August 27th 1831.

Saturday morning at a quarter before nine the soul of my dear and beloved brother left this vale of tears to join its kindred spirits in the world above. Oh what a comfort to me was it that the dead do die. May he who has promised to be a Father to the Fatherless, and the widow's God, enable us to rely upon him, and receive grace to help in this time of need. Lord let this affliction be sanctified to the family.

May God from this day give myself up entirely to God, that when this earthly pilgrimage is ended I may again meet her where there will be no more parting, and when we may sing praises together to all eternity.

Sunday, September 4th. This evening Mr. Hutchinson preached a sermon upon the death of my beloved mother from Revelation 8:15. Chapter and 15. verse. And I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Write, Blessed are the dead which are in the Lord from henceforth.
faith: Yea, faith the Spirit, that they may
rest from their labours, and their work do
follow them.

September 14th. This day I am nineteen years
old. 0 to what little purpose have I lived so
many years! For what was I made, but to
drive and glorify God? And yet what have
I done, but rebel against him? How justly
might he those consign one to those regions
of despair where hope never comes! But
he has in his infinite goodness offered me,
for which I desire to return him my most
sincere and hearty thanks! Lord preserve me
for all the trying scenes of life! may I
always be enabled to trust solely upon thee,
knowing that thou art too wise to sin,
and too good to prove unkind.