

Roseltha Goble (1835 – 1919)
1857-1858

Transcribed by Rural Diary Archive volunteers

{outside front cover. Journal is bound in marbled paper}

{in pencil in another handwriting} 2 / -

{In Roseltha's handwriting}

Walsingham 1857

{My} thoughts

Wild dreams

fancy sketches

Random thoughts

Walsingham Ont.

My Journal.

Friday 20th February 1857. Two weeks ago tonight I arrived here. I hardly know whether I shall like it or not. I think I shall after a while. It takes me always a long time to forget old associations and form new ones. I must learn to like it. It is a wild place. In summer I think it will be very beautiful. I live in hope. I do not think I could be content to remain here always but for a few years I can like it. My earnest prayer is I may be enabled to do faithfully my duty while I do remain. I feel I can do much to lessen my father's cares. Much to influence encourage and restrain my brothers. O! that I could supply to them the place of elder sister & mother. Please God I will try. More especially is Newton under my care. He is a dear affectionate little fellow, very fond of me but excessively careless and easily influenced. He needs careful constant training. But how incompetent I am to give it him. Yet I feel I can do much for him. O! how much grace & wisdom I need Father of Mercies! guide me, teach me. Make me faithful, earnest and devoted.

Saturday Feb 21st I have been very busy to-day I have been for a week without a girl. I got on pretty well, better than I expected, yet I shall not be sorry when I have less to do. There is on an

average about nine men. They are with one or two exceptions a wild, noisy, half civilized set; fair specimens I dare say of Walsingham. They are quiet in my presence. I have not seen many of the people about yet. Yesterday an old maid called. She gave me to understand this was an awful place the people told such terrible lies. They had reported she was married and she lifted her hands in perfect horror. The other morning a tall green looking fellow came in without ceremony. "Well Rosa I have got a pint bottle here somewhere." was his salutation I could hardly suppress my risibilities. I do not know how he knew my name, but doubtless I have been the subject of conversation for some time. This Walsingham is a strange place I hardly know sometimes whether to laugh or cry but I generally laugh. I must cease scribbling for the present for my household duties claim my attention.

March 8th Sunday night. It is two weeks since I have written a word in my journal. I have been careless and did not feel like writing. I have been busy too attending to the thousand and one things attendant upon housekeeping. I feel more deeply since I came here than I could before the loss of my Mother. There is hardly an hour during the day but the thought "I've got no Mother now," comes over me with a feeling so sad and desolate; I feel sometimes as if I was alone, all alone. But I should not say that for my Father and brothers are very kind and I love them very, very, dearly. God has dealt very bountifully with me, in giving me so many dear, kind, friends. "Father of Mercies," make me more grateful for the rich blessings I enjoy. We have been this evening to a noisy, crowded, Methodist meeting. The house was very small and so exceedingly crowded, They seemed to think their God was Asleep, or gone a journey that they must needs make a great noise to excite his attention. I do not believe in so much noise. Paul says "let everything be done decently and in order." I thought of Elijah; when not in the rushing wind nor in the sound of many waters; but in the "still small voice" he heard God speak. Yet I would fain believe there were many sinners, devoted hearts, earnestly seeking to know what they should do, and desirous of the favour of the "High and Holy One." But yet I fear there were many too acting from the exciting impulses of the moment; like the seed that was cast on a rock and when it sprang up withered, for it lacked moisture. We went about four miles over the wildest road I ever saw; I really enjoyed my ride. The moon and stars were very bright, causing the majestic pines to cast such mystic sombre shadows. The unbroken stillness, save by the carriage wheels and an occasional remark from some one of our party. O! there is so much wild, solemn grandeur, in this dim deep forest. I have often felt weary and solitary in crowds but never in the forest. I passionately love nature whether the green plain, lofty mountain, gentle rivulet or foaming cataract, all alike are beautiful. The birds stirring their sweet songs, the soft breeze whispering among the trees, every plant and leaf seems to have a noise and they all unite in one harmonious song of praise to the "Great Giver" of every good and perfect Gift.

Tuesday March 10th. I have just returned from bidding adieu to my Sister's husband. Tomorrow he starts to find a home in the "far West" and in a few weeks, my dear, and only, sister will follow him, leaving her home and kindred all for love of him. I shall be very lonely when she is gone. They are young and hopeful, may the fortune be as fair and high in realization as their fondest anticipations have pictured it. May they always remain young in feeling and their hearts never grow cold in contending with the stern realities of life. Life is all untried as yet before them. May their trust be firm in "Israel's God"; and their faith grow brighter and brighter till the perfect day.

Friday March 13th. Mr. Keefer called to-day. he seems like a very intelligent fine man. He has a mill somewhere not far from here. His family reside in Galt he says he could not for a moment think of bringing them here in this out of the way, outlandish place. I believe he is about right. It is five weeks ago to-night since I came here, it seems much longer. I get a little lonesome sometimes but such feelings are transient. The thing I mostly regret is the want of religious Society here. I more deeply regret it on account of my brothers, but an 'All Wise' One ruleth, and what am I that I should m{illegible}. "I know all things shall work together for good." I have had a girl for a week, but I do not like her. She talks almost incessantly; I cannot stand it.

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my presence. O! guide me rightly. Thou {knowest?} I wish to have this with all my heart. O! give me grace for I am so weak, so frail, so utterly incapable of doing one right action. I must retire for I am weary and would fain become for a while oblivious to passing events. Good night dear Journal.

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or ambition. He is a great {words missing}

pleasure from the gentle breeze, the flowers by the way {words missing} forest, or the unfathomable sea. He loves the beautiful whether in nature or art. I fancy his life is a quiet dreamy spell. Mrs. Weeks is an industrious, tidy, economising, woman; a thorough housekeeper but not over intelligent; but I suppose he can do thinking enough for both. So they live a quietly inostenatious life.

Wednesday March 18th George Cromwell has brought his wife here to-day. I hope she may like her new home. I am not particularly prepossessed in her favour at first sight. But first impressions are often erroneous. I hope I may like her, for I have no companions here. I introduced her to her new home. 'Tis a dismal looking place; but a cheerful temper can do much towards making it a happy pleasant home.

Thursday 19th I received two letters to-day, one from Emma Goble. She writes well, I love to read her letters. She is a dear good girl, one of my childhood's friends; and one from Aunt Eliza Danson. I love her she is kind-hearted and strives amid many troubles and discouragements to do right. May God Bless her.

Friday 20th. It is six weeks to-night since I came here it has seemed a long time and yet I intended doing many things I have not done; some I have not had time for; and some I have not had inclination nor industry sufficient for. I must be more energetic and industrious for the future. "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

Tuesday 24th I have not done as much today as I intended too. T'was very late when I got up this morning. I must try and rise earlier. I have so often resolved to do so; and as often after a few mornings returned to my old slothful habit. I am almost dismayed by {illegible} any more. I will not make any more resolutions to break; but I will try nevertheless to get up earlier. Maybe I have depended too much upon the mere act of forming a resolution. How much easier it is to form resolutions than it is to carry them out.

Wednesday 25th To-day I came to the mill. It is nearly a mile from our house to the mill, so far the sawyers will have to be boarded in this house which is near by it. We have a girl engaged to come out Monday to cook for them till then I think I can manage, it is so much expense for the mill to stop while they go to their meals. So I shall have two houses to keep instead of one. It will be good exercise for me going from one to the other. I think it is more pleasant here than where we live. We are going to move here altogether as soon as we can get a house large enough to hold us all.

Thursday 26th Called to-day on Mrs Cromwell. I like her better. She seems like a quick neat little person. It has been a beautiful day. The ice bound rigor of old winter has at length passed away before the genial breath of spring. Glad, joyous Spring. I dearly love spring, everything both animate & inanimate seems uttering a song of rejoicing.

Friday 27th Mrs Cromwell called to-day and we visited the mill; such a continual whirl & buzz of machinery it all looks so complicated. 'tis amusing to watch it work. I like to see it. I have written a letter today to Emma Goble I received one this morning from J. G. I love to get letters from my friends; I know then they have not forgotten me.

Saturday 28th Received a letter this morning from my dear cousin Jo with a pressing invitation to visit them next Summer. Will will meet me in Cleveland and return with me. O I should dearly love to go; but how can I. I love my {illegible}'s family so very much; neither have I forgotten "Glorious Old

Lexington" as {illegible} {days?} 'tis a beautiful place. I could spend a delightful summer there. 'Tis a pity duty and inclination do not always point one way.

Sunday 29th Today Father Newton & I went for a walk we went about two miles through the woods to a Mr Mabel's they live in a small rough shanty in the woods. I wonder how they got in there for I could not see any way a wagon could possibly be taken in they seem quite contented and happy. I believe there is far more happiness in some of these backwoods huts than in very many a stately mansion. I like the woods better than the huts. I would like a lofty Gothic castle with numberless windings and intricate labyrinths; with massive doors and ponderous gates, a dim grand irregular mass, such as the "Middle Ages" produced, in a deep forest the winding paths and circuitous roads of which none could find but those accustomed to them. In such a castle and such a wood with a few loved ones would I dwell, but I will quit such foolish castle building. But to our walk: in returning from Mr Mabels we stopped at a tolerably sized framed house tenanted by our {Burns}. I was glad to leave; such a dirty house, such filthy people I should be sorry to see often. We came on down by the mill and stopped at Mr. Cromwell's, and dined with them a proceeding I was not at all averse to for my long walk had made so excessively vulgar as to be hungry. Such a difference between these two houses the one void of almost every necessary, filthy and disgusting. The other far smaller and less commodious, neat, comfortable & pleasant. Mr. & Mrs. Cromwell came home with us and spent the evening. so has passed away another Sabbath day. O! how much more profitably it might have been spent

Monday 30th I came up to the mill about 5 o'clock this morning I wish I had time and energy to take such a walk every morning I believe it would do me good {phaw!} I have time for I generally sleep there. 'Tis so pleasant to take another nap in the morning. I am naturally too indolent to rise early. that is a poor excuse. Disappointed the girl that was coming this morning is sick. Sent after another just ten minutes too late she had gone away to seek employment I am vexed but what cant be cured must be endured I might as well laugh as cry.

Tuesday 31st As usual to-day Father intended going for a girl but has been too busy at the mill, has concluded to wait & go to-morrow. I hope he may succeed. A very beautiful day. Lissa & Mrs. Cromwell called this morning they had been for a walk

Wednesday April 1st Father has been successful to-day in getting the promise of a girl to come to-morrow. I hope she will not disappoint us. I received a letter from Cousin Rachel. She does not write very well but she is a kindhearted girl I like to hear from her. But it is very cold to-night and I must hasten and retire. Good night.

Thursday 2nd. Disappointed again. The girl Father engaged yesterday has not come, 'tis vexatious. I wonder what can be the reason. Wrote to-day to Cousin Mary I have not heard from her since last fall.

Friday 3rd. Father has gone to Blenheim to-day I would liked to have went with him but that was an impossibility. I hope he will not be gone long. Daniel brought from the office this evening a letter from Herman {Vitch} my sister's husband a letter. he has bought a small farm near Detroit and sends for Lissa. She will be disappointed. She has fancied and dreamed so much of a home in the "wild western Prairies." Herman thinks he ought to preach he seems to feel deeply 'tis his duty & woe is him if he neglects so doing. I do not know. I would say nought against it for he seems to feel constrained to proclaim the gospel. he has good natural abilities & some talent for extemporaneous speaking but not much education. His mind is uneducated. He has had no advantages. He must do as he thinks he ought. May God direct him.

Saturday 4th Wrote a letter to-day to Cousin Jo 'tis just a week since I received hers 'tis a pleasure to write to our friends, but it would be a much greater one to see them oftener.

Sunday 5th It is lonesome when father is away I am anxious for him to come home I want to hear the news from Wolverton. It seems like hearing from home. Another Sabbath day has passed away Gone to return never again. I would I could better improve time precious time.

Tuesday 7th April. Received to-day two letters one from Alfred he is still in Wolverton. I wish he would do something for himself. He has not energy or ambition enough to do anything for himself or anybody else I fear. Also a letter from Emma G. A Mr Clark is there from Rochester giving Concerts I would like very much to attend some of them, but Alas! I am in Walsingham. She says they have so little room and so much company her Mother wishes us to make arrangements to bring Jassy home I am sorry I am so anxious he should continue at School, besides I am afraid I cannot attend properly to him & Newton both. I cannot bear the idea of his coming in contact with all these profane rough men I cannot keep him altogether from them. but "All things work together for Good." So I will {illegible} do the best I can. Please God direct us.

Sunday night 12th Another Sabbath with its record of good and evil, has closed, passed never to return. Father came home late last night. Alfred and Jassy both came with him. Today we have all been together for the first time since Lissa was married; the 15th of last May, nearly a year ago. I shall have now five brothers to make, mend, and care for. It will augment my cares considerably, but I can do it. "Better wear out than rust only." I must cultivate more energy & perseverance, more patient earnestness. O! that I could lead them all to the fountain of peace and holiness. Father of

Mercies preserve them from sin and sorrow. May thy guardian care be round about them and shelter them from every evil thing. O! make them thine. "heirs of that inheritance that is "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

Monday 15th The girl father engaged last week came to-day she says the reason she disappointed her mother was sick. I don't like her first appearance. She is too pert and consequential but maybe she will improve. Received this evening an "April fool" letter from Cousin Will in answer to one I sent him last year.

Tuesday 16th To-day Sarah left I am glad she is gone we could not have peace while she remained. I like the girl came yesterday better Clarinda Garity is her name; she is quite the reverse of Sarah so demure and genial. She rarely speaks. I hope she will do well. I have almost come to the conclusion if you want anything done, do it yourself. Called this afternoon on Mrs Cromwell & returned a book I borrowed some time ago, "The Life of the first Mrs. Judson." What a noble true-hearted woman. She has long since gone to her reward, and her glorified Spirit is doubtless raising anthems of praise to the "Great I Am": with many a ransomed Burman, whom she was instrumental in leading from the darkness of Burman heathenism to the knowledge of the One True God." She died among those for whom she had sacrificed her best days, with no dear friend near to soothe her last moments but a convoy of bright angels waited to convey her free'd spirit where she should know no more weariness or pain. They laid her beneath the "Hosia tree," in a strange land, far from her kindred and home.

Friday 17th received a paper & note to-day from J G. G. requesting an answer to his letter. I must write soon.

Saturday 18th wrote this evening to Anna G & Mrs Cole very sleepy must retire.

Monday 21st Clarinda went home yesterday morning promising to be back in time for supper and has not come yet. 'tis too provoking. what are such girls good for. Father has engaged another one & will send for her in the morning.

Tuesday 22nd Sent this morning for the girl & succeeded in getting her. her name is Elizabeth Quinn, a clever, tidy looking girl. I do hope she will do better than the others 'tis so wearying this continual change & trouble about Servants. Wrote this evening to J. G. G. I do not see anything improper in my corresponding with him an old friend of my childhood.

Friday 24th To-day Lissa went away. I shall be so lonely now. I have no companions here but Father and the boys. Dear Sister May your path be all the way bright and joyful. May you have many

happy days and fortitude and patience for all the dark ones. Her marriage was the first link that has broken in our household band: And then "Our Mother" died. One passed away from all the cares and troubles of this life the other just commencing them. Who will be the next: what changes will another year produce: Who can tell:

Sunday 26 Expected to hear Mr. Carey preach to-day but he disappointed us Mr & Mrs Cromwell dined with us and this afternoon came to the mill. What a way to spend the "Holy Sabbath". Please God forgive and direct us. O! give us a realizing sense thy Own presence and Omnipotence. Teach us to bow in humble submission at thy footstool. O! make us live nearer Thee. Constrain us to love Thee. Forbid we should always lie thus so unmindful of Thee.

Friday May 1st It has been several days since I have written any in my journal, I had not had time neither have I felt like writing. Wednesday the 29 April a most fearful accident happened in the Mill. A man was instantly killed. Sawn into. He was taking a board away from the saw when it caught instantly drawing him on the saw and cutting his body quite into & throwing him in a fearfully mangled mass to the end of the mill. It was an awful thing, everyone said they never saw anything so horrible. Truly in the midst of life we are in death. He was in perfect health and strength in an instant launched into obscurity. What a solemn consideration without a moments warning, cut off in the first prime of manhood. How precarious is the {term} by which we hold our lives. God grant it may be a warning and admonishment to many. The same evening I received a letter from Lissa. She had arrived in safety, I hope she may like her new home and be very, very happy in it. This evening I have written to her and also to Cousin Rachel. I am very tired and sleepy and must retire immediately. Good Night.

It is the Sabbath day so quiet, and peaceful, I love earnest quietude. Jassy & Newton are reading. All are still. This calm, holy, Sabbath day. What a glorious type of heavenly rest, away wordly cares and hopes: intrude not upon the sanctity of this holy day. Day of rest, peaceful rest: Yesterday morning I wrote a letter to Aunt Eliza and in the evening I received one from Cousin Jo & one from Emma Goble, dear kind letters.

Wednesday 6th Wrote to Emma Goble 'tis just three months since I came to Walsingham. The 6th of last February. It has not seemed very long.

Friday 8th Wrote to-day to cousin Jo. How very much I would like to see her, dear kind cousin.

Monday August 18th 1857. It has been a long time since I wrote in my Journal. The habit of writing here each day once broken upon is hard to resume. Much has happened since last I wrote here. We are moved in our new house 'tis very comfortable & convenient. Daniel went to Toronto to School the

15th last May. We hear from him often. He will not come home till October. Cousin Rachel Dawson has been here for five or six weeks, but she is getting home-sick & will I suppose go home this week & then I shall be alone again till some one has compassion on me & comes to stay with me. I get weary & lonely sometimes and wonder when will it end. I have been quite ill for two weeks. I am better now but not entirely recovered. How rapidly time passes the Summer is almost gone. We have established a Sabbath School. I hope it will succeed well & much good results from it. I have an interesting class of little girls. We need something to improve and elevate the minds of both parents & children. Father has gone today to hunt a girl I really wish we could get some one we could trust. I have written letters this morning to J. G. G. & Cousin Jo. I received one last week from Cousin Mary & one from Emma G.

August 26th 1857. My dear neglected journal, how shall I excuse my negligence and carelessness. It has been because I do not feel like writing, a poor excuse. Thanks to the "Great Giver" I have quite recovered from my illness. It is pleasant cool weather. My "Forest Bower" is very beautiful these long bright summer days, but sometimes I get weary & lonely away off here in the wilderness. I will strive to banish such feelings. I have a dear, dear home and much, very much to be thankful for besides I know in "whatever lot I am I must strive therewith to be content." 'Tis only once in a while I get lonely & homesick. Cousin Rachel has gone home.

I went with her as far as Port B{illegible} the first time with one exception I have been out since I came here. I wonder sometimes what people are doing and thinking of, out in the world. I do not care much about going, yet I would like once in a while to go out of the woods. But I daresay I am just as well at home. I am sorry Rachel has gone. We have met with a serious loss. Our old maid friend Miss {Pirdle} is married and gone. She visited me about once a week bewailing the wickedness of mankind in general and the people of Walsingham in particular. Yesterday morning her brother, an old bachelor was here, he asked the liberty of coming some Sunday & bringing his flute with him. I think I shall set my cap for him. Mr. Dunning an old widower with three children comes quite often he brings me fruit & books which I am very thankful for. I had a letter last week from Lissa she has a son a month old his name is Arthur Eugene. I have written to her & Cousin Mary this morning. I must quit scribbling my household duties claim my attention. I have got the slowest girl mortal was ever hindered with. 'Tis with difficulty I can tell sometimes whether she moves or not.

August 31st The last day of Summer. Another year will soon be numbered with the things that have been. It has not been altogether an unhappy Summer. Most of the time I have really enjoyed myself living here. This is a beautiful bright morning. All Nature is uttering a morning hymn of Praise to the "Author" of so much beauty. And thank God my heart is in unison with will The Glorious

Thanksgiving Anthem. I thank "The Great Giver" for health, home, & friends. I pray God I may always have a grateful, thankful heart for all the rich blessings I enjoy.

This earth seems too beautiful to be the source of so much sin & sorrow - - - I would I could always feel trustful and happy as I do this morning. But the "heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked". I will strive to pray that I enter not into temptation.

Tuesday Sept. 15th It has been very warm for a week it seems as if by some freak of Nature August is in the place of September this year. Tis not like Autumn to-day. Last Saturday evening we were much surprized at the arrival of Uncle Asa Wolverton from Paris. Our friends occasionally find us, even in Walsingham. Last Sunday father & I went out for a ride and called at a Mr. Clark's about two miles from here. A Mill owner. They seem well informed, intelligent people. I received letters last week from Cousin Jo, Lissa and J. G. G. within the last an invitation to attend the Provincial Fair at Brantford this month. I should very much like to go but I think I shall decline the invitation. I cannot very well leave home. The girl I have here is so very slow and inefficient. --- Mr. D. my old widower friend wrote a piece in my album. Original I presume for I am sure no one else could write such "incomprehensible" poetry. It is beyond my comprehension altogether. He commences by saying we should not mourn for departed friends. Meaning I suppose his first wife. The second verse I cannot for my life make out what the man means at all. The last verse comes to the point most decidedly. The burden of it is, "Can you love me will you help me." Poor man I am afraid I can neither love him or help him. He is positively the most tiresome man I ever knew. The idea a widower and ten children! quite too formidable a prospect for ~~him~~ me. I must quit scribbling some girls are waiting in the kitchen with berries to sell.

Monday morning Sept. 21st 'Tis so cold this morning I am obliged to sit close by the stove. I suppose Nature has discovered her mistake in substituting August for September and is rectifying it with a vengeance. I received a letter last Thursday from Emma Goble. Friday father started for Blenheim. I should have went with him if I could leave home when he does I suppose he will return Wednesday or Thursday. I am anxious for him to come. I want to hear the news.

Yesterday Mr. Keefer called he is the only Gentleman I have seen belonging to Walsingham since I came here. I like to see him. Mr. Dunning was here too. What an infliction his company is. I must write a letter this morning to Jo

Tuesday Sept. 29. Father returned from Blenheim last Friday he brought me a letter from Em Goble she would have returned with him had not the Fair been so near at hand. It begins to look like Autumn. "Autumn of Flower." Tho! I am homesick this morning. How foolish I am. I will go to work

and stop thinking, only I cant stop thinking. What a strange world this is sometimes all bright glorious sunshine & then clouds and gloom overshadow us.

Thursday morning Jan 14th 1858. It has been a long time since I have written here. I have got quite out of the way of writing 'tis a hardship to even write a letter any more. I really do not have time for writing my household duties claim my almost undivided attention. I have no girl now but Mrs Layton assists me, she is a dear kind woman. I like her very much. Daniel has taken a school about 14 miles from here I hope he will succeed well. The other boys are at home. I have written a letter this morning to cousin Jo. She is married and is now Mrs. Thomas Montague. Dear Cousin may you be happy.

Died.

December 17th 1856. Harriet N. Wolverton wife of Enos Wolverton aged 39 years & 9 months.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth"

July 31st 1858. Daniel K. Wolverton son of Enos & Harriet Wolverton aged 18 years & 6 months.

"He is not here but is risen"

O! death where is thy sting! O! grave where is thy victory!

Died

October 12th 1861 at Washington U.S.

Jasper Wolverton of Typhoid fever aged 17 years and 10 months

Alfred P. Wolverton at the K{illegible} Hospital Washington D.C. of Small Pox

April 24th 1863. Aged 24 years 10 month 8 days

Married

By the Rev^d W^m Haviland at the house of the Bride's father in Walsingham Mr. Jasper G. Goble to Roseltha eldest daughter of Enos Wolverton Esq.

Walsingham September 15th 1858.

{hand-drawn flourish}

December 30th 1858.

I am all alone to-night here in my room. I hear the wind sighing a requiem over the almost departed year; and the rain pattering against the window pane. What memories are struck? How vividly the past is coming before me. Scenes of my childhood & youth are fresh in my memory. The mention of an old School Mate brought to my mind scenes & events I had almost forgotten. The old School house, the bright young faces daily gathered there; and the clear running brook where we played in the sand & sailed miniature boats. Happy days of childhood how like a dream ye have passed away. Later our unbroken household band we will never all meet again on earth. We are scattered far and wide; and two are lying side by side beneath the cold ground. What a change a few years has made! Why, O! Why has it been so? Why has Death claimed the fairest & the best? Why should my Mother, my dear, dear Mother have been taken away from her children; and my noble, darling brother in the first prime of his young manhood, all his promise of usefulness blighted. Why should he have been called thus early! while so many are weary, and would fain lay down the burden of this life and rest. Father of Mercies teach me to bow in submission and say "Thy will be done." Make me feel the "Great Father" had need of him and it was not {meet} he should remain longer here. Enable me to look away from the sufferings he endured here and the deep shadow those two graves have cast in our hearts, to the crown & robes of Light. For thanks be to "Israel's God," they were both ready to go. To them death had no terrors. They sleep in Grace till the last great day when we shall all meet again. God grant we may each one of us have on a robe of righteousness being washed and made clean in the blood of the Lamb.

March 1861. I have been this morning looking over "My Journal." I can not quite make up my mind to burn it, so I will write another page here. I have been married two years and a half. My married life has so far been very, very, happy. We are united in heart and feeling as well as hand; and have a dear little prattler, a darling little girl to bind us still closer. We have never spoken to each other an angry word; and God grant we never may. We want a house, a little home of our own, and I think I should be almost perfectly happy. But as long as we have each other our darling babs & health we can be happy. I feel anxious for my brothers, my dear, dear, brothers They are except Alonzo at

School in Cleveland and I hear getting on well with their studies especially Jassy & Newton. How I long to see them, they have neither Mother or Sister to do anything for them. God bless and keep from temptation my darling Motherless brothers. I can pray for them.

For more information on Roseltha Goble, check out the “Meet the Diarists” section under “Discover” on our website: ruraldiaries.lib.uoguelph.ca