

but himself knows. Never complaining, he reached San Francisco and by that time his lower limbs were so much affected that he walked only with the greatest difficulty. Physicians advised him to return east for treatment. His mind was made up to return to Portland, but on account of the ice blockade in the Columbia river, he was detained in San Francisco three months. After reaching Portland he remained there until the autumn of 1876, when, having had another stroke of paralysis, he went to Philadelphia, his wife accompanying him, and there subjected himself to the most heroic treatment under Doctor S. Wier Mitchell, an authority on nervous diseases. So obstinate was his struggle, so determined was the strong man not to yield up his strength that he submitted to everything that seemed to offer any hope of restoring him to health, but in vain, and he lost permanently all use of the limbs affected. This stroke coming upon him in the full flower of manhood and vigor was a great cross to him, doubtless the greatest that he has ever had to bear. He could not at first command sufficient philosophy or Christian resignation to accept the inevitable and bow in submission. The affliction seemed greater than he could bear, but in the darkest hour of distress words of light and consolation came to him from scripture: Whomso the Lord loveth he chasteneth. During his convalescence a poor laboring man, as if sent by providence as a messenger of peace, came up and greeted him as he was seated in a warm sunny part of the elegant grounds about his house with every comfort at command, and told him of a similar affliction through which he had passed without money, without friends, and with no help. With his recovery his wonted good-humor and cheerfulness returned, though at times when the memory of his former vigor comes upon him and he recalls the satisfaction of moving about in the pride of his former manhood, he has to have recourse again to that philosophy which is the