

in part." I said, "Did you pray for yourself since you have been awake?" "Not so much as I ought to have done."

About three o'clock in the afternoon he fell into a sound sleep. Mr. Paton gave him medicine. About dark he awoke, and seemed quite well. Through the night he talked to me very freely. He said, "Now, since I have got better, you tell all about me during my sleep." I told him. He said, "Now, since we have not been able to pray together for some time, let us unite in it now. I will pray first, then you." After this we slept till morning. He seemed quite well in the morning, but had very little appetite. In the forenoon I was talking to him again. He said, "How merciful God has been. I might just have slept away into eternity without a moment's warning, but now that I have awaked from sleep, and find that I have been so very low, I would be willing not to have awaked again, *only for the heathen*." I said, "Would you be satisfied to be called now into eternity?" He answered quickly, "Yes." Oh! what comfort these words of his are to me now. Yes, dear parents, I am sure he was a true child of God, and if *we* are the same we shall spend our eternity together. At 11 o'clock he wished to rise and walk out doors. I would not consent to that, knowing that he was too weak. He then asked if he could have the sofa set outside the door—saying that he would lie on it. We got this for him; he said he was comfortable now, and to tell the girl to bring his soup, if it was prepared. I gave him the chicken soup. He ate a little, and soon went to sleep. As he had not slept much for some time, I allowed him an hour. Little thinking that he was *sound* asleep I at one o'clock tried to awaken him, but in vain. They carried him to bed. All the means I could use to rouse him were of no effect. He slept on through all day Sabbath. I with a teaspoon wet his mouth with drink. He did not swallow well. On Monday, January 21st, I noticed that his breathing was not as usual, and sent for Mr. Paton. In a few moments he slept in death without a struggle. The last breath was as calm as if sleeping.

FEBRUARY 20th, 1861.

I have given you as satisfactory an account as I could of Fulton's death. For a few weeks after I was almost constantly bedfast. I fell away so much in flesh that Mr. Paton said he would not have known me—that I was a skeleton. He told me afterwards that at one time he had little hopes of my recovery. I ate scarcely anything for some weeks. Still I had no pain, but felt very weak and stupid. Mr. Paton said my thoughts wandered very much. By the mercy and goodness of God I am able to go about the house again. But I am very weak yet. I am writing this letter only at times, when I find my hand steady enough. I left our house vacant, and am stopping in Mr. Paton's. I could not stop alone in the lonely house in the midst of savages. We have serious times with the natives. This week past we have scarcely gone to bed a night without fear of being molested by them. One night our house was surrounded by crowds of armed men, just ready at any moment to break in upon us for our lives. We have had, for some days past, to sit in the house with the doors locked, to prevent any of the savages from entering, for every party seems to be united against us now. The great sickness that prevails among them at present is the cause of their rage. They say that we made the disease, and we must be killed for it—that they never died off this way before the religion came among them. My hand is too trembling to write any more now. You may judge this from the scrawl which I have given you, but I do not feel able to copy it.

Oh, the mercy and goodness of God! He has restrained the heathen from their evil purposes—put His fear into their hearts, that they have been led to give up their design, and say now that "the bad talk is all done, that we did not make the sickness, and that no one will injure us." We feel ourselves more safe—every one that comes in seems very kind and pleasant. I may mention that a few days ago four men were killed, and their bodies feasted on. The savage yells as they carried the dead bodies past the mission-house, were the most dismal sounds I ever heard.

I am now stopping on Tana till the end of the rainy season, which will be about