

gaged, and Mrs. Taylor went to Mooers, N. Y., for a visit. Soon after her return he went with B. S. and W. U. one Saturday to gather some fruit at an orchard in Dudleyville, and there met with the terrible disaster of his life. Stepping from the wagon box to a limb of a tree to pick fruit, the limb broke, he fell a few feet to the ground, and his spine was permanently injured. On trying to rise he was pierced with dreadful pains and could not sit up. Who can describe the agony of that hour? Conscious of a terrible hurt, with the possibility of a life of helpless dependence before him, the thought of his family dependent on him for support, filled him with darkness and dismay. But soon the thought of Him in whom he had long believed and trusted, brought cheer and comfort to his heart. With great difficulty he was carried to his home and for several days lay helpless and unable to lift his head or move his lower extremities. The terrible conviction was growing in his mind that he should never sit up or stand again, when one night, while his brother, Moses T. Davis, was watching with him, he was overwhelmed with joy to find that he could move one of his legs. Soon he was able to sit up, and in about two months to walk a little on crutches. After New Year's holiday, he resumed teaching in the Graded School and preaching in his Sabbath appointments, which he continued till the end of the school and conference year. Slowly the conviction became fixed in the minds of his friends that he would never be able to do effective work again in school or church, so on a cordial urgent invitation from his father-in-law, B. W. Shedden, to come to Mooers and have a home with him, he sold his farm and, by a public auction, his personal effects, and came East, arriving in Mooers, Oct. 1. 1864.

Supplement to the personal memories of H. B. Taylor, by Bushrod Shedden Taylor, his eldest son, written November 26, 1889: