

Fulton had enjoyed excellent health ever since we left home, and was very fleshy up to his sickness. He often used to tell me that his constitution was much stronger than mine. But no weak state of health had any connexion with the sickness of his death. He was not quite a week sick. It commenced with vomiting. (On January 16th we took breakfast together as usual, after which we went into Mr. Paton's to worship. It was Fulton's turn to pray, and I noticed that his prayer was much shorter than usual. He also went out doors immediately after. I followed him out and found him vomiting. I got him to bed at once, and gave him an emetic, by which he threw off a great deal of bile. He was soon relieved, but he seemed chilly, but with some additional bedclothes in a few hours felt more comfortable. He then became feverish and suffered very much, became very thin in flesh in two days. He was very thirsty all day, and often said, "Oh, if I only had a drink of cold water out of father's well I would just be well." Our water is not very good, but we always put something in it to make it more palatable. But he got tired of all kinds of drinks, and said, "Oh, mother used to make me some sort of *toast* drink, that I must have some of now." This he seemed very fond of.

Next morning, January 17th, he arose quite well—had slept well the night before, from having taken laudanum. He also gave the same to me, as I had been ill all day, as both of us had slept but little for two or three nights. This brings up to the date where Mr. Paton commences, the morning he mentions his going into his room so well. But on this day, about 11 o'clock, he began to lounge about, and not feeling very strong he threw himself on the bed. Still he was not complaining, and three Tanese coming in and sitting on the floor he talked to them of their bad conduct and the evil consequences of it. After these went out he appeared restless and sleepy. I went to the bedside and asked him if he was not feeling so well. "Not quite," he said, and his thoughts wandered. I could not get him to speak in English. It was all Tanese he spoke. I told him that he was not well at all, that I would raise him up in bed. But he was so drowsy that I could not get him to move about much. He lay quite composed for some time, and at last fell into a sleep. I let him sleep for a few moments, but fearing that something was wrong I could not be contented to allow him to remain asleep. I moved him about, but could not get him clearly awake. From his having so much heat in his head, and his being very feverish, I thought he might have inflammation of the brain. I searched the medical work, and applied the remedies there directed, bathing his head with vinegar and water and giving him as drunk chiefly lemon syrup. For some time he seemed quite lively, and would himself wet the cloth for his forehead in a basin near him. About one o'clock he slept soundly and I could not awake him. I then went in to ask Mr. Paton what I could do for him. I found Mr. Paton lying very low with fever, but still he very kindly said he must go in and see. Two men helped him to his bedside. He waited on him most affectionately. I scarcely know how he stood it. Indeed he had to be held by the arms some of the time, he was so weak. From this Mr. Paton gives an account.

For some time, while he was in Mr. Paton's hands, I could scarcely keep myself up at all. We thought it must be from the laudanum I had taken. I had to throw myself on the bed every few moments. I sat with Fulton most of the night, holding him in my arms, giving him sometimes hartshorn and dashing cold water on his face. At 12 o'clock he began to improve and moved himself about, also moaned, at times turning himself. About 2 o'clock we laid a bed on the floor for him. He kept improving until 4 o'clock, when for the first time he answered me any question. I asked him if he knew me. He said, "Of course I do." I asked him if it was his mother. He said, "No." "Is it Mary?" "No." "Betsey?" "Yes, I know you."

At 5 o'clock Mr. Paton returned, and reached his hand to Fulton. He grasped it, but looked up amazed at Mr. Paton and then at me. Soon I was alone with him, and told him what had happened through the night, and that to human appearance there was no hope of his life, and also that Mr. Paton prayed for him very often through the night. He wept, and said, "Mr. Paton is a dear man." I asked him if he knew when Mr. Paton was praying. He said he "heard