toward that happy land,  
Beyond the gray horizon, where the sun of earth goes down ;  
Content to know that all the way my Father holds my hand,  
And that ere long he'll give to me an everlasting crown.

*Jacob K. Nissley*

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P. Julia.  
1828

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