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Title: **Book-074**
Provenance: **Courtesy of the Farmington Museum**

Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

things he took but all in vain the doctor came and prescribed many things but he would not take anything.

The first day in the afternoon at three o'clock he arose and walked around the house whistling and singing yet as he always did, but he told me dear sister I must go to bed again. I helped him with everything. I had to put wet sheets around him and changed every two days with woolen cloths:

The third day already the pox had started to break out. He should have perspired but He did not remain under the cover. He had fever and cold at beginning, and should have sweat and remained covered up. He jumped out. The Dr. told him to be sure and drink nothing cold because his neck was so swollen and he had great heat inwardly as well as outside.

He called me his mother, but he did the very opposite cold water and milk he wanted. His eyes were blue-red and very swollen till they were shut.

He washed himself with much brandy. Everything that could be thought of was applied, but he did not obey.

Night and day I did not change my clothes. He frequently said to send for men from Utah and again he said that there on the wall by his bed he could see his sister. That Bro. Robinson should telegraph for his parents. On the excitement of his fever he wanted to go to Utah. The heat is so great that it uses up the strength. Much trouble I had with him because he wanted to go off.

No Elder was here and I and my husband supplicated our Heavenly Father with tears to save his life but the thoughts of God are different from the thoughts of man. The dear Father had another work for him he was called away while he was laboring in the vineyard of the Lord. He loved all that was good and was very glad to be permitted to work in the work of God and the Lord has protected him from many things. I can say that he who dies thus all is well and happy with him. He has left a good memory behind him. Everywhere he was much loved all over the Colony.

He passed away, between twelve and half past, in the night of Feb. seventh, in full consciousness, he said goodbye to us all, and he even