

ther William is fast declining, and to all appearance he will not be many days in time;—but how shall I mourn—how can I wish him to be raised up again? He is happy in God, and he has a blessed hope beyond the grave; and though he is called to endure violent pain of body, he experiences the fulfilment of the promise ‘As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.’ ”

August 18th, he wrote “I am now brought to suffer the loss of a dear earthly friend. My dear brother William is no more. He died last night in the full triumph of faith, after a long and painful affliction. May God make me resigned to his blessed will and sanctify this dispensation to the benefit of my soul!”

‘The following entry bears date February 12, 1827.

“It is now sometime since I have recorded any thing respecting the state of my mind; and in the interval I have experienced many trials of body and mind, known only to God and myself. Sometimes I have been on the verge of destruction, and again, I have been snatched from ruin. Hopes and fears—comforts and sorrows, have alternately been my portion;—but all praise be to my redeeming God that I yet live, and, I trust that, in some measure I live to the Lord. Oh how gracious has the Lord been to his poor unworthy servant. Goodness and mercy have followed me all my days. After many exercises of mind, and much prayer to God for his direction and blessing, I was, on the 13th of October, 1825, married to Anna, eldest daughter of the Rev. W. Bennett, a person of amiable disposition, and every way calculated to make me a suitable partner for life. I then dreamed of many happy days and much pleasure in my new relation. To augment, if possible, my earthly felicity, we were blessed in August 1826 with a lovely infant son. I began to say ‘I shall see good days in the land of the living;’ but alas! how short lived are all things connected with this world—My prospects were blasted in their very blooming! On the 7th of December my William was a corpse. My feelings at the time I cannot describe; but on looking up to God, I received a token for good, and was enabled to say ‘good is the will of the Lord.’ But affliction did not stop here. I was myself brought to the gates of death, and raised up to endure heavier trials. My dear wife being of delicate health, having hardly recovered from the effects of her confinement, was, with myself and child, seized with the measles, which attended with after-colds, superinduced an affection to which she was predisposed, and together with the loss of her child, (a heavy stroke to an enfeebled mother!) brought her to the verge of eternity. But her mind was prepared by the grace of God for all things—death to her was deprived of his sting, and glorious prospects beamed on her view. But where are now my earthly comforts! Blessed Lord grant that I may be prepared for every trial, and have grace to resign my all, if it be thy will to resume thy gifts. Amen.”

On the 18th of February Mrs. Shaw departed this life. And thus in the short space of less than three months, was his heart a second time riven. The entry in his journal on this occasion was, “February 19,