

Again I will record the goodness of God to a poor unworthy worm. Although he hath afflicted me with one hand, he continues to comfort me with the other. Since I last wrote I have witnessed the departure of my dear Anna to a better world. During the last week her symptoms indicated the very near approach of death; I therefore spoke freely to her on the state of her mind, and received the most pleasing information that ‘All was well.’ God being present with her as her Unchangeable Friend. Satan was indeed permitted to buffet her; but by earnestly calling upon God, he verified his promise, ‘I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee.’ During the day before her death, she continued very happy, though at night mental aberration, an effect of her disorder, was discovered, but then not to such an extent but she recollected herself whenever spoken to. On the morning of her decease, being exceedingly weak and oppressed by the accumulation of phlegm, she exerted herself to make me understand that she had no fear of death—that she had an assured hope of heavenly felicity—and wished that I could go with her. I told her we must now part awhile, but hoped we should meet in a better world; and perceiving her end to be very near, asked her if she had any more to say, when with difficulty she replied, ‘FOLLOW ME.’ May this monition be ever written on my heart! And may I cease to live ere I cease to recollect this important advice. Thanks be to a gracious God for permitting me to receive her last—her dying testimony. She spake no more, but in a few minutes without a struggle, entered upon a glorious Sabbath in Heaven. Behold the hand of the Lord. I asked, and he gave me the desire of my eyes and heart,—an amiable and affectionate wife, possessed of a noble and generous disposition, and calculated ever to be a solace to me;—he blessed us also with a lovely son;—but now I am deprived of both. My nature shrinks under the burden—my heart weeps. But God hath been precious to my soul—I feel it good to wait upon him, and I have his promise that ‘Although in a little wrath he hath hid his face from me, yet with everlasting mercy he will again visit me.’ Lord thou art my God—I am thy servant for EVER.

—JOHN SHAW.”

It appears that Mr. Shaw had for some time a desire to become useful to his fellow creatures. This is a natural consequence of enjoying religion in the heart, when, only, the real importance of the souls’ salvation is duly appreciated. But in what way he could be useful, to the extent he earnestly wished, did not at once appear. However as the designs of Providence have their progress in accomplishment, so successive circumstances at length developed the path of duty, upon which with “much fear and trembling Mr. Shaw, after what appeared as obstacles were removed, entered relying on the Grace of that God, whom he had frequently found to be the faithful and all-sufficient helper of “the needy in his distress.” In a review of the providences of his past life in which, while they were enwrapped in mystery, he was enabled to trust in the Lord, and to adore his goodness, he writes. “My mind many times was much exercised with the idea, that I was not in the place God des-