

FROM SADDLE TO CITY  
BY  
BOGGY, BOAT AND RAILWAY

BUTTS



Life Saving Museum of Virginia  
Post Office Box 24  
Virginia Beach, Virginia 23458

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2216 E. Marshall St.,  
Richmond, Va.







D. G. C. BUTTS AND BRIDE, 1872.

# FROM SADDLE TO CITY

BY

# BUGGY, BOAT AND RAILWAY



*By*

D. GREGORY CLAIBORNE BUTTS

*of the*

VIRGINIA CONFERENCE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH



Being the Personal Recollections and Observations of Fifty years  
service in the Itinerancy, with Pen Portraits of  
Leaders and Places and Times.



## DEDICATION.

TO HER,

*Who won me by the charm of her native modesty;*

*Who has held me a willing captive by her fidelity;*

*Who has inspired me with courage by her faith in God;*

*The solution of the problem of my success;*

*The one human explanation of my long life:*

*God's best Gift;*

MY WIFE.



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## PREFACE.

When my Semi-centennial Address, delivered at Norfolk in November, 1920, met with such general acceptance, and brethren from everywhere wrote me letters of praise, I thought the matter would end there.

Later, some of my warmest friends united in the request that my experience and observations covering the fifty years of service in the Conference be given the Church in the form of a book. The thought startled me: I am a novice in the world of letters. I thought of myself as the ragged boy at the baseball park peeping at the game through a knot-hole in the fence. He had never thought of getting inside.

Then I recalled that my Journal of Daily Events through thirty-six years had been burned in the fire that consumed the Franktown Parsonage in December, 1909. And I was at a loss for material.

The brethren insisted. In an unguarded moment I consented. Here is the result. I have been compelled to rely on memory largely, on some help from contemporaries, on Bennett's "Memorials of Methodism in Virginia." The errors in relating events are mine.

If the story brings out on canvas the names of men and women whom the world never knew, and so had no chance to forget, the object of the writing is attained.

Hilton Village, Va.,  
May 1st, 1922.

D. G. C. Butts.



# FROM SADDLE TO CITY

BY

## BUGGY, BOAT AND RAILWAY

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### *PERSONAL AND INTRODUCTORY*

I am the only child of Col. Augustine Claiborne Butts and Anna Maria Claiborne. He was the son of Genl. Daniel Claiborne Butts and Elizabeth Randolph Harrison, of the "Berkeley," James river family. My mother was the daughter of Rev. John Gregory Claiborne, of "Roslin" Brunswick county, and Mary Elizabeth Weldon, daughter of Daniel Weldon of N. C. I was born at "Roslin" October 10th, 1848. Our home was at Lawrenceville.

My grandfather Claiborne was a Local Preacher on the old Brunswick circuit for sixty-two years. He died in 1887, at the home of his son, Dr. John Herbert Claiborne, in Petersburg.

In 1853 father removed to Hicksford, (now Emporia,) and in 1855 to Petersburg. My parents took me with them to High Street Methodist church, that being the nearest church to our residence on High St. We were living there in the great snow storm of 1857. In 1858 father bought

a home on Lawrence St. This move brought us so near Washington Street church, that mother joined that church and placed me in that Sunday School. Mr. Willie Cowles, the son of Rev. Henry B. Cowles, of our Conference, was my teacher. When Market Street church was completed, under Dr. John E. Edwards, my mother withdrew from Washington Street, and joined that church, and became a Leader of one of the Ladies' Classes. I entered the Sunday School at the same time with Mr. W. C. James as my teacher.

I publicly confessed Christ during a great meeting held in this church by Dr. R. N. Sledd in 1862. I took up my studies for the work of the ministry in anuary, 1868, under Dr. (afterward Bishop) John C. Granbery, and, having secured the position of Station Agent at Stoney Creek on the Petersburg & Weldon R. R. in February, continued with the valuable aid of Rev. Jas. A. Riddick, then a retired member of the Conference. In the last week of September of this year I entered Randolph Macon College at Ashland, Rev. John Hannon entering the same day.

I was licensed to preach by the Fourth Quarterly Conference of the Hanover circuit, held at North Run Church, Henrico county, Va., March 6th, 1869, and the paper is signed by Jacob Manning, Presiding Elder. Dr. John Hannon was licensed the same day by the same body.

In the summer of 1869 I was employed by the

Presiding Elder of the Richmond District to serve through the summer as junior on the old Gloucester circuit under Rev. E. M. Peterson, D. D., his patience, his courage, his wise counsel, his kindly care for all that concerned my improvement in knowledge and my growth in grace, had much to do with the success of my ministry in after years. He was a most valuable teacher.

When College opened in the fall of '69 I returned to Ashland and completed my second year under the supervision of Dr. Duncan. The death of my father in August, 1870, and the breaking up of my home in Petersburg, led me to cast myself upon God absolutely for guidance, not knowing which way to turn. I returned to my room in Ashland, my only home, and waited for the answer to my prayer. It came in a very short while in a very singular way. Rev. Geo. W. Nolley had been taken from the Caroline circuit and made Agent of Randolph Macon College. Bro. P. C. Archer, my roommate of the last session, had been selected to fill out his term on the charge. Archer wanted help, and sent for me. I went. At the Fourth Quarterly Conference, held at Hopewell church at Guinea's Station, on the R. F. & P. Railway, Bro. J. H. Davis, the Presiding Elder, informed us that Bishop Pierce had written him that one of us must join Conference. The lot fell to me. I went to the Hanover Quarterly Conference which met soon after this, passed the required examination, was

duly recommended for Admission on Trial, and went up to the Annual Conference at Lynchburg in November, with my papers in legal form.

Conference was held in the old Court Street church, and on Friday, November 11th, 1870, I was Admitted on Trial, Bishop Geo. F. Pierce, Presiding, the other members of the Class being Joshua S. Hunter, James T. Lumpkin, and Geo. W. Matthews. Bro. Matthews was immediately transferred to Arkansas. He and Brother Lumpkin have long since gone to their great reward. Brother Hunter and I alone remain.

Of the one hundred and sixty-five members of the Virginia Conference living November 11th, 1870, the following remain October 19th, 1921:— Wm. E. Judkins, John P. Woodward, James O. Moss, S. S. Lambeth, Charles E. Watts, James C. Reed, J. Wiley Bledsoe, Richard Ferguson, Joshua S. Hunter, and Daniel G. C. Butts; **Ten.**

The following pages record my travels for **nine** years in the Piedmont region of Virginia, and **forty-two** years in Tidewater. I have travelled over every mile of this territory by "in the Saddle" and "By Buggy, Boat and Railway." My last move was made in an automobile. The speed under the steady eye and the strong hand of my dear brother, Waller L. Hudgins, of Central, Hampton, was too great to place in the title of this story.

Much remains untold because the records were not within my reach. I regret that I have been unable to do better work on such an important task.

## CHAPTER I.

### **The Conference of 1870 and Caroline Circuit.**

This Conference was remarkable for many things which should not be forgotten.

Dr. Paul Whitehead, President of the "Society for the Relief of the Preachers of the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and Their Families, Their Widows, and Orphans," reported to the Conference the organization of the society under a charter obtained from the Legislature of North Carolina, and asked the ratification by the Conference of the same. This was done on the following Thursday, the 17th, and the following directors were elected: Paul Whitehead, J. J. Yeates, John R. Kilby, Geo. M. Bain, Jr., J. H. Dawson, Richard Irby, D'Arcy Paul, Alex G. Brown, and Thomas Whitehead.

Another event which transpired at this Conference makes it historic, namely; the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Several useful ministers and valuable laymen, and a score or more of churches were enrolled with our membership. Among the ministers I mention Rev. Wm. A. Crocker, father of our very useful brother, Frank L. Crocker, at Monumental,

Portsmouth, Rev. F. A. Davis, Rev. T. C. Jennings, Rev. John McClelland, and Rev. Wm. McGee. At the Conference of 1871 three more ministers came into our Conference and were enrolled: Rev. W. W. Walker, father of our State senator, Harding Walker, Rev. Starke Jett, grandfather of Rev. Starke Jett, one of our promising young men, and Rev. Wm. T. White.

My first appointment was Caroline Circuit, with P. C. Archer, as "one to be supplied," for my junior, the arrangement having been made that we should be sent there in that order, and attend college to the end of that session, June, 1871. Our salary was \$250 each, and with this we paid our expenses; a remarkable instance of Providence coming to my aid in solving the problem of how to remain at school the third year. Here on this charge at Rehoboth Church I met the lady who later became my wife, the daughter of Dr. Geo. F. Swann, the leading steward of that church. The circuit had seven appointments, and extended from Doswell to Summit on the railroad, and from Spottsylvania to King William. Geo. M. Wright was my neighbor on the east, and John Q. Rhodes on the west.

One can imagine, who remembers his first year in the itinerancy, the awkwardness of the methods, (or rather lack of methods), which characterized this years' history of the Caroline circuit. At College five days; on the circuit Saturday and Sunday, there was no time to meet the people in

their homes, and study the needs of these seven congregations. Perhaps the one redeeming feature in this "plan of service" was that we came in contact with the leaders in the churches, who graciously sent to the railway station for us on Saturday and delivered us to the railway station early Monday morning that we might return to our studies at Ashland.

There was much to be gained, even in this unsatisfactory visiting, for we met men and women who represented the strength, both spiritual and financial and social, of the communities in which they lived, hence we obtained a first hand view of people who set the pace for church work.

The fathers, who laid the foundations of Methodism in Caroline county, laid them broad, and deep, and strong. Notwithstanding the Baptists had been in the county for years before the pioneers of Methodism arrived, and their congregations were comfortably housed in commodious brick church buildings at central points, yet these early circuit riders succeeded in reaching some of the finest material in all that region, and brought into the Methodist fold as fine a lot of converts, intellectually and socially, as could be found anywhere in the Commonwealth of Virginia. Swann, Hancock, DeJarnette, Waller, Wright, Smith, Carneal, Stern, Doggett, Jarrell, Burruss, Catlett, Chandler, Broaddus, and hosts of others, were names which stood for a high grade of intellectuality, incorruptible morality, and social prestige,

which under the lead of Methodist teaching now took first place in the county for spiritual power and devotion. "The Church of the Regenerate Heart," (as Dr. Gilby C. Kelly aptly calls our Methodism) had none who more consistently and beautifully illustrated the worth of Experimental Religion than the men and the women from the families named above.

The following notes on the planting of Methodism in Caroline county, Virginia, were furnished me by Rev. Samuel Wesley Day, (a grandson of Rev. Luther Wright,) of Crozet, Albemarle county, :

"In the latter part of the eighteenth century the Methodists were holding a Camp Meeting at Fork Church, (Episcopal) in Hanover county. A number of people from Caroline county attended, and among that company was William Wright. The said Wright became so much interested in the way the Methodists conducted the meeting that he invited them to go over into Caroline county and hold a meeting at his house. The invitation was accepted, and the Rev. Chas. Hopkins was sent over to hold the meeting.

"When this meeting closed William Wright offered his house as a preaching place for the Methodists, thus turning his own house into a Methodist Chapel, or "Meeting House" as it was then called.

"This arrangement continued for a number of years, and then the said William Wright gave an acre of ground, and built upon that sacred spot a

little "Meeting House" at his own expense. That was the first Methodist Meeting House in Caroline county. The Methodists of Caroline can look at "Wrights Chapel" and exclaim "She is the mother of us all."

"What is somewhat remarkable, William Wright, through all these years was not a member of the church, but united with the church on his death bed and received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

"Out of this home dedicated to God, came three noble women,—Elizabeth, Rebecca, and Rachel: and four sons, Durette, Luther, Wesley, and Calvin. Of these sons, two were Local Preachers, and teachers, one a Medical doctor and the other, Calvin, died a minor.

"There are today preachers, lawyers, doctors, and literary men who can look back to that historic ground as the home of their ancestors."

When I went to Caroline in December 1870, Old Uncle Luther Wright was a well-beloved Local Preacher on the Charge, and lived in the house in which the first Methodist sermon was preached in the county by Rev. Chas. Hopkins referred to above by Bro. Day. Bro. Day was quite a small boy in those days, but very much in evidence, as Uncle Luther, his grandfather, and the young circuit rider talked under the shade of the tree in the yard, for spring was well advanced and the fruit trees were in bloom. When we went in to dinner Uncle Luther said "This is the room where it all

began." It was enough for me. I felt that I was in one place, at least, where the Holy Ghost had fallen on the people "as it did on them in the beginning." I was very young in the work, but my emotions were aroused, and I prayed then, a silent prayer, that the same power might fall on Bro. Archer and me during the year as we went about among the people. There were proofs that the earnest petition reached the Throne and was answered in the salvation of souls.

"Uncle Luther," (as everybody called him), came into the church in these early days. He was made a Local Preacher very soon after conversion. He was familiar with the writings of the English Wesleyan writers, such as Wesley, Clarke, Watson, and Asbury. He was well read in the scriptures, and became a sound preacher of the gospel. He used the word of God liberally in the pulpit and in conversation, and told me on one occasion, when I referred to his familiarity with the Bible, that he "knew no better help in proclaiming salvation than the message itself." Other books, he hinted, he could use for his own entertainment and information, but for seeking the lost sinner the Word was enough.

I have heard him preach some sermons of great power, and results were immediate and satisfying. "Not in words which man's wisdom giveth, but which God giveth." He died at a ripe old age, and went to his reward in triumph.

His sister Rachel, (Mrs. Jarrell), was a woman

of deep piety, and great influence for holiness. The preachers in going the rounds of the work, and in revival season, depended much on Sister Jarrell to lead in prayer and help at the altar among penitents. The fruit of her toil in the vineyard of the Lord was seen throughout the circuit. Her deep piety, her natural humility, reinforced by grace divine, her great faith, and her untiring efforts for the kingdom, made a profound impression on this young preacher, and aided him mightily in many a critical hour. Her prayers spoken into the ear of God as simply and with a childlike trust, seldom failed of an answer, either the direct answer, or a wonderful peace and a contented feeling that the Father would give the needed mercy, if His wisdom and His love withheld the thing desired. Oh, she was a mighty wrestler at the throne of grace!

Dr. Wesley Wright, (another one of the brothers alluded to by Bro. Day,) was a fine specimen of the old time Virginia country gentlemen. At the time I first visited his home near Penola station on the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railway, he had abandoned the practice of his profession, and was enjoying the quiet of a comfortable home, the love of his interesting family, and the confidence of his fellow citizens. It was a great privilege to share the gracious and bountiful hospitality of this courteous old gentleman and his beloved wife and grown children, and to feel that here, at least, was a good place to begin an itinerant

career with the encouragement and advice bestowed under such conditions. Dr. Wright, on being reminded that he and his brothers and sisters bore names that were somewhat famous in the annals of the church, would reply with modest pride, "Yes, my father, William Wright, the first host of Methodism in Caroline, believed with all his heart in the glory and perpetuity of the Church of God, hence he named us Luther, Wesley, Calvin, Elizabeth, Rachel, and Rebecca."

As I have already said, the circuit at that time, December 1870, was composed of seven appointments, as follows:—Rehoboth, Wright's Chapel, Bowling Green, Hopewell, St. Paul's, Vernon and Shiloh. The people got preaching twice monthly such as it was. P. C. Archer and I did the best we could, and the people did the best they could, and right charitably did they listen to two young men who were sincere in their service in the pulpit, whatever might have been thought of their qualifications. We had revivals at every point, and the blessing of God rested upon the work.

In the fall of 1871, my colleague, Bro. Archer, married Emma, the cultured and attractive daughter of Rev. Geo. W. Nolley, and went west and joined the Little Rock Conference. There she died a few years afterward, and Bro. Archer was transferred to one of the Texas Conferences, and was there when I last heard from him.

A most confusing situation was precipitated at the Third Quarterly Conference on the Spottsyl-

vania circuit that year by the extreme courtesy of two unsophisticated young preachers. Bro. Jos. H. Davis, the Presiding Elder, was sick somewhere up in Culpeper, and sent Bro. Jas. F. Twitty, spending the summer at Culpeper, to this quarterly Conference to do the preaching. I went up as a visitor, glad to meet Twitty, my college mate, and welcome him to the field. When the time came, after a bountiful dinner, to hold the quarterly Conference, Brother Rhodes insisted that courtesy "compelled him to invite Brother Twitty, his guest, to preside," and I agreed that "it was the proper thing to do." After some persuasion (necessary in handling a modest man like Twitty) Twitty consented, and presided. J. P. H. Crismond was examined by all three of us, passed, and was licensed to preach. Then we separated, mutually agreeing that it was a most delightful occasion. When the Fourth Quarterly Conference came, the deluge came also. Brother Davis pronounced the whole thing illegal; Crismond had to go through the mill the second time, and the records were declared null, so far as a third quarterly Conference was concerned. Brother Rhodes got a dose of law on the half-shell that day. Twitty had already gotten his dose when he reported to Brother Davis what had happened. As for me, I was far away from the scene of the disaster, visiting Dr. Swann's daughter in Caroline.

George M. Wright, my neighbor on the east was serving the King William circuit. He was a whole-

souled, faithful man, popular with everybody, and a successful man in the pastorate and in the pulpit. His was a clean life,—a life of prayer, so he had power with God and man. People believed in him, and in the gospel he delivered. One of his most valuable co-workers was Rev. Chas. H. Boggs, known to many in recent years as “Dear Old Brother Charlie Boggs.” He was a Local Preacher, and lived at Aylett’s, King William Co.

Archer and I planned a meeting at one of the churches on our circuit, and during its progress Brothers Wright and Boggs came to the services. They preached alternately for us on Wednesday and Thursday. They would have done the same on Friday, but a most absurd incident prevented their return. The interest on Thursday was very great and swept everything before it. Wright preached in the afternoon, and penitents fell before the “sword of the Spirit.” In the midst of the triumphant songs of the Church, and the agonizing prayers of confessed sinners, I went down the middle aisle to speak to a young man who, it seems, could not decide for Christ. But before I got to him, a blessed old sister, with a heart overflowing with joy, stood in my path, took me up in her arms, singing all the while in perfect accord with the congregation, “There’s a lilly white robe in Heaven for you.” When she put me down again, (I was 5 ft. 4 in. and weighed 120 lbs.) I looked around in helpless confusion to find out “what Israel would do,” but Israel, (that is, the Church people) had sat

down, stopped singing, and with handkerchiefs, fans, and naked hands were busy at the impossible task of trying to smother merriment. I could find Wright and Boggs nowhere. I found Archer hidden behind the pulpit desk laughing a quiet, hysterical laugh which brings tears. I dismissed the congregation as best I could, and went out to the woods where a strange noise attracted me. There I found Wright on his back on the pine straw, and Bro. Boggs by his side. Wright was in such a paroxysm of laughter that he could not speak, and Boggs was in no better condition. They hitched the horse, got into the buggy, laughing all the while, and drove off at full speed down the road, bidding Goodbye to no one. Of course they did not return next day: they dared not; and laughed over that incident as long as they lived.

The meeting closed the next day, a pretty dry affair!

If there is a case in the records of the Southern Methodist Church furnishing **a reason why** the General Conference did the wise thing in granting women equal rights with men on the Official Roster of the Church one woman in the Caroline circuit in the Virginia Conference furnishes the example. Miss Lizzie Walton at Wright's Chapel was that woman. Her intelligent apprehension of Methodist doctrine and law and usage, her zeal, her prudence, her prayerfulness, commended her to every pastor, and gave her an influence with the congregation that was felt over the entire circuit. What

she said at Wright's Chapel indicated the success or failure of any enterprise. Not that she "lorded it over God's heritage," no, not that: but she carried her plans, and her suggestions had weight with the Stewards and the congregation by the sheer force of good sense, and irresistible power of a Christian spirit. Her piety was known throughout the Charge. Her consecration to the Lord was without any reservations or qualifications, complete and beautiful. She was beloved by everybody, but her influence in her own home was a proof of her sincerity. Her light shined afar because it shined brightest in her nearest circle of friends.

The leading Stewards at that point were Jennette Carneal and Robert Oliver, earnest and faithful men; but the inspiration of every onward movement at Wright's was **Miss Lizzie Walton**.

Dr. George F. Swann, my wife's father, was one of the leading Stewards at Rehoboth church. Dr. Joseph DeJarnette and Mr. L. Partlow were the other two. The present substantial brick church-building was erected about 1858, and Dr. Swann, Dr. DeJarnette, and old Bro. Hancock, the father of Dr. F. J. Hancock, (who later moved his membership to Hopewell, at Guinea Station, and later still to Clarksbury in Middlesex,) were members of the Building Committee.

Old "Pisgah," located on the road leading from the Telegraph road near Bethany Baptist church,

to Guineas Station, was abandoned after the civil war, and "Hopewell" at Guinea Station erected in its place, and most of the members then living went to the new church.

These were Dr. Hancock, (as noted above,) the Catletts, and others whose names escape me now.

Wm. T. Chandler, whose splendid wife founded the Bowling Female College, and Wilbur Broadus at Bowling Green, the Broaddus family at Shiloh, Edgar Swann, Atwill Burruss, and the converted Jew, Levi Stern, at St. Paul's formed a strong Official Board of sensible, consecrated men who followed the lead of the pastor in all good works.

At the end of the Conference year we reported some increase in membership as the result of revivals in every church, but the financial exhibit showed little advance over the previous year. The county was slowly recuperating from the ravages of the Civil War, and the churches were weak in proportion to the poverty of the people.

## CHAPTER II.

### Montross. 1871—'73.

From the Portsmouth Conference in 1871 (held by the courtesy of that congregation in the Court Street Baptist Church, because the old Dinwiddie St. Church could not accommodate the large attendance,) I was sent by Bishop Paine to the Montross circuit, with Headquarters "in the saddle." Rev. Chas. E. Hobday was my successor in Caroline circuit. Montross was on the north-east side of the Rappahannock river, over on the Potomac. My route lay from Ruther Glen, on the R. F. & P. Railroad, where I spent the last night on the Caroline circuit at Bro. Levi Stern's, through Bowling Green, the county-seat, to Port Royal on the Rappahannock, thence down the Northern Neck thirty miles to my destination. A new experience lay before me. It was a great cross to leave friends I had served one year, and go out into a strange land to serve a new people, in strange churches. And I was young—barely twenty-three. Friends had been made who bound me to them by their patience with my mistakes, their faith in my sincerity, their determination to help the young preacher in every emergency, and their unfaltering love for Christ and His Church. Ties had been formed

that were priceless, and inseparable. To leave these and "Go," relying on God and confident of my own integrity of purpose, was something new. I had no doubt of my **call to preach**, and three years had been given to preparation; and **this is one phase of it**. Am I equal to it? was the question that first night, after I was shown my room in the home of Mr. Wilbur J. Broaddus just beyond the town of Bowling Green. I fell asleep late in the night, weary from meditation and prayer. The next morning the real test came. The time had, in reality, come to go. The Broaddus home was, to me, the border of an "unknown land." Port Royal was beyond the wilderness, and Westmoreland was "across the sea." There must be giants over there: I had read of them in the books,—George Washington, James Madison, James Monroe, Light Horse Harry Lee, Robt. Edmund Lee, William Wirt. Broaddus said they were "big folks," and "such folks always mercifully put up with small preachers, dealing out sermons with nothing in them." With this farewell shot in my system, I set out Tuesday morning, the day after the December Caroline Court day, on "Dexter" for Port Royal, thirteen miles away. My outfit comprised a pair of saddle pockets, a heavy brown shawl thrown over my shoulders, and an umbrella strapped to the saddle behind me. My trunk had gone to Fredericksburg to be taken down the river on the steamer to Carter's Wharf, in Richmond county, six miles from Montross in Westmoreland.

I arrived in Port Royal at mid-day and went by direction of Bro. Davis, my Presiding Elder, straight to Brother Gibbs' home, and introduced myself as the new preacher for the Montross circuit, on my way to my home beyond the Rappahannock. My reception was very cordial, and I was informed after dinner, that no preacher ever passed through that town who did not have to pay for his meals and his lodging with a sermon: hence the bell in the tree in the church-yard would presently ring to let the people know that there would be service in the church that night. You will observe that I was not **invited** to preach: I was simply **put up** to preach, and I preached. When I retired that night I thought, "The people in his burg are mighty willing to take small pay for three meals and a good bed."

The little congregation of, perhaps fifty choice citizens heard the youthful itinerant patiently through a rambling exhortation, and dismissed him at the end with many kind words, and the promise of prayer to follow him in the new field beyond.

Next morning I crossed the river with my horse in the ferry-boat, with a negro ferryman and a younger negro at the long oars. The ferryman started an inquiry which ended in my confusion; thus,

"Whar you gwine?" I replied confidently, "To Westmoreland Court House. I think the place is called Montross." Then looking at me with a respectful, yet dubious gaze, he asked, "What's yo

biznis down dar?" I answered, "I am a preacher of the gospel, and I am going down there to take charge of a circuit of three churches." He looked up the river as if expecting some more rubbish like me coming down on the ebb of tide, grunted, and exclaimed, "You looks lak it." I sat the remainder of the tedious journey across, holding "Dexter" by the bridle rein, and wrapt in the magnificent folds of my cloudy meditations revolving those mighty conceptualities, which, in a priori principles, constitute the fundamental conditions on which my youthful brain might discover its normal inferiority so strongly suggested by the dusky American of African ancestry.

The ferry landed me at Port Conway, immediately opposite Port Royal, in King George county. Bro. J. Ham Stiff, kept a store on the north side of the road, and there I found him "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Two or three boys, his boys, gathered around the young preacher taking his measure, I suppose. Bro. J. W. Stiff, now a member of our Conference was in the group. I picked up some historic facts as I loitered about the store porch. Across the way, there in that old house, or in one that once stood on that foundation, James Madison was born. I had reached the land where giants were once made. I dined at Brother Walter W. Stiff's next door to Bro Ham Stiff's. Here are the parents of several boys, and a bright little girl named Kate. One of

the boys developed into a sturdy manhood, and for years has been a credit to his county,—Dr. Frank Stiff. Kate became a very useful woman in the Church of her choice, the Methodist, of course.

After tarrying around Port Conway till Thursday afternoon, spending the night at Bro. Ham Stiff's, I pushed on down a dreary road through Rollin's Fork to Brother Charles Robinson's hospitable home, arriving about sunset. A night in this gentleman's home was profitable to me in many ways. He had travelled very much on the seas, and could spin the yarn of the tumbling waters in charming form, and without weariness to the hearer. Besides he was an authority as to my whereabouts just at that time. He told me that I would pass within a mile of the old home of William Wirt: at Oak Grove I would be very near the birth-place of James Monroe: that as I passed down the main road southeast, I would have "Haywood," and "Blenheim," and "Wakefield," and "Longwood" on my left-hand, all in the great tract of the original Washington homestead, and "Leeds-town" on my right, another place famous in the colonial history of Virginia. That three miles this side of Montross, a road branching off to the left would carry the traveller to "Stratford," the home of "Light Horse Harry" Lee, and the birth-place of the south's great soldier, Robert E. Lee.

And so after a good breakfast, with the blessing of my good friend and his dear old mother, I

set out on the last lap of my long journey to Montross. As I threaded the woods and passed the fields to my destination, I was moved mightily by the reminiscences of the dead past, stories of the great, the wise, and the good, to whom all these scenes on both sides of my route were familiar. Their boyhood was spent in these parts, they had gone out from this to make Virginia great, and so became great themselves, such is the reflex influence of unselfish service for country and for God!

I arrived at Montross about noon on Friday, December the 15th, 1871, closely followed by a driving snow-storm. At the Clerk's office I found Brothers J. Warren Hutt and Chas. C. Baker, the former the Clerk of the County of Westmoreland and Steward of Andrew Chapel near by in a beautiful grove of oaks. I introduced myself as the new preacher. He received me cordially, and remained my warm friend to the end of his life. His house became my resting-place after many a weary day. His wife, a gracious Christian woman of many virtues, his sister, Miss Bettie, and sons and daughter, my faithful companions. The home of Charles Baker was another place where I had constant reminders of my childhood. A noble woman was his wife, a safe adviser and firm friend. Through all the years since then, none of the family of three sons and three daughters, has ever lost an opportunity to

show their regard for us. Across the big ravine, in the old Atwill home, the young preacher found kind friends and quiet, where his trunk was placed, and a haven secured to which he could return occasionally from a two or four weeks round of pastoral visiting. Capt. Wm. E. Baker and wife rendered valuable service to me in a thousand ways, and made work on the charge lighter by home-like treatment at times when fatigue and the care of the churches made life not altogether "one sweet song." Those manly boys, Thomas and Willie, and the sweet little girl, Susie, took me for a play-mate, and many a time became my excuse for a return to "Atwillton."

There were six legal giants in that clerk's office that dismal Friday. I was presented to each one as "the new preacher in charge of the three Methodist churches in that section." As Mr. Hutt and I left the room on his invitation to dinner, I heard one of those big men, through the door that was left ajar, utter words which nearly broke my heart, but which proved, after all, the compelling force that led me to put into my work the best that was in me, and taught me also that I was up against a proposition that would tax the courage of an older man. This is what I heard the big man say: "Why did old Bro. Davis let them send that boy to such a place as this! He had better be at school!" The words, spoken out of the kindly feelings of a warm heart, sent me to my knees, to my books,

to my daily round of pastoral duties with a fixed purpose to make the best use of the "horseback university." God became "my refuge and strength" in a newer sense than ever before.

The Montross Circuit was only one year old when I took the charge. It was composed of three appointments;—Andrew Chapel, located in a beautiful grove near the village; Lebanon, three miles southeast at Templeman's Cross Roads: and an unfinished building at Chilton's Cross Roads known as Providence. These churches had been severed from the old Westmoreland circuit at the Conference of 1870 at Lynchburg, and Rev. Walter C. Taylor appointed to the new charge, with Rev. E. A. Gibbs on the Westmoreland circuit, Rev. W. A. Crocker on the Heathsville, Rev. Thos. J. Bayton on Lancaster, and Rev. W. F. Bain on the King George circuit. This was the clerical force in the Northern Neck for the year 1871. When I took the Montross circuit in the fall of 1871, Bro. Taylor was sent to West Amherst, Bro. Gibbs began his second year in Westmoreland, Bro. Crocker was returned to Heathsville, Bro. Bayton to Lancaster, and Bro. Bain to King George.

I held services for the Providence congregation that winter in a private house at the Cross Roads, and in the spring commenced a movement to complete the building, and succeeded in the work by the time the Conference met in the fall at Petersburg. There were hindrances, but the rallying

of the scattered members in the spring and summer, brought about a revolution in the community which culminated in a great meeting there the next year under the leadership of Rev. R. M. Chandler, and the addition of more than fifty people to the church.

At Lebanon the small membership co-operated with the young preacher most heartily, and the outcome of the year's work, both in pastoral visitation and pulpit service was very encouraging to all. Broun, Sutton, Claridge, Edwards, Parker, Courtney, Branson, Omohundro, Jenkins, and others carried on the gracious work there with enthusiasm and faith, although overshadowed by a strong Baptist Church hardly a fourth of a mile away.

But it was at Andrew Chapel that the great triumph of my two year's stay on the charge was won. A struggling few stood by the work, but very little was accomplished till the meeting was held the latter part of August, 1872, and the first week in September. Capt. Wm. E. Baker, J. Warren Hutt, and their families, the Porter family, C. C. Baker's family, the Tiffey family, the Sanfords, the Parkers, the McKenneys, the Atwills, formed the base of a strong movement for the conversion of sinners and the upbuilding of the religious sentiment of the people.

The meeting began on the fourth Sunday in August and continued two weeks with increasing interest from night to night. Such was the over-

whelming sense of responsibility that burdened my soul that on the second Sunday of the revival, I requested every one who felt the same sense of incompetence and dependence on the Holy Spirit, to join with me in spending the whole of Monday in fasting, humiliation, and prayer before God for help and salvation. I suppose twenty or more, Episcopalians, Baptists and Methodists stood up in response to my call. I shall never forget that holy Monday. It seems that the influence of that service Sunday night swept through the community like the irresistible rising of the silent waters of a mighty flood. When the hour came for service Monday night, I went into the pulpit feeling that the battle was already won: that the Holy Spirit had charge: that the untrained and poorly equipped young preacher must simply declare the plain word of the Lord in the best way he could, and not attempt any unusual methods, as I was sorely tempted to do in the presence of a great crowd that came from far and near. And God honored his message. More than thirty people professed conversion at that one service. Some of the best citizens of the community were brought into the Kingdom, among them I rejoice to count my dearly beloved brother, Rev. R. M. Chandler, an honored member of the Virginia Conference since 1876.

In addition to these mercies God sent me a good wife, the eldest daughter of Dr. Geo. F. Swann, a prominent and successful physician of

Caroline county, and a steward in Rehoboth church in that circuit. Guided by Divine grace, a woman of prayer, and a constant reader of the Bible, she became the builder of my home, the teacher of my children, and has been the inspiration and strength of my ministry, my companion and adviser for more than forty-nine years. Blessed with good sense, strong convictions, an humble spirit, the broadest sympathies, and a sound judgment, she has captured the hearts of the people wherever I have served, from the mountains to the sea; and, oftener than otherwise, has been their reason for requesting my return. Hence, you will not be surprised to learn that I have served the full term of **four** years on **nine** charges, and **three** years each on two others. The remaining years were spent on six charges.

We were married at "Mt. Tero," the home of her father, Nov. 13, 1872. Rev. Chas. E. Hobday, performed the ceremony. We went to Conference the next week. The session was held in Washington Street Church, Petersburg, on the 20th. We were graciously entertained by my uncle, Dr. John Herbert Claiborne. My Grandfather and his wife were guests at the same home. My uncle gave a dinner during Conference week in honor of his nephew and his bride, with Dr. Leo Rosser, Dr. Leroy M. Lee, Rev. Joseph H. Davis, Rev. Wm. B. Rowzie, and Rev. Henry B. Cowles, old friends of my grandfather, and John Hannon, Jas. F.

Twitty, Jas. T. Lumpkin, and I think, Herbert M. Hope. It was a great occasion to at least one preacher. I thought, as I sat and heard those old men talk, heart to heart, of the experience of salvation, and the power of the word faithfully declared, of the march of Methodism from Norfolk on through Nansemond, Isle of Wight, Southampton, Greensville, Dinwiddie, Brunswick, and on, and on to the Blue Ridge mountains, under the lead of the fathers who had fallen asleep,—I say. I thought, **Where are our great preachers today?** That was in 1872. We, young men, just sat and listened. There was nothing else for us to do. We did not belong to the period which boasted of theological goslings on stilts, who, with tiresome and silly contentions, and absurd pomposity, assign older and worthier men a place in the corner; silent, prayerful, that the good Lord will have mercy on the wordy monstrosity who had the floor.

Presently we assembled at the dinner table. As the mistress of the occasion, and the head of my uncle's house since he had been a widower several years, was our cousin, Miss Josephine Claiborne. She was a woman of splendid spirit, very devout, well educated, and beloved by all of the family. She had been my grandfather's pride and consolation since her childhood, when bereft of her parents she came with her little brother to live in the old home at "Roslin."

John Hannon sat very near that end of the table. She felt it her duty to perform her part in making matters as pleasant for her guests as was in her power. It was the same John Hannon whom all know who have ever met him once. Hannon at college, in the pulpit, at a Camp meeting, on the Conference floor, everywhere. It was John Hannon at Dr. Claiborne's elegant reception that day.

Our Cousin said "Brother Hannon, where did you spend the summer vacation, if you were so fortunate as to get a vacation?" John replied, "Oh, yes, I had a vacation. I was at Wesley Grove Camp meeting near Washington City." Miss Claiborne said, "Ah, I have heard of Wesley Grove: I hope you had a very profitable, as well as enjoyable meeting." The irrepressible John replied, "Yes, we had a bully meeting."

The company was startled for a moment. Miss Claiborne was overcome with amazement and confusion. John went on eating, utterly unconscious of the tragic situation. My uncle, always ready to see humor in every situation, suppressed his merry mood, till Dr. Leroy Lee broke the ice with a loud guffaw: then the company gave way to the strain, and everybody laughed except John Hannon and our perplexed and indignant Cousin. And John never did see what he had done. That was John in those far away days in the dim and dusty past. That is John today, devout, sincere, innocent of any wrong or irreverence, a hallelujah in trousers,

an Amen ready dressed for any occasion, sitting daily at gate of the City of God, awaiting the opening thereof, that he may not be out of place when the gates swing open, and Coronation ceremonies begin! Rare, holy old John! It would not surprise me in the least if you should startle the angels in heaven when you arrive with some reverent humor.\*

On Sunday, Nov. 24, 1872, in Washington Street Church, where I first attended Sunday School in 1859, and had for my teacher, Mr. Willie Cowles, son of Rev. H. B. Cowles, of the Conference, I was ordained a Deacon. It was a most impressive moment to me. The memories which thronged that hour pointed the way to a new life, and brought to my heart the renewed pledge of "grace to help" in the scores of prayers sent to the Throne for me, and answered there at the altar as Bishop Paine laid his hands on my head! The hopes of father and mother yonder in the home of the soul, and of an aged grandfather and other kin who witnessed the solemn ceremonial, were realized at last!

The Conference session was overshadowed with sorrow by the untimely death on August 22, of Rev. Chas. H. Hall, one of our most successful and devoted men, and pastor of the church in which the session was held. He was a young man, in

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\*Since the above was written Dr. Hannon has passed through the gate into the City, and is very near the Throne.

the prime of life, having been born in Fayetteville, N. C., in 1831. He joined the Conference in 1853, and nearly six years of his nineteen years' service were spent in the pastorate of Washington Street Church. "Rarely has it fallen to the fortune of any minister in the same space of time," says his Memoir, "to gather to himself such universal admiration, esteem, and affection as he enjoyed from the citizens of Petersburg. Nature had endowed him with rare gifts, and such was the fidelity with which he had improved them, and the refining power of Divine grace upon them, that he rapidly rose to distinction, and took a position by public suffrage, as well as that of his own church, among the ablest ministers of the State."

The most notable feature of the session was the opening sermon delivered by Dr. John D. Blackwell on the text "Quit you like men; be strong." 1. Corinthians, XVI. 13., and published by request of the Conference in the Annual for that year. It was a great deliverance, and made a profound impression on the great congregation.

He quoted Tertullian's great defense—"Our battle field is the tribunal where we fight for truth at the peril of our lives. Victory consists in gaining that for which men fight. Our victory is the glory of pleasing God, and our gain eternal life. We are put to death, what of that? Death gives us our crown. Our sacrifice is our triumph. Crucify, torture, condemn, crush us. What avails, in

fine, all your refinement in cruelty, but to add one charm more to our sect? Decimated by you, we grow in numbers; the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. The flaming vesture which enwraps us is our purple robe of royalty. Thus it is we gain the palm and mount the car of victory."

At the close of the Conference I was returned to Montross for the second year. The reception of the young preacher and his bride made a bright spot in the life of the couple, who knew so little as yet, of the trials incident to the life of the itinerant. Board was secured for us in the family of Dr. William H. Fairfax, members of the Episcopal Church.

We could not have been more fortunate in the selection of a delightful home if we had made the choice ourselves. She was a Miss Griffith, from The Hague neighborhood, below Nomini Ferry, and he was a scion of the celebrated Fairfax family, which had dwelt in this region from the early days of Colonial Virginia. Of course we were among people whose ancestry and rearing made it unnecessary to substitute the airs of pride and show for the real thing. There is a something in the blood of gentle breeding which carries in any company. The coarseness of the low-bred, the boorish manners, the stranger to the finer traditions of stock, need no advertisement. They are ill at ease anywhere except among their own slazy crowd. The

man or the woman of noble birth is at home anywhere, and elevates and purifies by his very presence any atmosphere. There is an aristocracy of blood, notwithstanding the protest from certain quarters, and the County of Westmoreland, in Virginia, had it.

The year 1873 began with plans well on the way to consummation looking to the completion of old Providence Church at Chilton's Cross-Roads. Richard M. Chandler was granted a License to Preach at a Quarterly Conference held sometime in the early spring, and together with brother "Ned" Porter was elected Delegate to the District Conference held that summer at "Shady Grove" on the Hanover circuit.

The dedication of Providence took place late in the summer, the latter part of August, I think, and Chandler took entire charge of the protracted meeting which followed of which mention has already been made.

On the 14th of October, 1873, our first child, Mary Claiborne, was born at "Mt. Tero," Caroline county, the home of my wife's father. I was on my work at Montross when the memorable event occurred. There was joy and consternation in my soul when the letter announcing the fulfillment of our hopes was opened and read. It was written by Dr. Swann, my wife's father, in a vein of make-believe distress at the "addition to my family, predicting" a corresponding subtrac-

tion in my \$235.00 salary." He went on to say that "in these distressing times when so many Banks had failed the coming of this girl had aroused his sympathy," and so on, until my very bones ached with apprehension of some impending catastrophe. But as the days speeded by, and I was at length permitted to see wife and babe, the clouds passed away, and the sun came out again to shine for many years on our home as the children came and tarried for a few years, and then departed to make homes for themselves.

The middle of November I left Montross charge and our scores of friends, and set out for Conference in Norfolk, by way of my wife's former home in Caroline. It was a sad season to me, for I knew that, the charge being a single man's appointment, I must move. The Fairfax family, the doctor, his noble wife and interesting boy, Fred, had contributed much to my young wife's comfort and contentment. The refinement of blood was exhibited in tender ministries and delicate kindnesses shown in hours of need. The highway of gentle living and natural hospitality was a familiar road to these real folks. No extra touch nor padded familiarity ever tarnished the pure gold of their daily behaviour.

The Conference of 1873 was held in old Cumberland Street Church, Norfolk, Nov. 26th, to Dec. 4, Bishop John Christian Keener, D. D., presiding.

I had a delightful home in the family of Bro.

Wm. R. Hudgins, near St. Mary's Catholic Church Dr. S. S. Lambeth and Dr. W. W. Duncan, (afterwards Bishop), often visited the family during the nine day's stay, and I derived much pleasure listening to these two bright young men spin yarns. They were the charm of the circle, and frequently during the week were "the reason why" midnight found us sitting around the fireside.

It was Bishop Keener's first visit to our Conference since his election to the office of Bishop at Memphis, Tenn., in 1870. He was stout, about medium height, quick in action, ready in speech, and systematic in method. His finely formed head indicated a well-developed brain, his keen eye showed a power of penetration that was a terror to me as I stood up before him for the first time to read my report. His cleancut phrases left no doubt on the hearer as to his meaning. I have known presiding officers over more insignificant bodies than the Virginia Conference of 1873 who would have consumed two weeks in dispatching the business disposed of by this vigorous Southerner in nine days.

Paul Whitehead was Secretary, of course, and P. A. Peterson and Geo. C. Vanderslice were his Assistants. A few days later Bro. Peterson resigned on account of sickness and S. S. Lambeth was elected in his stead.

The election of delegates, clerical and lay, to

the General Conference of 1874, resulted in the choice of a strong delegation; as follows: Jas. A. Duncan, Leroy M. Lee, W. W. Bennett, P. A. Peterson, John E. Edwards, Lemuel S. Reed, and John C. Granbery, **clerical**; D'Arcy Paul, F. H. Smith, Geo M. Bain, Jr., J. E. Broadwater, Richard Pollard, Wm. Grant, and Thos W. Garrett, **Lay**.

W. W. Bennett, Geo. M. Bain, Jr., and J. W. Hinton, a Committee appointed to consider the question of a "Memorial of Robt. Williams," reported the following interesting document. It is history, hence I record it in full:

"The Committee to whom was referred the papers in reference to a Memorial to Rev. Robt. Williams, the pioneer of Methodism in the South, beg leave to report that they have had the matter under consideration, and are highly gratified to learn that the members of our Church in Portsmouth have in course of erection a new and beautiful church building, which stands on the site of the old Dinwiddie Street Church, which is in fact, the original church organized in the South by Rev. Robert Williams. As the new church edifice will be a fitting Memorial of this good man and faithful minister, and as all our people are interested in such Memorial, we cheerfully commend the enterprise of our brethren in Portsmouth to them, and trust that such aid may be given as will enable us to erect a monument that will do credit to us

as a great religious denomination. We recommend that this new building bear the name, "THE MONUMENTAL METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH."

Rev. J. Powell Garland was returned for the second year as pastor of the old Dinwiddie Street congregation, and the name appears in the list of appointments as "Monumental, Portsmouth" for the first time.

Memorial services were held in honor of the late Bishop John Early under a resolution offered by W. E. Judkins, in which a committee consisting of Geo. W. Nolley, Leroy M. Lee, H. B. Cowles, W. B. Rowzie, W. W. Bennett, A. G. Brown and W. E. Judkins submitted "a suitable paper expressive of the feelings of the Conference in view of" the sad event.

"After introductory worship conducted by Bishop Keener, Leroy M. Lee, and Henry B. Cowles, Bishop D. S. Doggett, (at the request of the Conference,) preached a sermon in memory of the late venerable Bishop; and after the reading of a letter from Bishop Robert Paine, Geo. W. Nolley, from a special committee, presented a report.

Both the report and the sermon appear in the Conference Annual of 1873, and are monumental and eloquent documents.

"The death of Rev. Wm. G. Cross, of the Baltimore Conference, formerly and for many years, a

prominent member of this body," was reported by A. G. Brown, and suitable resolutions adopted.

Bishop Keener enjoyed sallies of wit as much as any one I ever saw presiding over a dignified body of preachers. His spicy satire and humor are fully and effectively shown in his book, "Post Oak Circuit." He had his opportunity frequently during this conference. One incident I recall. Brother Joseph H. Davis, Presiding Elder of the Rappahannock District had to go up the Potomac River to Washington on a day boat from Nomini River, and then take the night boat to Norfolk in order to reach the seat of the Conference. The day boat having been delayed by heavy freight, arrived in Washington Tuesday night, Nov. 25th, after the departure of the boat, "Lady of the Lake," for Norfolk. Consequently Bro. Davis did not arrive at the old Cumberland St. Church, where the Conference was in session till the morning of Thursday, the second day. When the Bishop called Bro. Davis's name he remarked: "You are late getting in, Bro. Davis." The dear old man explaining his tardiness, said, "I was left in Washington, Bishop, by the Lady of the Lake." The Bishop replied with a smile with those keen eyes almost closed: "And you are not the only man who has gotten left in that city by a lady." Bro. Davis sat down in sublime unconsciousness of the humor of the thrust, and the conference laughed till the gavel called for quiet.

This long session came to an end at last. Many had obtained leave of absence, and had departed, but quite a full Conference remained to the end.

### CHAPTER III.

#### HEATHSVILLE CIRCUIT. 1873.

When the appointments were read at the close of the Conference I was sent to the Heathsville circuit in Northumberland county. Dr. Leo Rosser succeeded brother Davis as Presiding Elder of the District, then called "Randolph Macon." Rev. Jas. H. Maynard succeeded me on the Montross circuit. Rev. Wm. A. Crocker was returned to the Westmoreland circuit, Rev. Thos. H. Boggs to the King George circuit for the third year, and Rev. Alfred Wiles was sent to Lancaster circuit, and became my next-door neighbor. I immediately returned to Caroline to get my wife and baby, and within a week began the long journey of more than One Hundred miles in an open buggy to my destination, Mrs. T. S. D. Covington's, at "Surprise Hill, in the lower part of Northumberland.

The journey was quite trying on the young mother and the little girl eight weeks old, weighing eight pounds. Both stood the trip finely. My wife is yet alive after forty-nine years, and the little girl has grown to be a comely wife and the mother of nine children.

We broke the journey into small pieces, spend-

ing the first night out from Dr. Swann's at the Bowling Green parsonage as the guests of the preacher, Rev. Jas. L. Spencer, beginning his second year on the Caroline circuit. His motherly wife took charge of the baby, and gave the little mother a well-earned rest, after her first day in the itinerancy with this added burden—and joy. The next day we crossed the Rappahannock at Port Royal, and dined in the home of Brother W. W. Stiff, and in the afternoon went on to Bro. Wm. E. Baker's at Shiloh, King George county. They were my friends at Montross, and had removed to this place just one year before. The next day we resumed our journey, and by the early afternoon covered the twenty-two miles to Montross, and were hilariously welcomed by the numerous family of Bro. Warren Hutt. I think, however, the little baby girl was the center of attraction.

Leaving my little family at Montross I hurried on to the Heathsville circuit, completed arrangements for board at Mrs. Covington's and returned to Montross. With wife and baby I left the good friends at Montross on Saturday before the Third Sunday in December 1873, arriving at the most restful and hospitable home of Bro. Andrew Jackson Brent, just outside of the Village of Heathsville the same day at about 2 P. M. On the next day, Dec. 21, 1873, I preached my first sermon on the charge in old Bethany church. The old build-

ing, worn with age and use, stood under the oaks, near the residence of Mr. Thos Williams, at the head of the eastern prong of Cockrell's creek. A large congregation, among them the leaders of the host, together the elect women, not a few, gave the young preacher a cordial welcome, and stood with him faithfully in all the work of the four years which followed. My predecessor, Rev. Jas. H. Crown, a Christian gentleman of the highest grade, made my ministry easy, as far as his word and deed could accomplish such a result.

The circuit at that time was composed of Henderson's Chapel, Cherry Point School House, Heathsville, Smyrna, Corinth, and Bethany. The church buildings at Heathsville and Smyrna were in the Courts, the Methodist Protestant Conference of Maryland claiming them, notwithstanding all the members except **one** had united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at the Conference session of 1870, as noted in the early pages of this record. The Courts, several years later, gave the title to the Methodist Protestants on the ground, I believe that **the rights of that denomination were not impaired by the withdrawal of the membership.** A few years later the Methodist Episcopal congregation at Heathsville, erected a substantial and attractive house of worship on the parsonage property, at the junction of the Fairfields and the Lancaster roads. Rev. C. R. James was the Preacher in Charge at the time. Later

still the Smyrna congregation united with the Methodists of that neighborhood and built the "Edgley" church adjoining the land of Judge Samuel Downing.

We remained at Sister Covington's till I realized that the demands of the work required the preacher to live nearer the center of the field; so therefore, having secured board in the family of Mr. David Dawson, at Heathsville, we moved our simple belongings there about the first of July 1874. This home placed me in close touch with the Corinth, Smyrna, Cherry Point and Henderson's communities, and, at the same time, did not remove me too far from Bethany. Moreover, I was planning for the future expansion of the work, and the Officiary of the circuit saw the meaning of the move, and endorsed it with all the weight of their valuable influence. A very few years vindicated the wisdom of the movement, for in the fall of 1879, when Bethany Church was made a station, the Heathsville circuit became a compact and easily managed work.

The Baptist preacher at Coan and Fairfields Churches, the venerable and devout Dr. Wm. H. Kirk, and his equally devoted wife, were boarders at Mr. Dawson's at the same time. We became warm friends. His wife was a great comfort too, and a valued companion of, my wife. This attachment lasted to the end of the consecrated lives of these two faithful Christian people.

Our sojourn in the family of sister Covington, though short, was most delightful. She was a real mother to the little babe, Mary Claiborne, to whom she gave the pet name "Quates," and a source of consolation and strength to the young mother in many a trying hour. Her two manly boys, Tommy and Charlie, likewise added the zest and inventive genius of enterprising boyhood in the care of the child, passing many an hour with her out under the trees, where the singing birds, the flying clouds, and the jolly boys, made life joyous for the child and lighter for the mother with her duties in the house.

Besides the Covington family, Dr. J. W. Tankard and wife boarded there and lived in a separate house on the east side of the spacious yard. Mrs. Tankard was Miss Olivia Covington, daughter of Rev. T. S. D. Covington, deceased, by his first wife, who was a Miss Taylor. No nobler man than Dr. Tankard lived. He served his generation as a Christian physician, setting an example of Christian excellency that was an encouragement to those who were living the life, and a standing rebuke to the ungodly and profane. His prayers and his wise use of his medical knowledge brought many a failing body back from the very jaws of death. In his church, as an officer, his counsel was safe, his vision far ahead of that of most of the men of his day, his zeal an inspiration to his co-workers, and his gentle courage and faith the crowning

glory of a consecrated life. His practice covered a large area of Northumberland known as "Fairfields." His popularity was not limited to his own church, but extended to almost every home in that region. He was a living illustration of the claim held by sensible folks that a strong Christian character makes the highest grade of citizen in any branch of civic life. He did not permit his proficiency as an up-to-date Doctor of Medicine, nor his sterling Democracy, to render his service as an Officer in the Church of Christ spasmodic or secondary, nor destroy his familiarity with the Throne of Grace. He believed in and practiced the "law of the Spirit of life," that access to the Mercy Seat is vital to efficiency in any sphere.

Dr. Tankard was born and reared in Northampton county, on the Eastern Shore. He was a member of the large and influential family of that name. His brothers were John, P. Bernard, and Edward G., of Franktown, and George, of Capeville. At the urgent call of his many friends in Northumberland, he settled on this side of the Bay, and united with old Bethany church. He died in 1909, lamented by hundreds, both white and colored, whose lives he had touched for good in a hundred emergencies.

Another strong character at Bethany was Rev. Starke Jett, an Elder in the Methodist Protestant Church (who united with our Church with scores of others when the Va. Conference of that Church

united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1870. He was a man of devout spirit, great faith, uncompromising devotion to his Lord, a very sensible and practical preacher, of unlimited influence among his people, and very successful in the pulpit and in the home in molding the daily life of the community. No revival service failed to win the unsaved if the pastor in charge had the good sense to call Bro. Jett to his help. Frequently he stood on the platform in "the very nick of time" and turned the tide of waning interest toward the uplifted Cross, and won the day for Christ. He taught his household the way of the Lord, and his children and grandchildren are following in his footsteps. His county honored him with a seat in the State Legislature, and he honored his constituency by holding high the standard of a clean representative. He died of pneumonia in 1876, developed from a deep cold contracted on a fishing trip in Chesapeake Bay, with Bro. Lewis Evans and this writer. We were caught far away from land in a terrific hail-storm, and before we could reach shore and secure dry clothing both Brother Jett and I were chilled to the bone. I hurried to the parsonage at Heathsville where I lay in bed till the crisis was passed. But he grew worse till at length, there in Brother Evan's comfortable home, three miles only from his own, surrounded by his sorrowing family, amid the tenderest ministrations which a devoted people could bestow, he went triumphantly, exultantly, with a

song upon his lips, "through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb." His funeral was conducted at Bethany by Rev. W. A. Crocker, attended by a vast multitude of citizens from all parts of the county. I was present, but could take no part in the services on account of my own recent illness, from which I was slowly recovering.

Bro. Jett's son, Hon. T. A. Jett, was Superintendent of the Sunday School, and a Steward at Bethany for many years, a member of the House of Delegates of Virginia two terms, a man of gentle spirit and noble deeds, a splendid specimen of the fruits of faithful training of father and mother. He died in 1920, an humble Christian gentleman, ripe for his unfading crown. His son, Rev. Starke Jett, is a member of the Virginia Conference, treading the "same pathway which his fathers trod, that leads to glory and to God;" an industrious and successful preacher, giving promise of increasing usefulness and acceptability among the churches as the years roll by.

Brother Littleton Cockrell was another Methodist Protestant who joined our Church in 1870. He was a layman of unusual abilities, strong convictions, candid without coarseness, fearless without bluster, and faithful without boasting. He was the Director of Finances, a Steward without a superior. When Cockrell got behind a job, things assumed a definite shape, laggards or objectors fell into line, got left, or run over. He was true to his pastor, whoever or whatever he was, because

he loved the church. He would "tell the preacher what he thought wrong in him" and show him "how to do things," and lead the way. He had enemies, because he pointed out the double-minded and warned of ruin. Then he kept in the middle of the road himself. If anything wounds the devil more than any other thing it is to leave no vulnerable place for his assaults after one has given him a sound thrashing.

Brother Cockrell's youngest daughter, Lizzie, is the wife of Rev. Dr. W. H. Edwards of our Conference. She has filled her place in the Church with becoming grace and modesty, and made the preacher's home a model in many ways.

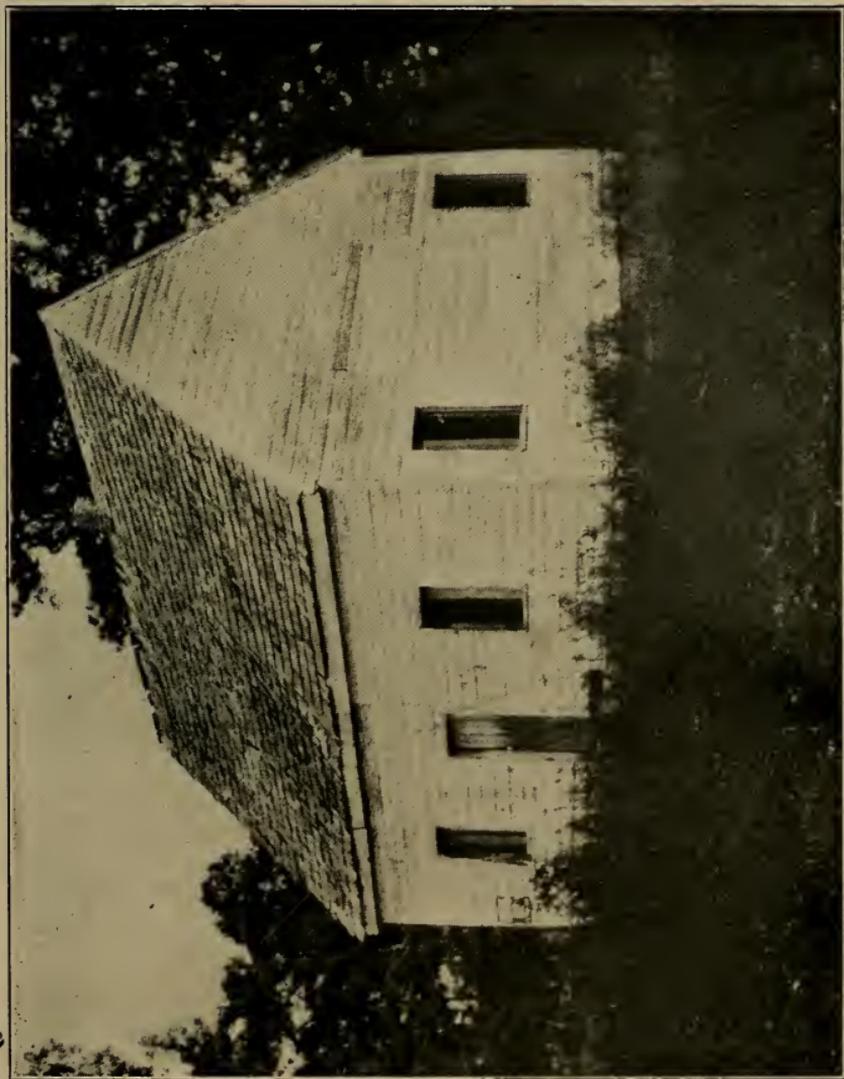
The second Bethany was erected during my pastorate and was dedicated by Dr. Leo Rosser in August, 1874.

At Corinth Church Rev. Albert F. Rice was the pastor's aid in every movement. He was a splendid fellow, a preacher of no mean ability, singular piety, and a cheerful disposition. The "people heard him gladly." His prayers, like Starke Jett's, were "talks with God." The answers were often direct: "The Father rewarded him openly." He was as true a friend to me as any I have found in all the journey to this hour. One of his boys, a manly fellow, is a member of our Conference—Rev. A. S. J. Rice: another is Supt. of Bethany Sunday School at Reedville, Va. The eldest was drowned in Great Wicomico years ago, and the mother died of a broken heart. Faith in "Jesus

and the resurrection" was the joy and strength of his heart till a few years ago he went to his crown and home about which he had preached so many times to others.

It was at Corinth that I found Joseph R. Sturgis, a Local Preacher in the M. E. Church, living in the home of his wife's father, Capt. Bradshaw, lately settled in Northumberland, having come there from Smith's Island opposite the mouth of the Potomac River in Chesapeake Bay. I discovered in Sturgis a gentle, modest, humble Christian doing what he could for the cause of religion with the talents he had. He was Captain of a vessel running oysters and cord wood and railway ties out of Presley's Creek to Baltimore, Crisfield, and other points on the Bay. It was not long before I had secured the transfers of Captain Bradshaw's family, including Sturgis, and they all became useful members of the Southern Methodist Church. He rendered valuable service as a local preacher and I am indebted to him for many uplifting sermons, and altar work on revival occasions. He and Rice often came to the parsonage at Heathsville on Court Day "to get a cup of Sister Butts' good coffee."

The 16th and 17th days of September, 1876, are days long to be remembered by me. Bro. Sturgis had to take a vessel over to Smith's Island to its owner and invited me to take the trip with him promising to get me back to meet my Sunday appointments. When we retired in the home of Capt



BETHANY, NORTHUMBERLAND, 1840.



Ben Marsh, Friday, the indications for a storm were so plain that we all decided that the trip home Saturday morning, the 16th, must be given up. In my slumbers that night it came to me plainly in a dream that my wife was ill, that I must go notwithstanding the storm. I awoke Sturgis and he awoke Capt. Marsh about 4 A. M. and I told the dream. I added that I believed a Kind Providence would guide us safely over the thirty-two miles of stormy waters. Sturgis replied that for my wife's sake he would risk it. So calling up Willie Spriggs, the white boy, and the colored man, (the crew Sturgis took with him to manage the Schooner coming over) we four went aboard the Bugeye (a large canoe) in Tyler's Creek about 6 o'clock. Sturgis, who was a skilled sailor, steered the boat to the northern-most end of the Island, and then laid his course Southwest, aiming to enter the Potomac River with a fair wind. This course would also enable us to make the mouth of Presley's Creek direct and enter on a smooth sea. This we did, but it was the roughest experience on water I ever had in all my forty-two years on the coast. We went through safely, but not without a good wetting from the heavy seas which time and time again dashed over the stern of the little craft. On landing at Capt. Bradshaw's wharf up the creek, we found a negro boy awaiting to inform me that Dr. Harding at Heathsville had sent word **that my wife was seriously ill and I must hurry**

**home.** And Capt. Bradshaw had my horse and buggy ready for me when we reached the house. I drove rapidly to the parsonage and found that my dream was true and that God's good hand had brought me safely to her bedside.

On Sept. 16, 1916, I wrote Bro. Sturgis reminding him that it was the fortieth anniversary of the great "Centennial Gale" in Eastern Virginia. I insert his letter here to give the reader "The Heart of Sturgis" as I knew him. The letter is characteristic of the mental and spiritual attitude of one of the truest men I ever knew.

"Blackstone, Va., Sept. 24, 1916.

"My Dear Brother Butts:—

I am sorry that I did not at once acknowledge your letter with the promise to write more at length later on in reply. You so stirred my heart, that I felt a strong desire for a quiet, untrammelled moment when I did write you. I now have that kind of an hour, but it was a long time on the way, somehow.

No letter ever came to me more **unexpectedly**. And I can recall no other that ever came to me that was **more prized and appreciated**. More and more I am impressed with the reality and permanence of the "things not seen;" and I am affected more and more by the pre-eminence and glory of that which "abides." One proof of its pre-eminence is seen in the fact that through faith we stand without fear and smilingly look on the passing

and wreckage of "things that are seen," and things that are very near to us too. Take our physical being. You refer to your forty-six years in the ministry. Has it been that long? Why, it seems but a short step back to the days when you were my pastor! And my pastor then was a young man, with a wife still in her beautiful youth, and the one daughter so young that on a Christmas morning she told me, with all of her heart in the telling, how Santa Claus came down the chimney to fill her little stocking! And you were a specimen of physical health and young manhood. But what has become of that young preacher who was my pastor then? Where is the youth that then was full-flowered in a splendid physique? You do not have to write me the sad answer to these questions. All that I saw of him then belongs to the "things that are seen." And everything that is seen is under the law of the "passing away." And youthful manhood went down, and maturer manhood is going down in wreckage before your own eyes as well as before mine when I see you. And mine has thus gone and is going. But while the "outward man perishes" day by day, what of the unseen man, the real self? In your case and in mine what of the wreckage

"Strewn along our backward track?"

Its challenge comes to give up hope, to yield to fear and despair, and thus to go down ourselves with our wreckage in a final plunge. But you are smiling down on your wreckage with its challenge,

—and so am I. We defy the very law that is pulling down the “seen” structures around us and of us, to even **touch** the youth and immortality of our hearts. And over everything, and all that is “passing away” from us, Faith is triumphant. For Faith knows that the passing and the wrecking is only of that which can be spared, and means the treasuring and the final manifestation of “that which remains.” They used to sing,

“I come to find them all again,  
In that eternal day!”

“I do not like the process of growing old. I never appreciated youth and young manhood so much as I do now. But the ageing and its wreckage has no terrors for me. I am a sinner; one of the chief of sinners; but blessed be God, I am a sinner; SAVED! And I can look on the passing away of the glory of the bodily and the seen because faith dwells in the spiritual and the unseen with the things that remain, that abide forever. And I believe, Brother Butts, that my tranquility regarding that which is going and that which is doomed to go, would itself “abide” amidst the universal

“Wreck of matter and crush of worlds.”

“I have thought much lately of what David said, —“We will not be afraid, though the earth be removed.” Think of it! A man swinging out foundationless in the depths of space, as the earth slips from under his feet, so that the feet rest on nothing! “We will not be afraid” in advance should

it happen, for as the earth passes away the gravitation of the skies, HIS HOME, would not merely hold us up safely, but would draw us up to **HIM** and to home, as it once drew Him from Olivet and the sad disciples; "Therefore," 'we will not fear though the earth be removed.' Your own statement as you face the future with its approaching Conference is as fearless as that. You say,

"I am ready for work or otherwise! Joyfully will I do either!" I really believe it requires more of grace for a preacher to face or to enter the Superannuated (your "otherwise") relation than it does for him to face death—either in advance or at hand.

"But I did not intend to write so much on that sweet thought. Your stressing of the forty-six years in effective service, and the spirit in which you are facing the future set me going, and it is much easier to keep on than it is to stop. One of the most precious things included with those that "abide," is FRIENDSHIP. Based on a sincere regard and affection it can never die. By virtue of the very facts and their memories, John will still be a little closer to the Master than most of us. And who would or could be jealous of the fact? How can I ever forget or ever ignore the memory that you came into vital and divinely helpful touch with my life at a most critical period? You strengthened my convictions regarding my call. You encouraged me in taking the first steps toward

the door of the itinerancy. You were with us when God removed my last objection and barrier when he took dear little Maggie to himself. We stand connected with so many interesting incidents and events. From the days of "Dexter" (you "trotted" him uphill as well as down as you swayed in the two-wheeled—something,—what was it?) on, while you were both at Heathsville and King George and afterward we were associated in special trips, and sharings and happenings. Do you remember—but I know you do, as also Sister Butts does—the trip to Montross and the organization of their Good Templars Lodge? And the shower, rather the hard rain that overtook us on our returning the next day, with the glorious vision we had of a transfigured earth and firmament as the rain ceased and the Sun broke through the dark cloud bank before us. A year afterward at a Quarterly Conference at Corinth brothers Crocker (P. E.) and Brannin insisted that I preach that afternoon. I am sure now that it was a sort of a "trial" sermon. I preached on The Transfiguration, and used the Sunlit storm and landscape as an illustration. I wrote the sermon and its illustration soon after our return from Montross, and while I was under the influence of the trip and facts. Concerning the illustration, brother Brannin afterward asked me privately if I did not quote from some flight of Henry Ward Beecher, and I think he died somewhat in dread of its not being my original produc-

tion. I turned on him with something of slight resentment, and told him to ask brother Butts if the storm and after vision were not actually like I described them. I think I have the description somewhere now. If I have I will send you a copy as a long delayed souvenir.

“Of course you remember the establishment of Marvin Grove. But do you remember the night of the almost-midnight caucus held by DeBerry, Butts and myself around a stump, East (I think it was) of the Camp ground. There had been no “Go” in the meeting and we attributed it to the peculiar way in which our P. E. was managing it, owing to his desire to be complimentary or considerate toward all the visiting brethren. We decided that a different plan and policy must be adopted. The P. E. must be tackled and shown a better way. All of which was done, and “go” was henceforth in the services of a splendid and most successful meeting. But the stump caucus I shall never forget.

“And out of many others, you have mentioned, **one** happening forever etched and displayed on memory’s walls. You speak of it as

‘The perilous trip you and I took across Chesapeake Bay on Saturday, September the 16th. 1876.’

Yes, forty years ago it was, but it does not seem that long. No, I can never forget it. Even the amazement occasioned by **the Potatoe Bugs on the buoy** (in the middle of the Bay) still stirs and per-

plexes me when I recall it. And do you remember that we crossed the bows of a very large, full rigged ship, with all sails furled except a few lower ones adjusted to and driving her through the storm? The wind being from the east gave her a 'leading breeze;' and you will recall, also, how she 'listed,' or careened, even under the few sails open to the gale: it is still known as the 'Centennial gale.' But, most impressive of all, was the stately magnificence, even grandeur, of her appearance, as she seemed to be flying over, rather than through the angry waters. A living, sentient thing she seemed, in majesty and mastery, defying wind and wave, and compelling them to do her bidding. An Empress of the seas she was, and it is seldom given to men to see one like her, as she appeared just then. Ignoring our own danger, except to steer our little craft wisely, our eyes were held by her until long after she had passed our wake, not more than a hundred yards away.

"One final fact in the history of that trip stands out vividly in line with many other facts. Do you recall the great contrast between crossing the wild and dangerous waters of Chesapeake Bay, and the mouth of the Potomac river, with the quiet, placid waters of Pressley's creek, into which we glided so tranquilly? It gave us welcome and havening! All tossing and rolling and roughness were past, all danger back of us far away, as we entered that Haven of Rest, whose shores spelled, with their

welcome, that word of words,—‘Home, sweet Home!’ Those dearest to us on earth were there, and we knew they were waiting, longing for us! Other similar experiences of passing from stress of storm and seas had been mine, but that experience, above all, that escape and safe arrival, types for me what lies ahead of us when we reach

‘The Other Side, Beyond the stormy Tide,  
Where loved ones are waiting for me.’

“You and I, and all of us in the ranks of the ‘Old Guard’ are not so far away from the thinning verge of life’s last zone that ends at the Other Side.”

(signed) J. R. STURGIS.

Well, Joe has landed safely on the “Other Side,” “on the bright eternal shore;” and, stretching far away into the stormless eternities, the “sweet fields of Eden, where the tree of life is blooming,” invite his blood-washed soul to that “rest that remains for the people of God.” My glorified friend and brother, the young preacher who showed you the land looming in the distance, and the light that shined to guide, and bade you steer your storm-tossed craft by that light,—that young preacher sails yet the sea of life, but the prow of his ship is pointing to the haven where you anchored a few months ago! Meet me when the anchor chains sing the song of my voyage ended, and furled sails on spar and boom, tell the story of deliverance from life’s perilous deep!

Old Bro. Thomas Doulin, at Corinth Church was quite a character. He was not learned except in the Scriptures. He was familiar with prophecy and the promises. He built his life and home on these, and never lost faith in God. Others might imbibe strange doctrines and wander away into a wilderness of spiritual confusion, but he dared not leave the beaten path of trust in God to be led by men no wiser than he, and so his hope was "an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, reaching into that within the veil, whither the fore-runner has for us entered, even **Jesus.**"

He was eccentric as some men count distinct peculiarities. He shocked our dear brother Rev. J. H. Crown, my predecessor on the charge one fine day when brother Crown sympathized with him at his loss of a fine orchard from a dreadful storm. Brother Crown said, "It is a great pity, Bro. Doulin that you have lost so fine an orchard." Bro. Doulin replied, with some feeling—"No pity at all, sir, no pity at all: it is a sin and a shame for anybody's orchard to git blowed down this way, Sir, yes Sir."

Bro. Crown dined at his home on a certain day. The hospitable old man welcomed him to his table with that perfectly natural brusque cheerfulness for which he was noted, and assured Bro. Crown that, if he did not see what he wanted, he could ask for it. Brother Crown gratefully accepted the challenge and added "If you haven't got it I can

easily wait till I can get to some brother's house who has got it." Bro. Doulin exclaimed, "Well, sir, if you can eat all I can give you, I don't want you to come here any more, sir, yes sir!"

The good old man knocked the enthusiasm out of me one day at Corinth. My text was "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, and considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye." Expounding the text I said the best authorities interpreted **mote** to mean a chip, or splinter or some little foreign matter which, getting into the eye, interfered with a clear vision. That the contrast was between a small piece of wood in the eye, which partially obscured the vision, and a great beam which completely obscured the vision.

I delivered what I considered a helpful sermon, and closing called on Dr. Jas. Smith, local preacher, to lead in prayer. At the conclusion of the service I was in the chancel shaking hands with my people, among them Bro. Doulin. He said, "My young brother, that was a mighty good sermon, but you have got a curious Bible. Your book says chips, but my book says mote, and that book on the pulpit says **mote**, and when Smith prayed, Smith said **mote**, and I just come within a ace of saying '**Hurrah for Smith**' right down there on my knees before the Lord."

I had in my pocket that day the customary white linen handkerchief which my wife was very careful to see that I used whenever I went out on the

work among my people. The perspiration began to flow very freely as I listened to my critic. He noticed me closely as I wiped my face with this very important adjunct to a preacher's outfit. He was about to turn away but stopped short and added. "And I see that you have your wife's handkerchief, a mighty ugly thing for a young preacher to carry into the pulpit. I'll give you a red bandanna to use hereafter, if you cannot buy one yourself."

I did not make the change in my habits as the good old man suggested, and he never referred to it again.

I was in those days frequently the subject of nervous headaches. On a certain day in 1876 a young friend in the village went with me down into Hack's Neck about ten miles from home to drive home a fine milch cow which I had bought. The day was very warm, and the trip was a severe test of my endurance. Upon reaching home, I went to bed with one of these headaches, and soon became delirious. My wife, becoming alarmed at my condition, called in our family physician, Dr. Hiram W. Harding. He suggested a mustard plaster, and I heard him. I sat up in bed and protested—"Dr. Harding, I think you are the biggest fool I ever saw in a sick man's room. That cow has horned a hole in my side large enough for one to put his fist in. Now, Sir, did you ever hear of a doctor with good sense, prescribing a mustard

plaster for a hole of that size?" He was rather confused on the moment, but my wife says she gave him the wink, and he replied, "Well, sir, we will sew up the hole and you will be a well man." I answered "That's sensible." Nevertheless, the plaster was applied, and the next day I was up and about as usual. Dr. Harding, who was one of my best friends, told me the story with much merriment a few days later.

It was in June, 1874, that I ran up against that champion of Justice, Mercy, and Prayer, Rev. Josiah D. Hank, Pastor of the King & Queen circuit. He is the father of Hon. J. D. Hank, Asst. Attorney General of the State of Virginia, Rev. P. Manning Hank of the Virginia Conference, Mr. Wailes Hank Attorney at Law, Norfolk, Va., and several other valuable individual Assets.

The circumstances were peculiar. Circumstances, if one has been careful to notice the movement of the machine, are usually peculiar, except when they are not worthy of note. The peculiar, and I may say incidental, accident which brought about our meeting was this:—Dr. Leo Rosser had published his Second Quarterly Conference for the King & Queen circuit for a certain Saturday and Sunday in June, at Pace's Chapel. In the meantime he had held his Quarterly Conference for the Westmoreland circuit at Warsaw in the new church which was just completed and dedicated on the same occasion. The services were protracted, and

the meeting had developed much interest. At the urgent request of the pastor, Rev. W. A. Crocker, and his people, the doctor decided to remain another week. I had been attending the meeting, but had returned to my work in Northumberland, to find our baby very sick. On Wednesday of the following week, I received a letter from Dr. Rosser directing me to "go to Bro. Hank's Quarterly Conference at Pace's the next Saturday and Sunday and preach for the Presiding Elder," and carefully informing me that "Bro. Hank will attend to the other matters."

Here was a dilemma:—A sick child, an anxious wife, the order from the Elder, uncertain mails, and forty miles between the Elder and me! I went to Dr. Tankard, our physician and friend, with the letter. He said, "Of course you must not go, and I will so write the doctor. In the meantime we will pray over it, and decide by tomorrow (Thursday) what you can safely do." There was the Christian physician!

Late Thursday night he came to our room to see the child, our little Mary Claiborne. After a careful examination he said, "The crisis is passed. The child is better. You may go." I replied, "Wife and I have reached the same conclusion." Yet the child was still very ill. So, therefore, early Friday morning, leaving sister Covington and the doctor with my weary wife and sick child, I set out for Bro. Boughton's, beyond Warsaw, near

the Tappahannock Ferry, arriving about sunset after a forty-five mile drive. Here I spent the night with a Christian household, and early next morning, leaving my horse in the care of Bro. Boughton, I crossed the Rappahannock and was met by Bro. Hank in Tappahannock. We pressed on behind a splendid horse, (Hank never owned any other kind) arriving at Pace's Chapel in time for the morning service. I preached as best I could, and that was a very lame effort, yet my heart was in the subject. When Quarterly Conference assembled after lunch I did not attempt to put up the game on Bro. Hank which John Q. Rhodes put on Twitty and me in Spottsylvania three years before, for two substantial reasons. First, I had an itinerant in the person of Hank skilled in the law, and no man could tickle him into doing an illegal act. And secondly, I had learned my lesson well under Bro. Joseph H. Davis, and he is unaccountably brave, or reckless, who will butt his head against a wall twice under the same conditions. But I did one thing which brought a hearty exclamation from Bro. Hank. I remarked in a sort of an off-hand fashion, "Of course, you will preside over the Quarterly Conference as the law requires." He replied, "Of course; what do you take me for?" and broke forth into one of his jolly guffaws, which brought the blush to my cheek as I recalled the fiasco of 1871 in Spottsylvania. And honestly, although I did not press the matter,

I think Bro. Hank was thinking of it too; for all the preachers had heard of it.

I spent that night in his delightful home, the parsonage. The Sunday services passed off without incident, I preaching both morning and afternoon. But one thing burned itself into my soul, and is treasured today, a precious memory of Josiah D. Hank as I knew him then:—the prayers he sent to heaven fresh from a heart that shared the burden which rested on my own, that God would “spare the precious life of the little babe of the dear brother who has come so far, and under such a weight of anxiety, to help us at this hour!”

Leaving the church immediately after the afternoon service Bro. Hank took me in his buggy behind the same fine horse to the ferry, and I was soon on the Richmond county side, where I found Bro. Boughton awaiting me with his own horse. After supper I left for the long drive to my home, my wife, my child, at “Surprise Hill.” Arriving early Monday morning, my wife met me with the good news, “Mary is improving as fast as we can hope for.” And I was glad: I had served my Church, and the life of my first-born was spared.

Time would fail me to tell of the devoted Christian women, and the consecrated men in this region. Modest Jesse Crowder, the rough diamond, Lewis Evans, old father Billy Evans, the silent, holy man, Mitchell Evans, at Bethany, Hayes, and Davis at Corinth; W. P. Anderson, A. J. Brent, and Dr. Jas

Smith at Heathsville, Billy French and Jas. Wright at Henderson's, Webb, Beane and others at Smyrna. Oh! they were mighty at living the life "hid with Christ in God," because they counted the quiet hour in prayer, as the commander of an army counts the base of supplies, a necessary thing in a campaign against the enemy.

The circuit was without a parsonage, but the ladies of the several churches had gotten together money enough to furnish a house. Therefore in the fall of 1874 the stewards rented the DeShields home in the north end of the village of Heathsville, and my little family, (now increased to four by the addition of my wife's sister, Miss Sallie Swann) moved in, and we commenced house-keeping just before Christmas.

The Conference of 1874, met in Elizabeth City, N. C. It is memorable for the great sermon delivered by Bishop Enoch M. Marvin, on "Do we make void the law through faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law." (Rom. III. 31.) The sermon was delivered at the 11 A. M. hour Sunday. The multitude fell under the power of the sacred eloquence as I had never seen it before. Sinners came up the aisles and fell prostrate before the uplifted Christ, and a triumphant Church rejoiced in the victory of the day. I sat by Dr. R. N. Sledd, and I shall never forget the transparent glory of that good man's face as he followed the inspired orator to the end. I said something to him about

the wonderful sermon and the effect upon himself and upon me. But he did not reply: he only laid his hand upon my knee and closed his eyes, while the great tears rolled down his cheeks. It was a great moment in my life, never to be forgotten, when that flaming apostle, annointed afresh by the Holy Ghost, laid his hands on my unworthy head, ordaining me "Elder in the Church of God," and giving me "authority to preach the word, and administer the holy sacraments in the congregation."

At the close of the Conference I was returned to the Heathsville circuit, with Rev. Edward P. Wilson, Presiding Elder. The winter was a hard one. In February 1875 Bro. Wilson and I came near freezing to death in a snow-storm on a bitter cold Sunday afternoon, travelling in Bro. Brent's rock-a-way drawn by my horse, from Heathsville to Bro. Richard Lyell's at the village of Farnham Church in Richmond, Co. Both of us fell asleep in the conveyance thoroughly benumbed by the intense cold. The faithful horse, "Dexter," familiar with the road, carried us down the side lane leading to the barn, and soon aroused the entire population by pawing at a side gate near an out-building where two colored men slept.

When Bro. Lyell was informed that "Mr. Butts's horse was out thar hitched to a kerridge with nobody in it." He came out to investigate. He very soon discovered that Bro. Wilson and I were there, and fast asleep. We were quickly carried into

his warm parlor, where his very practical daughters put in some successful rescue work with blankets and hot coffee. We slept the rest of the night in that comfortable room on the sofas, not caring to undress and get in bed. Late next day I returned home, none the worse for my thrilling experience. Brother Wilson was more than a week from that day getting back to his home at Ashland, on account of the Rappahannock being locked up with ice. When he reached home he had been away about a month.

Rev. Alfred Wiles, as I have already said, was my neighbor on the Lancaster circuit. That circuit at that time was composed of Bethel, Rehoboth, Whitemarsh, Whitestone, and Irvington; strong appointments, with large congregations made up of some of the best people in the county. He and I formed a compact for co-operation, and joining our forces, conducted at several revival services in Northumberland and Lancaster which resulted in the conversion of hundreds of souls: notably at Bethel, Whitemarsh and Whitestone in his circuit, and at Smyrna, Corinth, and Henderson's on mine. More than Six hundred were added to the churches in the two circuits in two years, and the people of God, baptized with the Holy Spirit, were confirmed and strengthened in our most holy faith. The vision of the Church was enlarged, and the convictions of the people on personal responsibility for the salvation of sinners were deepened. There was a mighty uplift of all

the interests of the Kingdom in all these parts in these two years,—1874 and 1875.

I cannot let this opportunity pass for naming a few of the leading men on the Lancaster circuit. Judge Samuel Downing, wise, faithful, zealous, hospitable, and a man of prayer. He had faith in God, and enjoyed the confidence of the people. He read me a lecture on prudence, one certain Court day, when he sat upon the Bench at Heathsville in the trial of three young men for disturbing public worship. I thought there were mitigating circumstances such as would indicate that there was no **deliberate** infraction of the law. Instead of speaking of the matter to the Attorney for the boys, I laid myself open to a more serious charge by writing the Judge a note expressing my conviction that the boys were innocent of any wrong doing, and pleading with the Judge to be as lenient with them as possible. It was a fatal mistake for anyone, even a Methodist preacher and a close friend, to take such a liberty with so incorruptible a man as Judge Downing. He said nothing to me then, but sentenced the young men to "Five minutes confinement in the county jail." On the adjournment of court that day the Sheriff told me "Judge Downing wants to see you in his office." I went in haste, remained with him ten minutes, and came out having more intelligence in my system on the subject of what contempt of Court meant than I ever thought I could learn in the course of a life time. He said, "Bro. Butts, you

have done a very foolish and a very dangerous thing, and I think I can save you some trouble in the future if you will take to heart what I have to say. Had you written that note to certain Judges, whom I might mention, either one would have fined you heavily. But I know you. And I propose this method of censure in a private way, because no one knows what you did but myself. Don't dare ever to do such a thing as that again. God bless you: you may go." **And I went.**

His daughter Kate, (afterwards Mrs. Rozzie Broun,) was converted in the great meeting at Whitemarsh. She was a beautiful girl, a skilled musician, with a well trained voice. She had prayed at the altar several days. Moved by a consuming desire to get this promising young life into the Master's service, I asked her on a certain day as she knelt in prayer, "Miss Kate, can't you trust your Saviour?" She thrilled me with this reply;—"Yes, I can, with all my heart: and I want to sing!" I answered, "Well stand up here and sing with all your heart." She arose from her knees with a beaming face, and joined the congregation in the song they were singing, and Whitemarsh never heard such music from the human voice before. The congregation was melted to tears, God's people gave evidence of their joy in shouts of praise, and the triumph of the day was complete.

Judge Edwin Broun was another one of God's noblemen. He was a safe adviser, a man well-read in the Scriptures, humble, consecrated. He was true

as steel, faithful unto death, zealous as an Apostle. The preachers depended on him. He was the leading man at Rehoboth. Rev. William Brent a modest, earnest, scriptural local preacher. Dr. Wm. Newbill, cultured, enthusiastic, aggressive, "the beloved physician." Irvington owes much to Newbill for the development and cultivation of that interesting field. And there were others, true men and elect women who made Methodism in that region strong, uncompromising, clean-cut, the very best experimental interpretation of a vital religion. Later there came into the active membership of the church a vigorous young northerner named **Bellows**, whose personal piety, and good deeds were known throughout the county, and beyond in other parts of the Conference.

The Fourth Quarterly Conference of 1875 authorized the Parsonage trustees to secure a suitable property for the circuit parsonage as soon as practicable. During the session of Conference held that year in Danville, Va., I received a note from Bro. Littleton Cockrell, enclosed in a letter from my wife, urging me to "hurry home as soon as Conference adjourns:" that "the parsonage Trustees have a parsonage in the village of Heathsville, and you (I) must raise \$333.33½ to make the cash payment thereon on Jan. 1, 1876." I came directly home as he requested, the money was raised, and the present parsonage property was secured to our Church in "fee simple" under the lead of some of the wisest laymen in Methodism.

The other two payments, making a total of \$1,000.00, and interest, were made before I left the circuit, Dec. 1, 1877, and the charge was equipped with as fine a piece of property as there was on the District. A few years later, during the pastorate of Rev. W. H. Edwards, the old building was remodeled, and a very comfortable and beautiful home for the preacher constructed.

Here in the old house on the 9th of December 1875, our second child, Anna Maria Waller, was born.

Mr. Joseph Anderson's wife, Wm. P. Anderson and family, the Gulick's, (staunch Presbyterians from Northumberland Co., Pa.,) were valuable units at the Heathsville Church. Down in Cherry Point the Hardings, and the Travises formed the nucleus for a growing congregation, which in after years erected a neat house of worship called "Melrose" unto this day.

Bethany church was made a station in 1879, and Rev. W. H. Edwards was the first pastor, followed by such men as J. T. Mastin, R. M. Chandler, and others among the strong, enterprising, and devoted young men of that day.

Hopewell church, which stands at the corner of the Lancaster, Heathsville, and Richmond circuits was built during the terms of Bro. Wiles on Lancaster, Bro. Crocker on Westmoreland circuit, and my own on the Heathsville circuit, under the direction of a Joint Committee from the above charges, consisting of Rev. W. A. Crocker, Chair-

man, Rev. Alfred Wiles, Judge Samuel Downing, Mr. Richard Lyell, Mr. Andrew J. Brent, and myself. This was in 1875 and 1876.

All of this territory, on both sides of the Rappahannock river, was called "Fredericksburg District" until 1866, then "Rappahannock District" until 1871, when the name was changed to "Randolph-Macon" in recognition of The College town of Ashland, then the District headquarters, and was known by that title until 1890. In the midst of this period, that is from November 1876 to November 1878, the Northern Neck, composed of six circuits, namely:—King George, Montross, Westmoreland, Heathsville, Richmond, and Lancaster, was raised to a separate district with Rev. Wm. A. Crocker as Presiding Elder. Somebody (it would be unwise to enquire who,) at the Conference of 1890, suggested that the **whole territory on both sides of the Rappahannock be named the "Northern Neck District;"** but an error that contradicted the physical geography of the State could not stand, so at the Conference of 1891 it went back to its ancient title of "Rappahannock," and so remains to this day, with the Presiding Elder's residence at Urbanna, Middlesex Co.

The Richmond circuit was created at the Conference of 1876, and Junius B. DeBerry, a devout Christian, a good pastor, and a fine preacher, was the first to fill the appointment, with the parsonage near Calvary church. The churches on this new

charge were Warsaw, Calvary, Oakland, and, (I think,) Hopewell.

Out of this part of the Northern Neck came J. R. Sturgis, J. R. Gill, A. S. J. Rice, Starke Jett and J. T. Sewell from Northumberland; W. H. Atwill, R. M. Chandler, J. G. Unruh, H. P. Balderson, Wilbur F. Davis and C. T. Thrift, from Westmoreland, and W. B. Beauchamp and G. T. Forrester from Richmond County.

Before leaving Northumberland I wish to add to this record. Marvin Grove Camp Ground was secured, and the first meeting held August 2-11, 1878, by the co-operation of the laymen of the four counties of the Northern Neck of Virginia; namely, Richmond, Westmoreland, Lancaster, and Northumberland. The first Board of Managers, as I recall them, was composed of those sturdy Christian men, whose good name was rife on all tongues in that region: Littleton Cockrell, Samuel Downing, Edwin Broun, Richard Lyell, and James Walker. Dr. Leonidas Rosser was Presiding Elder and ex-officio in charge of the religious forces of the meeting. Bishop David S. Doggett was the leading preacher, and delivered several of his great sermons. The fame of the man, who was born in Lancaster county not far from this hallowed spot, had gone before him, and "multitudes came from all the region round about" to hear the great preacher. All they had heard of him was fully confirmed, and the provincial pride of the old country was wonderfully stimulated. A Methodist Bishop

of such dignity, such magnetic rhetorical ability, swaying crowds of simple country folks, as well as high church aristocrats who did not comprehend the great spiritual power of the man, going out from the very shades of old "King Carter's" Colonial church on historic Corotoman river, where the big people of the James, the York, and the Potomac came in olden times to do their courting, was a severe shock to the ecclesiastical sensibilities of certain religionists in those parts. But when they were reminded that Enoch George, another Bishop of the Methodist Church, was another contribution from the same section sixty years earlier, amazement took the form of consternation, and presently settled down into silent protest.

Between Marvin Camp Ground and Horner's Corner, is a road leading down westward into the woods to the old home of Rev. Griffin Forrester, a local preacher licensed by Philip Bruce, Presiding Elder, about one mile from the main road. Adjacent to the yard of that old residence is an ancient grave yard, containing the grave of a young preacher who died while serving the old Lancaster circuit more than one hundred years ago. I found that grave by the help of Brother George Forrester of Oakland church when I lived at Heathsville. Recently, through the kindness of Rev. John S. Wallace, the present pastor at Heathsville, I have located the grave afresh, and secured a copy of the inscription on the broken tomb. It reads as follows:—

## "In Memory of

Rev. Henry Padgett, who was born in Cecil Co., Md., on the 8th of December, 1791, and departed this life on the 10th day of September, 1817."

"Mark the perfect men and behold the upright:  
for the end of that man is peace."

Psalm 37: 37.

The father of Rev. G. T. Forrester of our Conference was born about this time and called "Richard Padgett" after this young preacher.

Among the leading men who stood as the representatives of vital godliness on the Westmoreland circuit at this time, I mention only a few of the most eminent. At **Carmel** was John W. C. Davis, and Rev. Wilbur F. Davis, for awhile an active and efficient member of the Conference, sons of my old Presiding Elder, Rev. Joseph H. Davis; Bro. Geo. Murphy, a son-in-law; the Sanfords and Baileys; Rev. W. W. Walker, the silver tongued preacher and lawyer, Bro. James Walker, his brother, and the Wright family at Oldham's X Roads, Omohundro and others at Warsaw; Richard Lyell and Bro. Yeatman at Calvary;—these men and their families represented the standard of the social, intellectual and spiritual forces of all that region. Their fathers laid the foundation of Methodism on the solid rock of Faith in God, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in a conscious salvation by Regeneration and

the Witness of the Spirit. These sons built the Church of the present on that and it stands today. "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE CONFERENCE OF 1877, AND KING GEORGE.

The Conference of 1877 met in the City of Lynchburg in old Centenary church on Church Street. It was the saddest gathering of preachers and laymen that had assembled in Virginia for many years.

That peerless preacher and successful College President, Rev. Dr. Jas. A. Duncan, President of Randolph-Macon College died during the year. A cloud of sorrow hung over the entire Church. Virginia Methodists stood appalled in the presence of the catastrophe, and no one seemed to know which way to look for his successor. Rev. John C. Granbery, D. D., (afterwards Bishop,) read a very eloquent and appropriate Memoir of the distinguished minister at the Memorial service held in Centenary Church Tuesday, November the 20th. On Thursday, Nov. 22nd, the Committee on Education, Rev. R. N. Sledd, D. D., Chairman, submitted a Resolution requesting the Presiding Bishop to appoint Rev. W. W. Bennett, D. D. President of Randolph Macon College, he having been elected to that office by the Board of Trustees and

the problem of a President for the College was solved.

The year, 1877, had been an unusually fatal one to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in the loss of some of its most prominent men. Dr. Wm. E. Munsey, and Rev. Mr. Coe of the Baltimore Conference, Dr. Duncan and Dr. Albert Taylor Bledsoe, and Bishop Enoch M. Marvin, died this year.

Besides these men of church-wide note, our Conference lost David F. Hodges, and Alexander Doniphan, two men well-beloved, devout, and useful.

The Class "continued on Trial" at this Conference included the names of some young men who have wrought well, and made a fine record in the Itinerancy. Here are the names:—R. M. Chandler, B. F. Lipscomb, J. T. Mastin, J. M. Burton, N. B. Foushee, R. H. Younger, W. H. Edwards, W. O. Waggener, J. E. Barrow, J. C. Rosser, S. H. Johnson, W. E. Evans, C. E. Wren, and J. B. DeBerry.

Waggener was transferred to one of the western Conferences, Evans and Wren withdrew from our Church to join other Communions, Rosser, Younger and DeBerry have gone to their reward, Barrow has escaped my following, and the rest are with us yet, enjoying the confidence and love of their brethren, and serving the Church efficiently under the blessing of God.

It was at this Conference that Bishop Doggett delivered that great sermon on "Therefore every scribe who hath been made a disciple to the king-

dom of heaven is like unto a man that is a householder, who bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." (Matt. XIII. 52.) The Bishop was at his best that day. He stood in a pulpit facing the lot across the street on which once stood the old church in which the Methodists worshipped in the first decade of the 19th century. (A brick building afterward took its place.) The pall of sorrow, which rested on the session on account of the loss of Dr. Duncan, added greatly to the general interest. The theme itself, the wisdom and industry of the ministry when moved by the compelling impulse of a conscious salvation; these, and many other considerations inspired the cultured mind and fired the sensibilities of a man naturally gifted as an orator. The great congregation was swayed by his perfect rhetoric, and lifted on the exultant wing of an imagination which was at home in the highest heights. Added to this was the skill of the preacher in analysis and exposition of the word of God.

At the close of the service the people gathered about the chancel, anxious to hold the hand of the prophet who had carried them on the wings of sacred eloquence to the very highest heaven. Among them was our dear brother Rev. Geo. M. Wright, whom everybody knew and loved; dear old George, who had more souls, saved through his instrumentality, to meet him at the pearly gates when he swept through, "washed in the blood of

the Lamb," than any man of the same talents and time for work, since the days of the Wesleys and Whitefield: yes Dear old George put his hand on the Bishop's shoulder and made a remark which startled all who heard him, except Bishop Doggett. The Bishop knew George, and honored him for his work's sake, and loved him for his rugged honesty, and his Christian simplicity and humility throughout a successful ministry. George said, "**Ah, Bishop, you certainly did handle yourself pretty today!**" The Bishop replied, with a hearty grasp of the hand, "God bless you George: you have always had my love!"

No one but George Wright could have taken such a liberty with Bishop Doggett: and Bishop Doggett would not have received, in such a cordial spirit, an apparently light-hearted criticism from any one else. The Bishop knew his man, as a sincere, generous soul, who had no thought of disturbing the holy atmosphere of an occasion long to be remembered.

From that Conference I was sent to the King George circuit, with the parsonage in a rented house at the Court House village sixty miles northwest of Heathsville. I succeeded Rev. Charles E. Watts, a Christian gentleman of blameless life, a clear mind well stored with the learning of the best schools, and an apt scholar in the use of the purest English. He was a capital preacher, and a skillful and safe expounder of the Scriptures. I

was succeeded on the Heathsville circuit by Rev. Jas. F. Brannin, a holy man, who "walked with God," and led the church into the higher life. Mr. Joseph Gulick kindly agreed to put my family on the steamer at Monaskon Wharf on the Rappahannock, so, therefore, in order to meet them at Port Conway, King George, it was necessary for me to go the day before. I loaded as much of my property as I could get into my rockaway, and Dexter and I struck out up the ridge of the backbone of the Northern Neck for our destination, spending the night at Montross, among old friends, arriving the next afternoon. Bro. Walter Stiff and his good wife took charge of my family when they arrived at Port Conway, and I joined them the next day. With the assistance of some of the church officials I quickly had them and all my various boxes and barrels and packages housed and unpacked for another term. A hot dinner was served by the kind ladies of the church, and Miss Carrie Jones, daughter of our chief steward, and county Treasurer, James E. Jones of "Edge Hill," was there acting as hostess.

King George circuit was made up of Fletcher's Chapel, in the Passapatanzy hills, Trinity at the Court House, Union at Shiloh village, and a preaching place in a school house below Rollin's Fork just over the line in Westmoreland. The leading men at this point were Chas. Robinson, William Spilman, Robert Marshall, John T. Payne, (after-

ward a member of our Conference,) Dr. Wheelwright, and Josiah Hayes. A year or two later Bro. Walter Stiff removed from Port Conway to Rollin's Fork, and added his valuable personality to the strength of the class. In 1880 the work had obtained such prominence that a nice, comfortable church-building, at a cost of about \$1,800.00, was planned and erected near Josiah Haye's residence, and named "Grace." The meeting was protracted, and about 60 souls were added to the church. Dr. J. Powell Garland, our Presiding Elder, was present on the memorable night when I received these people into the church. He and Bro. Payne were witnesses to a conversation between me and a certain citizen, whose name is omitted for obvious reasons.

As we came out of the church after service that Friday night, I noticed this man and his wife standing there by the steps as if hesitating to go home. I said, "Mr.———, you professed to be converted last Tuesday night; you did not join the church tonight: you have made a serious mistake." He replied, "I can't jine de church, sir; and I'm sorry to say I can't." "Well," said I, "What's wrong?" He replied, calling his wife's name, "Me and—— ain't married, sir, and dat's got to be fixed up before we can jine." Said I, "You are right, brother; go to Westmoreland court house and get your license, and I will marry you Sunday morning and receive you into the Church." Said he, "I

got no money to pay for de license, and no horse to ride, and it is too far to walk." Well, I ended the whole matter by giving him a note to Bro. Warren Hutt, the Clerk of the County Court, and Bro. Robert Marshall loaned him a horse. Early Saturday morning Dr. Garland and I went up to Fletcher's Chapel where the 3rd Quarterly Conference was held. Then leaving Dr. Garland to handle the Sunday service there I returned to Josiah Hayes's, arriving about 8 P. M., having stopped, in passing the parsonage, long enough to eat supper. Sunday morning, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, I went to Mr.———'s home, and married him to the woman he had been living with for seven years. All of us then went to the church nearby, and after a most impressive service I received this man and this wife into the Church of God, and at their request baptized their two little girls, the one three years old and the other five! This was one of the **victory days** of my ministry.

Do not say these were illiterates, and obscure people. That is true: but the kingdom of God is meant for such. If not, where is the haven of refuge? There are thousands of so-called "refined," "cultured," "society" people in this country living in adultery, and worse, who would come into the Kingdom today if they were willing, as these "obscure" people were, to publicly confess and forsake their sinful life. Instead of doing the

honest thing, they persist in their infamy, turn up their nose at practical religion, and make the ministry the butt of ridicule.

I want to place the credit for beginning the reformation of this community where it belongs. When Bishop Payne, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop on the West Coast of Africa, was compelled to give up his work in that Foreign field on account of ill health, he located in this neighborhood, and decided that this was a good field for Home Evangelization. He planted a school, preached in the building to as many as came, visited among them and taught them morality and religion. He was greatly beloved for his work's sake, and sincerely lamented when he ended his useful life. When I took charge of King George circuit a few years later, I found the Rev. Mr. Latane carrying on the work the Bishop began. I knew this was a field where Methodism could feel at home, so I went into the work with all my heart, and, under the blessing of God, succeeded.

At Union church there was a strong organization. Jones, Baker, Edwards, Quesenberry, Stiff, Omohundro, Ninde, Payne, Dishman, Brown, Gouldman, and Hayes, are names of families which formed a devoted, intelligent, and influential body of men and women, both in the Church and in the social life of the county. They were Methodists of the "most straightest sect." Preachers "counted it all joy" when they were read out for King

George. It was here that I found Jas. W. Stiff, Richard O. Payne, and John T. Payne, and contributed somewhat to their advancement and admission into our Conference. Out of this same charge came Wm. E. Payne, the rugged, stalwart giant in righteousness, and a successful ministry. He ceased from his labors and got his "crown" in 1895, while Presiding Elder of the Charlottesville District where he had just begun his term of service.

In the summer of 1878 we had a great meeting at Union, not great in point of numbers added to the church: but on account of the profound impression it made upon the community, and the character of the conversions. Among the many who came into the church at that meeting I note Mr. Isaiah Hayes, his son Lawrence, his daughters Hattie and Elvira, also Mr. Hayes' brother, Josiah, his son Henry, and daughter.

Isaiah Hayes' people and mine have remained warm friends ever since.

About this time there came into Hayes' business and family, a young man of quick mind, high moral standard, and great industry. Time and again I met him at brother Hayes' home, and he impressed me most favorably. At the Marvin Grove Camp meeting of 1879, he professed conversion, and joined the Methodist Church. The next year, Sept. 9, 1880, I performed the ceremony of marriage which made Hattie Hayes and Ed. White-

house man and wife. I baptized the first babe, Susie; the second babe was named for me, Lawrence Butts, and is a successful druggist in Lynchburg. Then when Susie married and became a mother I baptized her babe. Thus through the years we have kept pace with each other on the changing road of life, ever keeping in sight of each other's home, rejoicing together, and mingling our tears sometimes when we look around us and find the empty chair. But hoping and singing again when the light of the other life breaks through the rift of some impending cloud, and above the storm of sorrow we hear the familiar voice of Jesus,—“I am with you alway, unto the end of the ages.”

At Fletcher's Chapel there was a plain, faithful, earnest membership, who did things for the Kingdom, and largely dominated the moral and religious life of that whole section. Pratt, McCarthy, Henderson, Grigsby, Rollins, Robinson, Morgan, Arnold, Taliaferro, Lee, Elkins, are names dear to this preacher's memory, and reminders of co-operation in hard work, and patient planning, and bounding joy when the days went by with a song.

There lived among them a practicing physician, a staunch Presbyterian of the old school, whose religion was broad enough to take into his confidence any who named the name of Jesus. He dedicated to active service a talented brain and a warm heart for building up the Kingdom of God in that community. I refer to Dr. John W. Ayler. I rather

congratulated myself when I found so wise and good a man heartily engaged in the Sunday School, in the prayer meeting, in aiding to solve the financial problems of the church at that place. When I told him on my first visit to his house, "Ardenvohr," how glad I was to find so capable a Methodist among these people, he replied, "I'm no Methodist: I am a blue-stocking Presbyterian." But during my whole term of four years on that charge I never saw any difference between his religious zeal and activity and the most active Methodist in that section; except, perhaps, his was a regulated systematic movement **as a rule**, destitute of emotion, while their's, when not fired by emotion, had little motion that produced results.

The queenly wife and splendid children shared with the father in his devotion to his Lord. He died a few years ago, while I lived in Hampton. He had become a well-known and sincerely beloved citizen of Newport News, and it was my privilege, granted me by Dr. Welford, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of that city, to speak a few words of appreciation at his funeral.

James McCarthy was a "Rough Ashler" in the temple of God. He had very limited advantages for an education when a boy; nor was he permitted, by circumstances over which he had no control, to become familiar with those finer conventions which dignify the better class: yet there was not a man on the charge who was his superior in the practice of those virtues which distinguish men as

gentlemen and examples in a field where the highest morals and the most rigid rules govern. As a practical Christian I have never known a man whose sense of dependence on the blood of Jesus was so acute, and whose trust in the guidance of the Holy Spirit was so evident, including in its sweep all the activities of a consecrated life. He may have worn a grammatical head-ornament quite ridiculous when tested by the pattern of the books, but his garment of righteousness, made white by the blood of the Son of Man, so covered his "flesh" that one could see that it was his own, made for him alone in response to the demands of a firm faith in the Living Christ. He was swift to run to the help of the needy, for "uncomely" feet were shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace." His shield, "faith," quenched the fiery darts of the wicked," and with "the sword of the Spirit" he was a match for Satan and his emissaries. Rare old Jim! All heaven heard you sing as you entered the gate; and many a preacher's horse wept, if he could weep, when he was told that you were dead, if his equine intellect took in the full meaning of that distressing news!

Wm. S. Brown was Clerk of the Courts of the county for years, succeeding his father in that office; himself a veteran of many years' experience in the service of his county. He was the leading Steward at Trinity Church in the village, and a man of influence on the entire charge. He had a most

interesting family:—a refined and cultured wife, six fascinating daughters and two sons. They were leaders in the work of the church, and held the standard of efficiency high. I had the singular privilege of performing the Ceremony of Marriage in that family oftener, I reckon, than any other preacher in any other family anywhere. That's pretty broad; but I'll risk it. A niece living in the lovely home, "Waverly," Miss Julia Carpenter, was married there in the parlor, Dec. 27, 1877, to Mr. Lawrence Washington. Another niece, Miss Kate Ashton was married March 28, 1878, in the same room to Mr. James Barron. A daughter, Miss Belle, was married Dec. 10, 1879, in the same room, to Mr. Henry T. Garnett. Miss Nannie, the eldest daughter, was married May 31, 1881, to Mr. W. J. Dougherty, but the event occurred in Trinity Church. Several years later, our dear brother Paul Bradley won to his home and heart Lucy, next to the youngest of these attractive girls: but another performed the ceremony. Brother Bradley went to his blessed reward in 1907. Mrs. Dougherty was bereft of her devoted husband in a few years. She was an accomplished, beautiful, useful and popular young woman. She had a sweet little baby girl, which grew to woman-hood to be the strength and comfort of an invalid mother throughout long years of suffering. In January 1921 this devoted Christian "widow indeed" passed to her place in the "Saint's eternal rest."

The Ninde family at that lovely home, "Middleboro," was another interesting group. Dr. Ninde was a Baltimorean, but came to King George in early life, and married the sister of the Brother Brown above referred to. Dr. Julian Ninde, the eldest son, died during my pastorate, ending what promised to be a lucrative and successful career as a practicing Physician among his own kinsmen and friends, who knew his worth and lamented his untimely death. His younger brother, Fairfax, early prepared himself to succeed his deceased father and brother in the profession, and has become one of the leading Physicians of the county. Sister Ninde, was, for years, a prisoner in an invalid's chair, a victim of Rheumatism. Yet from this strange pulpit, as Paul did from a Roman prison, this patient and cheerful sufferer directed her house-hold, and delivered, to all within reach of her influence, the gospel of Life and Consolation. Hundreds turned to this prophetess of a triumphant faith for thoughts and inspiration to guide when days were dark and doubts were strong.

Across the road, far off from public view, as if built to "blush unseen," was a quiet Christian home. Brother Eddie Brown, his amiable wife, and sons and daughters, lived in modest comfort and plenty. One of these refined and cultured Christian girls became the wife of Rev. Chas. H. Williams of our Conference. Williams is a wonder! How he won her no one seems to know. But I have this to say

in extenuation of the act of either one in choosing the other;—They both showed pretty good judgment. A distressing bereavement visited the home of Brother Brown during my pastorate:—Henry, the eldest boy, fell a victim of typhoid fever. In this “valley of the shadow of death” the family found comfort in the assured presence of the Great Comforter. “As thy days may demand” was solid ground for feet, over against the insecure foundation of the world’s vain hope.

There were many noble men and women in that section, whose names stand out strongly in contrast with others of smaller make. They represented the strength of Methodist principles in the times of which I write. No better type of Christian character could be found in any county, and the Methodist doctrines of sin and a conscious redemption through the saving grace of Jesus Christ, is the best explanation I can give of their worth to the community.

Methodism has always had a hard fight for a living in King George. There prevailed in all that section at this time a “form of godliness without its power.” Such a religion is always popular with a certain class of sinners who confound the externals of Christianity with Christianity itself, as if one could hold in one’s embrace the corpse of a lovely woman or a splendid young man, for the living, joyous, helpful being that once lived in the now lifeless form. And this corpse of a once liv-

ing force "vaunted itself," and was "puffed up," and "behaved itself unseemly" on all occasions, and frequently made occasions, claiming for itself the prestige of age, and struck at anything which had life in it as being new and man made. Two of these sects had "water on the brain," and were constantly disputing among themselves about which had "the right to eat the Lord's Supper." The other had no life of any sort, and therefore made little noise: only now and then could be heard out in the ecclesiastical cemetery, mumbling, in sepulchral solemnity, "WE ARE IT." Nobody disputed it.

A vigorous religion like Methodism always has a fight to wage when it lifts its voice, in a community like that for righteousness. A sinner who has made up his mind to go to heaven by the easiest road does not take easily to the rigid demands of "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus." He prefers to substitute the manipulations of priestly hands, or the plunge into water, for "repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ."

Nevertheless, the preaching and careful pastoral work of Wm. F. Bain, Thos. H. Boggs, Chas. E. Watts, and other sturdy apostles of the Spirit, who preceded me, laid well the foundations of the church on "The Impregnable Rock of the Holy Scriptures." Their work and their teaching accounts largely for the type of men and women

who formed the rank and file of the Methodist Church in King George at that day. Out of this circuit have come into the conference Wm. E. Payne, Wm. B. Jett, John T. Payne, J. Willard Stiff, and Rich. O. Payne. Among the laymen who have thrown the influence of their strong characters with the church in other sections are Dr. Frank W. Stiff, so long useful at Centenary, Richmond; Edward B. Whitehouse, Fred. Brown, Eugene Ninde, and Dr. John Stiff in Fredericksburg; and numbers of others "whose names are written in heaven."

On the 14th day of April 1878, our son Herbert Swann, was born, and there was great joy in our home.

The Conference of 1878, held in Petersburg, Va., Nov. 13-19, ended the life of the "Northern Neck District," which began its existence in November 1876, under the Superintendence of Rev. Wm. A. Crocker, as Presiding Elder. The territory was too small, (covering only five counties) and held out no hope for expansion. Bro. Crocker was an ideal friend and brother, clean and true; a holy man in all manner of conversation. He possessed the "wisdom which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy:" a man of prayer, imitating his Lord with child-like faith and beautiful simplicity. He was a fine preacher, a close student, an expositor of no mean ability, as his little books on "Daniel" and "Rev-

elation" abundantly show. He excelled as a pastor, succeeded in every charge he served. The rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned alike claimed him as a friend, and delighted in his preaching because they knew him in the home.

He died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Moreau Blackwell, in Northumberland County June 27, 1901. He was nearly 76 years of age.

Rev. Dr. Wm. G. Starr, in the Memoir of **Bro. Crocker**, read at the session of Conference held in Trinity Church, Newport News, November, 1901, describing the last illness of this ascended minister, says;

"During his last illness, he remarked to an attendant at the bed-side: 'Only the body dies. I will leave that behind me. It is so weak and helpless now. It is drifting away from me. It will soon go ashore in the graveyard, but I shall be with God.'

Only two hours before his death, he exclaimed: 'I feel that a wonderful change has taken place in my flesh. The physical fact I cannot account for, but it seems as if the sweet peace of God has taken absolute possession of both body and soul.'

He refused to use an opiate which was administered to alleviate pain when death drew near, because, as he said, 'I want my mind to be clear so that I can understand everything around me as I go gliding out of this world into the next.'

When the end came he was ready to go over and rest with God. As the chill of death crept up

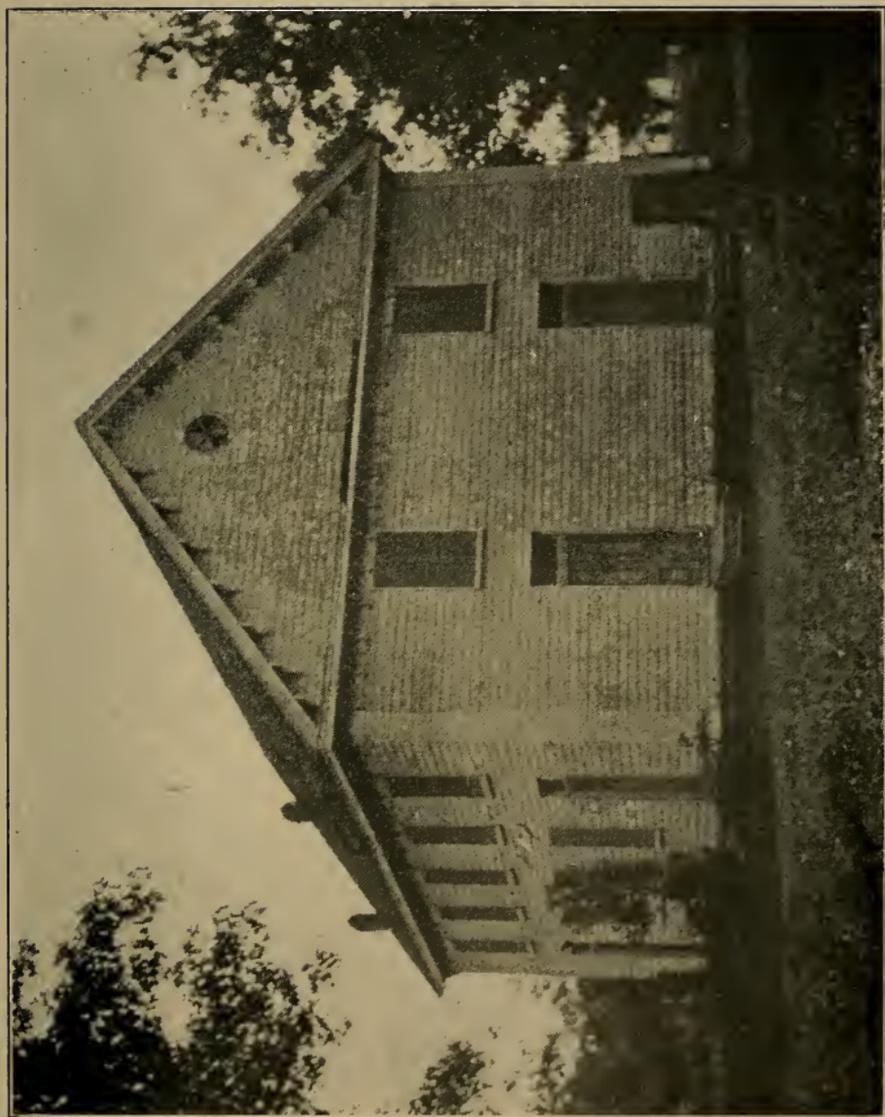
from feet to heart, he was heard to say, 'The arms of my Father are strong enough to carry me through the valley of death;' and again, 'They are calling me across the narrow stream; many voices are calling me; I am going home to meet the friends who are waiting for me on the other side.'

And so, with the world behind him and heaven in full view, this saintly man of God met the hour of his translation as calmly as might an archangel returning from his post of duty to make report of the work he had wrought in building a new world for the glory of Christ Jesus the Lord."

When the Northern Neck was re-incorporated with the Randolph-Macon District at this Conference Dr. Leonidas Rosser became my Presiding Elder for the second time, he having served the District in 1873-4. He gave me many a profitable hour as we travelled together up and down the Northern Neck. His long itinerant life had furnished him with an inexhaustible store of very interesting material. His cheerfulness was natural, perennial, contagious. His constructive method of teaching the fundamentals of Methodism was very helpful to the young preacher who sat by his side and permitted the trustworthy horse to find his own way. Often he selected a tedious journey as the occasion for a sermon, and preached it as we went. I "hid these things in my heart" and head. Once upon a time, in a hot August period, I travelled all night in my buggy from the King George parsonage to Marvin Grove Camp-

meeting arriving at the breakfast hour. Hearing that I had come he came to the Preachers' Tent and informed me that I must preach at 3 o'clock that day! I protested that I could not, on account of my all-night drive, face a congregation for any profitable results. He replied, "O yes, you can; you know the hour; you can prepare while resting from now till then, six hours." "Well, doctor," said I, "If you will not release me I shall be compelled to use one of those good sermons you have been giving me in our travels." He replied, "That settles it; but it will be a very unwise thing to do," and left me without another word.

So, therefore, recalling the story which I had heard when a boy, of one of our preachers who used Bishop Early's sermon in the Bishop's presence at a camp-meeting, I set my memory to work to reproduce Dr. Rosser's sermon on the text, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." As I faced the congregation he sat on my right, and watched me with ill-concealed astonishment when I announced the text. As I proceeded to develop the thoughts indicated in the analysis, just as he had done as we travelled the sandy roads of King and Queen County, his interest, either in the desperate young preacher, or in the familiar method of discussion, quickened, so that I could feel the cut of his eagle eye to the very center of my being. At the end of the service, which was, of course, without results, I turned to find him standing just behind me. I extended my hand, and said, "Doc-



BETHANY, NORTHUMBERLAND, 1875.



tor, I did the best I could." He replied, "Yes, you did well; and used my material. You are the most impudent preacher on my district," and turning, left me there waist deep in a flood of mixed emotions that almost swept me off my feet.

I drove into the parsonage yard on a certain day and found him there just arrived from somewhere. My buggy was loaded with good things the people had given me. He examined the supplies minutely, and then lifting his hands above his head, cried out, "Aaron with the golden calf!" Said I, "And who are you?" "Moses on the mountain with the Lord!" "Ah!" said I, "Moses fasted forty days: you seem to be hungry, doctor; share with Aaron and his family these good things the people of God have sent, anticipating your need." He laughed aloud at the simplicity of my answer, and replied, "I will indeed."

The average congregation seldom thought in the rich, logical lines along which he delighted to lead them; hence in the first few days of his greatest meetings, the interest lagged. But, after that, certain folks began to see a master in the pulpit, and the tide began to rise. Crowds filled our largest churches, and in the end, with mighty spiritual power, he gathered the best elements of the community into the Church. He was a great preacher because he was a great expounder of the Word of God, and had unlimited faith in the promise of the Holy Spirit to own the Word.

He died at Ashland, Va., January the 25th, 1892.

“For thirty-six years he was a Trustee of Randolph-Macon College. Educated himself, he was fully enlisted in the educational work of the Church. He was a regular attendant upon the sessions of the Board, participated in its discussions, entered heartily into its plans, and did faithfully whatever duties were assigned him.”

He was the Elijah of the Church of the New Testament, the grey eagle of the Conference, at home on the peaks of an exalted Christian experience; never at rest till he had carried his congregation to Pisgah's summit; mighty in prayer and at the altar with a struggling penitent. He was a cultured preacher of great power, whose elegant diction and finished periods cut their way to conviction, and then pointed the trembling sinner, in high life as well as low, to “the Lamb of God” as the remedy for acknowledged sin.

I saw life as a minister of the Gospel in its reality in King George. In Northumberland I had “plain sailing with fair breezes,” as the waterman would say. In King George head winds prevailed. But, by the grace of God I did not drift: I anchored my craft in the haven of changeless truth. When compelled to put to sea, I gave the helm to Christ, and rode out the storm. Dropping the figure, let me say;—vice prevailed and was unblushing in its boasting and threats. I realized in experience that no man knows the power of Divine grace to direct, to vitalize human determination to

win, and to defend, and to deliver, till he is compelled, by the taunts of enemies and the weakness of some who claimed to be friends of right, to trust it altogether. As a true minister I had frequently to stand out in conflict, with a few faithful men and women, and wage a losing fight. The men in authority, from the highest to the lowest, were against civic righteousness, took sides with the liquor power, the gamblers, and other lawless elements: called in question our motives and belabored me with infamous epithets. This was not at all to my liking, but I held on to the end, and God greatly blessed my labors in adding to the church about 260 souls, and building up the people in vital religion and solid morality.

On the 10th day of July 1880, our fourth child was born, and sunshine flooded the parsonage again. We named her Carrie Weldon, for her Great-grandmother Mrs. Caroline Waller, and her Great-grandmothers Mrs. Caroline Waller, and Mary Elizabeth Weldon. She was quite an independent Miss, and ruled the family from the beginning of her interesting career. She is now Mrs. John T. Fitzpatrick, of Nelson county, Va., and the mother of three splendid children.

The Conference of 1880 met in Main Street Church, Danville, Va., Nov. 17th-23rd, Bishop Keener presiding. Virginia was blessed with a glorious Autumn. Balmy breezes, clear skies, fine roads, good crops, a great abundance of fruit,

made a happy prosperous people. Some complained, but they were chronic grumblers, to whom the good Lord had failed to commit the job of running the government of the world.

I had closed a good year, and, in gladness of heart, planned a visit to my grand-father's, Rev. John Gregory Claiborne, in Brunswick county, one hundred and forty-eight miles through the country with my wife and four children. Brother Robert Marshall, of Grace church, father of the noble wife of Rev. W. L. Ware, of our Conference, loaned me an extra horse to help "Frank" draw the load. A right merry time we had all along the way, after we got fairly started. My route lay across the ferry at Port Conway, on through Bowling Green and Milford to the Old Telegraph Road, and then by that road to Richmond and Petersburg. At the very **outset** our plan was **upset**. A strong wind was blowing right down the Rappahannock. We got the team and carriage into the ferry-boat and started across. We had gone scarcely a hundred yards when one of the great oars, called "a sweep," broke in two, leaving us with all that precious cargo of wife and children, and horses and carriage drifting at the mercy of wind and tide. However, skillful management brought the boat safely back to King George shore, but about a half a mile down the river, in a gentleman's field.

Then we had to drive up the river road, 25 miles

to Fredericksburg and cross the river at that point on Scott's Bridge. This threw us off our Bowling Green road several miles, so that night found us at Dr. W. J. Hancock's near Thornsburg in Spotsylvania county. The next morning we struck the Telegraph road near by, and stopped at a big grove near Ruther Glenn in which stood a brick church owned and occupied by the Baptists. Here we got good water and ate our dinner. The children made much of our resting place, and transformed the sojourn of an hour into a period of frolic. We then, refreshed and in fine trim pushed on across the North Anna, the Middle and the South Anna, rivers to Richmond, arriving after dark. We found the residence of Dr. John J. Lafferty on Leigh St., and received a hilarious welcome from the doctor and his household. They were not expecting us, but the suddenness of our coming, and the number of children we unloaded in front of his home, seemed to bewitch the entire company of Laffertys, and gave both wife and me the feeling that we were sorry we had not done that deed before. Next morning, Saturday, we left the gracious hospitality with regret, and arrived at my Uncle's, (Dr. John Herbert Claiborne) in Petersburg about 1 P. M. Monday morning we began the last leg of our long drive to my Grand-father's arriving there late in a drizzling rain. Excepting the last ten miles of the one hundred and forty-eight, the children made merry of

the trip. Whenever they became tired of the carriage we put them out, (except the baby,) in the road to run and play, to chase the birds, to find now and then a gushing spring of clear, cold water, then to get back into the carriage to fall asleep quickly from sheer exhaustion. Thus for three days and a half we travelled, and not even the five months old baby, Carrie Weldon, put up the luxury of a real first class cry or whine. When we disembarked that Monday night, just when darkness made driving over a twisting country road both difficult and dangerous, I told the weary little folks that they were at "Roslin," the place of my birth, and of their grand-mother's birth and childhood's home, the only one who was wide awake enough to appreciate the situation and the romance of it, said, as he staggered up the pathway leading to the front porch, "I don't care; I want to go to bed now."

Leaving my family at "Roslin" on the morning of the 16th of November, I took the train at what is now Blackstone for Danville where Conference assembled the next day.

Bishop John C. Keener Presided. Paul Whitehead was elect-Secretary, and Peter A. Peterson and Geo. C. Vanderslice, Assistants.

The entire session was marked by interesting items. On motion of P. A. Peterson, "A memorial service for Bishop David S. Doggett" was "held at 2 P. M., on Sunday," and, at the request of the

Conference, Rev. R. N. Sledd, D. D., delivered an eloquent sermon on the occasion.

Among the Deacons ordained at this session we find the names of T. O. Edwards, J. W. Stiff, R. O. Payne, W. T. Green, W. T. Williams, A. A. Jones, W. W. Sawyer, W. F. Davis and J. B. Askew. Those ordained Elder were R. M. Chandler, J. T. Mastin, J. M. Burton, N. B. Foushee, W. H. Edwards, W. O. Waggener, S. H. Johnson, W. E. Evans, N. J. Pruden, C. D. Crawley, B. F. Lipscomb, and W. R. Smithey. All these are brethren beloved, who have wrought well in every field to which the authorities have sent them. Some of them have gone to "the great reward," the others are among us yet, "serving their generation by the will of God."

The following in regard to "the proper date of the beginning of the sessions of the Virginia Conference," is of special interest. The paper was offered by A. G. Brown, from the Committee appointed at the last Conference to investigate and report.

**Whereas**, we believe that the sessions of our Conference should be numbered from the first meeting after the organization of the M. E. Church by the Christmas Conference of 1784; and whereas, its first session thereafter was duly appointed and held by Bishops Coke and Asbury, at the house of Mr. Mason, Brunswick County, Va., May, 1785; and whereas, from that day to this, a session thereof has been held in regular succession, year

after year, with in the geographical limits assigned to it by the General Conference of 1796, except as to the years 1791 and 1841, when changes in the time for the meeting of Conference made it necessary to hold two sessions in each of these calendar years ;

Therefore,

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Conference be, and he is hereby instructed to conform the Conference Journal to these historical facts, numbering this as the Ninety-eighth Session of the Virginia Annual Conference M. E. Church, South.

W. W. Bennett, J. B. Dey and J. D. Blackwell offered a paper on Friday, Nov. 19th, which was read ; and, on motion, it was laid upon the table for the present, and ordered to be printed. On Tuesday, 23rd, it was taken from the table, and after some discussion, was adopted as a whole, under the operation of the previous question, moved by J. E. Edwards.

Its contents are so vital, as indicating the views of the majority of the Conference forty-one years ago, that I desire to aid in its preservation by inserting it at this place.

“Whereas, the work of Methodism for above a hundred years, fully attests its value as one of the branches of the Church of Christ on earth ; and whereas, we believe that no changes can ever occur in the social, intellectual or moral condition of mankind to demand a departure from the essential

doctrines and features of the system ; and whereas, there exists in the minds of many of our people a fear lest Methodism should drift from its anchorage in the great principles held and practiced by our fathers, lose its efficiency, and fail in its work by a gradual departure from the premises on which it has achieved its grand results ; and whereas, the Virginia, one of the original Conferences in America, is convinced that the success of our Church has been due to a clear apprehension of the value of the following leading principles of the system, and a steady adherence to them—to wit :

1. A ministry experimentally religious, thoroughly sound in Christian doctrine and entirely consecrated to the work of preaching the Gospel on the Methodist plan.

2. A membership soundly converted, carefully trained in the doctrines and duties of religion, and completely separated from the world in spirit and practice.

3. An itinerant system of supplying the people with the Word of Life, wisely, firmly, and impartially administered in all its departments, so as to secure to every field the preacher best suited in all respects to cultivate and develop it as a part of the Lord's vineyard ; therefore,

**Resolved,** That we feel bound by our sacred obligations to the great Head of the Church, who has called us out of darkness into light, and counted us worthy, putting us into the ministry, to use our

utmost efforts to ground Methodist people deeply in the doctrines held by our Church, and to urge them to a complete separation in spirit and practice from the world, and to constant and careful cultivation of family and social religion.

2. **Resolved,** That we recognize the wisdom of the principles on which our itinerancy is based—to wit, the surrender of natural rights both on the part of the ministry and the laity, of the former to choose their charges, and of the latter to choose their pastors, and the reference of this extremely delicate matter to the General Superintendents of the Church, to be decided by them in the fear of God and according to the best lights before them, without improper interference either on the part of preacher or people; that this plan, distributing as it does the varied talents of the whole body of travelling preachers to every part of the entire work, and recognizing no class as entitled to special places or special favors, and never leaving a church without a pastor, has in it excellences and advantages fully attested by the unprecedented success of Methodism in every part of the world, and has so positively commended itself to the best minds in other Churches that they are seeking by evangelism to engraft it upon the congregational system; that we feel that any departure from this time-honored and heaven-approved plan, would be the opening of our system to an antagonistic principle which would in a shorter time than we may suppose result in the obliteration of one of the

marked features of Methodism, and necessitate what would be probably a fatal change.

3. **Resolved,** That we fully recognize the wisdom of the fathers of our Church as shown in the method of administering the itinerant system, and feel assured that a wise, firm and impartial distribution of the ministerial talent of the Church, under this system, keeping in view the size and demand of the families of the preachers for a fair support and for educational facilities for their children, though it may work in some cases hardships, self-sacrifice, and even suffering, will receive the cordial approval of all who, in the true spirit of Methodist preachers, have given themselves to this work; for no such system can be successful without serious personal inconveniences; but these are nothing when compared with the general benefits secured to preachers and people.

4. **Resolved,** That we are convinced that the office of Presiding Elder is of great value to the Church, and we have not been able to see what substitute for it can be introduced into our system which would equally as well meet the demands of our work; that in full accord with the teachings of McKendree, Soule, and other illustrious Methodist leaders, we look upon the Presiding Elders as sub-bishops, representing in their districts the General Superintendents, who are charged with the careful and faithful administration of all matters essential to the success of Methodism in every

part of our work; and in this view of the case, we feel that this most valuable office demands the very best talent that our ministry can furnish, men in all respects qualified to take charge of our Districts and to oversee personally and conduct to complete success, all the work of the Church committed to their care.

5. **Resolved**, That we will earnestly strive to awaken all our people to the work of the Church in every department, especially the great work of missions, of education, and the circulation of a sound religious literature, and thus secure the elevation of our people to a higher plane of spiritual life, and bring each one of them to a life-long effort in the work of 'spreading scriptural holiness over these lands'; thus retaining for our cherished Methodism, to the latest generation, that high title conferred by the great Chalmers—'Christianity in earnest.'"

P. A. Peterson, J. D. Southall, J. E. Edwards and A. G. Brown offered the following paper on the evening of the last day. J. J. Lafferty moved that it be laid on the table, but the motion was lost. Here is the paper, and there was a warm discussion over the contents.

"Whereas, it is deemed expedient to divide the Virginia Conference so as to make two Conferences; therefore,

Resolved, That a committee of three clerical and two lay members of this Conference be appointed to consider this matter, and re-

port to the next Conference a plan for said division."

The Board of Missions reported having received the past year

For Domestic Missions.....\$4,409.62

For Foreign Missions..... 7,419.69

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Total .....\$11,829.31

The following in regard to Dr. W. W. Royall may be of interest to his many friends and brethren both in the ministry and laity of our Conference.

On motion of P. A. Peterson, this paper was adopted:—

Whereas, since the last session of our Conference one of our number, Rev. W. W. Royall, has been accepted by the parent Board of Missions as a Missionary to China, and is at this time on his journey to that distant land; therefore

Resolved, That we profoundly sympathize with the spirit of devotion to the spiritual welfare of the heathen evinced by Brother Royall; and that we will follow him with our prayers for the blessing of God upon his labors, and for the protection and preservation of himself and family."

Another item of interest just at this time when all who knew him are lamenting the death of Dr. John Hannon is the following:

"In answer to question 6, Bishop Keener announced the transfer of John Hannon from the Louisiana Conference to this Conference." Bro. Hannon had been transferred to the Baltimore

Conference from our Conference in Nov. 1872, and stationed at Warrenton, Va.

Returning to Blackstone after Conference adjourned I found my little family at the Nottoway parsonage, then occupied by Rev. J. C. Reed. This is the first time I had ever been thrown with Brother Reed, and we have been warm friends ever since. No man ever had a truer friend than I have found him, and my wife has had a very profound regard for the entire household since that bitter cold day when Brother Reed's first wife and children ushered that cold bunch of travellers into a warm room where a blazing fire started the sluggish blood through frozen arteries till the laughter and stories of the dreadful trip took the place of tears. The next morning, leaving Bro. Reed making preparations for moving to Petersburg, where he had been sent to the pastorate of High St. Church, we went on as far as Mr. Charles Harris's near Wilson Depot, where Mrs. Geo. F. Swann, my wife's stepmother, had her temporary home. From thence we travelled to Ettrick, a suburb of Petersburg, to the parsonage of Rev. Jos. R. Sturgis, taking with us my wife's half sister, Annie Swann, as a choice addition to our family. The weather was very cold. Upon the snow already on the ground, a cold drizzle had formed a sleet, which made travel very disagreeable. One of the children was sick, and Sturgis had sickness in his home. Times were out of joint. Yet Sturgis and his good wife, did all they

could to give us the spirit of content and help to keep it alive. Sturgis permitted me to preach for his people twice on Sunday, and took that service as pay for the board of part of my gang, whilst Bro. Wheary, (who by the way, was the father of the wife of Rev. N. J. Pruden,) housed my boy Herbert and myself, and furnished stable room and feed for the horses.

My Uncle, Dr. John Herbert Claiborne, having been called in to see our sick child, decided that it would be unwise for my family to travel by private conveyance the eighty-five miles to Fredericksburg. Therefore I departed on Tuesday, leaving Sturgis to send them to me on Thursday, December the first. I met them at the station, and after lunch, hastened on across the river, and down the Neck, twenty-two miles to the King George parsonage, arriving at almost the close of day. The next day, Friday Dec. 2nd, winter began in earnest, (hitherto it had only threatened,) and continued, with very few moderate days, till late in March.

This was the commencement of my fourth year in King George. Dr. Leonidas Rosser was removed from the District, and Rev. Dr. J. P. Garland placed on the work in his stead. Dr. Garland came to us from that magnificent church, Market Street, Petersburg. He became my trusted friend and adviser from the time he first entered my home to the end.

He was very cordial. His generous view of men

and movements, his strong devotion to the doctrines and discipline of the Church, impressed me greatly. Some, who think they knew him, may not agree with me in this view, but I am giving my estimate of the man after the closest possible intercourse for a number of years. He was with me on occasions when my courage was severely tested, and, by his firm stand, made me brave to do that which I might not have done if I had had a less courageous supporter. The result was, certain troublesome men and women were excluded from the Church, and Methodism and your speaker made stronger in all that region.

I never saw him weaken but once. It was in February, 1881. The Rappahannock was frozen over from Fredericksburg to Chesapeake Bay. Dr. Garland was on his first visit to the churches of the Northern Neck, and his first appointment over there was my First Quarterly Conference on King George circuit. I met him in Port Royal and pushed him across the river in a chair on the ice. I had on my best skates. He presented an absurd picture of fear and melancholy as he took his seat in the chair with his grip in his lap, and gazed across at the other shore, half a mile away. As he sat waiting for me to tighten my skates for the run, he remarked, in droll but honest conviction, "I may never see my family again, but I am trying to meet my appointments." I could not resist the temptation to be a little merry, and replied, "You

will soon be a **sliding Elder** indeed." He noticed the remark, and said, "You don't seem to realize the seriousness of the situation, but some men are made that way."

We reached the Port Conway side of the river safely. At Bro. Ham Stiff's store I had another thrill ready for him. My horse was there hitched in a pair of shafts, and these shafts were shackled to a strong set of sleigh runners. On these runners I had fastened a large dry-goods box, in which was a comfortable seat for two persons, and a good supply of warm buggy blankets. Dr. Garland examined the outfit critically, then, looking me full in the face, "Bro. Butts, how far is it to your parsonage?" I replied, "Seven miles." With a pathetic emphasis that no printed words can convey he asked, "Am I to ride in that thing?" I replied, "Yes, Doctor, it brought me here: it will certainly take us both back." As he took his seat in the box, he said, with profound seriousness, "I hope this method of conveyance on the District is out of the usual, at least as far as I am concerned." The ride to the parsonage was without incident. The roads were as slick as a thick coating of ice could make them, and the horse swift and full of the spirit of his mission. There was no "let down" in "Frank" when he felt the weight of a new Presiding Elder fresh from the pastorate of a great city church.

The Quarterly Conference was held the next day,

Saturday, at Trinity church, at the Court House village. He preached finely in the same church Sunday morning and at Union in the afternoon. He made a good impression on both congregations both in the pulpit and socially. We spent the night at Bro. Isaiah Hayes's hospitable home, where I was counted as one of the family. The next morning young Robert Baker, Brother Garland and I, with Brother Hayes as our driver, set out, in a carriage drawn by two horses, twenty miles down the Northern Neck to Montross over a road covered with ice and snow the entire distance. We left him at Bro. Hutt's in good hands. When we were ready to depart on our return trip the same day, he said, "I have survived my trials since Friday: I think I can live through the winter."

I have already said the winter of 1880-81 was a hard winter. The snow and ice covered the ground from Dec. 2nd till the last week in March. The Rappahannock did not open for traffic till about the same time, although the Baltimore steamers, which had been tied the whole winter did cut their way through for a trip a week in February; sail vessels found it very dangerous till April. The country mails were greatly demoralized. The heavy "through mail service" was abandoned entirely, and was banked up in Fredericksburg and Tappahannock, awaiting a time when wagons could be used for transportation. The work of the churches was seriously handicapped. But with

the aid of the faithful few the Sunday Schools and congregations were kept at work the whole year round, as usual.

A story I omitted to relate in its place can be easily inserted here, because it occurred on this charge. The District Conference of 1872 was held at Union Church. Rev. W. F. Bain was the pastor, and Rev. Joseph H. Davis was Presiding Elder. Dr. Jas. A. Duncan attended the conference and preached on Thursday afternoon a sermon which greatly impressed the large congregation which assembled under the arbor to hear the great preacher. His text was "The same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him." I had preached at 11 A. M., but after Dr. Duncan's wonderful effort, the congregation forgot that such an one as I had ever stood on that platform, except one good old Baptist brother. A few days after the conference this old gentleman, beloved of everybody in the neighborhood, went to Lewis Jones's store at Shiloh. Bro. Jones said, "Uncle Johnnie, I have not seen you since the District Conference: how did you like the preaching?" Uncle Johnnie replied, "I didn't hear but two sermons; that young preacher Thursday morning, and the other one in the afternoon. That young preacher used so many big words and climbed so high, I never did know what he was talking about. But, when the other man preached after dinner, Dr. Somebody, I dunno who, he was just my kind, and I understood him from the

time he started twell he finished. I never did hear no such preaching as that before, and I never expect to hear nothing like it again. It done my soul good."

And so when I heard the story some months later I made up my mind that God's old saints should never complain against me again for using big words and "climbing." Uncle Johnnie Owen's sermon delivered in Jones's store had laid bare some of the faults of one young fool.

The Conference having ended I made preparations to go to the session in Charlottesville. Dr. Garland was delighted with the reports handed in at the Fourth Quarterly Conference held at Union Church, and declared, after he had heard the farewell words of the preacher and the stewards, that "This has been a busy session which has ended in a Love Feast."

## CHAPTER V.

### THE CONFERENCE OF 1881 AND MIDDLESEX CIRCUIT.

The Conference of 1881 met in Charlottesville, Va., Nov. 16-21. Bishop Holland N. McTyeire, D. D., presided. At its close I was sent to the Middlesex circuit as the successor of Rev. M. S. Colonna, the father of our Dr. M. S. Colonna and of Mr. W. B. Colonna of Newport News. Rev. Thos. H. Boggs succeeded me in King George:—his second term on that work, to the delight of hundreds of the people of that county who loved this modest Christian gentleman and faithful pastor.

I had served three charges in the Northern Neck through a period of ten years. I had become attached to the people in that section, not only in the congregations I had served, but to numbers of the people on the other charges. I had assisted my brethren in revival work at every church between the Potomac and the Rappahannock rivers, and had been entertained in the homes of some of "the salt of the earth." And annually at Marvin Grove for four years, (or each year since the establishment of that great Methodist Institution in 1878,) we had met to hear the word preached, to tell, in

experience meetings, of the mercies of the Lord, to help with our prayers and private counsel any who might be "seeking the Lord while he might be found," and rejoicing together over the victories of the uplifted Cross. I had formed many strong ties of friendship which have lasted to this day. Strong men and splendid women stood with me throughout all this period. I had baptized hundreds of Adults and Infants, married scores of couples, ministered to the sick and bereaved, and buried their dead. The entire section from a few miles inside of Stafford county to the Chesapeake Bay, and from river to river was engraven on my heart, and written into the warp and woof of my life, as historic scenes in Oriental tapestry. It seemed to me that I was "leaving home" when I bade farewell to the Northern Neck and boarded the Weems Line Steamer that would take me down the Rappahannock nearly to its mouth and land me on the south side in a strange land, among people I had never seen before. Brother Eddie Brown, father of the wife of Rev. Chas. H. Williams, of our Conference, was the last one of our dear friends over there from whom we parted. He carried the last load of my freight to Port Conway, and was about to leave for his home when I and my family arrived at the wharf. He bade my wife and children farewell as best he could, for his emotions were fast reaching the flood stage. When he and I grasped hands we lookd into each other's face, and realizing in the depths of our souls the

mutual sorrow, we turned away in tears, neither saying a word!

We had parted with Brother Isaiah Hayes' family early that day. Brother and Sister Hayes had, from the first, received me and mine into the home as "a part of the brood." The children loved me with a sincerity which could never be translated into human tongue. Ed Whitehouse and Hattie Hayes I had united in the holy bond of marriage, and they have always occupied a warm place in the esteem of both myself and wife. The Hayeses were Pennsylvanians, and Ed was a down east Maine Yankee, whilst I was an "unreconstructed Virginia Rebel," yet it can hardly be said that more devoted friends could be found anywhere than that devout, intelligent, unpretentious family. In another place I have spoken of the singular ties that bind us to each other: I will add only this;—through the years ago we have never failed to exchange visits at longer, or shorter periods as Providence opened the way. And it will be thus "till death us do part!"

The Conference was, as usual, a very busy session. Delegates to the General Conference of 1882 were elected, and this took up much time. It was a strong delegation, composed of the best minds of the church, consecrated men whose work on hard fields in other days had contributed to the spread of Methodism in the state. On the first ballot W. W. Bennett, R. N. Sledd, John E. Edwards, and John C. Granbery were elected. There was no

election on the second and third ballots, so in order to save time, S. S. Lambeth offered the following, which was adopted:

“Resolved, That if, on the next ballot, there shall be an election of the two clerical representatives yet remaining to be chosen, the three next highest in the vote to those elected shall be declared reserves to serve in the order of their votes, respectively, in case any of the clerical representatives shall be unable to attend the next session of the General Conference.”

The same resolution was adopted in regard to the Lay delegates.

On the Fourth ballot J. D. Blackwell, and Peter A. Peterson were elected, and E. P. Wilson, Paul Whitehead and A. G. Brown were chosen as reserves.

The Lay delegation was just as representative of the piety and wisdom of the Conference, as follows:—W. W. Walker, Geo. M. Bain, Jr., Richard Pollard, F. H. Smith, Richard Irby, and L. L. Marks, with T. B. Hamlin, M. H. Garland and Thos. Branch as reserves.

W. W. Bennett from the Committee appointed at the last Conference to report a plan for division of the territory of this Conference so as to form two Conferences, made a report which was adopted “unanimously,” as follows:—

“Resolved, That in the judgment of this Conference, unless by a readjustment of the Conference boundaries we can secure an accession of ter-

ritory, there is no line by which to effect an equable and judicious division of the Virginia Conference territory into two Conferences.”

A substitute was offered by J. H. Amis and J. E. McSparren, but it was defeated, after full discussion.

J. B. Askew, R. F. Gayle and J. S. Wallace were admitted into full connection. Brothers Gayle, Wallace, J. M. Campbell, J. W. Carroll, W. E. Grant, and J. T. Routten were ordained to the order of Deacons. Bro. Askew was already a Local Deacon. J. W. S. Robbins, John O. Moss, W. H. Riddick, T. McN. Simpson, T. P. Duke, R. B. Scott, A. B. Warwick, R. B. Blakenship, A. J. Bradshaw and R. H. Younger were ordained Elders.

The following paper in the regard to the retirement of Dr. L. M. Lee from the “active work of the ministry” was reported by Dr. A. G. Brown, from the Committee appointed for the purpose, and adopted:

“Deeply regretting that his failing health has made it necessary for Dr. Lee to retire from the active work of the ministry, to which his life has been devoted for more than half a century, therefore

Resolved, That his venerable age and the distinguished ability, fidelity and success with which he has served the Church as preacher, editor and author, endear him very tenderly to our hearts, and justly entitle him to the warmest gratitude as well

as the generous sympathy and care of his brethren.

Resolved, That carrying into his retirement a spotless reputation, as wide as the domain of Methodism, if the providence of God should not permit him to be present at the future sessions of this Body, with which he has been so closely identified for fifty-three years, we will ever hold him in loving and grateful remembrance, and will fervently pray that the period of his retirement may be as peaceful as his active life has been laborious and useful."

Here is an item of business which reads strange to the men who lived to see the great Bishop and leader of the Southern Methodist Church at the summit of his career:

"Dr. A. W. Wilson, Missionary Secretary of the M. E. Church, South, made a short address to the Conference."

Upon the adjournment of Conference I returned to King George and completed arrangements already begun for moving. Boarding the Weems Line Steamer at Port Conway with my family, (which consisted of wife, four children, my wife's brother, (Bascom Swann,) and sister, (Annie,) on Thursday, Dec. 1st, at 6 P. M., we began the tedious trip down the Rappahannock river to West Urbanna wharf. The steamer "tied up," as usual, at Leedstown for the night, and resumed the voyage Friday morning at 4 o'clock, landing us at West Urbanna at about 3 P. M. We were met by

Bro. Thos. G. Jones, Commonwealth's Attorney and Steward at Forest Chapel and taken care of that night in his hospitable home near by. Our brother, Bascom Swann went on to the parsonage at Saluda with the baggage. The next day, Saturday Dec. 3rd, I moved my tribe to the parsonage. We found the house open, and a good fire burning brightly, but provisions as scarce as money. The people were prepared to meet us the day before, but we had disappointed them by stopping at Urbanna. However, with a brave and economical wife, I took up the work, made myself familiar with our surroundings, and hoped for the best. It all came in good time. Good neighbors called and made themselves acquainted, and we called and found a field that invited honest toil and promised good results. Congregations were large but backward in many of the things which go to make up a strong church. The liquor element was in control, and vital Christianity known to a few faithful people who gave me unqualified support when they learned that I purposed to wage a relentless war on the traffic. The year was spent in righting wrongs in the Church, and placing emphasis on experimental religion as the only cure for our troubles. He who, with a steady hand and anxious heart, has tried to purge the Church, knows I had no easy task. And he knows, also, that I made enemies.

The circuit had one of the best Official Boards I had met up to that time. Thos. K. Savage, Dr.

Wm. F. Bland, Dr. Jas. E. Bland, T. M. Wyatt, M. P. Maxwell, T. G. Jones, J. H. Archibald, R. T. Bowden, John L. Groom, Jos. Milby, Wm. Palmer, Wm. R. Segar, B. B. Dutton, Southey Grinnells, and Ed Moffitt. These men stood by me in my work, and carried cheerfully their share of the burden. Besides these there were scores in the Church who were strong for the truth. And innumerable women, inspired by a strong faith, added their invaluable influence to the cause of vital religion.

The circuit was composed of seven churches, namely:—New Hope and Old Church in King and Queen, St. Andrews in Gloucester, Hopewell, Forest Chapel, Lower Church and Clarksbury in Middlesex. There was a mid-week appointment at Urbanna, with a strong constituency, but no church building. The pastoral work extended from Bro. Savage's above Little Plymouth to six miles below St. Andrews: and from "Montagues" in Essex to "Stingray Point," Middlesex Co. at the mouth of the Rappahannock river, at Chesapeake Bay. There were about five hundred members in this territory, covering thirty-five miles north-west and south-east, and twenty miles east and west from Urbanna to Dudley's Ferry, opposite West Point. There were in the limits of this charge eight Baptist churches with an aggregate membership of about fifteen hundred. So the Methodist circuit rider was "up against it," as the saying goes, so far as the question of water is con-

cerned. But I had a great many warm friends in that church who co-operated with me in my work for Christ and good morals.

I began my pulpit work on the charge at New Hope and St. Andrews on Sunday Dec. 4th, 1881, and kept on the move till November 1885.

In July, 1882, the Presiding Elder, Dr. Garland, sent me a Helper in the person of Rev. E. P. Parham, a Local Preacher of Sussex Co. He proved to be a pious, studious, prudent, and energetic young man, a good preacher and a faithful pastor. The Lord rewarded our labors that summer in the conversion of eighty souls. Bro. Parham labored with me on the charge till the next Conference, when he was received on Trial into the Travelling Connection, and sent to Chatham, Pittsylvania Co. He served the Church faithfully as long as his health permitted, was superannuated in 1914, and passed to his reward in heaven Nov. 5, 1918, leaving his church the legacy of a good name.

On the 15th day of October, 1882, our fifth child, and second son, **Emmet Dabney**, was born. He still lives; the comfort and strength of our advancing years. He served his country as Sergt.-Major in the First Va. Infantry on the Mexican border in 1916, and as First Lieut. of Artillery in the 42nd ("Rainbow") Division in France during the "World War." He is now in business in Richmond, Va.

His only brother, sleeps in an honored soldier's grave in St. John's Cemetery, Hampton, Va. He

went to France with the 60th Coast Artillery, "E" Co., 8-inch Howitzers, from Fort Monroe. Having been marked as "Expert Gunner" by the War Department, after a service of fifteen years in the Regular Army, he is made First Sergeant. On his arrival "Over Seas," he is detailed as Instructor in the Artillery School at Clermont-Ferrand, in the Province of Puy de Dome, and died there Oct. 22nd, 1918, of Bronchial-Pneumonia. His body was brought to this country in May, 1921, and delivered to us in June. My beloved old Church, Central, Hampton, took charge of the funeral ceremonies on the 18th of June, and followed the precious remains to their last resting place. This is the boy who was born at King George Court House, April 14th, 1878, Herbert Swann.

Bro. Thos G. Jones, who received us at his home so graciously, was a sensible, broad-minded, devoted Methodist, with a beautiful wife, who was a Miss Perciful, educated under Dr. Paul Whitehead at Murfreesboro Female College. He graduated in Law at Georgetown University at the age of twenty-six, came home and announced himself candidate for the office of Commonwealth's Attorney for the county, and was elected over Hon. A. Brown Evans and Robert McCandlish, combined. He served in this position forty-three years. He enjoyed the respect and confidence of the profession, as well as of the best element of his fellow-citizens. His usefulness as a Steward in the Methodist Church was recognized over the entire cir-

cuit, and his advice sincerely sought, and oftener than otherwise followed by the Preacher in Charge who valued the support, and trusted the leadership of such men. He passed away in 1912, lamented by the entire county. He was blest with a large family of attractive children,—four sons and four daughters. One of the girls is the wife of Rev. Otis M. Clarke of our Conference, another married a Mr. Motley at Sharpe's wharf, two are still unmarried, and the fourth died a few years ago. One son, Dr. Percy Jones, married the daughter of Rev. R. F. Gayle, Lewis is Commonwealth Attorney of the county, Thos. G. jr., is a Banker in Urbanna, and Carey, the fourth, is a farmer.

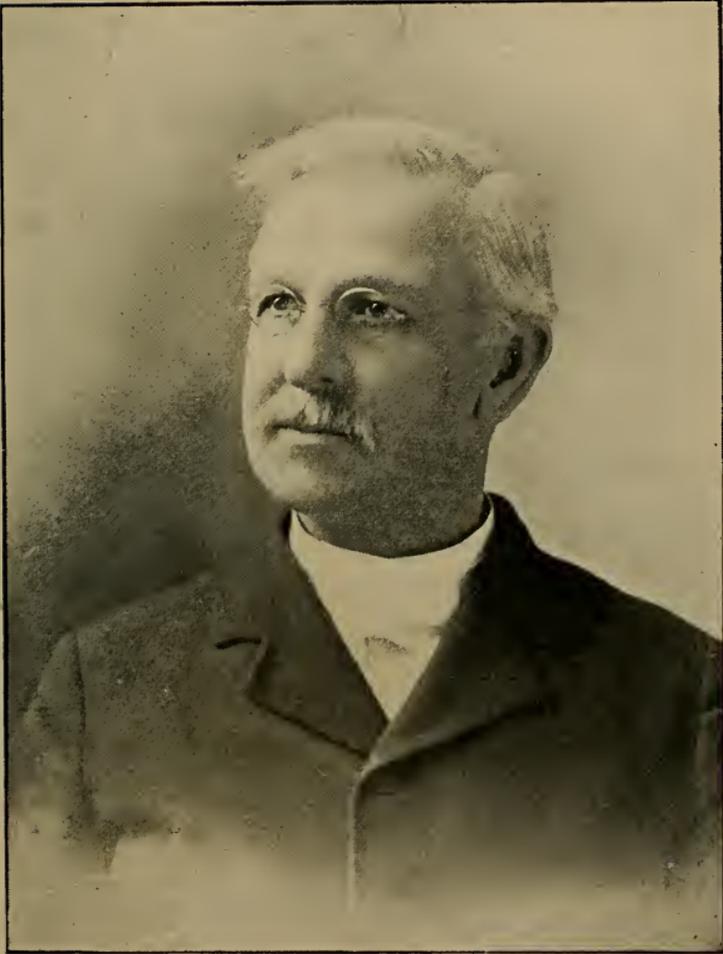
Another trusted official of the church was Bro. Muse Wyatt, the rugged conscientious, popular Druggist at Urbanna. Everybody liked him, and numbers loved him. He was level, square, and upright in all his dealings with the people. He was a great lover of his Church, his home, his pastor, his business, and good eating. Big oysters and fat were his specialty, and many a time has this writer made a special visit to his home when notified that the luscious sea-food would grace the evening meal, and that no other dish would incumber the table to divert the guest's attention from the point of attack, or claim a share in the excitement of battle and the shame of **going down** in utter defeat. Wyatt was my friend. When the end came the family sent to Princess Anne county for me to conduct the funeral services. I knew no more ap-

propriate text for the occasion than "We believe, therefore have we spoken." It was in itself the content of an analysis of his faith and of his life, and many were kind enough to say that the choice was divinely directed.

Lum Burton lived in Urbanna also, with a jolly wife and a set of lively children. Sparkling eyes, merry laughter, the rough and ready romp with anybody and everybody placed the entire family in strange contrast with quiet, easy-going Lum. And yet he was not altogether sedate. He knew a good joke and could tell it, as well as hear one told. He furnished by honest toil the means by which his home was free from care, and life, at its best, was the heritage of his children and the crown of the devoted woman who had given him her heart.

Down on the creek at West Urbanna lived honest John Gayle, who gave a daughter to the Conference in the person of the wife of Rev. E. F. Garner. And the Chandlers were there on the creek, solid, dependable people, who loved God and blessed the community with good lives and strong faith. Higher up the creek lived Brother Blake and his wife, (sister of Mrs. Burton,) at the old Hackney home. These sisters were the daughters of Brother Hackney, for many years a steward at Forest Chapel. He died before my going to Middlesex.

There were others in the community, some Baptists, some Episcopalians, who won my esteem by their cordial and most appreciative attendance upon



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my ministry, and their visits to my home. Dr. Wm. S. Christian, the courteous Christian gentleman and beloved country doctor. He was a leader among the Temperance forces of the county and the State, having been elected Grand Worthy Chief Templar of Good Templars of Virginia at least twice and perhaps oftener. Then there were the Marstons, the Bristows, Fitzhughs, and many others who brought me under lasting obligations by tender ministries and unaffected friendship. They seldom failed to honor my ministry with their presence at my services, and showed in many ways their appreciation of my honest desire to give them the word of life.

Ten miles above Urbanna, down near the river on an out-of-the-way road that skirted the farms of some of the most noted families of Virginia, (the Montagues in particular,) was old "Hopewell" Church. The membership had either died, or moved away, or joined the Baptist Church. The building was in a sorry plight, and the few members left were not able nor willing to rebuild. Therefore, under the lead of Bro. Maxwell, (whose wife was also a Hackney,) a lot was secured, cut on the main road from "Church View" to Essex near Jamaica, and "Bethel" Church was erected upon the site. M. P. Maxwell was a Steward at Forest Chapel, an industrious lumberman, and the people readily followed his wise, courageous and devoted leadership. Since then, 1884, a goodly membership has been gathered, and a flourish-

ing Sunday School has confirmed the wisdom of Bro. Maxwell's undaunted and self-sacrificing purpose to build at that point, and sell the old Hope-well building. Bro. Fleet Lawson has become a worthy successor of the man who began the work. The building was completed in 1884, at a cost of about \$1,800.00, (if my memory serves me right,) and dedicated by Rev. R. N. Sledd.

About three miles above Saluda was Forest Chapel, the oldest established congregation in that part of the county. The Church was organized sometime between 1840 and 1844, for the records of the old Gloucester circuit for The First Quarterly Conference of 1844, held at Bethlehem, Feb. 10th, contains this note: "The preachers had gone over into Middlesex with Methodism." So the name "Gloucester-Middlesex Circuit" appears on the book for several years afterward, and the names of Robert Healy and Lewis Jones appear as having been elected stewards at that meeting. G. M. Keesee is Presiding Elder, and Kinchin Adams and Allen Carner are the preachers. Robt. Healy has grandchildren living yet in Middlesex. Lewis Jones was the father of T. G. Jones, already mentioned in this narrative, and of Lewis Jones, Ex-Treasurer of the County and father of Ashby Jones, a recent addition to the Lower Church.

A singular story is related of the coming of a Methodist Circuit Rider to Middlesex sometime in 1840.

In the fall of 1840 the children attending the "Old Field School" located a short distance up the road from Forest Chapel, the Methodist place of worship, noticed a man in the church yard acting in a very peculiar way. As children will do when their curiosity is aroused, the whole school went down to the church in a body to see who the man was, and why he acted in such a very "funny way." When they reached the church yard the man got "down on all fours" and galloped around the church building several times, and then walked up to the group of astonished children standing there looking on, and told them his name was "Rev. Mr. Hunicut, Circuit Rider for Virginia," and that his circuit was so large that he "had to date his preaching appointments six months ahead." And that six months before he had notified some of the members of that church that he would "be there that day to preach, and he had found no one to hear him." He charged the children to "tell their parents what they had seen him do, and that he would be at that church six months hence, and preach." He told the children that he "wanted a congregation to hear him, and would depend on them to give the notice of that meeting six months hence." The time came and the preacher came with it on horse-back, with large saddle-bags strapped to his saddle. He found not only the members of the church, but every man, woman and child

in the neighborhood had come out to hear this "curious old man" preach.

I have been unable to locate this "Rev. Mr. Hunnicut." There was a Rev. Mr. Hunnicut in Westmoreland, who, just preceding the Civil War, established an appointment near Chilton's Cross Roads, and began the erection of old Providence church. The work was abandoned when the war came on, but the appointment was taken up and carried on by the ministers on the Westmoreland circuit of our Conference. Bro. Walter C. Taylor, who was the first pastor of the "Montross circuit" in 1870, held a meeting there in the summer of 1871. When I went to the circuit in November 1871, the church building was a mere skeleton, and I held service every two weeks in a private house at the Cross Roads. In the summer of 1872 I succeeded in completing the church-building at a very small cost. A meeting held there by Rev. R. M. Chandler in 1873 resulted in many additions to the church. Whether the Hunnicut who started this building was the same one who created the unusual excitement at Forest Chapel in Middlesex in 1840, I know not.

Dr. Wm. S. Christian, a sterling Christian gentleman and a Baptist, as well as a practicing Physician in Middlesex several years ago, is responsible for the story of Hunnicut. He, with the curiosity

of the other folks, was one of the congregation that heard Hunnicut that day.

Another interesting item is, that, while the Public Schools of the State were not organized until 1873 in Middlesex, this school near Forest Chapel was virtually a **Public Free School**. There were three of these "Free Schools" in the county, one in each Magisterial District. These schools were made up of all the white children of the neighborhood who desired an education. Those parents who were able paid the fee for tuition: while those who were unable to pay had the expense paid out of the "Poor Fund." This fund allowed the sum of 6 and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cents per day for tuition for each child. The teachers were generally bright young men from College who solicited the children's attendance in each district. Dr. Christian, at one time taught one of these schools. The teacher of the Forest Chapel School was a man named Montague, who was preparing for the practice of Law. He was killed in battle during the Civil War, and was a member of Dr. (Col.) Christian's command. I am indebted to Mr. E. C. Perciful, formerly of Middlesex, for rescuing this interesting story from oblivion.

It appears that there were three substantial brick churches erected in Colonial times for the use of the clergy and congregations of the Church of England among the original settlers. The "Upper

Church" at Church View, was bought by the Baptists, and is called "Hermitage"; the "Lower Church" became the property of the Methodist Church through the liberality of Mr. Robert Healy, Sr., who bought it from the county Glebe Fund. "Christ Church," near the home of Mr. Lewis Jones, has been improved and kept in good condition by the few Episcopalians in the county, and is still in use by them for regular services.

Six miles below the Lower Church is "Clarksbury," founded about 1843, as recorded in the minutes of the 1st Quarterly Conference of the Gloucester circuit at Bethlehem Church, Feb. 10, 1844. A new church building has taken the place of the one in use in my day. The congregation is large, and the work of the Master is well cared for.

This part of the county is very populous. The people live in comfortable houses on small tracts of land, and are engaged in trucking, fishing and oystering. There are few renters, and prosperity is the normal condition of the mass. Education was at a low ebb thirty years ago, but the public school system has made a change for the better. Morality and religion dominate the thought and life of the people generally. Of course like the average community, there are citizens there who neither believe nor practice either. Seventy-five per cent of the people are professors of faith in Christ.

The remaining three churches,—St. Andrews,

New Hope and Old Church are on the west of the Dragon Swamp, which separates Middlesex from upper Gloucester and King and Queen counties. St. Andrews, nearest to Saluda, is near Glenn's. It was organized, I think, under the administration of Brother M. S. Colonna, Sr., my predecessor, growing out of the needs of the children of Sunday School age in that community who lived too far away from Salem on the Gloucester circuit.

Out in the forest five miles from Glenn's is "New Hope." It first appears in the minutes of the Gloucester Quarterly Conference held at Shackelford, Dec. 15, 1810, as "Groom's." But in 1823, the name was "New Hope," and so remains today. This church has never been very strong, but it has served its generation well considering the material at hand, and the talents it possessed. They are hemmed in by Shackelford's on one side, and the Old Church and the Dragon on the other. They were not an aggressive people, but did the best they could in the circumstances.

Further away, also in King and Queen Co., between Centerville and Little Plymouth is "Old Church, figuring in the old records of Gloucester circuit in 1817. It is a colonial structure, solidly built in the 18th century by the English government. At the time I served Middlesex circuit it was a strong appointment, containing some of the best people intellectually and morally in that

county. Their spirituality was not of the highest type, but they were a staunch set, sustaining the church and supporting its institutions with zeal and wisely.

The Conference of 1882 met in Portsmouth, Va., in November. I had a delightful home at Brother Geo. L. Neville's on London St., and many a time I have had occasion to thank God for bringing me into the fellowship of this rugged Christian man and his cultured family. As the years have passed, I have time and again enjoyed their gracious hospitality, and discovered the real worth of the people there. Bro. Neville was a leading merchant of the city, and one of the official members of Monumental Church. His house was a place of meeting, rest and refreshment for the preachers, travelling and local. The family seemed never to tire of the coming and going of folks. I have often thought that, if there happened to be a halt of a week or ten days in the procession of migratory saints and sinners across the front-door sill, some one in that cheery household would be selected to examine the daily paper for a railway wreck or steamboat disaster. When folks didn't come as fast as the lovable hosts expected them to move, a wire was sent to inquire for the reason.

Besides myself during this Conference, Bro. Neville entertained Rev. Oscar Littleton, Louis L. Marks, Secty. of the Joint Board of Finance, and

Bro. Bunkley of Isle of Wight county. Marks and Neville were a lively pair, diligent servants of the Church, and as devoted to each other as a pair of lovers.

Good beds kept the guests asleep in the morning till the smell of breakfast broke the chains of slumber. Smithfield ham, turkey, and other things coaxed us from important meetings, and kept the procession to the table punctual in the advance upon the tempting dishes, and slow to learn the meaning of retreat.

The Conference was a most interesting occasion: epochal, in that it was the One Hundredth session, and, by a happy coincidence, held its meetings with the first Methodist Society organized in the State, and in the building,—Monumental Church,—erected to the memory of Robert Williams, the first preacher, and the recognized Founder of Methodism in Virginia. The Centennial Celebration was held on Thursday night, Nov. 16th. Bishop Geo. F. Pierce, the President of the Conference, presided. Rev. W. W. Bennett, D. D., delivered an address on The Rise and Progress of Methodism in Virginia. Rev. John E. Edwards, D. D., then followed with an address on The Personal History of the Virginia Conference, including those who formed the North Carolina Conference in 1836. Then brief speeches were made by Rev. Leonidas Rosser, D. D., and Rev. John B. McFerrin,

Agent of the Methodist Publishing House at Nashville, Tenn.

At the close of the Conference I was returned to Middlesex for the second year, with Rev. J. F. Boggs, Presiding Elder. There were some who resented my return because I had succeeded in getting rid of the Liquor element in the church. The greater majority, however, welcomed my return as an endorsement of my administration, among these were the best people in all the churches, people who wanted to see righteousness upheld by the pastor. I will recite a significant incident, not by way of self-praise, but to point a moral. Here it is:—A score of worldly men, who loved their dram, but despised hypocrisy, sent me to Conference clothed in an elegant suit, with overcoat and hat to match: and these men were among the first to welcome me back to the circuit.

I have said the parsonage is in Saluda, the county town. There was in that town a noble citizenship. Shackelford, Marston, Hewitt, Archibald, Bowden, Bristow, Anderton, Clemments, Davis, Smither, McCandlish, and Dr. Walker. Outside of the town, but near by, lived Woodward, Perkins, Street, Lee, Jones, and Beasley. Some of these were Methodists, and some were Baptists and Episcopalians: yet with cordial and sincere spirit gave the greeting of brethren on my return.

In a short while a movement was begun for the

erection of a church in the town for our Methodist congregation. Forest Chapel, three miles away, was deemed too far for our children to attend Sunday School. My wife organized a Sunday School in the Parsonage, to furnish the proof that such a building was needed. Very soon the three rooms down-stairs and the pastor's office in the yard, were filled with eager parents and children. Bro. William Shackelford, our neighbor, rendered valuable aid as Superintendent, assisted by the Hewitts and Archibald, and the consecrated Methodist women, who had already joined my wife in the movement.

I enter here some leaves from my Journal which was destroyed in the Franktown parsonage fire, Dec. 26, 1909.

**January 9th, 1883.** "Immediately after Conference, taking Anna, our second daughter, we visited my dear mother's only sister, Mrs. G. J. Thomas, at 639 Fulton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. I heard Henry Ward Beecher preach the modern gospel, which, if true, is really good news to the sinner who has determined to have a good time in this life, and then "pass out of existence like a dog," according to Beecher. But if untrue, and God's Book says it is, how great is the guilt of the man who preaches it! and how great is the blindness of the man who receives it! At the evening hour I th eman who receives it! At the evening hour I

comforting, gospel message. Anna and I returned to Virginia Dec. 2nd, and I at once took up my work for the year.

**January 10th.** Yesterday a terrific snow-storm began about 1 P. M., and continued till today at noon. The snow drifted in many places to the depth of four feet. On a level in our yard it is 16 inches deep. Today is cold and bleak. I am grateful to God that my family is comfortable. We have a plenty to eat, and an abundance of fuel. My people have supplied us with many of the necessaries of life, and by other acts of kindness have intensified my desire to serve them faithfully in spiritual matters. Some folks know how to do a nice thing nicely: others do not know how to make a home, either for themselves or any one else.

Yesterday I received a very queer letter from a very natural young lady. She wanted my advice about accepting an offer of marriage from a certain young man, whom I did not know. I gave it. She will follow my advice if **she feels like it**, which is very doubtful.

I am weather-bound by the deep snow, so I have the opportunity to spend the day in reading and meditation. Since beginning my ministry in 1869 I have the conversion of 1173 souls in my own meetings.

**January 12th.** After three days of snow the weather has cleared up, and we have a beautiful

day. I have picked up some rich reading in Hanna's "Life of Christ." Would that I could take in the glorious meaning of the Incarnation of the Son of God!

I have studied much yesterday and today the first chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, especially the 17 to the 20 verse inclusive. The sweep of the Apostle's thought is vast, and the vision of the exalted Son of God which his enraptured soul obtained must have thrilled him with speechless wonder. And he tells us that the same power which lifted up Jesus, and made Him to be the "Head over all things to the Church, which is His body, is pledged to every believer on Christ to lift such a believer to an exalted height in Christian experience.

**January 15th.** Travel was so rough on Saturday that I could not get to Old Church. I have not preached there since the second Sunday in November. But I cannot control the weather. It is clear today, but intensely cold.

I went with a number of young men from the village skating today on Urbanna creek. We had fine sport. The ice was smooth, and about four inches thick. I do not think I am losing anything by mixing with the young men around this town. They are very respectful, very fond of me, because I have won their confidence. I may win some of them to Christ.

**January 21st.** I have not written a line in this record since Monday. It rained yesterday. It

rained today till 10 A. M., and I had abandoned all hope of getting to Forest Chapel till I saw some of brethren going; then I decided to go. I am glad I went. I gave a rambling talk on "Mistaken Zeal," "And Saul was consenting unto his death." I hope some good was done. I am sure I was in earnest, for I felt the force of my talk myself. This has been a hard winter, but "the Lord of Hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge."

**January 31st.** It has been ten days since I wrote in these pages. The snow has disappeared, but has left the roads a perfect quagmire. Wednesday night I preached at Urbanna. I am grateful to God for much liberty. I am trying to lead my church to a higher plane of living. No heart is thoroughly imbued with the Spirit of Christ that consents to admit as consistent a life which is worldly in the least. There **is** a difference between a Christian and a man of the world, and woe be unto that church-member who fails to show it in his or her life.

Saturday I was at Lower Church holding a Church Conference. One young man who joined the church last summer, has followed the advice of an ungodly father and sells intoxicating liquors in his store. Of course he was excluded from the church. "The love of money is the root of" this "evil," also. Rain Sunday morning prevented me from preaching at Lower Church, but I met my appointment at Clarksbury.

**February 17th.** On Friday the 9th I went to Old

Church and delivered two Temperance addresses to an attentive and intelligent audience. After the afternoon speech I went to West Point to met our Presiding Elder, Bro. F. J. Boggs, brought him over to Bro. George Shackelford's at Centerville, where we spent the night. Next morning, the 10th, he held our First Quarterly Conference at Old Church. The church is prospering, except in spiritual matters. We had a capital sermon from Bro. Boggs on Sunday, and spent the night at Dr. W. F. Bland's. Fine folks these. Monday, after dinner at Bro. Morris's we went on up to the King and Queen parsonage, where we had a royal welcome from Bro. W. W. Lear, the pastor of the circuit, and his good wife, who was Miss Mary Nolley, daughter of Uncle Geo. W. Nolley, one of the fathers of the Conference. A pleasant night, profitable talk and spiritual strengthening were the features of this visit. Tuesday I went on my journey alone to Ed. Whitehouse's mill, near Logan Church in Essex. Here I found old friends from King George, —I. F. Hayes and wife, Whitehouse and wife, Lawrence Hayes, Aubrey Sutton, George Edwards, and a colored friend named Henry Lomax. That night I baptized Ed's and Hattie's baby girl,—**Susan Charlotte**. My soul was in the service and Hattie fled from the room in tears. Two pleasant days passed away quickly, and I hastened home to my work, arriving at 10 o'clock last night."

Here is another entry in my ruined Journal; read:—"March 31st. Notwitsanding the rain, I

lectured last night to a good size audience, (at Bethel near Jamaica). I came on home in the darkness, arriving at midnight. I am resting today, Saturday, and getting ready to go to New Hope and St. Andrews tomorrow.

**Monday, April 2nd.** Yesterday was a remarkable day. The morning was bright and beautiful. At mid-day it had clouded over thickly, turned very cold, and the day closed with a heavy north-east snow-storm, through which I drove three miles to Saluda without curtains to the buggy, and with only a light robe over my lap."

I have quoted from these leaves of my diary enough to give the reader some idea of the constant grind of the year's work.

Early in May of that year, 1883, I visited my grandfather, Rev. John Gregory Claiborne, at the old home, "Roslin," Brunswick Co., Va. I stopped in passing through Petersburg at the residence of my uncle, Dr. John Herbert Claiborne. Since my visit in January, 1882, his third daughter, Joe Alston, had become the wife of Wm. B. McIlwaine, a young lawyer, and the friend of my boyhood days. My grandfather was eighty-five years old, (having been born in 1798,) and had preached the gospel in that county for three generations. He was loved and revered by the people, and they yet delighted to hear his inspiring sermons, delivered with the enthusiasm of youth and the wisdom of mature manhood, as well as the positive assurance of the old man who had tested wellnigh every promise of

his Lord. His second wife is rapidly failing from the infirmities of age, and the painful inroads of a virulent cancer. Our cousin, Miss Josephine Claiborne, gentle, sympathetic, vigilant, is their only attendant. Her whole life has been one of service for others.

The District Conference for the Randolph-Macon District, (as it was then called,) was held in July of this year at "Lower Church" in my circuit, and of course the burden of transportation and entertainment fell upon me and my people. But we were all equal to the demands made upon us, and everybody went away satisfied at its close. Our beloved Presiding Elder, Rev. F. J. Boggs, was taken quite ill on the last day of the session with an old complaint, and was carried to the residence of Dr. B. B. Dutton, near by, where he received expert medical attention. Dr. W. W. Bennett was with him, and accompanied him home to Ashland the next day. By the way, it was at this Conference that Dr. Bennett delivered his great sermon on "The Inevitable Awakening of Conscience,"—a sermon which swept the great crowd with its spiritual power, and made impressions which brought many into the kingdom later on in the year

August 1st was a high day in Saluda. The corner-stone of the new church was laid by the Masons of the Lodge at Urbanna, a big dinner and also a supper were served. Rev. S. S. Lambeth, D. D., of our Conference delivered a fine lecture on "Courtship," and the gilt-edge day was placed in

the archives of a grateful memory. Besides this we put away in our treasury \$325.00, clear of all expenses.

The next day Dr. Lambeth and I, accompanied by Miss Belle Northern of Washington, D. C., and Miss Jennie Collins of King and Queen, went over to Marvin Grove Camp Meeting for a ten day's absence from work and travel. There was much fashion and show, but little spirituality.

The Annual Conference of 1883 met in Broad St. church, Richmond, Va., Wednesday, Nov. 14th. Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh presided, Bishop Geo. F. Pierce being also present. The Secretary was Dr. Paul Whitehead, with P. A. Peterson, S. S. Lambeth and Geo. C. Vanderslice assisting. Bishop R. K. Hargrove was later introduced to the Conference. Rev. Jas. A. Riddick and Rev. Joseph Lear completed their Fifty years' service in the itinerant ministry, and a resolution was adopted requesting Rev. John E. Edwards, D. D., to deliver a semi-centennial address at the next session of Conference, it being the close of his fiftieth year in the active work.

At the end of Conference when the appointments were read I was returned to Middlesex for my third year, with Rev. E. E. Harrell as Junior Preacher. The Fourth Quarterly Conference of the charge had requested the division of the circuit; but, under a misapprehension, our dear Brother Boggs, the Elder, had asked for a Junior instead. However, an agreement among the stewards of the circuit

was reached by the middle of January, 1884, and "by the authority of Bishop Pierce the circuit was divided Feb. 1st, into Middlesex and East King and Queen. Bro. Harrell was placed in charge of the three churches in the latter,—Old Church, New Hope and St. Andrews, leaving me in charge of the former, composed of Bethel, Forest Chapel, Urbanna, Lower Church and Clarksbury. Bro. Harrell established his Headquarters at Center-ville, and went to work in earnest to develop the resources of this promising field.

Bro. Harrell was a strong young man in robust health, a fine preacher, and a faithful pastor. The new work grew strong under his wise and courageous ministry, and it was a source of profound regret to me that he was removed at the end of the year. My association with him as a neighbor placed me in close touch with the man and his work. I learned to love him for his splendid qualities as a Christian gentleman, and to admire his courage in administration of his office, as well as the firm grip he had obtained on the fundamental principles of our faith. His fidelity in proclaiming the truth from point of view of Methodism surrounded as he was by the strongest sort of Baptists in the Old Church section, and defending the faith in his visitations among the people, won for him a high place in the esteem of the thoughtful, and challenged, and received, the respect of the rest. Bro. Harrell was every inch a man. When I learned of his death in July, 1909, I felt a personal loss for a

young brother beloved had fallen in the battle too soon for the weal of the world.

The church building at Saluda was completed sometime in the summer of 1884, and dedicated. The work was carried forward to success by a sensible and devoted Building Committee. Capt. Mark Hewitt, William Shackelford, John H. Bowden are the names as far as I can now recall them: but the co-operation of a number of other gentlemen, as Mr. Phil. T. Woodward, (a Baptist,) and Mr. Lewis Jones, (a member of no church,) Geo. Shackelford, Albert and Geo. Hewitt, John H. Archibald, was cordial, and substantial. And the women added the graces of courage, faith, invention, perseverance and prayer to the movement. Among these Mrs. Lewis Jones, (a devoted Presbyterian, who has since joined our church,) Mrs. Geo. Hewitt and my wife, and others, whose names now escape me, never for a moment lost heart in the enterprise. And when the Sunday School was moved out of the parsonage into its new quarters in the completed building, and the first service was held, everybody was glad and praised the Lord who had answered prayer and brought to pass the desire of our hearts.

The year '84 was without further incident, except **it was the Centennial year of the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Baltimore at the "Christmas Conference," 1784.** Dr. Sledd came to my charge on my invitation and delivered three or four addresses on the "History of Methodism."

A Quartette of Circuits, to wit: King and Queen, East King and Queen, Essex and Middlesex, under the respective pastoral charge of Revs. W. W. Lear, E. E. Harrell, R. H. Potts, and D. G. C. Butts, organized four "All Day Centenary Meetings,"—one on each circuit, which were addressed by these preachers on "The History of Methodism," "The Doctrinal Basis of Methodism," "Methodism in the Sunday School Field," and "Methodism in the Field of Education." Dr. Lear spoke on the first theme, to me was assigned the second, Bro. Harrell the third, and Bro. Potts the last. It was not our fault if the dear people were not well informed on Methodism as an evangelizing force in this country when we got through. Large crowds attended each meeting, free dinners were furnished by the congregations, and great good was done the cause of our beloved church. Ministers and Laymen of other communions honored us with their presence, and commended our zeal, and expressed joy at the marvellous movements of Methodism. Of course some discounted the validity of our claims, and tried to discredit the victories which had been won by the Itinerancy, but these did not belong to the thoughtful, the broad-minded, or the sincere. They were of the class which counts nowhere in the great movements of the church except at the dinner table, when there is nothing to pay for what one gets.

The Conference of 1884 met in Lynchburg, Nov. 12-18. Bishop John C. Keener presided. Bishop

Granbery was also present during the session. He was once an honored member of this Conference, and is beloved by all who knew him.

The Conference was memorable because the Memoir of Rev. Geo. W. Nolley, one of the fathers of Virginia Methodism was read, and was given a deeply interested hearing by the large audience, few of whom had not been touched by the life of this man of God.

Another item of interest was added to the session. At the last session, held in Richmond, two Bishops, Pierce and Kavanaugh, sat on the platform together. Since then they have both died. A memorial service was held for these at the same hour that the service was held for father Nolley. Dr. W. W. Bennett read the Memoir of Father Nolley, Dr. Paul Whitehead read that of Bishop Pierce, and Dr. A. G. Brown read that of Bishop Kavanaugh. Seldom has an audience been permitted to hear such eloquent and well-deserved tributes to her leaders departed from such representative men as prepared these papers and delivered them that day!

A very large Class was received On Trial into the Travelling Connection, an unusually large class. The men were **V. W. Bargamin** of Centenary Station, Richmond; **Thos. J. Wray**, of the Gloucester circuit; **Jas. A. Duncan**, of Albermarle circuit; **Theodore H. White**, of Prospect circuit; **John L. Pribble**, of Mt. Pleasant circuit; **McDaniel Rucker**, of Madison and Danielstown Station; **Chas.**

**H. McGhee**, of Court St. Station, Lynchburg; **Thomas N. Potts**, of Appamattox circuit; **Jas. W. Howell** of Centenary Station, Lynchburg; **Henry J. Brown**, of East Halifax circuit; **John T. Payne**, of Spottsylvania circuit; **Edgar H. Rowe**, of Bowling Green circuit; **T. G. Pullen**, of Eastville circuit; and **John T. Bosman**, of Queen St. Church, Norfolk: **Fourteen.** Of these, Bargamin, Pribble, Rucker, Potts, Rowe, Pullen, Brown, and Bosman are still with us. Duncan, McGhee and Howell are in other Conferences, whilst Wray, White, and Payne have gone to the Church Triumphant. Of the eight with us, two, Pribble and Rucker, are Superannuates.

On the adjournment of Conference I found myself returned to the Middlesex circuit for the fourth year, with V. W. Bargamin as my neighbor on the East King and Queen circuit.

With few exceptions, the people were better satisfied with the service rendered by the ministry: for now each church had service twice each month, whereas heretofore the services were a month apart when the weather permitted; and time and again the people had preaching after sixty days. These were the "good old days," we read about, salaries were low, and the substantial gifts of the well-to-do people filled up the larder, and kept the preacher's family in a cheerful mood.

There were other fine people in that charge besides those already spoken of. I do not think the names of these good folk should be allowed to perish. Phil. T. Woodward, County Clerk, and a Dea-

con of Hermitage Baptist church at Church View, was one of my warmest friends; too large hearted to be narrow, too devout a Christian to be exclusive, too sensible a man to be a bigot. He was never untrue to his own faith, but he could see good in any movement that was projected in the name of His Lord. Hence he did not hesitate when I offered him a place on the Building Committee of the Centenary church at Saluda. His good sense helped us in many a trying hour, and his prudence was a balance wheel which kept us from many a rash decision.

Capt. Mark Hewitt was the business head of the movement at Saluda. His faithfulness, his punctuality, his sincerity, his generous contributions, without noise or bluster, were the charming features in this good man's make-up. His boys were as true as he: they carried his blood and had to stand by the job of living the right life.

Wallace Woodward, the young Baptist lawyer, his father's reflection, the modest Christian gentleman, ready at all times with his clean cut legal advice, backed up by an incorruptible character.

William Shackelford, enthusiastic, consecrated, a skilled worker in the Sunday School of that day. For years he travelled every Sunday morning from Saluda over to Salem on the Gloucester circuit, at least ten miles to superintend that interest for that congregation. I had a big job persuading him that Saluda was the place that needed his brain and heart, but I succeeded at last, and the work at Cen-

tenary began the upward movement as soon as he took hold. He was the next door neighbor to the parsonage. His wife was the constant friend and companion of the preacher's wife, and the children of the two yards mixed indiscriminately and without cessation.

George Shackelford, blessed old George; always looking on the dark side of every question, whether of politics, business, or religion: and even the weather bothered him terribly. He constantly claimed to be on the verge of bankruptcy: he could never lead himself to believe that his candidate would be elected, but he would vote for him if everybody in the United States voted against him: and as for the weather, he was eternally complaining because, said he, "Nobody can never tell what kind of weather we are going to have, and this uncertainty will be the death of me yet." If one would just remind him that "the good Lord would look out for the weather," he would reply that that was his only hope. On the subject of religion he was always talking about what a hard time he had trying to serve the Lord, but I have never known him to express doubts about getting to heaven at last. George Shackelford was all right, but he didn't believe it.

One of the most generous, hospitable, and faithful attendants on the church services during my ministry was a gentleman who was not a professor of religion, and, so far as outward signs are reliable, was far from being a Christian. He never

hesitated to stand by me in every move I inaugurated or approved of for the furtherance of the interests of the Church of God in the county. He was my strong financial backer in erecting the Centenary church at Saluda. I never failed to enlist his sympathy from the beginning of that enterprise to its consummation when it was announced that the debt was paid. He was mainly instrumental in securing the chandelier and the pulpit furniture, although he placed it all to the credit of his devoted wife. And she, a devout Presbyterian, was the "live wire" in carrying forward the agencies of the church to which the ladies were pledged. The parsonage had no wiser friend than she, nor more helpful visitor, nor the preacher and his wife and children more sincere friends than Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Jones. She joined our church a few years after my term ended, but neither myself nor any of my successors could persuade him to surrender his heart and his life to the service of the Lord Jesus.

The year 1885 ended. The time for the quadrennial move arrived, and preparations went forward rapidly for leaving my successor, whoever he might be, a plain account of the state of affairs in the circuit, the packing of my belongings began, and farewell visits to special friends were made. Suppers and dinners were the order of the day and of the early evening hours, and Baptists and Episcopalians vied with the members of my own congre-

gation in giving us "a send off" which made parting a painful duty.

We had all the agony of departure that mortals generally endure, and only awaited the word of the Bishop to know how to mark the stuff. This we learned in a very short time at Petersburg, the seat of the Conference session.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE CONFERENCE OF 1885 AND PRINCESS ANNE.

The Conference of 1885 met in Petersburg Nov. 11th and adjourned Tuesday the 17th. Bishop John C. Keener presided.

The Delegates to the General Conference which met in the city of Richmond in May, 1886, were elected. They were our BIG MEN. Read the names,—John E. Edwards, R. N. Sledd, W. W. Bennett, John D. Blackwell, Paul Whitehead, P. A. Peterson, and J. J. Lafferty. Reserves, L. S. Reed and A. G. Brown. The Lay delegates were W. W. Walker, Richard Irby, L. L. Marks, R. W. Peatross, W. T. Chandler, T. W. Mason and W. W. Berry. Reserves were W. M. Jones, James Cannon and C. V. Winfree.

“Bishop Keener laid before the Conference the action of the General Conference of the M. E. Church, South, taken on the 25th of May, 1882, as follows:

“Resolved, That the matter of changing the name of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, be referred to the several Annual Conferences during the ensuing four years, and that they report the

result of the vote to the General Conference of 1886 for ratification.”

The roll was called, and the Conference voted as follows:

In favor of changing the name.....	1
Against changing the name.....	147
Statistics showed at this Conference 63, 996 mem- bers of the Church, and 46,960 Sunday Scholars. Raised for Superannuated preach- ers, widows and orphans.....	\$ 6,666.00
For Foreign Missions.....	12,079.38
For Domestic Missions.....	6,871.59
By Rosebud Missionary Society.....	4,731.85
By Woman's Missionary Society.....	2,160.00
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Total for Missions .....	\$25,843.82

I give these figures that we may get an accurate idea of the DISTANCE travelled since 1885.

Conference adjourned with the appointments read on the night of the 17th. Rev. A. B. Warwick succeeded me in Middlesex, and I was sent to Princess Anne in the Norfolk District, after fifteen years' service on the Randolph Macon District, five years on the south side, and ten years on the north side of the Rappahannock river.

As I packed my stuff, and counted my packages, I thought of a description of that process given by a certain preacher and picked up by me in my travels.

It reads as follows:—"The greatest curiosity in pastoral life is the parson's baggage when he

moves. No ordinary packer can arrange that heterogeneous mass so that the public carrier will receive it. You know it is said that 'a rolling stone gathers no moss.' The principle is not always sustained by the facts. A parson was sent to a certain section. He carried with him a horse, saddle and bridle, a pair of saddle-pockets stuffed with books and clothes. He had, also, a linen duster, a faded umbrella, and a dingy shawl thrown over his shoulders. This was the aggregate of his earthly possessions and the young fellow thought himself rich. He remained in that region ten solid years, serving in that time three good circuits. When he left he carried with him a horse, carriage, harness, saddle, bridle, wife, four children, three trunks, three suit-cases, one satchel, four barrels, three big boxes, one little box, one box of pictures, a small keg, a pair of saddle-pockets, a baby's chair, and a cradle. A dog and a colored girl had to be left behind. It required, besides his own horse and carriage, three two-horse wagons to move him. The packing of these treasures was a task. There were new quilts and pillow-slips, honey and shoes, pickle and sausage, meat and under-clothing, preserves and sermons, lard and books, pamphlets and souse, butter and hats, socks and soap, canned fruit and baby clothes. This miscellaneous collection of a preacher's wealth filled numerous receptacles, and the freight bill left his pocket-book as thin as a greyhound."

That may be a very exaggerated inventory of a

moving preacher's baggage, but it differs very little from my own at the time we made that long move from Middlesex county on the Rappahannock river to Nimmo's in Princess Anne county, eighteen miles east of Norfolk, in that bleak December weather in 1885. The journey began on Tuesday the 1st day of the month, and ended on Saturday the 5th about sunset. Brother J. D. Hank my predecessor on the Princess Anne circuit, made all necessary arrangements for the transportation of my goods from Norfolk to Nimmo's. I had all my family and "stuff" at the Urbanna creek wharf early Tuesday afternoon, but on account of a heavy north east storm the steamer did not get into the creek until Friday night about 7 o'clock. Then the real journey began. My family, which had been distributed around the village since Tuesday, was gotten together, and followed the household goods aboard the boat. The river was rough, but Chesapeake Bay was a storm-tossed fury, the waves dashing against the sides of the old "Mary Washington" making a noise like the bursting of a blast in a quarry. It was a night never to be forgotten, but our five children slept through the horrible hours with never a complaint.

Brother Hank with Brothers Sandy Brock and Jonathan Hunter, met us on the dock on our arrival in Norfolk next morning. Bro. Hank took us to his parsonage on Park Avenue for lunch, while the brethren named above, Stewards of Nimmo's church, took charge of our effects to be sent by

wagons to our new home eighteen miles away. After lunch we set out in two conveyances,— Brother Hunter with a portion of the tribe in his carriage, and I with the remainder, with Bro. Hank's horse hitched to my buggy, followed. We suffered from cold, but after two hours of travel we found in the parsonage a glorious fire and a hot supper. Two of the thoughtful ladies, Sister John Brown and her daughter, received us cordially, and then left us to occupy to our heart's content.

I opened my commission at Charity church, eight miles south, on Sunday morning the 6th, to a small gathering of enthusiastic Methodists who had turned out in the bitter cold winds to see and hear the new preacher. At 3 P. M., a large congregation, which filled the house to its capacity, greeted me at the Tabernacle. Joe Herrick, the son-in-law of Brother Hank, guided me to these churches, and introduced me to sundry saints and others. I returned to the parsonage at the close of a delightful day and told my wife that the outlook indicated a pleasant and profitable year on the Princess Anne circuit.

Rev. Wm. E. Judkins, D. D., was my Presiding Elder. He was at Market St. church, Petersburg, during the last year of the life of my father, and conducted the services at his funeral. His sympathetic ministrations during these dark days when the main support of the home lay an invalid, and on that darker day when the precious remains

were brought home from Buffalo Springs, gave him a warm place in our hearts. He was deeply interested in my preparations for the work of the ministry, and when the home was broken up, his interest was intensified. Hence I had always carried in my heart a boy's love for this preacher, and when I was sent to his District he welcomed me warmly, and aided me by all means at his command in the delicate and difficult work of this large and important field of eleven churches.

Bro. Judkins did not get to many of his Quarterly Conferences on the first round of this, his third, year. On his way to his Currituck appointment in a buggy owned and operated by Rev. J. T. Routten, Preacher in Charge, an accident befell them which came very near putting both P. E. and P. C., permanently out of the business of "dispensing with the Gospel" in these parts. Routten owned a splendid horse, fast and furious, and ridiculously rude in his behaviour should his nerves, set on a hair-trigger, receive a shock of any sort.

Bro. Routten met the Presiding Elder at the Station on the Norfolk Southern Railroad in Currituck Co., N. C. The morning was cold; Routten's horse was on his mettle and wanted to go: and Routten let him. Down that level lowland road, this hurricane built on polished hoof and wrapped in shining hide, rushed as if linked with the forces of the rolling Atlantic. The swift revolving wheels rattled over the icy track, and the frigid air, set in motion by the speed of the zeal-

ous animal, swept by the ears of the silent preachers like the rush of a flood of waters. Suddenly, and without warning, a "North Carolina Bald Eagle," commonly known as a "Fish Hawk," arose gracefully from an adjoining fence and laid his course to the summit of a towering pine. In that instant the horse changed **his** course and started back, with no slacking of speed, to "the place from whence he came," carrying with him the front wheels and shafts: the body with the hind wheels attached stopped abruptly in the road; the cushion seat sailed out over the dash; Bro. Judkins went out over on one side, and Routten lit out for the zenith, where the sun, in his glory, daily lights the way. But this aspiring genius, having had no time to prepare for the flight, fell into a ditch by the wayside.

This explains the absence of Brother Judkins from the First Quarterly Conference of the Princess Anne circuit for that year: but Rev. J. D. Hank came in his stead, told us all about the accident in his own inimitable style, (we had heard nothing of it till then,) preached finely, and administered the Sacrament to his old flock, and returned Sunday afternoon to his own new field, the East Norfolk circuit, leaving us all refreshed by his unexpected visit.

Virginia Beach was a very insignificant, but promising, village by the sea in the days of my pastorate in Princess Anne. There were the railroad station, one house on the Ocean front at the

foot of 17th Street, the Princess Anne Hotel, and a new hotel erected south of the present Lake Station during my term. Between the Princess Anne Hotel and the Life Saving Station there was not a building: nor was there one north of that Station till you came to Cape Henry Life Saving Station, known as No. 1—five miles. There was no railway to Norfolk by way of Cape Henry. The Norfolk and Virginia Beach Railroad was a steam narrow guage affair with its terminus at the Princess Anne Hotel. Tunis Station, now Oceana, was the port of departure and entry for all that region as far south as Nimmo's, and to most of the farmers in Great Neck.

Since that far away period the sons of the farmers have fallen upon better facilities for travel. The Norfolk Southern R. R. runs an Electric Line of cars to Virginia Beach, on northward to Cape Henry, thence by way of Lynnhaven Inlet, across the Inlet on a substantial bridge, to Norfolk. Virginia Beach is an incorporated town fully three miles long. The Baptists have a large Auditorium for their Sunday School Summer encampment, and a very attractive little church edifice. The Methodists have an excellent brick church, erected during my pastorate; the Episcopalians occupy the old Gallilee chapel, used so long as a place of worship by all. The Presbyterians also have erected a church in the last few years.

The Beach is a popular resort for the monied people, our "poor rich folks," who live throughout

the year, as the wild fowl lives, hatching elsewhere, but living in the north in Summer, and in Florida in Winter. They pause at Virginia Beach going either way to rest their wings, and get some good old Virginia food, cooked as only a Virginia colored cook knows how. The bathing is fine, the boarding houses are unexcelled anywhere, north or south.

My visits to Great Neck in '86 and '87 were confined to a limited field. I remember Harrison Brock's, Wm. T. Brock's, and Geo. E. Ferebee. I was at Mr. Shep. James's home once I think. The latter Brock and Ferebee lived on Link Horn and Broad Bays, Mr. James on Lynnhaven river. The oysters were fine, the fishing good, the boat rides delightful, and the general air of things around and about those parts such as a tired young man enjoyed greatly after a heavy day's visiting and preaching. Wm. T. Brock I remember as a good-natured, cheerful, industrious fellow, excelled only by his brother, Harrison, in his delight in a good yarn and a hearty laugh. I married two couples down in that end of the work; January the 27th, 1887, Mr. N. B. Godfrey and Miss Sallie F. Overstreet, and February the 17th, Mr. J. Willie Bonney and Miss Mary V. L. Woodhouse. On the 25th of February, 1886, I united in marriage Mr. M. T. Ives and Miss Mary E. Braithwaite, and on March 3, 1887, Jonathan Hunter and Miss Laura F. Nimmo, at Nimmo's.

From Tunis' Station on southward I had a non-

ber of members and visited their homes about twice a year, except when sickness among them called, then my visits were repeated as long as need required. Jonathan Hunter was the preacher's friend and his door stood open at all times to him. Emerson Land with his two daughters and many sons were in the same section. Sandy Brock, the splendid bachelor, who with Bro. Hunter and Bro. John Brown, had the lead at Nimmo's church, were dependable men of faith and sterling piety. in the home, on the highway, everywhere: consecrated, devout, at public worship, or at any other time, without affectation, and sincere. Claude Nimmo, Charlie Brock, The Flanagans, the James families, Major Woodhouse, and John Woodhouse at the store, and Miss Kate Dyer, Charlie Brock's wife and Mrs. Styron,—all these and others placed us under life-long obligations for thoughtful and timely attentions to the pastor's family in his constant and protracted absences from home, meeting the incessant calls made upon him by this large circuit.

The size of the work and the miles to be travelled were sufficient to discourage any man of ordinary nerve: but I was not that man: hence I entered upon the task of visiting my people daily, and preaching to them when I could. There were eight regular churches in my charge, as Charity and Tabernacle on the first Sunday, Nimmo's and Providence on the second, Salem and Beech Grove on the third, and Knott's Island and Bethel on the

fourth. There were three others under the care of Rev. Saml. B. McKenny, a Local Preacher, which were under my supervision; namely, Little Neck, Wash Woods and Currituck Inlet. We had 1069 members to visit. So I divided up the work by roads, and communities, and tackled the proposition with all that was in me. By the beginning of the summer I had been inside of every home on the charge, and had held family worship with nine out of every ten. The result was this, when the time for revival meetings came the people were ready, for they had not only heard the preacher pray in their homes for a great year, but they heard him preach for a great year from every pulpit. **And we had a great year!** Congregations had been large all the year, but now they actually removed the sashes from the windows and listened at these points from the outside.

The campaign began on July 21st, at Knott's Island. Many souls were converted and the church revived. The brethren there said it was a meeting of great power. But it was only the forerunner of what was to come on the circuit. I began a meeting at Charity church on Sunday, Aug. 1st, that continued till the 15th,—two weeks. There were two hundred penitents from beginning to end, and one hundred and ninety-six professions. The six days of thunder storms, with a downpour each time did not stop the people from coming. They came, rejoiced or pled for salvation, or sat in silent awe at the mighty power of God, then, either went home

in the hot sunshine, or in the pouring showers, got dry clothing and came back the next day. In one day thirty or more professed faith in Christ, **sav-  
ing faith**, and scores went from the meeting day after day with an experience of the power of Jesus to save from sin that abided with them for life. In fact, many of them passed to their reward in a few years rejoicing on the bed of death that the meetings in Princess Anne in 1886 had swept them into the kingdom.

From Charity church I went to Salem, near Kempsville, and began a meeting there which resulted in the saving of some valuable souls, but, worn out from constant preaching and travel, I had to close the meeting at the end of the week and take my bed for three days. A severe bilious attack had rendered me utterly unable to do anything. I had preached twice daily for a month, and went down easily under the attack of fever.

Having recovered I began another meeting of great power at Bethel church, fifteen miles from the Nimmo's parsonage, on Morse's Point. Bro. Hank had faithfully tried to put it upon a solid basis for work, but had had little encouragement from the community. A "faithful few" met him there at his regular appointment every fourth Sunday, listened to the sermon in an uncomfortable and contracted building, and went home. Wm. N. White, Chas. V. Dudley and Jas. Salmonds with their families and the families of Calvin Beasley and Milton Seneca, made up the congregation. A

few others above Dudley's road augmented somewhat the crowd. The meeting at Charity threw its ever widening influence into this neighborhood, with the conversion of John Cason, Letcher Guynn, and half a dozen more. So, when the meeting began at Bethel on Sunday September the 19th, the interest in the preached word was manifest from the very first sermon delivered. And the crowd increased day after day. At the end of the meeting, on the 26th, we received into the church about thirty souls, and the church was saved, for the question of abandoning the work there had had serious consideration for a number of years.

From that point I went to Nimmo's and Providence, but whilst some few were saved there was lacking that irresistible influence of the membership with the unconverted so evident in the other meetings. Nearly four hundred were added to the church in the year 1886, the year of the greatest results of my ministry. I did all the preaching myself. But with the co-operation of such people as I had around me it would have been an amazing thing if I had not had a sweeping revival.

The year closed with a battle with the Liquor forces of the county. We swept them clear off the field in the Pungo District, but in the District in which the Court House, and London Bridge, and Virginia Beach were located the Liquor crowd won by a majority of twelve. That was all, but it was too great a majority for a section that contained four Methodist churches, one Baptist church and

an Episcopal church, all pretending to represent the unselfish and strictly moral principles, not to say spiritual principles of Jesus, the enemy of all evil.

Conference met in Cumberland Street church, Norfolk, in November, and the liquorites were much exercised about having me removed because I made it my business in the Local Option fight to make speeches to the Negroes. Hence they wrote a letter to Bishop Granbery asking him to "send them a white preacher." Of course, Bshop Granbery returned me to the circuit and then the real meanness of the opposition to good morals showed itself as it had opportunity, and frequently manufactured the opportunity.

My predecessors on this venerable circuit had gathered around them as officials and otherwise, some of the finest examples of manhood to be found anywhere in Methodism. They were not all educated men, in the sense in which the term is understood by the common people; but they were of the class of men who have made Methodism a great force on the earth. **Knott's Island**, in Currituck county, N. C., had Timothy Bowden, Wilson Cooper, William Cooper, Zach. Simpson, Malichi Corbell, Jon Waterfield, Devaney Waterfield and Ferdinand Bonney. **Charity** had John A. Shipp, Caleb White, Thos. Ayers, John Bonney, George Dawley, Jeremiah Lane, John Early Whitehead, Jim Vaughn, Walter Dawley, Wm. Harrison, George Garrison and a dozen others. **Tabernacle** had W. B. Bonney, Joshua Whitehurst, Jas. White, Early Ea-

ton, Ed. Atwood and others. **Nimmo's** had Sandy and Charles Brock, Jonathan Hunter, John Brown, Claud Nimmo and others. **Providence** had William and Harrison Brock, and George Ferebec. **Salem** had Jesse Ewell, Henry Land, Caleb Land, Jos. Whitehurst. **Beech Grove** had W. T. Strawhand and the preacher Jas. Strawhand and W. D. Woodhouse and others. These names, and the women associated with these names are graven on my memory in ineffaceable characters. Through the two years I served the circuit they co-operated with me in every work and were the reason for my great success on that laborious field. Some of these men were wonderful in prayer, some were great in handling the financial problems always vexing on a large circuit, others were influential in giving the church the "go" in any throng, and all were consecrated Methodists. The great revival brought others into the official board whose broad views placed the church in that section on a high plane, from which it has never retreated.

Timothy Bowden, the leading steward on the Island, was one of the most remarkable men I ever knew. He was deficient in education, but had a double supply of common sense, a brave heart, saving faith in Jesus Christ, and the confidence of the entire population. The preacher could depend upon him because he had no "wild-cat" ideas. He made a comfortable living on the gaming waters with his gun, and he could bring down ducks and geese as easily with his steady aim, as he brought

down sinners with his holy living and fervent prayers. He could appreciate a joke, and would laugh until he seemed to suffer from head to foot with shaking of his bones, but he had mighty little use for an unfaithful church-member, or a worthless citizen. He said "The Lord would settle with such people," and "I will not bother with 'em: I am too busy minding my own business."

John A. Shipp was a brainy man; a leader among men; courageous and prudent. Hence some said he was backward in doing certain things. There was never a greater mistake. He was a farseeing man, and would not jump into a movement of any sort with the only reason for doing it that brother So-and-so, a dear good man, had cried and prayed over it. John Shipp prayed over it, too, and if after praying, he found that all the indications pointed to the thing being **the** thing to do for the good of the church and the glory of God, he would go into it with his mighty influence among the people who trusted his judgment, and his money which he had earned with the sweat of his brow and the load from his trusty gun. But if he didn't see it that way no amount of coaxing or pleading would move him. And as for threatening, he would only smile and go about his business,—and he was always busy, too busy to fuss with anybody, not even a fussy pastor. He was a good man, who loved God with all his heart, and served his church with mind and money. Hence some folks who did not know said he "bossed Charity church." Well, my

judgment is that any church is fortunate to have a "Boss" like Shipp at Charity and Tim Bowden at Knott's Island. A few years later when certain brainless influences threatened the life of both these great congregations, many a Godly heart cried to heaven, "O Lord, send Shipp and Bowden back right here now, for we need 'em!" The proof of his good sense and consecration to God is to be found in the character of the children he gave to the church and the community. Men may say what they please about instances in which the children of good men and women have gone astray in spite of home-training, but my judgment is the "instances" are exceptions to the general rule,—The character of the boy or the girl is formed at home: good or bad;—depending absolutely upon the kind of training it gets. If they go astray, either a blunder has been made somehow that has aided in some way the malformation, or the home influence was not what the public thought it was.

My work on the Princess Anne circuit extended from the mouth of Lynnhaven river and Cape Henry to Currituck Inlet in North Carolina, and from Kempsville to the Ocean. It was about fifty miles long and fifteen miles wide. It included the famous ducking section of Back Bay, Shipp's Bay, North Bay, Ragged Island, Cedar Island, Knott's Island Sound, and Currituck Sound all the way down beyond Church's Island. **Knott's Island** was inhabited by a sturdy people, about one thousand at the time of which I write. There was a Meth-

odist church on the Island, belonging to the circuit, of about 250 members. There was also a Baptist church with a small membership. The island was ten miles long,—three miles in Virginia and seven miles in North Carolina. Over on the ocean opposite the Island were two Life Saving Stations,—No. 5, or “Wash Woods,” and No. 6, or “False Cape.” Farther south yet was No. 7, or “Currituck Inlet.”

The two appointments, “Wash Woods” and “Currituck Inlet” were intensely interesting to me. There were two ways to get to these appointments, a drive from “Sand Bridge,” near Tabernacle church, down the beach when the tide was low, past “Little Island,” No. 4, and “Wash Woods,” No. 5, and “False Cape,” No. 6, to Currituck Inlet,” No. 7. The distance is about twenty-one miles; and when the tide has gone down, leaving beach as firm as the terrific pounding of the sea waves upon it can make, rolling in with an irresistible force from a thousand miles away, the drive is exhilarating, inspiring, romantic, if the weather is good. But anything else when the weather is bad. When one arrives at “Wash Woods” he is ready to spend the night in at the Station with the hardy Watchers, for he knows that a comfortable bed offers him a good night’s rest, and solid food, and tales of the sea will make his stay a delight. Captain Neal, Otis Ewell and the other fellows were always glad to see the arriving preacher, and speed his departure when it suited

him to go. Five miles further south "False Cape," with Captain Corbell and his brave lads offered the next place for a homely, but hearty reception. At the next Station south, "Currituck Inlet," I knew few of the Patrol, but I knew the people who heard me preach at the little school house back of the sand banks in the Live Oak forest. And they were ever ready to hear the Word of Life by whomsoever delivered, for they were a plain people who "hungered after righteousness," and only wanted to know "the way of the Lord."

My intercourse with the Life Savers and their families brought me into contact with as true and faithful a body of men and women as I have ever known anywhere. In many respects they were men above the average in courage, patience, intelligence, and, in many instances, reverence for holy things. Some were godless, without hope, reckless, profane, but these were few. I have seen them in the prayer-meeting, at public worship, at the bedside of the sick; I have walked the lonely beach with them at night, getting up from a warm bed at midnight, or two A. M. to go; I have witnessed their daring in time of danger, when a cool head and consummate skill in snatching success from the raging ocean; and nothing but these qualities could have brought victory. They have taught me the lesson of perseverance in the hard school of practical "doing for the other fellow," never stopping to ask the nationality or the color of the un-

fortunate out yonder where Death is shaking his white fist from every wave crest.

The wreck of the German merchant ship "Elizabeth" at Sand Bridge, eight miles south of Virginia Beach, and five miles east of the parsonage, at Nimmo's church on Saturday, Jan. 8, 1887, burned itself into my soul as one of the most distressing events that has ever occurred on that dangerous coast. A great snow-storm set in on Friday morning the 7th, from the northeast, and increased in fury until night-fall when the wind attained the velocity of a gale. Early Saturday morning the patrol on the beach reported a large full rigged ship aground on the inner bar. Her crew had taken refuge in the yawl boat under the stern, and were in comparative safety. The Captains of No. 3, "Dam Neck" station, and No. 4, "Little Island," got out their apparatus, and were on the spot opposite the stranded vessel ready to render any assistance the high wind and sea would allow them to give. But going out to the wreck in the Life Boat was deemed too dangerous to attempt just then, so more than two hours were spent trying to shoot a Life Line across the deck; but even this was impossible. Then Captain Webb Balangee, of "Little Island" station, determined to man the Life boat with a volunteer crew from both stations, and go out to the rescue of the strangers. Besides Captain Balangee, there were Jas. E., (his brother) Joe Spratley, (his brother-in-law) of the "Dam Neck" station, and John Etheridge, (another

brother-in-law,) Frank Tedford, George Stone and John Land from the "Little Island" station. On reaching the ship at about 10:30 A. M., twenty-two Germans including the Captain, whose name was Hulberstadt, were found in the yawl boat. A transfer of eight Germans to the Life boat made fifteen men in that boat, leaving fourteen in the yawl. Then the perilous return trip to the beach began. The sea was still running very high, and hardly had the boats cleared the protecting stern of the great ship when a big wave upset both, leaving twenty-nine struggling men in the icy waters of the Atlantic. Every German lost his life by freezing or drowning, and of the Life-savers, only two, Frank Tedford and John Etheridge reached the shore alive, and these on the very verge of collapse.

I heard nothing of the disaster, on account of the dreadful weather prevailing, which broke up all travel in that section, till Sunday morning: then in company with my friend, Mr. George Bowden, I went to the sea-shore more to be with the bereaved families of the men than to satisfy curiosity; for these families had been members of my congregation at Tabernacle. Rev. Mr. Savage, of the Episcopal Church, (an Evangelical preacher and a faithful pastor, besides honoring me with his friendship) ministered to the widows and orphans at "Dam Neck." He conducted the funeral service over the remains of Spratley and the Balangee brothers at "Dam Neck," whilst I performed

the same service over the remains of Stone and Land at Tabernacle on Monday the 10th, after which the first three were interred in the old Cemetery at Tabernacle, and the bodies of Stone and Land in the family burying ground near Capp's Shop on Pungo Ridge. Here, also, was a double bereavement. Brother Andrew Land, the father of John, the dead surfman, had married Mrs. Stone, the mother of George, the other surfman. So the tragic event assumed the proportions of a tremendous family disaster, in which kin wept with kin, or stood in silent awe in the presence of an appalling calamity that came near engulfing all they held dear in the pitiless depths of the ocean.

The remains of Capt. Hulberstadt were taken to Baltimore by one of the Masonic Lodges of that city. The bodies of nineteen Germans were carried to Norfolk, and the funeral obsequies conducted by Rev. J. B. Merritt, at that time Chaplain of the Seaman's Bethel. The body of the twentieth victim came ashore about a month later, and was interred by the side of his unfortunate comrades in Norfolk. The body of the last of this unfortunate crew had not been found when last I heard from that section.

The wrecks on that beach are not so numerous in these years as formerly. The crews are better organized, are supplied with improved apparatus, and the service all along the coast is more efficient. But the men of this day are no braver, nor more skillful in their work than the men of that day.

The service has never had truer men, nor have there been more examples of deliberate and unselfish sacrifice than the surfmen made in the days of Barco, Balangee, Neal and Corbell. I obtained many a valuable lesson out of the lives of these men, and of the sturdy crews that served under them, on that storm-swept beach.

I was at the "False Cape" Life-Saving Station, (No. 6,) the night of the 31st of August, 1886. It was the night of the historic Charleston, (S. C.) earthquake. The tremors were very perceptible there, although at the time of the happening none of us suspected the cause. Captain Corbell and several of his men, and my young friend George Bowden, of Middlesex, were sitting in the boat-room at the south door. The two young ladies who had accompanied Bowden and me from Nimmo's to witness the going of the men on duty this, the first night of the season, had retired to their room upstairs. When the shaking began the Captain remarked "The ladies upstairs are having a good old romp: their antics are shaking the house." It was a most unusual thing for one of these stations to shake, for they are firmly anchored deep down below the sand on a clay foundation. So I went to the foot of the stairs and called them aloud to tell me "what they were trying to do with the house?" They replied, "We were asleep: the shaking awoke us; we thought you men were up to some of your antics." Then the Captain said, "There has been an earthquake somewhere," and

called several of the stations over the phone for information. No one knew, but each station called reported that the shaking was plainly felt. Next morning our party went over on Knott's Island to gather hanging moss, and there learned that the quake was so heavy that many people left their houses, and spent the remainder of the night in wagon sheds or in the woods. The atmosphere on the beach was thick, sultry, a perfect calm, with presently a heavy sea that set in suddenly, and with no apparent cause, and then subsided. This was the situation before the quake was felt, and aroused comment among these veterans, who knew the ocean as the plowman knows his field.

Many are the queer stories told of the doings of the Islanders that night when the mysterious trembling of the earth aroused them from their slumbers. One old man and his wife dragged a feather-bed out of their humble home, turned a cart-body bottom upwards under a tree in the yard, and spent the remainder of the night under that cover in comparative comfort. It is said that an early traveller coming over to the Island met a man, his wife and several children, driving a cow and her calf, and carrying a coop of chickens. The man said in reply to the question, "Are you moving away?" "Yes, the Lord shook everything to pieces last night; you might have known 'twas gwine ter happen: that Island is jest setting out there in the mud anyhow, so I'm gwine where there is something substantial ter live on!" And

so he went on toward the mainland: for you understand, this great body of land lying between the mainland and the ocean is cut off from the mainland by a great marsh, and the waters north of the marsh are connected with Currituck Sound, south of the marsh by creeks; and the Island is reached by a road, as rough as any in this country, and as crooked, from Morse's Point five miles long. There are eleven bridges and twenty-two bends in that road. It is said that if you see a person travelling on that road a long way off you cannot tell which way the person is travelling till you get opposite on a parallel stretch! This may be a severe tax on the imagination, but of this I am sure, the road is about as crooked as the proverbial ward politician, and as rough as corduroy can make it. When the south wind prevails the waters of Currituck Sound back up through the hundreds of creeks and "runs" in the vast stretches of marsh, and flood that road, making travel both rough and dangerous. My wife and I crossed the Marsh on that road on the evening of July 26, 1886, and we have never forgotten the horrible hour required to make the trip. I was in the midst of a protracted meeting on Knott's Island, and was called away to unite in matrimony Mr. Keeling McLin and Miss Mary Stewart, a sister of whom in later years became the wife of Rev. W. L. Murphy, of our Conference. I drove home, twenty-five miles to the parsonage at Nimmo's, got a fresh horse, took my wife with me to the marriage, and,

after the ceremony, drove down through West's Neck, across "East River" over "Brooklyn Bridge," to Capps' Shop on Pungo Ridge. There George Bowden met me with my old reliable "Sam Tilden," about 6:30 P. M. It was just getting dark when we struck out from Morse's Point on the dreaded Marsh Road to Knott's Island. The road was flooded with the back-water from the Sound. The eight foot ditch on either side six feet deep was a sleeping giant, into whose gaping mouth a fall meant death. I gave "Sam" a loose rein, and besought him to do his best. **And he did it!** Neither Mrs. Butts nor I spoke a word during that entire tedious, miserable, terrifying hour. When we struck the hard ground on the Island I asked my wife, "Are you glad?" She replied with an air of relief, "Yes, ain't you?" On our arrival at the church at 8:30 P. M., I found a meeting of great power in progress as the fruit of a very strong exhortation by Bro. Devany Waterfield, and the altar crowded with penitents. The brethren asked me, after service, when I crossed the Marsh Road. When I told them I had crossed since dusk, they were rather inclined to doubt my word, but when I referred to my wife as a witness, they "caved in" one by one, and a very good friend of ours said, "I would not have done that for ten dollars." "Ah," said I, "When one has a good wife by his side to steady his nerves, a good horse to do the pulling, and the Good Lord to guide the horse, there is a

positive elimination of danger." He replied, "I reckon that is true." And I knew it was true!

Many a good hour have I spent on the Marshes of Back Bay, Shipp's Bay, North Bay, and other good points, waiting for the coming of the wary wild game flying up against a head wind, looking for some quiet feeding place. I got very few shots, but I had a great deal of excitement, and many a bag of ducks and geese and swan. When I did, by some strange conjunction of fortuitous circumstances, (or words to that effect,) get a shot my enthusiasm was intense, and the conversation on the remarkable incident would cover many days: in fact, till some weary mortal, whose patience had been taxed to the limit, would cry out, "Oh, give us a rest: ducks are shot on this marsh every day!" Then my collapse into indignant silence could be heard a long way off. On several occasions, my thirst for wild game blood would stir some one of these non-communicative duckers to play a trick on me by sending me out in the dark to walk a narrow plank to find a duck-blind located somewhere out there in the grass. I went out on a certain night from Cedar Island, on such an expedition. John Williams and my son-in-law, G. S. Marchant, insisted that just about dusk two elegant swan had been seen feeding off the north end blind. Young Simpson, (Mrs. Williams' brother) offered to go with me if I wanted a good shot. Of course I went. We trailed through the field and then through the tall grass, and suddenly

came out upon the water's edge. We hid ourselves there; then Simpson went off to another point to reconnoiter. He soon returned and reported two "big fellows" close up to the shore feeding in imagined security, oblivious of the fact that the "mighty hunter" of the Virginia Annual Conference, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, lay there on the shore in ambush awaiting the set time for their death. Simpson said in a whisper, "Follow me." I followed so stealthily that it seemed to me that I was actually creeping in a whisper! We reached the point of opportunity, and Simpson told me he would count "three" in a whisper, and then both of us would fire, simultaneously and at the same time. He counted off the fateful seconds with cruel precision, and I fired. But the swan did not fly! They sat as if chained to the bottom with a ton of lead. Then Simpson exclaimed, "Them's made swan: sister made 'em." Disgusted, ashamed, that we should have been the victims of so heartless a scheme, we tramped back to the house, through the dark and the briers to be greeted at the door with the serious inquiry, "Where is you swan?" We did not learn till next day that the jesters with our dignity were under that roof and in that room when we returned from our fruitless tramp, and that John Williams' wife added much to the success of the conspiracy against our innocence by furnishing her husband and Mr. Marchant with the stuffed decoys.

On this same trip, and from the western side of

Cedar Island I had better luck. We had waited throughout three warm days for the ducks to fly. Nothing came our way. At length, when weary with waiting, and almost exasperated from lack of luck, the wind changed Friday morning to the north-east. This brought first a cold driving mist, then snow and sleet. About 3:30 P. M. that day a large bunch of Red Heads were seen from our blind, coming toward us with the speed of the "Fast Mail." We, (young Simpson and I,) made ready to shoot; and, when this cloud of flying life almost reached our decoys, each of us let them have a load right in the face. After they passed we gave them the other barrel. Ducks fell all around. Marchant and Williams up in the yard of Williams' home said "It rained ducks for about a minute." That must have been true, for Simpson and I picked up on the water eleven dead ducks and six cripples! That was fun enough for one trip, so Marchant and I quit and went home. I was serving the Mathews circuit at that time.

Mr. Marchant and I were down there on another trip when we had the, to us, unusual experience of being present and lending some assistance to the Life Saving Service at Wash Woods and False Cape in landing a crew of eight Italians, seven Swedes, and a negro from the wreck of the Bark "Clythia," on its way from Genoa, Italy, to Baltimore, Md., loaded with marble. The crews from the two stations named were on the beach, awaiting the subsidence of the sea, when Marchant and

I arrived from the Duck Blind over in the marsh opposite False Cape. Bill Bowden carried us ashore quickly when both of us expressed the wish to visit the wreck. The Captain came ashore first in the Breaches buoy to learn his whereabouts. He said he thought he was entering Chesapeake Bay off Cape Henry, and was surprised to find himself ashore between two bars cut off from retreat until too late. He went back to the vessel in the Buoy, and began sending his men ashore, one at a time; then he himself came. When the negro came he brought with him a large market basket, and in the basket a beautiful brown haired ducking dog, which he gave to John Williams. This splendid animal became the brood dog for scores of ducking dogs throughout that region, and died at last of old age.

Throughout the summer and fall of 1887 the leading men on the circuit were planning the division of the work. It was the judgment of my predecessor, Brother Hank, that this should be done, but the people were not ready for the movement at the time that he left the charge. In the meantime the work had developed so that the pastoral care of nearly 1,250 members in eleven congregations demanded a change of some kind. Then, by resolution of the Fourth Quarterly Conference of 1887, the request went up to Bishop Key at the session in Danville in November that a new circuit be formed composed of Beach Grove, Charity, Bethel, Knott's Island, and Wash Woods to be called the South Princess Anne circuit, leaving Nimmo's, Taber-

nacle, Salem, Providence and Little Neck in the old circuit. The question of the location of the parsonage for the new circuit had to be settled before Conference, and the settlement of that matter brought about a feeling in certain quarters which threatened the spiritual life of many of the people on both sides of the question for a while. But the better spirit prevailed, and the simmering pot which had threatened to boil over cooled down, and everything went off pleasantly. The site was finally selected at Capps' Shop, or "Pleasant Ridge," as it was called later on. The Norfolk Southern Railway to Munden's Point now passes within one mile of the preacher's home, and that whole county has moved out into the world.

At my suggestion the old Providence church at Sea Tack, which was nothing but a dilapidated hull, not worth repairing, and located out of reach of the bulk of the congregation and too near Virginia Beach, was sold, and a new building begun near Tunis's (now Oceana) station on the Virginia Beach Railroad. Miss Jaca Brock, daughter of Bro. Harrison Brock, was one of the enthusiastic workers in this movement, and it was mainly through her intelligent and persevering leadership that this enterprise was carried forward. The lumber was put in place for the construction of the new building at the head of the Great Neck road near the residence of Bro. Harrison Brock: but later it was decided to build on its present location on the corner of the farm of Mr. William Gornto

nearer the station. The work was begun and I went off to Conference.

I am about to relate an incident now that may start a little guessing, because I shall not give any names for the simple reason that all the brethren who were actors in the drama are dead, and it would do no good to name them. A member of the Virginia Conference had been appealed to for a few names of efficient men from whom a pastor might be selected for a certain church. He was a warm friend of mine, and wrote to know if I would agree to let my name go down on the list. I consented, with this proviso; if the Princess Anne circuit is divided I shall move, and shall be free to go there or anywhere else. If the work is not divided I ought to return. Within two weeks he wrote me they had selected me, understanding the conditions, but I must "write him long enough before Conference to give them a chance to get on another fellow's tracks." This I did, and he replied, "Go through a certain town on a train that will put you there about lunch time; (he named the train,) go to a certain lunch-room, and you will find a certain brother there when you arrive, or coming in a little later. After you have greeted him, say 'I'm free,' and he will reply, 'So am I.' Then go off and eat your lunch at another table." Therefore on my way I carried out these instructions to the letter, and saw the dear brother at the lunch-room: greeted him pleasantly; gave him the "I'm free" in most ex-

cellent style; got his reply in due form; arrived in Danville wreathed in smiles at my luck, and with head filled with plans for the coming year; sat through Conference in an easy chair of perfect contentment regarding the future; and heard another man read out for that place! Why, certainly; and the lucky brother went there and stayed four years! **And I went somewhere else!** The fact is, I had been sent to two different places before I arrived home from the seat of the Conference, and was entirely uncertain about where I would finally settle for two days more. That was an up-setting session to a great many of my brethren in the Conference, and to quite as many congregations.

The story of the Conference follows.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1887, AND WRIGHT  
MEMORIAL, PORTSMOUTH.

The Conference of 1887 was held in the city of Danville, November 16th-23rd. Bishop Joseph S. Key, D. D., presided. Paul Whitehead, D. D., P. A. Peterson, D. D., and S. S. Lambeth were the Secretaries as usual. And there were none better in the entire Southern Connection. Prompt, alert, careful, skilled in those necessary elements which make it doubly easy for the presiding officer to push the business, and yet overlook nothing.

**Eleven** of our preachers had died during the year,—J. D. Lumsden, T. H. White, J. W. Howard, W. W. Bennett, J. D. Blackwell, T. A. Ware, E. N. S. Blogg, P. F. August, B. M. Williams, a superannuate living in North Carolina, R. A. Gregory in the Western State Hospital at Staunton, and E. H. Pritchett.

The loss of two of the Representatives of the last General Conference, Rev. W. W. Bennett, D. D., and Rev. J. D. Blackwell, D. D., was a serious blow to Southern Methodism, as well as to the Virginia Conference. Each was a leader among the brethren, strong in doctrine, and discipline, and

history of the Christian Church in general, and of Methodism in particular.

Dr. Bennett was the historian of Virginia Methodism, a great preacher at times, swaying multitudes with his weighty words, his irresistible reasoning, his clear understanding of the deep things of God, and his unreserved surrender to the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Rev. F. J. Boggs, who wrote his Memoir, said, "He, in health, will always be remembered by his acquaintances as an incomparable specimen of physical manhood, with a face bearing the lines of strong character. Indeed, he seemed moulded for any work or position in Methodism. His mental endowments were of a high order; and in all the responsible places that he filled, there are no traces of failure.—As a preacher he occupied the front rank in pulpit power, and his discourses were such as lived in the memory and hearts of his hearers." "His sermons," said Bishop Granbery, "were stately, elaborate, and massive, mighty discussions of great truths, with wide range of thought, lucid and forcible argument, earnest, solemn, and often impassioned supplication." "Then before he was elected President of Randolph Macon College, he received from that institution the degree of D. D., was a member of every General Conference from 1858 to 1886, and was a Representative of our Church at the Ecumenical Conference in London in 1881. He was the father of our Richard H. Bennett; of William Wallace Bennett, M. D., a practicing physician

at Blackstone; of the wife of Bishop James Cannon, Jr.; of Miss Nellie Bennett, Missionary to Japan, principal of Frazier Institute, Hiroshima, Japan; and of Miss Mary Lee Bennett, teacher in Blackstone College for Girls and Superintendent of Mission Study and Publicity of the Woman's Missionary Society, Virginia Conference, Blackstone, Va., and Edward Sangster Bennett, Assistant Secretary and Treasurer, Blackstone College for Girls.

Dr. Blackwell was the father of our Dr. R. E. Blackwell, President of Randolph Macon College. He was an urbane and cultured gentleman, learned and devout, gracious and invincible in debate, a splendid preacher who did not "handle the Word of God deceitfully." He used two weapons:—the strong blade of logic, ground to a keen edge on the impregnable rock of truth, and a terrible courtesy that spared no antagonist till he brought him to the ground in the shame of conscious defeat. He was too large a man to resort to personalities. He was too humble a man to appropriate to himself the glory that belongs to the Truth. "Nothing little or low or mean found in him a moment's toleration. Singularly gentle, even as a woman, he was also brave and heroic. The high models which the Gospel set before him were ever kept in view. His example, spirit and teachings, as he moved among men, were a benediction. They inculcated fealty to every duty in every relation of life." His death was a distinct calamity. The Conference

could ill afford to lose so strong and good a man. His congregation reeled under the blow: hundreds of his people did not know of his illness till told of his death. The whole city,—the two cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth,—on that hot Sunday morning, June the 26th, 1887, stopped, caught its breath, exclaimed "God have mercy on us!" and went to its accustomed places of worship, with bowed head and falling tears when told that the gentle man, the scholarly preacher, the tender hearted pastor, had fallen into the sleep of death. All classes, all denominations, felt a sense of bereavement, and there was "a wide-spread lamentation." Dr. Judkins, who wrote his Memoir, says "His funeral at Monumental Church, the Tuesday following, was attended by some twenty-five ministers of our own Church, Bishop Granbery included, besides many of other denominations, and over a thousand of his admirers and friends."

It was at this session of the Conference that our John Hannon was transferred to the Pacific Conference, and stationed in San Francisco. This was another loss to the Conference, but of a different kind. We all thought it a mistake for a man of his talents and growing usefulness, to be carried away from Virginia, where the churches needed him and loved him, to so distant and unpromising a field as California, to be buried under the masses, with a constituency that could hardly give him hope of a resurrection. But the authorities said they needed John "out yonder," and John went. In

a few years John came back, bringing a wife with him! John was never known to "get left." He could have no revival, nor could he build up a church in any of the places which tried him; so he took one of the best young women on the coast while the multitudes were frolicking, and brought her to old Virginia, and the two together went to work to build a Methodist preacher's home, and succeeded! Great was our John! Then he spent the rest of his holy life, joyously and devoutly, serving the churches here with significant results, and punctuating his every stroke with an "Amen!" which was heard everywhere. John went to Heaven from Lynchburg this year, (1921) and has learned to sing at last! But he left us in tears, for we miss him as the years roll on, this sincere, true, devout child of the Triumphant Christ.

When Conference adjourned I was read out for South Princess Anne. The big circuit had been divided, and I had been assigned to the south end. It was a great surprise to me, for I had thought it best to go elsewhere, because each end of the old charge put in a claim for me. And in some authority thought as I did. But I was young in the Conference, accustomed to "obey them that had the rule over me," so I made up my mind to make the best of it.

On reaching Norfolk one of the first men I met was Brother W. W. Vicar, who informed me that there was an important telegram at his store, (corner of Church and Main Sts.,) for me. I hastened

there and found a wire message from Bishop Key, instructing me to "turn over (my) work in South Princess Anne to Rev. W. P. Wright, and proceed to Portsmouth, and take charge of Wright Memorial church." This was a shock to me. I was totally unprepared for such an appointment, expected to go to another place, and turned to my brethren in the store, and, in utter despair, asked, "What shall I do?" One of them exclaimed, "Why, do what the Bishop says: that's all you can do." And that's what I did. How it happened, and why, I did not know for a long time, and I sometimes think I have never yet learned the real facts in the case. Rev. Jas. E. McSparren succeeded me in the Nimmo's parsonage.

Well, I got aboard the Virginia Beach train, and, arriving at Tunis's station, was met by my wife. Her first question was, "Well, where are we going to live, with our big family, till those people down at the south end can build a parsonage?" I replied, "That's not the question." She quietly asked, "What is the question, then?" I replied, "The real question is, how are you going to like living in a city?" She cried, "What do you mean: aren't we going to South Princess Anne?" Said I, "No; we are going to Wright Memorial, Portsmouth!" She, in utter consternation, exclaimed, "What in the world shall I do with my fowls and my pigs?" And I said, "The main point of the whole mess is, what's going to become of me!"

I received in a day or two a very cordial let-

ter from the Official Board of Wright Memorial, extending to me and my family a hearty welcome, and requesting that they be notified of the time of my proposed arrival, assuring me of their purpose to co-operate with me in all things that would contribute to the good of the church. So, therefore, with this very much appreciated letter as a propelling aid, I set about planning for my departure from the rural districts to the paved streets and urban surroundings of a city pastorate, with its decorated citizenship, its staring congregations, and its uncertain fame. Our teacher, Miss Pierce Lawson, found a new home down in the south end among an appreciative people, our poultry was disposed of amid regrets that we had seen the last of fresh eggs for some time to come, our hogs were killed and the meat salted down, our goods were packed and sent to the narrow guage railway station, Tunis, and we followed with fear and trembling. My Middlesex prize horse, "Snakes," had been sold to my good brother, Wm. T. Strawhand, in "West's Neck," and my distance annihilator, "Sam Tilden," had been turned over to my warm friend and brother, George Garrison, for safe keeping during the Winter.

We were met at the station in Norfolk by Bro. Chas. Sturtevant and transported across the ferry to the parsonage at 318—3rd Street. A very comfortable home we found it. That dear Westmoreland lad, my predecessor, Rev. Wm. H. Atwill, had departed for Richmond, leaving behind him a whole

congregation weeping upon the sidewalks, and wondering what kind of man the Bishop had found to take the place of so popular a pastor and so attractive a preacher. So they gazed and wept, shook their heads in serious skepticism of the probability of this new man filling the bill. They observed his slouch hat, his sack coat, his number 15 collar on a number 14 neck, his black neck-tie with a bow which sat north-west and south-east, his trousers bagged at the knees, and so on. Old Brother Townsend said, "Just what I said we was going to get." Old Bro. West said, "It makes me cry to look at him and then think of Atwill." But when Sunday came and the preacher, just out of the sand and marshes of Princess Anne, stood up in the pulpit and delivered his introductory message, all went home, muttering in ghastly astonishment, "How could any Bishop put a man like that in Atwill's place! We are ruined!" Old man John King said, "The only fault I have to find with him is that he will not let me sleep: I have to keep awake to find out which way he was going. I always slept well under Brother Atwill because I knew which way he was going, and where he would take up at; but this countryman don't give me half a chance to get my morning nap." The others were divided up into squads. Some said one thing and some another. After a few weeks, matters settled down into the normal state of the usual ratio of approval or disapproval, and the new man became the old preacher, and the work

went ahead with good promise of a comparatively successful pastorate.

The history of this congregation is found in two very carefully prepared papers, written by Mr. Chas. A. McLean, and read by him at the Re-opening exercises of Wright Memorial Church, Sunday, Sept. 9, 1900. He was at that time Superintendent of the Sunday School.

From these papers I glean the following notes:

"In the early forties God impressed upon the mind of some of His children the necessity of extending the boundaries of His terrestrial kingdom: the impression thus made culminated in the organization and establishment of what is now known as Wright Memorial Church. A few interested ones met one Sunday afternoon in an old carpenter shop on Wythe Street, at the head of Second Street, in Gosport. The membership at that time was only **eight persons**. At the Quarterly Conference held Oct. 5, 1841, the Rev. George W. Langhorne, pastor in charge of what is now Monumental Church, reported as follows: "We have under our supervision two Sabbath Schools; one meets in this church, the other in New Town. The school in New Town has two superintendents, six male and five female teachers and sixty scholars."

"At the Quarterly Conference held Nov. 7, 1843, James Scott was elected superintendent, and Josiah Shipp, assistant. There were 40 male scholars and 48 female."

The church was first called "Wesley Chapel,"

then "Gosport Station," then "Second Street M. E. Church," and finally "Wright Memorial." "Wesley Chapel was dedicated on Sunday, March 17, 1844, Rev. G. M. Keese, preaching the sermon on the text "For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand," etc. Psalm 84, Verse 10. The writer notes that "There was a violent snow-storm that day." "The first stewards were Wm. Moore, Thos. Rudd, Geo. O. Poulson, J. H. Myers, John Dickerson, and Wm. Outten." The first pastor was Rev. Vernon Eskridge, a local preacher who filled the pulpit acceptably until relieved by the Rev. Mr. Bell, the first appointed pastor. The charge remained a mission "under the oversight of the Dinwiddie Street church till 1849, when the congregation paid Dinwiddie Street church \$1,050.00 for their interest in the house and lot," and called their church "Gosport Station." The First Quarterly Conference for the new appointment was held June 5th of that year. "Rev. Thos. Crowder, Presiding Elder of the Norfolk District, organized that Conference in the home of J. H. Myers. The following members were present: Rev. Wesley H. Rohr, preacher in charge, Rev. Edward Cavendy, local preacher and steward, Thos. Rudd and Jas. Walraven, exhorters and stewards, Wm. R. Guy, Wm. Outten, John H. Myers, stewards, and John Dickerson, class leader. John H. Myers was Secretary. In 1861 the name was changed to 'Second Street.'"

"In November 1882, while under the pastorate

of Rev. Geo. M. Wright, a lot on the corner of Fourth and Randolph Sts., was purchased through Capt. W. H. Elliott. In July, 1883, the foundation was laid for a new church edifice, to be called **Centenary**, and in September of the same year the corner stone was laid by Naval Lodge, No. 100, A. F. & A. M. The address was delivered by Rev. R. N. Sledd, D. D. The first ground was broken by Miss Jessie Meads, now Mrs. D. W. Murden."

"On April 12, 1885, the house was formally dedicated. Rev. Leo. Rosser, D. D., read the first lesson, Rev. Geo. M. Wright, read the second lesson, and Rev. Dr. Sledd delivered the sermon from Galatians, 4th Chapter, 26th verse."

"On the 23rd of September 1885, Rev. Geo. M. Wright, our beloved pastor died. Too much honor and praise cannot be given for his great work in our midst. Coming to us when our membership was less than 100, he served well and faithfully for nearly four years. At the time of his death the membership of the church exceeded 300. When he came to us we were worshipping in old Second Street, but when he died we had already accomplished the great work of our lives, all due largely to his untiring energy and zeal."

Bro. Chas. A McLean, who wrote this story from which the above notes have been copied, says "directly after the death of Bro. Wright, at a meeting of the officers and teachers of the Sunday School held to take action on the sad occurrence, thinking to perpetuate the memory of his name,

offered a set of resolutions asking the Board of Stewards to petition the Quarterly Conference to change the name of the church from Centenary to Wright Memorial, which was subsequently done."

I have made these extensive notes from Bro. McLean's "History" because it is clear concise, authentic; valuable on account of its being an exceptional instance in which the story of the birth and growth of one of our churches has been preserved. And I wish to add my effort to preserve this record. The names of the successive pastors are given, as follows:—"Revs. Vernon Eskridge, Mr. Bell, W. H. Rohr, C. W. Petherbridge, J. J. Edwards, Oscar Littleton, E. M. Peterson, R. S. Nash, Geo. McD. West, J. C. Hummer, John S. Briggs, Thomas Y. Cash, John D. Still, B. F. Tennille, H. C. Bowles, L. K. LeCato, W. E. Allen, W. G. Williams, J. L. Fisher, J. H. Crown, J. N. Jones, J. B. Merritt, Geo. M. Wright, Bascom Dey, W. H. Atwill, D. G. C. Butts, J. W. Carroll, T. J. Taylor, J. T. Bosman, W. G. Boggs, R. B. Blaken-ship, and Geo. E. Booker." The men who have served that church since Dr. Booker's pastorate are Geo. H. McFaden, J. K. Jolliff, S. J. Brown, J. T. Green, John Hannon, A. L. Franklin, V. W. Bargamin and the present pastor, L. J. Phaup; forty-four pastors in seventy-seven years.

My term of service at this church extended over three years, in some respects the most laborious of my entire ministry, beginning November, 1887, and ending November, 1890. I had been in circuit work

from the time I joined Conference in 1870. I knew nothing of the problems of the city church. The pastoral work seemed easy, when contrasted with that of the country, but to me it proved the most difficult. The busy men could not be seen except at their stores, workshops, offices, and then for a short time only. The busy women in the home often embarrassed and perplexed me with the question, When can I go so as not to feel that I am upsetting the morning duties, or interfering with the proposed afternoon shopping, or some other scheme looked upon by the household as imperative? Then, the absent children, out at play or late from school was another thing that perplexed me. The non-church goer was the great bug-bear to me. In the country it seemed to me everybody went to church on Sunday. 'Twas not so from my point of view when I took up the work in Portsmouth. The disregard for the sanctity of the Sabbath, and the deliberate assertion from men and women that "Sunday meant no more to them than any other day," was all new to me. Men who would sue at law if you dared allow a debt go unpaid; men who had a profound contempt for a liar or a libertine, would not hesitate to profane the day of the Lord. Now I do not mean to say that I had never seen one of this class in the country, or that country folks are not sometimes found to be great sinners. What I mean is, in that day there was more real regard for the Sabbath in the country than in the city, and if you wanted

to talk to a countryman about his sins, and set to work to try to get him into the church, he would stop to give respectful hearing to what you had to say, and in nine cases out of ten, would heed your invitation and come out to hear the word preached on Sunday. But the city fellow, if you ever got a chance at him, it was when he was busy doing something else. If you went to his home at night, nobody was there but the children and the nurse, the rest were "down town," or just going. If you ever made up your mind that the fellow "ought to be talked to," you had to chase him down or never get him.

And the pulpit opportunity was just as unsatisfactory in results. True there were the "regulars," many of whom took it in just as they would take in the door-mat if it rained. But as for getting dose after dose of the same saving truth, each time in a new form, down their listening tube, "the try would not work." Seven-tenths of the people who attend public worship in the city, do not know what the preacher is talking about, and this is not "bad on the preacher," either. It only means that the city folks have so many diversions that the "message from the sky" has not the right of way.

Well, I had measurable success at Wright Memorial. I am not giving the opinion of that congregation at that time. I am only giving my opinion, based upon substantial results, with the additional observation of thirty years to count up the meaning and worth of it all. I did not reach the multi-

tude: I did not know how: hence I did not try. It is criminal for a man who has never prepared himself for the job to try his pills on a sick man. There were some things I knew how to do, and I confined myself to this sort of practice, and succeeded. When I left that charge in November, 1890, I had brought into the church, by faithful preaching of the saving truth, the experimental facts of our faith, about forty men with their families, who added strength to the body of believers, and gave the church a meaning in the community. Then I got rid of some who had no name in the community for settled convictions and solid spiritual worth. They were "carried about by every wind of doctrine, and the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive." These had little patience with me. I had **none** with them. Perhaps they were more pious than I, hence could stand more opposition. But the church grew. Individuals, young and old, grew in grace, and the uplift the church got from this class of its membership, told on the general life of the church in after years.

The "Old Guard" stood firm and fought well against the "devices of Satan." **George T. Townsend** was the man of iron; plain of speech, sometimes rough, chargeable to his settled convictions and strong views on matters of right and wrong, but kind and patient and devout. He was a worker in iron and steel, hence the dust from the anvil went into the very fibre of his soul, and the solid

strength of his nature transformed all his work for God and the Church and the town into a permanent structure, uninjured by the criticisms of men or the ravages of time. **Eldred Cross** was a man of prayer, who loved his Saviour, his Church, his family. Men trusted him as they trusted a stone bridge re-inforced with steel rods throughout. The gospel of Jesus covered him as with a garment: his heart was mellowed by the Spirit, and his mind broadened by his knowledge of the truth: his hands were wide open with helpful gifts for the needy, while his feet travelled easily the highway in which his Saviour's footsteps shined: and his lips were busy with words of cheer, but silent when harmful criticism characterized the talk of the group. **R. H. McLean** was a gentleman of the old school, non-communicative except when his opinion was sought, then clear, brief, using English instead of the double meaning phrases of the trade. He was not demonstrative, yet clear in his interpretation of the word, so that "the joy of the Lord was" in reality, "the strength of his soul." **John T. King** had brains, and a rugged creed that fitted the curb-stone and the ditch bank. Unselfish, industrious, careful in the use of his resources, ready for all good works, backward in the experience meeting, but forward in the practice of the highest principles of the Christian faith. **Edward Powell** was the quiet, faithful, liberal Christian gentleman. **Capt. W. H. Elliott** was the trained waterman, the earnest believer, the careful financier, the

willing toiler anywhere in the vineyard of the Lord. **A. C. Bushnell** was the ready-made Sunday-School Superintendent and Quarterly Conference Secretary. He fitted these two places just as snugly as the skin fits the flesh. No adjustment was needed because the law of Psycho-physiology had settled the question before you took hold. You could not remove him because, like taking the skin from the flesh, you left the entire surface raw and bleeding. Look at the bark on a tree, the water seeking its level, the clouds flying before the wind, the ocean wave breaking on the beach; that was Al. Bushnell; he was made that way, and could not be unmade. And he was so sincere and natural that you fell in love with him at first sight. **Albert Cherry** the well trained tenor, **Chas. McLean**, the organizer, **John J. King**, all right from head to foot, and all the way through, no matter where one pushed in the probe. And old Brother **John West**, the Contractor and Builder, who had his Headquarters on the street, on the tops or inside the buildings he was erecting. He was "the architect and builder of that beautiful edifice, the one member of the church who was able to carry the work on to a successful completion." As Bro. McLean declares in his admirable "History," "but for Brother West this building would not have been undertaken." **Alonza Cuthriell**, with good purposes, a clean heart, a fine intelligence, ready for every good word and work; and **Geo. Broughton**, my warm friend, and rare **Bob**

**Heath**, good old **Isaac Bailey**, and solid **Theodore Tyler**. **Chas. Sturtevant** led the service of song and loved the children till death.

That is the size and calibre of the group that worked with me, and loved me, and criticized me, and held me up in their arms, and made my efforts as successful as they were! Some of these have gone home to heaven,—others are on the way: blessings upon them; thank God for the whole hustling gang!

When I took up my work in December 1887, I found a debt of about \$3,800.00 on the church building. Brother Atwill, through systematic business management, had reduced the heavy obligation of nearly, or quite \$10,000.00, to this small sum. The Official Board could get no better plan out of me for paying the last penny, so continued to work Brother Atwill's plan. During that year and the next the debt gradually melted away, so that in the middle of my second year we were given, by the blessing of God, the privilege of having a "Bond Burning service" in the main auditorium. Sister Eldred Cross, who with Brother Richard H. McLean, was present at the organization of the Sunday-School in the carpenter shop on Wythe Street in 1841, was selected to set fire to the Bond in a brazen urn on a table inside the chancel rail. It was a great service, and Zion rejoiced with great joy before the Lord that night.

When I left the church in November, 1890, to take charge of Mathew's circuit, the Ladies' Aid

Society, under the lead of Mrs. Albert Cherry had in Bank for the erection of a Sunday-School Building, \$700.00.

Dr. James C. Reed was my Presiding Elder. My neighbors were Rev. Wm. E. Edwards, D. D., at Monumental, Rev. F. M. Edwards at Central, Rev. B. F. Lipscomb at Chestnut St., Berkeley, Rev. Dr. A. G. Brown at Cumberland St., Norfolk, Rev. Dr. W. V. Tudor at Granby St., Rev. W. H. Christian at Centenary, Rev. J. L. Spencer at Ashbury, Atlantic city, Rev. Wm. McGee at McKendree, Brambleton, and Rev. Joshua Hunter at Queen St. This was the clerical force which led the people in the way of life in the Cities by the Sea thirty-four years ago. And it was the age of giants among the laity. Owens, Porter, Thomas, Neville, Scott, and Scott again, White and others in Portsmouth, Keeling and others in Berkeley, Dawson, Whitehurst, Hudgins, Griffith, Vicar, Odend'hal, Roper, Jones, Bokover, Davis, Allmond, Pettitt, and a host of others in Norfolk. And I am moved to remark, with all due apologies to the present leaders, **the stock has never been improved.** The old spirit of evangelical and aggressive Methodism, glorying in the experience of saving grace may have been transmitted to the present workers, but that is all that can be said. There has been a widening of the field, and an increase in church buildings and members, but it is "the same Spirit given to each" generation "to profit withal." The contributions may look

larger, but I dare risk the statement that the percentage is the same.

Dr. Wm. E. Edwards was emphatically my friend. He was approachable, considerate, commending my every effort to the thing that should be done, and pointing out the causes of failure on any point without impatience or harshness. He had travelled the rugged road of training himself, and knew when and how to do to help the stumbling and sincere. His study was the drill-ground, as well as the haven for relaxation, recuperation, and spiritual strengthening. He delighted in the best books and pointed out to me their excellences. He revelled in humor, and pushed me, time and again, over the edge of the cliff of clerical decorum into the chasm of side-splitting and healthy laughter. The fragrance of a clean heart exhaled in his jokes; he felt that, even if there were no gentlemen present whose sense of propriety might be offended, he himself was such, and self-respect restrained him. The vulgar jester fared badly in his hands if once he got his foot on his neck. The rude traveller on a certain train on a certain day learned something from Dr. Edwards that he should have been taught when young. He wore costly raiment; a heavy gold chain was boldly displayed across a silk vest; a diamond sparkled on his tie. One of Edward's boys occupied a seat the strutting dude desired. He invited the boy, in language becoming the brothel, to give way to his majesty. The boy moved. Then the

dude said, "You can sit here if you wish." Dr Edwards, who occupied a seat across the aisle, replied, "No, he will not; neither my boy nor I are accustomed to occupying a seat with a hog." The crushed human stood it as long as he could, then retired to the smoker. Dr. Edwards was perfectly fearless, generous to the limit of his powers, and true amid a thousand difficulties which have given others an excuse to change. He was candid without rudeness, affectionate without gush, submissive without complaint, devout without ostentation, prayerful without phariseeism. His studies in the word of God brought out in distinct outline the standard set by his Lord, and challenged his trust, and beckoned him to the higher life for the sake of others. His hold upon his congregation was the grip of a giant; his throne in the confidence of men was undisputed and life-long. I knew him when, a boy of 16, he was at his father's home in Petersburg on his vacation, and his father was pastor, first at Washington Street church, and then at Market Street. I was a little boy of ten, and he called me by my home-name, "Gee Butts." When he and I met at Portsmouth as Pastors of neighboring churches I was, to him as always, "Gee Butts." And he made it his business to count me as his special charge. And I was proud of the place I held in his esteem. His friendship and his care of me were profitable to me in a thousand emergencies.

On the 3rd of July 1888, a pretty little girl baby

came to our home on 3rd Street. For six years no child had come to us, so, the birth of this one was as if some one had thrown open the shutters, flung up the curtain, and let in the sunshine long hoped for. She has grown to be a stately woman, the wife of Mr. Swepson A. Brock, of Oceana, and the mother of two very live children, a boy and a girl.

Before I get too far away from the Conference of 1887, there is an important historical fact that should be noted in this narrative. At the Conference of 1886, Rev. John T. Bosman, one of our most promising young men, who had just been ordained a Deacon and received into full connection, was sent to Newport News to take charge of the newly established work in the young town. He returned to the Conference of 1887 with the following report:—

Number of Members, 36. Number of Churches, 2 worth \$5,000.00; Preacher's Salary \$500.00, Presiding Elder \$60.00, and \$1,400.00 raised for Building purposes. The Mission Board paid him \$240.00.

He was returned to the Newport News Mission and came up to the Conference of 1888 with a fine report which showed the aggressive and constructive spirit of the man.

The Conference of 1888 met in Monumental Church, Portsmouth, Bishop Granbery Presiding. It was my first experience in the sublime(?) task of finding homes for the preachers and Delegates.

The Committee of entertainment at this ses-

sion had so much trouble getting homes that the question of "some other plan" was freely discussed on the floor of the conference, and the following preamble and resolutions offered by "W. W. Berry and J. P. Pettyjohn" was referred to a special Committee with instructions to report next day, and that "the subject be made the order of the day for 10 o'clock."

"Whereas, the grace of hospitality is commended of St. Paul, and in the sacred scriptures; and whereas, this blessed privilege ought to be participated in by all the churches; therefore,

1. Resolved, That the Joint Board of Finance be authorized to appoint annually a committee of five, two preachers and three laymen, of their own members or from the conference, to be called 'the Committee on Conference Sessions,' whose duty, in connection with the Board, shall be to select a place for the seat of the Conference, to secure railroad and hotel rates, and to receive and disburse funds raised for Conference expenses.

2. Resolved, That our ministers give occasion to each charge to contribute to the entertainment of the Conference, and that the sum of \$1,500.00 be raised and graded according to the Educational collection."

On motion of P. A. Peterson, the paper was referred to the following Committee: W. W. Berry, J. P. Pettyjohn, Richard Irby, J. J. Lafferty, T. McN. Simpson, A. C. Bledsoe, and Geo. C. Vander-slice.

On the next day, "Friday, Nov. 9th.," at 10 o'clock, the order of the day, the report of the special Committee on "Conference Entertainment," was taken up.

The Conference Annual says that "After much discussion the report of the Committee was adopted by a vote of 109 to 86."

This plan adopted then has been the plan of Conference Entertainment, practically, to this day. The Annual for the Conference of 1889, places the cost of that session at \$912.09. The Annual for 1921 places the cost of that session at \$7,565.15. Both sessions were held in the city of Richmond, Va. The comparison of cost is interesting; but he who can see at all can easily see why it is so. Board for 126 guests for eight days was paid at the session of 1889, while practically the entire Conference was fed and lodged for the 1921 session on the sum indicated above. And when we take into consideration the higher cost of living now the difference is almost negligible.

At this Conference of 1888, two of the "fathers" of the conference were reported in answer to Minute Question 19, "What preachers have died during the year?" Samuel T. Moorman and Wm. B. Rowzie. Both of these old men I had known for almost the whole of my life. They were infrequent visitors at "Roslin," the home of my grandfather, Rev. John Gregory Claiborne, in Brunswick county. Uncle Moorman joined the Conference in 1828, and Uncle Rowzie in 1826. My mother was a

child when Uncle Moorman first came to "Roslin" as a Junior preacher under John Wesley Childs on the old Brunswick circuit. My grandfather had just been converted, joined the Methodist church and licensed to preach, 1828. **The Virginia Conference met in Raleigh, N. C., Feb. 27th.** There are the dates and the facts. My mother was six years old. My grandfather was thirty. Uncle Rowzie was born in 1806, converted under the preaching of the Methodist preachers who travelled Hanover circuit in 1826, and joined Conference in 1829, at Lynchburg, Bishop Roberts, Presiding, and began his itinerant life on the Gloucester circuit. The records of the old Gloucester circuit have this entry:—"The first Quarterly Conference for 1829 was held at Bethlehem Meeting House, in Gloucester county, the 4th day of April. Lewis Skidmore is Presiding Elder, Samuel Harrell is Assistant elder, and William B. Rowzie is Helper." That is all, but it gives us the beginning of a long, faithful, useful, successful ministry. Dr. John E. Edwards in his memoir of Uncle Rowzie says, "No preacher among us ever had a clearer perception of the sinner's relation to God and His holy law, nor a clearer conception of the great doctrine of Justification by Faith, than he; and perhaps no preacher connected with the Virginia Conference ever preached this doctrine with more demonstrative effects and immediate results than he. The instances are not few in which conversions, clear and scriptural, occurred while he was preaching the

doctrine. He was wonderfully successful as a preacher in leading sinners to Christ." His remains lie buried in the old family burying ground near his birth-place in Middlesex county, where two or three generations of his kindred sleep. A cousin of Uncle Rowzie, Dr. Edward Rowzie, of Hanover county, married the sister of my wife's grandmother, a Miss Pleasants, of Louisa county.

It might be of interest to some to note that in answer to Question 1, "Who are admitted on Trial?" the following names, with the properly executed papers were reported:—James H. Moss, a local preacher of Mathews circuit; W. A. S. Conrad, a local preacher of Laurel St. Station, Richmond; Stonewall J. Brown, a local preacher of Floyd St. Station, Danville; Porter Hardy, a local preacher of Brunswick circuit; James Cannon, Jr., a local preacher of Chestnut St. (Berkeley) Station; and C. Rosser James, a local preacher of York circuit, and they were admitted. That's a brilliant group when critically examined from this end of the line. They have wrought well through all these years, one of the number having risen to the office of Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and is known throughout the nation as the man who has waged a successful war against the Traffic in Liquor as a beverage, being one of the most distinguished leaders in this battle.

It was at this session in Portsmouth that our Brother, Rev. D. J. Traynham had a good home with some very worthy people, and was enjoying

their bountiful and cheerfully bestowed hospitality. But the good lady of the house could not remember his name. This difficulty with a faulty memory troubled her, so she appealed to Brother Traynham to tell how to recall his name at the critical moment, for instance, how could she introduce him to visitors or call him to breakfast. Traynham said, "Now, sister, just think of a train of cars and a good Smithfield ham, and you will have no further trouble with my name." Next morning Brother Traynham was called to breakfast by the dear good old sister at the foot of the stairs in this form:—"Brother Carham, breakfast is ready!" And Brother Traynham answered to his new name without a protest.

When Conference adjourned the suggestion I made to Dr. Reed, the Presiding Elder, regarding the qualifications and merits of two promising youths out in the rural districts, was carried out to the letter, and the Conference was amazed at seeing these innocent, yet worthy, young men, drifting ashore on a high tide of unusual promotion, and landing safely in a snug harbor, each: W. H. Edwards floated in from Heathsville in Northumberland and anchored at McKendree, Norfolk, while R. H. Potts drifted in from Charlotte and tied up his craft at Asbury, Norfolk. The incident is referred to in the first chapter of this Narrative, and is only mentioned here to give it the chronological setting it deserves.

The Conference of 1889 met in Broad Street

church. Richmond, and some very promising lads came in at that season:—"Who are admitted on Trial?" Answer:—Leroy J. Phaup, Richard H. Bennett, E. V. Carson, John L. Bray, Munford S. Elliott, Jas. H. Pike, Elijah S. Gunn, Randolph T. Clarke, Wm. R. Proctor, and Arthur R. Goodchild, were recommended according to the requirement of the Discipline and admitted. Just read the names of the men in that list, and in the list received at the last Conference, and then read up on the story of the life of the owner of each name, and tell me, Didn't the Virginia Conference start some solid humanity **to the top of the hill** at these two sessions,—the hill up which the fellow in the school book was climbing, and screaming, 'Excelsior?'

Bishop Wilson presided at this Conference, Bishop Granbery being also present. I was returned to Wright Memorial for the third year.

An incident occurring during the year 1889 should not escape this record. I refer to the great North East storm of April 7th. The Atlantic ocean drove the waters of Hampton Roads all over the low streets of Portsmouth, Berkeley, and Norfolk. Gamage's Lime Ware House was flooded and caught fire, the great marsh between Portsmouth and South Portsmouth was flooded, the Atlantic and Danville Railway bridge was swept away, the Navy Yard was flooded and the Man of War "Pensacola" was sunk in the Dry Dock. The water was up over the bottom step of residences on

Harrison Street, between 3rd and 4th Sts., and up Fourth St., as far as the corner of Randolph. That Saturday night was an awful night in the history of the cities by the sea.

On the 9th of June while preaching in Dr. Edward's pulpit at Monumental, (he exchanging with me,) I was taken ill with Malarial Fever and did not get out to my pulpit again till July 14th, the brethren of the two cities and Berkeley supplying the preacher every Sunday. Their kindly attention to the sick man is remembered very gratefully to this hour. My people got some rich food during my enforced absence. When convalescent, a week spent at Judge Cashell's in Montgomery county, Md., restored my health and strength.

I was with Bro. E. E. Harrell in two very profitable meetings this year on the Newsom's circuit;—"New Hope" in August, and "Mt. Horeb" in September. Souls were converted and brought into the Church, and the people of God encouraged on every side. Harrell had a firm hold on the substantial folks in all that section, and did a great work for his Lord. The Holy Spirit, through his administration and ministry, removed a number of formidable obstructions to the movement of the Gospel of righteousness among the masses. He insisted upon "the perfect man, the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ" as the standard for Leaders and Stewards, as well as for the rank and file of the church membership. A healthy spiritual atmosphere pervaded the entire field of

his work. One of his officials placed me under obligations for material facts sustaining this view of Brother Harrell's worth to the community.

I was called upon in the summer of this year to preach the Commencement sermon at the close of the session of the Suffolk College, under the management of the Misses Finney. Bro. Francis J. Boggs was the Preacher in Charge of the First Church, Suffolk, at that time, and right royally did he use me, although my Host was the College management. He had been my Presiding Elder in the Middlesex circuit in 1885, and "the tie that binds" still held us firm in the grip of a strong attachment. Our eldest grls, Mary Claiborne and Anna Maria Waller, were pupils at the College, and it was his pleasure and that of his devoted family, to give them special attention. He had not forgotten the children who played around his knees a few years back in Saluda.

Providence Church at Runnell's station (now called Oceana,) on the Virginia Beach Railway, in the Princess Anne circuit, was dedicated to the worship of God August 11, 1889. I preached at the morning hour. There was a great crowd, and great joy that after nearly three years the work had reached this crowning service.

I think it was in the summer of 1890 that Dr. J. C. Reed and I had the pleasure of a memorable trip through the Albemarle & Chesapeake Canal, (an inland waterway connecting the Southern branch of Elizabeth river with the North river,) on

board the side wheel steamer "Bonito." This majestic craft was used for the transportation of passengers and freight from Norfolk to the landings on Currituck Sound as far south as "Church Branch" in North Carolina. The route lay up the Southern branch of the Elizabeth river, thence through the above mentioned canal to the head of North river. thence down that narrow but deep stream out into Currituck Sound, touching at North Landing, West's Neck, Munden Point, Knott's Island, and so on till night overtook the boat, then she spent the night and made the trip back to Norfolk next day, if the Captain and crew felt like doing so. Dr. Reed was on his way to the Quarterly Conference of the South Princess Anne circuit to be held at Wash Woods chapel, on the beach opposite Knott's Island. I was on my way to join my family, spending the month at No. 6 Life Saving Station, on the invitation of the big-hearted and big-bodied Captain, Malichi Corbell. We ate a hearty breakfast in Portsmouth early that morning, and such forethought was vindicated by the experience of the day. When midday arrived we were still going down the zigzag current of the North river. Very unexpectedly dinner was announced. We had seen no signs of the approaching feast. We did not know there was a dining-room on the boat. Certainly the dinner would not be served in the saloon, for that was not large enough for more than five passengers to move about in unless the big, fat female cook stayed out. We followed our

guide, and she led us forward of the cook-room to a room, large enough for two men the size of Dr. Reed and me to enter carefully and sit perfectly still; and there she served our dinner spread out upon a table adjusted to the side of the wall. We had coffee which had seen its best days when quietly sleeping in a bag somewhere. Then we had stewed beef served in what seemed to be the steamer's wash bowl. We were mistaken about this, for, upon inquiry, we learned that the steamer had no wash bowl! that if any of the passengers desired a bath before eating, a rope was attached to the aforesaid passenger's waist, and, while the other end was held in the strong grip of a dusky deck-hand, the unclean traveller would hang over-board, and bathe himself freely in the cypress stained waters of the placid stream. This information brought us peace of mind for we had long ago decided, that, in view of our surroundings, it would be entirely needless to bathe.

Dr. Reed and I pitched into the stewed beef, but accomplished very little. It was too tough a subject for discussion, therefore we tackled the stew in which the beef was stewed, but that was too thin: so we gave up that, and tried the coffee: but we could easily see through that piece of deception. We paid our quarter for the dinner, complimented the flavor of the pepper and salt, and went out on deck for fresh air. Luckily for us, there were two watermelons exposed to view. We bought one, cut it in half, and settled down to busi-

ness. The sun went down as we turned eastward into the channel which carried our **tub** to the wharf at Knott's Island, and we landed at dark. A boat awaited us, and we were at the Life Saving Station within an hour and a half.

Next morning was Saturday. I awoke with a raging headache, and about the worst attack of indigestion a poor preacher ever had. My digestive machinery got on a rampage, because I had sent a few pieces of that beef down there to be ground up. Every part of that machine went on a strike. The dust kicked up by the row inside of me sent the fumes of failure up into my brain, turned me giddy as the dancer of the fox trot, and it was thirty-six hours before I could open my eyes and look up at the ceiling without the sensation of feeling that the house would topple over.

In the meantime, Dr. Reed had been up to the chapel, held his Quarterly Conference, gotten through with preaching service, and was on Knott's Island ready for the Sabbath services.

My family consisting of six children, my wife, and Miss Lee Harris, returned to Portsmouth after a month's outing on the sand dunes around False Cape, much refreshed and improved in health and spirits. We had carried our own provisions, except such as could be easily purchased from the housekeepers around the Station, and were at charges to no one except for our lodging in the most substantial house we had ever occupied. And this we were charged to keep scrupulously clean,

because that was the law of the United States Government. The Captain could not have selected a more careful hand at this than my wife, and the girls made the keeping of that rule a matter of conscience.

While convalescent from the protracted illness to which I referred on page 83, a most distressing event occurred in my congregation, and I was in no condition physically to go to the help of the dear family which was bereaved. The wife of our young brother, Charlie McLean, was prostrated by what proved to be a fatal illness. Four days before her death she gave birth to a splendid boy. When she passed away, knowing that I could not summon strength sufficient to take me through the testing task of conducting the funeral services, I wired for the old Pastor and friend, Rev. W. H. Atwill, at Clay Street church, Richmond. On the day of the funeral, with the consent of my physician, Dr. Hope, I yielded to the urgent request of Bro. McLean and his wife's family, to come to the house and baptize the little babe at the side of the coffin in which lay the lifeless body of the beautiful little mother who had given him life. I sat in a chair and held the little boy in my arms, sprinkled the clean water upon his head, a symbol of that innocence of soul which made him a type of believer's purity, and prayed a merciful God to spare his precious life, and if in His infinite Wisdom, He would in due time count the child worthy of a place in the Ministry of the New Testament Church,

the desire of all hearts in the family would be fulfilled. I prayed thus because the dear young mother, lying there cold in death, had been one of our most useful members, a Teacher in the Sunday School, very influential with the young of both sexes; and it seemed but proper for us all, in the church and in that stricken home, to desire that the work his mother had to lay down should be taken up by this boy when he had become a man. When Frank E. H. McLean was received into the Travelling Connection on Trial at the Conference session at Salisbury, Maryland, in November, 1911, in the presence of his step-grandfather, and his father, and the pastor who had sent the fervent prayer to Heaven twenty-two years before, we all felt that God does answer prayer when offered in the scriptural form. The young man yet lives, but in health not very strong, with a good wife, and a babe (or two, perhaps). The wife is a daughter of brother Russell Dawson, and a grand-daughter of one of the representative men in the Methodist Church of thirty years ago,—Brother J. H. Dawson, of precious memory.

Late in the summer of 1890, Rev. Dr. J. Powell Garland, P. E. of the Richmond District, stopped at Bro. Geo. L. Neville's in Portsmouth on his way home in Richmond, from the Mathews Quarterly Conference, and sent a note over to my parsonage on Harrison Street, requesting my presence at Brother Neville's; the messenger adding, "He wants to see you on important business." I found

him in the dining room enjoying a rest in the midst of that hospitable, cultured and Christian family. In a few moments the family withdrew, and left Dr. Garland and myself alone. He opened the interview by saying that he had "heard" that I "desired to take up circuit work again." I told him that he had heard the correct story. Then said he, "I want you for the Mathews circuit, but I will not ask the Bishop to send you there without your consent." I expressed my cordial appreciation of his interest in me, gave my consent, and that ended our very pleasant interview.

As the time for the Conference session in Lynchburg approached I perfected all my arrangements for the move. Numbers of my friends in my congregation and in the city expressed their regret at my going, and insisted on my remaining to the end of my term, one year more. But I thought I had better "go while the going was good." I had noticed that some of my dear brethren in the Virginia Conference did not know when "going is good:" hence, I have known of some who moved when **no one wept.**

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE CONFERENCE OF 1890 AND MATHEWS.

The Conference of 1890 met in the city of Lynchburg, Wednesday, Nov. 12th, and continued in session from day to day till Monday night, Nov. 17th. Bishop R. K. Hargrove in the Chair.

Paul Whitehead was Secretary, with P. A. Peterson, S. S. Lambeth, and A. C. Berryman, Assistants.

By the action of the General Conference in May, 1890, that portion of the Murfreesboro District made up of Murfreesboro, Garysburg, Northampton, Meherrin, Bertie, Harrellsville, Dare, and Kitty Hawk Mission was transferred to the North Carolina Conference, and the following brethren serving these charges were transferred with the territory:—F. M. Edwards, T. J. Bayton, C. W. Cain, and John M. Campbell. The following brethren transferred with the territory at the same time, were transferred back to our Conference at their request:—N. J. Pruden, W. H. Riddick, and R. H. Mullen. At the Conference of 1891 F. M. Edwards and T. J. Bayton were transferred back to us and a few years later C. W. Cain and John M. Campbell came back by the same route. With the transfer of the charges named above the old Murfrees-

boro District ceased to exist, and "Suffolk District" became the title of the territory left, with the following charges added to make up for the loss:—South Norfolk circuit and Smithfield and Benn's from the Norfolk District, and Surry circuit and Isle of Wight circuit from the Petersburg District.

At this Conference Dr. W. W. Royall is transferred to the West Virginia Conference and Stonewall J. Brown to the Southwest Missouri, and our dear young Brother, Willie O. Waggener to the East Columbia Conference. Our brother R. O. Payne locates in order to join the East Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Heckman, Rawlings, W. B. Jett, and Garner were admitted on Trial, and Maxey, McFaden and Rowe were ordained Elders.

The dead this year were from our choice men, as usual. Read these names, J. H. Crown, a prince among men; J. S. R. Clarke, bulky in body and brain; B. F. Woodward, "the Asaph of the Conference choir;" Alfred Wiles, the gentle and faithful friend; T. L. Williams, the scholarly preacher and successful pastor.

A strange thing was done in the cabinet at this session of the Conference; the name of the "Randolph Macon" District was changed to "Northern Neck" District! How it happened it would be unwise to inquire, but an act which contradicted the geography of the State was soon corrected, and the natural name for that work, lying on both sides of

the Rappahannock river, was bestowed at the session of 1891, and the District has borne the name "Rappahannock" District to this date.

The following changes were made in the boundaries of certain Districts, to wit: Two Districts were formed out of the old Richmond District, the dividing line falling somewhere between 5th and 10th Streets, the territory west taking the name of West Richmond, and that east retaining the old name. Mathews and West Mathews were transferred from the Richmond District to the so-called "Northern Neck" District, and Williamsburg, York and Newport News were transferred from the Eastern Shore District and East King and Queen from the said "Northern Neck" District to the old Richmond. Other changes were made in the general shaking up growing out of the formation of the West Richmond, but these were all outside of the region in which I was operating, and therefore are omitted from this story.

Bishop Granbery had just returned from a visit to our Mission field in Brazil, and was present at this session of his old Conference. Hence a paper offered by Dr. A. G. Brown, and signed by himself, Paul Whitehead, J. A. Peterson, Louis L. Marks, J. Powell Garland, B. F. Lipscomb, Littleton Cockrell, Geo. C. Vanderslice, W. E. Judkins, E. B. Brown, Geo. L. Neville, and W. W. Vicar, was most timely and appropriate, and "was adopted by a unanimous rising vote:—"

"Resolved, 1st, That the safe return of Bishop

Granbery from his long and perilous visit to our Missions in Brazil, and his providential presence at this session of his old Conference, gives us sincere personal pleasure and fills our hearts with profound gratitude to our Heavenly Father."

When the appointments were read I was so busy taking them for the "Norfolk Landmark" that I did not hear my own name read for the Mathews circuit, nor for any other work. I was listening with my pencil instead of with my ears! I had beaten Bro. Wm. P. Wright in a race to the Telegraph office; (he was writing for the "Norfolk Virginian"); as soon as he entered with his notes for the wire, I asked him if he could tell me where I had been sent. When he said "Mathews; didn't you know?" I replied, "Yes, I knew it two months ago, but I have been waiting for the Bishop to say it."

I watched Wm. E. Evans, as he sat up close to the chancel in old Centenary that night, in a chair brought in for the occasion, the house being densely crowded, awaiting the long-prayed-for moment when Bishop Hargrave would throw that luscious plum, "Granby Street, Norfolk," right into his outstretched hand! I saw him catch it: smile; swallow it: and then grow indifferent as the other plums fell to other men, but none so sweet as this! The taste did not abide! James Cannon, Jr., returns to "Newport News," with the word "Mission" eliminated from the charge, and E. H. Rawlings goes to "Ashland and Ashland Mission," with

"One to be supplied." W. B. Jett strikes out across the country for "Marvin Grove," a new circuit right around there in the old territory once covered by the "Richmond circuit." Heckman hits the hill country on the "Snow Creek Mission," while Garner goes to "Montross," the training ground for many an itinerant recruit, where the legal giants got my measure in '71, and the big folks listened with prayerful patience to my slazey, but sincere, sermons through two trying (to them) years.

'Twas good to sit there and watch the boys go out into the night **that** night, "not knowing whither" they were going. A man, clothed with authority by the church to do that thing, had said "Go." To these boys, as it had been with hundreds of us before, it was the voice of Heaven! They had prayed, as many before them had done, for the spirit of obedience; the prayer was answered that night: so they went in the name of the Lord, and returned a year afterward with the flush of triumph on cheek and brow, for they had won victories in His name!

I returned to Portsmouth and marked my packed stuff "Williams Wharf," and then set out to tell my people at Wright Memorial "Farewell." Here I found myself "up against it" sure enough. John Carroll was my successor, and I spoke a good word for him all around, but after that I had to say, "Goodbye." In street after street, and house after house I found them "sorry I was going," "didn't

know I was going till they saw it in the paper." till actually I got sorry myself. There were some who didn't say much either one way or the other. I did not press the matter with these, neither did I prolong the interview. I carefully refrained from extended conversations with this class, hence I could truthfully say, (had any inquisitive preachers asked me,) "No, I heard no one say they were glad I was leaving." Brethren of the Virginia Conference, do not talk to "**one too many**" folks when you are leaving a charge: some folks will stick to the habit of telling the truth. Pick your crowd, then "push in your question punch," and you will leave with tears of regret, to be followed by smiles of gratitude that the Good Lord led you to talk to the right persons.

When I asked George Wray at Central if he thought the time had come for me to leave, George said, "Yes, by all means, Butts; you have been at Wright Memorial too long already; get out and go." But I did not take George seriously, because I had been bleeding his congregation, and he did not like that sort 'er thing, neither would you. So I went to Dr. Willie Edwards for his opinion, and he replied, without a moment's hesitation, "No, Gee Butts, I am sorry you did not ask me before Garland got hold of you. You know I've got to have somebody I can abuse when the notion strikes me; and I have thoroughly enjoyed having you to use in that way. You take it as a matter of course, so no harm came of it. But now I am at a loss to

know which way to turn to find a providentially adjusted punch bag. John Carroll will not stand it, neither will George Wray. Farewell." And I left him in much sorrow.

**Thanksgiving, November, 1890**, witnessed my departure from the Harrison Street rented house, and the removal of the furniture to the newly purchased parsonage on Randolph St. between 3rd and 4th Sts. At Williams' Wharf, on East river in Mathews county, a goodly company of people met us with conveyances to convey us and our multitudinous packages to the parsonage at the Court House Village. It was located in a spacious lot on the other side of the head-waters of what is known as "Put In" creek, commonly called "**Puddin creek**" by citizens careless of the refinements of good society and the rules of classic English. The dinner served by our new friends was one never to be forgotten. It measured up to the standard set for all Thanksgiving dinners, and went beyond. Besides the turkey and his "accoutrements," there were the best oysters the county boasted of, served raw, stewed and fried. It would have done your heart good could you have witnessed the interest those children manifested in turkey and oysters which had not seen a city market house. Then, after they romped over the big yard, and inspected the creek with its promises for summer sport, they got a big supper and went to sleep, some of them at the table, others in the chamber, and those able to climb the stairs found

the room up there, and were soon "asleep in the arms of morphine," as a very self-important acquaintance of mine in Westmoreland used to say. He it was who said that "Mrs. Hemans was the noticeable **author** of that most eloquent saying, 'Judge not that ye be not **a judge.**' "

But hold on: I think I was in the Mathews parsonage when the above interruption was interjected. I will resume the narrative at that point. When the good friends had taken their departure late in the afternoon, wife and I commenced an investigation to find out "the damage." The pantry was filled with good things for the inside of folks, and the woodyard was piled up with the thing needed to keep out the cold. The stable had no horse, but there was enough for a reasonable horse for many weeks. We were "at home" as we had a habit of being through eighteen years of married life; and were satisfied!

My circuit comprised five churches, namely:—"Central," in the parsonage yard; "Salem," in "The Havens," a section north east of the village, "Bethel," in the "Garden Creek" and "Winter Harbor" section, "Point Comfort," six miles, and "Beulah" two miles farther down the road, in the section known as New Point, with Mobjack Bay on the west and Chesapeake Bay on the east. In fact, Chesapeake Bay was on the east of the entire work, with Mobjack Bay on the south and west, and East river on the west. The Cricket Hill section of the West Mathews circuit was on the north. My charge

in shape, resembled a scientifically trimmed Southampton ham, and it was as delightful a field to work as the said ham usually is to the taste. This was my judgment after going around the circuit once.

The history of **three** of these churches dates back to the Quarterly Conference of the **Gloucester circuit** held at "Shackelford's Meeting House. Dec. 15, 1810. The three churches mentioned are "**Point Comfort,**" "**Bethel,**" and **Billups's,** later called "**Salem.**" Thos. Logan Douglass was Presiding Elder, John Ballew was Preacher in Charge, and Joseph C. Bell was Helper. The Quarterly Conference of August 30, 1811, was held at "Bethel." Two names appear on the record, that of "Thomas Lilly, Local Preacher," and "John Thomas, a Class Leader." I found the descendants of these two men living, the Lillys at Salem, and the Thomases in Point Comfort. Rev. Thomas Cooper, Junior Preacher, or "Helper" as he is called, presided. At the next Quarterly Conference held at "Shackelford's Chapel, the Presiding Elder is still Thos. Logan Douglass, and the Preacher in Charge is named Hezekiah McClelland, with the same Brother Cooper as Junior." At the Quarterly Conference held at "Providence Camp-meeting, September 3rd, 1812," Humphrey Billups, Thos. Lilly, and John Thomas are present from churches in this section, and Humphrey Billups is Licensed to preach. He died May the 30th 1871, a Superannuated member of our Conference, and his Mem-

oir was read at the Portsmouth session in November of that year. It was my first year in the itinerancy and I must have been present at the service. At the next Quarterly Conference, held at Olive Branch, Dec, 12th, "Richard Billups is recommended to the Annual Conference for Deacon's orders." He was from Salem neighborhood.

The writer obtained from good old sister Stoakes, mother of Brother Walter Stoakes at Salem, the following incident illustrative of the "good old times." She was a young girl on her way to Quarterly Conference up in Gloucester county, with her father perhaps. At Church Branch they overtook Bro. Henry Fleet going that way also. She asked him if he had collected much for the preacher that quarter. He replied that he "had collected 87 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cents, and paid most of that myself."

Here is the financial report from the three churches on my present charge made at the Quarterly Conference held at Mt. Zion, June 21st 1817. Read it, ye Mathews saints, and think of your beginnings:—Billups's \$2.87 $\frac{1}{2}$ , (that was Salem,) Bethel \$7.68, and Point Comfort \$6.48. I might add for the entertainment of the West Mathews brethren that Mathews Chapel paid in at the same meeting \$2.50, and Providence \$3.87 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Another Quarterly Conference is held in the bounds of the present charge at "Bethel, June 12th 1819." Edward Cannon is Presiding Elder, Samuel Garrard is the Preacher and Geo. Chesley is Junior.

I discovered in these old Gloucester records (preserved so carefully by Bro. Jefferson Stubbs, a steward at Bellamy's church,) an important item showing when the first move was authorized by the Quarterly Conference to erect a church in "The Havens." Here is a paper adopted by the Quarterly Conference held at "Shackelford's Chapel Sept. 22, 1821, Edward Cannon, P. E., Caleb Leach, Preacher, and Wm. Eastwood, Deacon."

"We appoint the following persons, to-wit: John Billups, Wm. A. Billups, Jos. Knight, George Forrest, John Forrest, Wickham Billups, Augustine Diggs, William Brooks, and Bailey Diggs as Trustees of a meeting-house to be built in the neighborhood of Richard Billups' for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church." Humphrey Billups was the Secretary of that Quarterly Conference.

Here is a record which must go into this narrative for obvious reasons. The Presiding Elder is Caleb Leach at the Quarterly Conference held at Olive Branch, in Gloucester county, August 21, 1824. The Junior, Chas. Witherspoon, is also present, but the Preacher in Charge, Samuel Cushen, had died since the last Quarterly Conference, and here is the note bearing upon that sad event:—"Paid by consent of the stewards to James W. Howard, expenses for carrying Sister Cushen home \$5.00. Paid John P. March for making Brother Cushen's coffin \$10.00. Cash in hand to pay in part Dr. Shepherd's bill against Brother Cushen

\$10.52. Paid for wine for Brother Cushen while sick \$1.00."

Rev. Samuel Cushen died near Mathews Court house in July, 1824, and his body lies buried in the cemetery in the field in the rear of the residence of Bro. Walter R. Stoakes, in Milford Haven, near Salem Church. He left a widow and one child, a little girl, who married Jas. E. Jones, a prominent official in the Methodist Church in King George county, Va., and became the mother of the first Mrs. Alexander Pratt, Mrs. Chas. Robinson, Mrs. Charles Pollard of Baltimore, Md., Mrs. Taylor Rollins, Mrs. John T. Payne of our Conference, and Frank Jones, Esq., of King George. Cushen's widow later married a Mr. Johnson, of King George county. Mrs. John T. Payne was named "Ellen Cushen" for this, her grandfather.

The First Quarterly Conference for 1825 was held at Providence church April 23rd, and the following members from this section of the work were present:—Humphrey Billups, William A. Billups, Armistead Stewart, Caleb Hudgins, John Thomas, Joseph White, Thos. Hunley, Augustine Diggs, and John Forrest. At the next Quarterly Conference William Lane is made one of the Parsonage Trustees. The Fourth Quarterly Conference for 1828 was held at Bethel. The Fourth Quarterly Conference for 1829 was held at Billups' Meeting-house in Milford Haven, Mathews county, Nov. 14th," and is the first Quarterly Conference ever

held at that point. Lewis Skidmore is P. E., Samuel Harrell is Preacher in charge, and William B. Rowzie is the Junior preacher. The Fourth Quarterly Conference for 1830 was held at "Point Comfort Meeting-house, in November, but the exact date is not given. The preachers are Lewis Skidmore, P. E., George A. Bain is Preacher in Charge and Robert I. Carson is Junior." This is the first time the Quarterly Conference had ever met in Point Comfort. Humphrey Billups is recommended to the Annual Conference for Elder's orders.

I have traced the history back thus far in order that we may get at the very beginning of the work in this region. As far back as 1810 the record is plain, beyond that we have very little on which to rely. But the travelling preachers had been through Milford Haven, Garden Creek and Winter Harbor sections, and then down into Point Comfort with the Gospel, so that the seeds of Methodism are carefully sown in Mathews from Church Branch, on the borders of Gloucester, to the end of the Neck in Point Comfort one hundred and ten years ago. At a Quarterly Conference held in "Point Comfort Aug. 15th 1831," I noticed these names in addition to those already given indicating the survival of Methodist stock:—Thos. Banks, Geo. Ianson, Bartlett Gayle, and William Brownley.

Now we come to an epoch in the history of Methodism in this region. At the Third Quarterly Conference "held at Bellamy's, the 22nd day of

August 1839, Henry B. Cowles, P. E., Jas. McDonald, P. C.," the following resolution was adopted:—

“Resolved that the Parsonage Fund be equally divided between the Mathews and Gloucester circuits, and that John Summerson be appointed our agent to receive from their agent our portion of the fund.”

It appears from this that Mathews circuit was organized and set apart in 1839, and was composed of Mt. Zion, Mathews Chapel, Providence, Billups', Bethel and Point Comfort. This is the record. But it seems that the act of separation was not pleasing to our Mathews brethren, for they sent up a request to the Fourth Quarterly Conference of the Gloucester circuit, held at Bethlehem, Oct. 16, 1841, “asking that arrangements be made for re-uniting the two circuits:” “but the Gloucester brethren” “returned the paper to the Mathews brethren with the statement that Gloucester is satisfied with the present arrangement.”

However, the Gloucester brethren recanted, as the following, adopted at the “2nd Quarterly Conference held at Salem church, Gloucester circuit, on Saturday the 28th day of May, 1842,” proves.

“It being known that considerable dissatisfaction has been created in said (Mathews) circuit by an alteration made in the circuit at the Conference held in 1839, when Mathews and one appointment in Gloucester was cut off and was established into a separate circuit, and against the wishes thereof, It is resolved that we respectfully

solicit and petition the Presiding officer who may preside at the next Virginia Conference to reunite Mathews and Gloucester into one circuit, and do also request Brother G. M. Keesee, our Presiding Elder, and Brother Askew, our Preacher in Charge, to use their best endeavors to effect the same."

The Bishop, (Waugh) presiding at the Annual Conference held in Petersburg, Va., November, 1842, granted the request contained in the above paper, and re-united the circuits. At the First Quarterly Conference for the re-united work, held at Bellamy's Feb. 13, 1843, a re-organization of the Board of Stewards was had, and the following from Mathews were elected:—Wm. M. Brownley from Point Comfort, John Hudgins from Bethel, and Bartlett Gayle from Providence. The Preachers are Joseph Lear and Allen Carner.

This re-united plan was tried only one year,—scarcely that,—for at the "Third Quarterly Conference for the year 1843, held at Providence church in Mathews county, (date not given) "The following preamble and resolution were moved and adopted without a dissenting voice."

"To the Bishop who may preside at the next Virginia Annual Conference to be held in Richmond:

Whereas, we the official members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, since the reunion of the Gloucester and Mathews circuits find that the said union does not answer the end anticipated, and

that it would be much better both for the ministers and people that the circuit be again separated,

Therefore, resolved, that we most respectfully and earnestly request the Bishop who may preside at the next Annual Conference to re-divide the present Gloucester circuit."

Bishop Morris presided over the Conference of 1843 held in Richmond, and Mt. Zion, Mathews chapel, Providence, Billups', Bethel, and Point Comfort were the second time in three years, made a circuit called the MATHEWS CIRCUIT, and the arrangement stood.

The records of the Mathews circuit from the time of its formation in 1843 to 1870 are not within my reach, but from the latter year to the time of my appointment to the charge in 1890 I have the Annuals, kindly furnished me by friends at my request through the Advocate. From these I learn that the circuit is yet on the Richmond District, Leroy M. Lee, P. E., and F. M. Edwards, Preacher in Charge. That Brother Edwards is succeeded in 1870 by Alfred Wiles who remains three years. Dr. Lee remained on the District four years and is succeeded by D. P. Wills, and Brother Wiles by Alex. M. Hall, who remains two years, with W. H. Atwill, as Junior in the second year. Wm. G. Williams follows for one year, W. C. Vaden three years, with Dr. Lee, P. E., again for three years. At the Conference of 1877 the West Mathews circuit is formed by cutting off Mathews Chapel, Providence and Emanuel, from

the Mathews circuit, and probably with Gwynn's Island added. W. W. Royall is the first pastor. Geo. C. Vanderslice succeeds Bro. Vaden on the old Mathews circuit in November, 1879, and is followed by J. Carson Watson in November, 1882, E. M. Peterson in November, 1884, Jas. O. Moss in November, 1887, and D. G. C. Butts in November, 1890. Dr. Sledd was Presiding Elder two years, succeeding Dr. Lee in the fall of 1880, and was succeeded by Dr. Paul Whitehead in November, 1882, and he by Dr. J. P. Garland in 1886.

In the fall of 1890 both of the Mathews circuits were shifted over to the (so-called) Northern Neck District, and Wm. E. Payne is Presiding Elder.

It will be seen from this record that the men who served the circuit up to 1890 were men of no mean ability. And the character of the work they had done indicated, if nothing else did, the fact that it was the standing aim of the Bishops to send skilled, consecrated, faithful ministers to this important field. Hence the Mathews circuit had long been recognized among the preachers of the Virginia Conference as a first class charge. So, when I arrived on the field and took in the character of the work, as indicated in the size of the congregations, the spirituality of the leaders, and their standing among the citizenship of the county, I saw my utter insufficiency to meet the demands upon me without an especial endowment of Divine grace: and I threw myself upon the Divine mercy at once, and cried to Heaven for help. My prayer

was answered, for I never entered upon the business of visiting my people, and preaching on Sunday with such zeal and confidence in the grace of God, and the joy in the daily tax upon me, as I did that December day in 1890 when I "entered into the labors" of the worthy men whom I had been appointed to follow. And at every church I found a God-fearing and faithful band of leaders who pledged the new preacher support, sympathy, co-operation, and prayer to God for His blessing on my pastorate.

At Salem there was Walter Stoakes, devoted to his church, "knowing and loving the Methodist doctrine and discipline," true to his pastor because he was his pastor, a leader among his people, prayerful, sincere, calm in emergencies, wise in dealing with the backward, inventive of means and measures for carrying on the work, the preacher's right hand man in every case where a mediator was needed between the pulpit and the pew. His dear old mother, Mrs. Harriet Stoakes, was the light that shined for him on all problems, the hand that guided him in all he sought to do for his church and community. She had been blind for a long time, but the word of God was open to her, and her feet walked steadily in the pathway of holiness. She was President of the Ladies Aid Society for the circuit, and did as much work for it with her own hands as many who were blessed with unhindered vision. She was very necessary to me in scores of instances when wisdom, and patience,

and prudence, and firmness were taxed almost beyond the limit. She looked upon me as her special charge, and placed all the treasures of her consecrated life on deposit payable to the order of my constant need. It was her joy to entertain the preachers in her home. Presiding Elders and pastors had a room under that hospitable roof, and a seat at the table at meal-time, and the horse a stall and abundant feed. She had adopted at various times during her long life, homeless children, and gave them the careful, Christian training of a God-fearing mother, and a fireside welcome which destroyed the feeling of servitude in the growing boy or girl. It was told the writer by more than one person in that section that not one of these boys or girls, brought up at her footstool and witnessing her example of fidelity to her Lord, had disappointed her in after life. She was successful with the most unpromising cases.

She often reminded me of Oliver Mead, Sr., in Brunswick near my childhood's home. He was a great fiddler. When called upon he could play his violin on any number of strings from one to six: it made no difference to him; he asked that the violin have one string, and he would play his tune on that, while an astonished audience sat and listened. So with Sister Stoakes and her charges, whether they were her own four daughters and son, or the waifs picked up for the Lord's sake; she got the right tune out of any life that fell to

her care. She only asked that the child had a faculty that she could touch with her skilled hand.

At Bethel was the largest number of men who prayed in public I have seen in any one congregation anywhere. It was a large congregation with a large membership, and a noble band of men and women noted for their piety, their faithfulness, the clear understanding of the fundamentals of experimental religion. Elkana Diggs and Jack, Jethro Thomas, Oscar Hudgins and Oscar Hudgins again, Alex. Diggs, Laban Hudgins, Uncle Bailey Diggs, Ed. Owens, Billie Brooks, Anthony Hudgins, Renzi Brooks, and a host of others whose names I cannot now recall, constituted a solid front for righteousness, and opposing every evil thing. The preacher of a saving gospel felt himself sure of an Amen! and a shout ere he proceeded far in the delivery of his message. The impress of such a body of men and women on the community for godliness, as well as morality, was powerful. Of course, there was a small majority, as there is in every neighborhood, whose claim on the people's confidence lacked the commanding evidence of a sincere purpose to serve God. But these did not count when the great revival campaigns were in progress. And sinners easily detected the difference.

On that road leading from Winter Harbor to Port Haywood, is the old home of Sands Smith, Clerk of the County in my day. Near by is the home of Colie Borum, whose wife was a Smith. At

Port Haywood Charles H. Hudgins and Thomas Hudgins, (Long Tom) kept stores. Here, also was the resting place for the ministers of the circuit. Two miles down the road in The Point as it was called, was Point Comfort Church. Two miles below this is Beulah Church. This whole eastern section of Mathews county, from Fitchett's Wharf in "The Havens" to Newpoint beach is a stronghold of the most faithful grade of Methodism. No other denomination has a family in all that region.

What I meant by saying that no other denomination has a family in all that region is this: such was the faithfulness of the first preachers in declaring the merit of the blood of Christ as the only remedy for the burdened sinner, no one going into that section recommending the high church nonsense of water, or gowns, or anything else, has ever been able to get a hearing. And it is so all over Mathews, and Gloucester, and everywhere else that I serve the Church as Pastor. That is the reason a holiness preacher gets a hearing among our people. Our folks are seeking higher ground: if a preacher comes along who says he can show them the way, some of the thoughtless and unwary, and most of the spiritual deficient will listen. When the sensible discover, that which others knew all the time, they acknowledge that they have been deceived, and come back. They have learned that Methodism teaches the highest standard of holiness; that it was born among a group of young men who were seeking the Highlands of Christian experi-

ence, and never rested till they found themselves "saved by the blood."

One of the first things that arrested my interest on the Mathews circuit was the need of two good church buildings:—one at Point church, and the other at Salem. The people rallied at both places to supply the need when I told them those buildings did not represent the people of the church correctly. I said moreover, that if a stranger travelling that way should judge the people by the kind of house in which they worshipped God, such a stranger would put them down where they did not rightly belong. That started them, and did not let up in their interest till "St. Paul's," supplanted the old "Point Comfort" church, and was dedicated by Rev. A. Coke Smith, D. D., then at Granby Street church, Norfolk, and the present large and comfortable building took the place of the old structure at "Salem." My plan for the roof at Salem was upset by a dear good old brother who changed the sharp roof that the plans called for, for the flat roof yet on the building, on the plea that a flat roof church was more in keeping with his ideas of "a solemn, religious building." I call no names: I only give the fact. The dedication service for Salem was conducted by Rev. F. M. Edwards, who was Preacher in charge of the big circuit in 1870.

Methodism was a strong force in Point Comfort in those days. Mrs. Chas. Hudgins at Port Haywood, one of "the salt of the earth," Ransome,

Foster, White, Enos, Capt. Smith, the Jameses, Gayle, Diggs, the father and mother of our dear brother Waller L. Hudgins at Central, Hampton, the Millers, Tom Borum and Bill Ransome, (gems, if there were ever such in trousers,) then further on down the road was Brooks, and Brooks again, Morgan, and Hudginses on the right and on the left all the way down till one gets past a Brooks and strikes a Hudgins in the New Point Light House! And there were Thomases down there: old brother John (Rock) Thomas, coming down to us from the olden times, telling of the revival days when the old time preachers won so many for the Lord in the old house that had been laid aside for the new one; and John William Thomas, the Keeper on "Wolf Trap" Light House in the great freeze of 1893, when the Chesapeake was frozen from shore to shore, and the Light House was carried away by the ice, and he was saved by the merciful intervention of Providence with a Tug Boat stuck fast three hundred yards away. He was a praying man, and Beulah needed him about that time, when "Speak-easys" prevailed in the Point, and the Church had to fight them at the Throne of Grace. And Rev. Geo. E. Thomas was there; the splendid Christian gentleman and popular Local Preacher, the Pastor's "right arm," the community's guide, and adviser, and standard in all good living and labors! Then there was Kirwan, Buck Armistead, (whose oysters, cultivated carefully in Horn Harbor, I have eaten at Murphy's in Rich-

mond,) and John Brownley. At Central, Dick Weston, the Richardson's, Tom Weston, the father of our Harry, (a small boy then, but now in the Conference with a wife,) Dick Foster and Capt. John Miles, and old brother Guion, the grandfather of Harry Weston, and father of Rev. W. H. Atwill's first wife. Down the creek near the rear of the Parsonage were the twin brothers, Carl and Marion White, just reaching a sturdy manhood, and their devoted aunts, the Misses Minter. Further down the creek, on a beautiful point looking out into creek and river, the faithful James sisters Misses Harriet and Laura, and their brother. But time would fail me to tell of others.

Outside of the Methodist Church we found some very valuable friends. There was the Sears family, Judge Taylor Garnett and his numerous and happy household, Dr. Hunley our family physician and his neighborly wife, Dr. Thos. B. Lane, and Geo. E. T. Lane, father and son of the old Virginia stock, noted for refined and generous hospitality, Mr. John B. Donovan, the skilled Attorney and conscientious Counsellor, the Millers, the Pughs, the Sibleys, and a score of others.

There is nothing better for a hard-working pastor to do, when he wants relaxation from the wearing tasks of regular work, than to get "outside" sometimes and hear what the other folks are thinking and talking about. The vigilant military officer reconnoiters the fields and forests to put himself in touch with the enemy's movements.

Such foresight saves him from the humiliation of surprise and possible defeat. This is not saying that people of other faiths, or no faith, are our enemies. It has probably not occurred to you that the thinkers in other faiths have confined their criticisms of Methodism to those phases of our faith which we have placed in our catalogue of **non-essentials**. So far have they kept away from attacking the fundamentals of our Creed, they have either incorporated these into their own statement of doctrine, or tacitly admitted the basic character of these principles, giving that as the reason for our marvellous growth, after centuries of vehement denial. Therefore a Methodist preacher can afford to go around on the outside sometimes if for nothing more than to learn that Methodism has always contended for "the faith once delivered to the saints," and has not wasted her consecrated energies in "beating the air." So I have frequently said to my congregations in these latter days, "Our Episcopal brethren say you have not an ordained ministry, scripturally authorized to administer the Sacraments; our Presbyterian brethren say you cannot be saved unless you are one of the elect; and our Baptist brethren say you have never been baptized; therefore, if 'the blood of Jesus Christ,' in answer to your trust in Him, has not 'saved' you from your sins, there is no hope for you."

Our brethren of other Churches have always, been very fraternal in their intercourse with me,

entertaining me in their homes, honoring me with their presence at the services of my church, and in many other ways showing their regard for me and my message. True, I found in some of my travels a fellow so ignorant of the fundamentals of Christianity that he would exclude from the Kingdom people of his own church who did not think as he did, and so narrow in his conception of the value of personal grace among such that no showers of grace from the visitation of the Holy Spirit could fall upon him, and remain on him long enough to wet the soil of his heart and make fruitful the seeds of truth sown there by some faithful disciple. But these were strangers to the power of the Gospel to set one free from the bondage of darkness, and did not appear to know that the Holy Land is not in America, and that the birthplace of Jesus is in Asia.

The enlargement of Bethel church became a crying need during the third year of my pastorate. It was a very easy matter to accomplish such a work with the kind of men and women who gave me their support. A more devoted and enthusiastic body of people I had not found in all the past of my ministry. Some, of course, would endorse nothing unless they originated and headed the movement, but as their movement was either backward, or a-standstill, I selected my leaders from the consecrated and progressive element, and the church, with its face to the sunrise, moved

forward at a word from this preacher, and the work was done and paid for.

The annual gathering of the churches on the circuit at the great Tabernacle for a ten-days' revival service was a well-established and profitable institution when I went to the circuit in November, 1890. I think Rev. Wesley C. Vaden was the father of the plan; or, perhaps it was founded during his term on the charge. The multitude came from all parts of the two Mathews circuits. The dinners were abundant, substantial, good for digestion, with no attempt at show. The preaching was done by the Preachers in Charge, and frequently by visiting ministers. The spiritual strengthening of the membership and the salvation of sinners was definitely set forth as the purpose of the meeting. Anything that failed to contribute to this end was cast aside as harmful and hindering. The old time Methodist hymns and the deeply spiritual and fervent prayers offered by laymen whose deeds illustrated the soundness of their profession were the forces used to give point to the pulpit message. Results were not always to the hopes of either the ministry or the laity, yet good was always done and the triumphant Christ was glorified.

There was one thing which counteracted the holy influence of that meeting and of Christianity in general throughout that county more than anything else, namely: the custom of the Old Dominion Steamship Company to run an excursion

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steamer to East river during the summer, and especially whilst that meeting was in progress. Every Sunday crowds of vehicles met the boat at Williams' Wharf. Scores of Norfolk people, former residents of Mathews, took advantage of the low rates to "come home" for the day. Many quasi church-people who only needed an excuse for evil-doing, and many others who gloried in their irreligious principles, flocked to the wharf in the morning to meet their friends, and flocked back to the wharf in the afternoon to see them off; thus throwing to the winds the teaching of the fathers and the sanctity of God's holy day. A community that yields to the temptation to disregard the Divine law of the Sabbath upon any pretext whatsoever, must pay the price at last in a decadent moral sense among the younger generation of the time. And Mathews has not failed to reap a harvest of this sort.

Rev. Wm. E. Payne, Presiding Elder of the Rappahannock District at this time was one of our most successful circuit preachers before his promotion to this office in the Church. He had filled acceptably every charge since his admission on Trial in 1869. He was a good preacher, following the hortatory method. His sermons were not ornate, nor constructed with the skill of a scholar. Without the training of our schools, he was a full graduate of the "Horse-back University," depending upon a careful and prayerful reading of the Bible of his mother, and the Methodist Standards.

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as indicated in the Discipline and the Hymn Book. He was a man of stalwart frame, robust, and the picture of health. He prayed much, and had power with God and men. His prayers in the family, as well as in the great congregation, were fervent appeals inspired by the Spirit in a heart conscious of a sincere purpose to leave the time and method of the answer to the God of wisdom and love. I have often thought that he adopted Rev. Wm. F. Bain as a model, for they were as near alike in this respect as any two men I ever knew. He was at ease in any home, perfectly natural, wearing his everyday manhood and simplicity because they suited his idea of a minister's responsibility, and had never learned how to adjust to his person the uncomfortable squeeze of that other thing known as "put on for the occasion." Hence he was a man of influence among sensible people: his person and spirit commanded respect. The office of Presiding Elder was not injured by this occupant, nor did his brethren smile the sickly smile of pity at the coming and the going of this Apostle of simplicity, as at the movements of a smaller man with louder pretensions. He was not whimsical, nor impulsive, nor erratic, nor obstinate; neither was he a dreamer or a coward. He would fight when the need arose, not with fist nor scurrilous tongue, (he had more invincible weapons than these,) and make amends when clearly convinced of a mistake. He was never guilty of knowingly inflicting a wrong upon another. He was too pure in heart to contend for

a blunder for fear of the charge of inconsistency. The blunder might harm another; he feared nothing for himself: his case was in the hands "of a faithful Creator." His administration was impartial, sensible, helpful to his younger brethren, and firm. He went from the Rappahannock to the Charlottesville District at the Conference of 1894, sent from the session in Charlottesville. He was making his first round of Quarterly Conference, and had held his Quarterly Conference for the Albemarle circuit at Mt. Moriah and had preached to a delighted congregation at 11 A. M., Sunday. He went home with Bro. Thos. L. Rodes, a leading Steward at that church, and was stricken with paralysis at the dinner table. He never recovered his health sufficiently to permit him to continue his work, and died at the District parsonage in Charlottesville July 30, 1895. His death was a serious loss to our Conference. To me it was a personal bereavement. He had been my warm friend for years. He was one of our waiters at our marriage in 1872. In my home he was a trusted and welcome visitor. Our children greeted his coming as the return of an absent member of the family. He performed the ceremony of marriage for our eldest daughter when she became the wife of Mr. G. S. Marchant of Mathews. When the news of his death reached us at Temperanceville, Accomac county, we mourned his demise as the loss of one of our home circle.

I reached the end of my four-year term on this

circuit in November, 1894, with the love of nine-tenths of my people. I did not hope, nor did I try to please everybody. But "my rejoicing is this, the testimony of my conscience, that with simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, I had my conversation with" this people. Some had misjudged me, and had fallen away from me, denying me their support to the last. Many had stood with me through all my trials, and tried to interpret my spirit and my aims to those who opposed me. God will reward them for their fidelity to the pastor and to the Church. They commanded my respect and challenged my gratitude and my love, and received both out of the fullness of my heart. My record is with God.

When I had packed all my belongings that could be packed before going to Conference, I sat down and wondered where I would land in the reading of the appointments. For the second time since 1873 I was in the dark on the subject of my next appointment. My going to Heathsville at that time was a surprise to both wife and me, but I was informed before Conference of 1877 that I would go to King George, and in 1881 that I would go to Middlesex, and in 1885 that I might go to Princess Anne. Then came the Wright Memorial shock in 1887! Mathews was in sight at the end of my third year at Wright Memorial. Now the moving time had come again, and not a hint did I have as to my destination. Lawrenceville, West Dinwiddie,

Louisa, and even Campbell was whispered to me during the session of Conference, but I was kept so busy with my newspaper duties I had no time to "run the rumour down." When "Accomac" fell from the Bishop's lips I halted in my writing and looked up into the vacancy above me, and imagination pictured a whole county with my parsonage in the center, where I could go an occasional visitor. Rev. Wm. P. Wright was the Presiding Elder, and when I asked him what I had, he calmed my anxious soul with the information that I must serve only three churches in the northern part of the county of Accomac, with Temperanceville as my home. So I felt better after this. But that is another story.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE CONFERENCE OF 1894, AND ACCOMAC CIRCUIT.

The Conference of 1894 assembled in Charlottesville Nov. 14th, and adjourned Tuesday, Nov. 20th. Bishop Atticus G. Haygood, D. D., presided. Paul Whitehead, S. S. Lambeth and Ernest Stevens were the Secretaries.

Bishop Haygood had visited our Conference before his election to the office of General Superintendent, when representing one of the connectional offices at Nashville, the Board of Missions I think. He delivered a sermon of great power on Sunday morning during this session which stirred the large congregation mightily as they listened for more than an hour to his simple analysis, his impassioned appeal. He won his way to the heart of the Conference by his generous bearing, his firmness in handling a great Conference that likes to debate, and warm sympathy for all the men committed to his care for an appointment by the law of the Church. Brother Wm. E. Payne and I had an interview with him on a very important subject, not our appointments. He was exceedingly kind and merciful, and we left his presence impressed with the manliness of the man.

During the quadrennium from 1890 to 1894 many

changes had taken place in our Conference. The increase in membership was 9,721. Eighteen ministers had died, five were discontinued, and two had withdrawn from our Church. Fifty-seven had been admitted on Trial, and nineteen had been received from other Conferences. A very amusing situation found Brother R. H. Mullen over in the North Carolina Conference on transferred territory twice within five years so that he had to be transferred back to the Virginia Conference each time. The following brethren were brought back to their home Conference at the same time, 1894; C. H. McGhee, J. W. S. Robins, J. W. Stiff, C. C. Wortenbaker, C. D. Crawley, A. C. Jordon and J. K. Jolliff. R. H. Bennett was returned to us from the Baltimore Conference, and Langhorne Leitch from the China Mission Conference. The Suffolk District was discontinued and a new District formed at this session called the "Portsmouth District." This move was made necessary by the loss of all the territory in North Carolina, (formerly served by our preachers,) by the action of the General Conference of 1894. Dr. W. J. Young was transferred to us in 1891 from the Baltimore Conference, and F. M. Edwards and T. J. Bayton came back from the North Carolina Conference. Some of the men admitted on trial during the four years, 1891-1894 were: B. M. Beckham, G. H. Spooner, J. B. Winn, E. T. Dadmun, J. N. Latham, H. E. Johnson, S. C. Hatcher, J. Sidney Peters, J. K. Jolliff, Geo. F. Greene, W. Ashbury Christian,

Geo. E. Booker, jr., A. B. Sharpe, R. T. Waterfield, W. B. Beauchamp, M. S. Colonna, Jr., L. T. Williams, W. T. A. Haynes, Gus W. Dyer, Geo. Wesley Jones and F. G. Davis. That is a list any Conference might be proud to receive in **four years**. Suppose we count from the session of 1890, and we have W. B. Jett and E. H. Rawlins to add to the number, making twenty-three young men of the fifty-nine admitted at five sessions of Conference who have made remarkable advance in coming to the front as representatives on some important field of toil, and some of these have won applause over the whole Church as successful leaders of the Church's forward movement.

Among those who had ceased from their labors and had fallen asleep in Christ, I note the following: Dr. John E. Edwards, who died at the end of a long ministry, in March '91, Dr. Leonidas Rosser, of whom I have spoken at length, in January '92, Dr. Peterson, for a long time one of the assistant secretaries, Rev Thos. H. Boggs, the modest successful pastor and preacher, Rev. John D. Southall, the sweet singer, Rev. F. J. Boggs, the zealous and faithful friend and popular Presiding Elder with preachers and people, Rev. Thos. M. Beckham, the man with the pleasant countenance and the warm heart, Rev. John B. Laurens, ("Uncle Larry,") and Rev. Jas. F. Twitty, of whom I wish to speak particularly because he was my friend at college, and I knew him there better than I did after he entered Conference. Dr. Whitehead,

who read his Memoir at the Conference of '92, expresses my estimate of the man founded on daily contact with him at college. "A man of lovelier disposition and purer character has not belonged to our ranks. Obliging, unassuming, cheerful, sweet-spirited, those who knew him best loved him most. \* \* \* \* Faith in Christ was with him the clearest, simplest, act of religious life, and in his life it brought forth the fruits of a pure righteousness. He had no weaknesses of self-seeking, maneuvering, or grasping, nor any offensive or hampering faults." That is a fine pen-portrait of this devout young man, whom I met first in Petersburg on my return from the west, and afterward at Randolph Macon, where he and I entered at the same time in the fall of 1868.

"On the morning of the **28th of November, 1893**, in Danville, Va., while our Conference was in session in Main Street church, the soul of one of its veterans, John D. Southall, separated itself from its 'muddy vesture of decay,' and joined the goodly company" of saints in the better land. "None saw his departure. The tent of clay was found without a tenant, in the sacred building" where his brethren were busy with the urgent matters of the church. He died in the basement with no one near to help in the last moment. He was a native of Surrey County and was just 59 years old. "He was a Christian gentleman. His friends gave him complete confidence. His

sermons contained the marrow and fatness of the Gospel. He brought men to God. His death starts streams of tears on a thousand cheeks. He was a counsellor in perplexity." (Lafferty.)

Brother Frank J. Boggs had died Jan. 3rd, 1894, He was my Presiding Elder while I served the Middlesex circuit. He was one of the most lovable men I ever knew. He was an artillery officer during the Civil War, and never lost his martial spirit. In the pulpit he was natural, spiritual, earnest. In the chair patient, careful, courteous, firm. In social life an agreeable companion, an entertaining talker, a polite listener, jovial, honest, clean, transparent. As an adviser and friend he was safe, sincere, loyal. "He knew how to grow old gracefully, and retained to the last his cheerful humor." "Asbury Chapel in Richmond was one of his first charges in the Virginia Conference. Here an extensive revival of religion crowned his ministry and blessed our church in the metropolis of the State. That suburban charge so prospered that a larger and more attractive church took its place, which from that time has been known as "Union Station." In recent years the growth of this church has been phenomenal. Its members, numbering nearly a thousand souls, have just completed, (1894) on the old site, one of the most substantial, commodious, and attractive houses of worship anywhere to be found in Southern Methodism." To the gratification of Brother Boggs, and of the good people of "Union Station,"

he was present and took part both in the last services held in the old church and in the ceremonies connected with the laying of the cornerstone of the new and beautiful edifice."

Rev. John B. Laurens, the children's "Uncle Larry," died May 17th, 1894. He was the Founder of the "Rosebud" Missionary Society which has had a marvellous growth and a wonderful history. Dr. Lafferty tells it: "While connected with the Richmond Advocate he turned his attention to the children, and starting with a mite society originated in the family of the Rev. T. H. Campbell of our conference, he nourished the tiny plant till its boughs bore fruit among the heathen beyond the Pacific Sea, also in the land of the Aztecs, and among red men of the plains."

"The story of how this broken soldier of the church militant mustered the thousands of infants in our homes into bands of rosebuds, has become a thrilling and engaging tale known to the utmost verge of Methodism and beyond. The recruits at first were few; the finances were numbered in nickles. By inviting the letters of the tiny tots to the paper; by exhortations short, stirring, simple; by organization; by personal visits, the Church saw, with glad wonder, a children's crusade for Christ that seemed marshalled by magic and moved by magnetism. The gifts went up to \$55,000.00. The little men and the little women have erected a college in the country he campaigned and conquered (he was a Mexican War

veteran) when a lad for the children of the men he met in battle around Monterey.”

During the General Conference in Richmond, May 1886, in the Academy of Music a notable Rosebud Rally was held. Thousands of Rosebuds were there. “On the platform were the mighty men of Israel. The one figure that caught all eyes was a tottering old man, with flowing beard, presiding over the vast assembly of little children—‘Unlce Larry.’ The orators, statesmen, editors of our Church, gave him reverence, and saluted the most marked man of Providence in our bounds.”

“It is needless to add, he lived a life of honor, godliness and stern integrity. He died in peace.”

Dr. John Ellis Edwards died March 31st, in Lynchburg. He was the platform summer breeze, the instructive preacher, the great word-painter, the tireless pastor, the friend of the children and of the old folks, everybody’s counsellor and sympathizer. He was my mother’s pastor at Washington Street church, Petersburg, and again at Market Street, of which he was the founder. I loved him as a boy loves the pastor who comes to his home as one of the family, and charms the circle with yarns and laughter—the preacher who leaves his stilts outside, and keeps folks awake on Sunday in church with his fascinating pictures and thrilling incident. He was the father of Leroy S. Edwards, my brother’s chum at College, of Rev. Dr. Wm. E. Edwards of our Conference, and of Dr. Landon B. Edwards of Richmond. “He was

born in Guilford county, N. C. Aug. 1st, 1814. He was converted in 1832, and joined the Virginia Conference in 1833." In 1837 when the North Carolina Conference was formed he had served two circuits over there, and afterward two more; then he served one year in Beaufort, two in Newberne, and two in Raleigh. After eight years in North Carolina Conference, he was transferred to the Virginia Conference, and put in charge of Centenary, Richmond. The remaining years of his ministry were spent in Richmond, Norfolk, Petersburg, Danville and Lynchburg. He was eminently a city pastor by adaptation and by length of service."

"Peter A. Peterson, D. D., was born in the city of Petersburg, Va., Sept. 28th, 1828. He learned the carpenter's and builder's trade under his uncle, and applied himself with diligence and success in the pursuit of his calling. When about eighteen years of age the Mexican war had commenced, and volunteers were called for. He enlisted in the company raised in Petersburg by Captain Fletcher H. Archer, and was commissioned a lieutenant." Returning to his home after the war, "he married Miss Lucy A. Williamson" of the same town. Renewing his covenant with God, he was "licensed to preach and exercised his gifts awhile, and joined the Virginia Conference held in Fredericksburg in 1852," and "was sent to Dinwiddie circuit as junior preacher, Jesse K. Powers being in charge." His development in mind and

soul was continuous and sound," and he reached the position of an able and widely influential minister of the gospel." He was not only assistant secretary for a long time, but he was the leader of song in the Conference. With a mellow voice, of far reaching power and perfect harmony, he led our Conference congregations with ease, and to the delight and edification of all. He was wise in counsel, patient under the most trying conditions, and devout withal. He died Oct. 6th, 1893, in his third year at Trinity church, Richmond, "after a term of forty-one years of unbroken effective relation." He was the grandfather of our William Archie Wright.

One item of interest must not be omitted from this story. When Rev. Wm. E. Evans, D. D., pastor of Granby Street church, Norfolk, surrendered his credentials and withdrew from our church, his place was immediately filled by the transfer of Dr. A. Coke Smith, (at that time a Professor in Vanderbilt University,) from the South Carolina Conference. This was speedily brought about by the firmness and wisdom of Dr. William E. Edwards, Presiding Elder of the District; who was in the Eldership only one year in all of his career, the year 1891-2, and seems to have been brought "into the kingdom" of the Bishop's Council "for such a time." The Conference lost a Gunn the same year in another district.

Dr. Smith won a place in our hearts at the very beginning of his service in our Conference, and

held it to the end of his life, which terminated while holding the high position of a Bishop in the M. E. Church, South.

Another transfer in 1892 was Jas. W. Moore, from the Holston Conference. He was taken from us a few years later by Episcopal authority, but he has been returned to us recently fresher, stronger, brighter than before he went away. He holds a high place among us a brother beloved, a man, and a preacher.

Conference adjourned on Tuesday, November 20th. I was sent to Accomac circuit, Rev. Wm. P. Wright, Presiding Elder. I returned at once to Mathews, and made preparations to move. Temperanceville was the town in which the parsonage was located, and "Bloomtown" was marked on my stuff, and was the limit of my railroad tickets. The Eastern Shore had never appealed to me. It seemed to be across the seas somewhere too far from home, and I had no desire to go; but the authorities said "Go"; therefore I went. We left our many friends, and our eldest daughter, Mrs. G. S. Marchant, with many tender words at parting, and began the journey to the land of strangers. The one night in Norfolk, the ride across the Bay to Cape Charles, and the speedy run to Bloomtown on the New York, Philadelphia, & Norfolk railway, fifty miles north of the steamboat terminus, brought us to our destination by 2 P. M. Our reception at the parsonage was cordial and refreshing. Dr. J. E. Broadwater, whom I had often

met at our Conference sessions, had sent his carriage to transport myself and wife and five children to the preacher's home, and an ample dinner met the call of appetite, and placed it hors du combat in a little while. After this abundant feast, and we were sitting around viewing the surroundings, the neighbors began to come in to pay their respects, and to get the measure of the man. Pruitt, Broadwater, Matthews, Byrd, Jones and others showed themselves for awhile, and we got **their** measure. They were just like other folks. Plain, religious, common sense white folks, trying to find out whether "the wife of the new preacher needed the whole creation, or would be satisfied with just such a slice of it as the church" in that community "was ready and anxious to supply." So we all went to sleep that night in our new home as well satisfied as we had ever been anywhere among strangers.

And Bill Nock came the next night: solid, dependable, silent Bill. The children came, the children of the town, and soon had the youngest of my set on terms of intimacy with almost the entire population. They came back home from these clandestine visits with information, exultation, consolation, and every sort of thing that a child picks up in its migrations through a community.

Sunday came in due course of time. It fell into that habit centuries ago, and has kept up the practice everywhere once a week, except where the Athletic Associations find it unhealthy and un-

profitable. Perhaps you have noticed this. The preacher with an old sermon, which had been thoroughly tested on other congregations in other parts, looks forward to the time when he can test it on a new congregation. My sermons were in a box in a freight-car somewhere between Norfolk and Bloomtown. Nobody knew when they would arrive. The new congregation at Temperanceville and Guilford would be treated to something old and easily delivered without notes of any sort. The morning service at the former place, and the afternoon service at the latter, brought out a large attendance, and the people went away satisfied of two things, namely: that the new preacher had the best foot forward even if he did limp on the other; **and**, that they had a willing man on the work. And the new preacher went back to the parsonage thanking the Lord that the day contained so much to gladden his heart, and so little to discourage.

The circuit was triangular, occupying both sides of the New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk Railroad, from Bloomtown to Hopeton, northeast and southwest, and from the Chesapeake Bay to the Atlantic Ocean east and west. It included three churches, namely; Temperanceville, Sanford and Guilford, with an extra appointment in a new church building called St. Thomas's, in the neck below Guilford. There were some fine examples of the abounding grace of the Lord Jesus Christ in these congre-

gations of men and women won to the service of God and humanity who had once been "the servants of sin." And yet there were some who knew neither the form nor the power of our holy religion, and the world marked them and avoided them. No man with his eyes open, be he saint or sinner, will trust the "light, if the light that is in thee be darkness." But the examples of consecrated good sense, of spiritual resourcefulness, and fruitfulness were many, and offset in some degree, at least, the evil done by the inconsistent. My neighbor on the north, and only three miles away, at "Downings" church was one of our best and truest men. His charge was called "Atlantic," and was made up of Downings, Horntown, and Pocomoke. And in order to reach my church at Sanford I had to pass by the door of his church, Pocomoke. And our membership in that section was badly mixed. It was an unnatural and cumbersome arrangement, brought about to accommodate certain contentions which it would serve no purpose to discuss. I remained on the Accomac circuit long enough to bring to pass some things which, in my judgment, needed to be done, and then I left. One was to put the charge in better shape, so as to make it easier for the pastor to do his work; and the other was to put churches together that would make a homogeneous body, and thus make the circuits stronger by this very fact. I insisted that two pastors, living within three miles of each other, and serving six churches in an overlapping terri-

tory, as it was required of Bro. J. C. Watson and me, was contrary to the ordinary rules governing business, and was certainly in opposition to sound Christian expediency. Hence I recommended that a new circuit be formed of Saxis Island, Sanford and Pocomoke, and another be formed of Downing's, Horntown, Assawamman and Temperanceville. And that Guilford, Thomas's and Woodbury be made a circuit to be called "Bloxom." The first suggestions were not adopted then, but they were a few years later. The latter was adopted, however, at once. A parsonage was built at Bloxom, and a lot secured for the erection of a church at some future time. And that has already come to pass, and "Bloxom circuit," even with Woodbury cut off and attached to Drummondtown, is a good charge. Now we have three compact circuits, with a preacher in a parsonage at Sanford, another in a parsonage at Temperanceville, and the third in a parsonage at Bloxom. There was opposition, but it was based upon a local prejudice, and not on that broader view of the interests of the universal Kingdom of Jesus Christ as the controlling spirit.

A very laughable situation was precipitated at Guilford on a certain night during a revival service conducted by our dear brother, Jack Rosser. There were some people in that neighborhood that could not be trifled with. They took everything seriously, especially if a preacher said it in the pulpit. Moreover, there were no cowards in that

class, as many an unwise man has discovered, to his life-long regret. For any man to walk around through that set with a chip on his shoulder was a dangerous thing to do. Well, Jack tried it,—tried it once,—only once. The very first service brought out a crowd that filled the little country church to capacity. Jack stood up behind the pulpit, and, looking over “the sea of upturned faces,” before announcing his text, said, with a wave of his hand, “I can whip anything in this house.” There was consternation, but nothing was said. I was filled with dismay, and knew not what to do. Then Jack preached, made a fine impression, and the incident apparently was forgotten; but it was not, as the sequel shows. Two or three nights afterward a little boy gave me a neatly folded note as I entered the church. When I took my seat in the pulpit I saw that the note was addressed to “Rev. Jack Rosser,” so I gave it to him seated on the sofa with me. As he read it his face colored, and I knew something had occurred to upset Jack. He then handed it to me to read, and it read thus: “My Dear Brother Rosser: I was not in the church the other night when you said you could whip anything in there: I was coming down the bay. But if you still think that you can, I will meet you anywhere at any time, and we can settle it.” A name was signed that gave me some very unpleasant feelings, for there sat the owner of that name on the front pew, and he was a man who could stand by any proposition he chose to

submit. Jack looked at me and said, "He has lost his senses: doesn't he know that I didn't mean it that way?" I replied, "No, Jack, he has not lost his senses, but you have. You cannot joke these people in that form." But I did not indicate the brother on the front pew! After the sermon, (which was the best I ever heard Jack deliver,) and while the congregation was singing, and penitents were coming to the altar, I went to this brother, requested him "not to say a word to brother Rosser tonight," and made an engagement to dine at his house the next day.

We had a fine meeting that night, and on our way to the place where we were to spend the night I told Jack that "Bro.....sat on the front seat tonight, and seemed to enjoy the services very much, and that we would dine with him tomorrow." "Butts are you crazy?" "No," said I, "but I am going to cure a crazy preacher, if the Lord will help me." "I am not going," exclaimed Jack. But he slept it off, or prayed it off, and we did go. We met with a cordial reception, got a fine dinner, parted in the afternoon to go elsewhere, and neither of them mentioned the subject which was uppermost in each man's mind, as it was in mine, during the whole delightful visit. Surely the grace of God prevailed in this instance, and brother Rosser was charmed with his meeting at Guilford, as well as with the people in general.

A singular custom prevailed among certain of these people which I have never seen anywhere

else in all my travels. They had the habit of taking the solemn vows of matrimony sitting in a buggy, (which, by the way, they called a "carriage,") in the main road, while the officiating minister stood on the ground between the front and the hind wheel. I married **eleven** couples in the one year I was on this charge,—one in the church at Temperanceville, one in the church at Guilford, and **nine on the road**,—as follows: two in Guilford church yard, four at the parsonage gate, and three on the road at a spot agreed upon by this preacher and the hopeful swain. I was told that these folks inherited this custom from their forefathers from way back in the dim and distant past, and that the descendants feared to depart from the custom lest some awful luck should overtake them.

They had another custom, that of going over the line into Maryland to be married. About ten miles above Temperanceville on the main road to Pocomoke City, there was a stone indicating the boundary between the states of Maryland and Virginia. This was the "Gretna Green" for parties matrimonially inclined. On the north side of this stone, which was about four feet high, and a foot square, the feet of scores of couples without a license have trampled the earth till the grass has declined to grow. I had an engagement with a young man to meet him and his sweetheart at this stone on December the 26th, 1894, the very first month of my residence on the Eastern Shore. The time was 2 P. M., and the day was raw and threatening to

snow. Wife went with me for the novelty of the trip, and to be a witness. We kept comfortable with warm wraps. We awaited in vain the arrival of the pair, and, at the end of an hour, returned home without the usual two dollar fee, in a shower of "the Beautiful Snow," arriving at the parsonage just in time to perform the ceremony at the gate for a couple of whose purpose to be married that day, or at any other time, I knew nothing, till I found them there impatiently awaiting my return. That night in the church, near by, in the presence of a large company, I married the second couple for the day. Business along this line would have been considered brisk for one day, at least, if the young man who promised to meet me at the State Line Stone had kept his engagement. I hope he did not skip his promise to the girl: but I have not heard to this day whether he did or not.

There are some men around Guilford of whom I wish to speak. A. W. Short was the guiding spirit in that congregation, and had the hearty co-operation of Bro. Saml. Matthews, Bro. Major Mason, and the other leaders. These men stood at the front and led the people in true apostolic style, not "lording it over God's heritage," but by strength of character, faith in God, and an unselfish love for the Church of Jesus Christ, and for the Methodist Church as the clearest interpretation of the Gospel, they carried the church with them in all good things. Matthews has gone to get his crown, but Short and Mason are still there, ex-

amples of consecrated common sense and practical religion. Brother Short has represented his charge at District Conferences, and his District in our Annual Conferences for a number of years. And he has been elected Lay Delegate to at least one General Conference, and perhaps more than that. He is the preacher's friend, and the church's faithful son.

Around Temperanceville there were others, besides those already named, who were my friends:—Henry Byrd, a member of "Downings," the enthusiastic man with gun and dog, and always the best dog in the county. Well, if anybody had the right to an opinion about a dog, Brother Henry was that man. He lived with a dog at his feet, he carried the dog on his mind and in his heart; and had the weight and worth of the dog at his finger tips. He knew dogs. Brother Byrd was one of my friends. He spent ten days with me down on the Currituck Marshes the winter of '95, and we had a good time with Seneca, my Bethel church friend, and with others. We took home some game, and talked about it "right smart," but it was too slow for Brother Henry, and he lost his patience. He wanted to hunt game that would do what he said they must do under the drive of a well-trained dog: and the ducks were not that kind. One had to get into a blind and await the decision of the duck as to what was best to do; and Brother Henry fell out with the ducks, and went home. Nevertheless,

he spent the winter of '95-6 in those marshes waiting for ducks to learn obedience.

S. Wilkins Matthews was my friend. His hospitality knew no limit but his ability. His warm heart was ever alert to another's call. He was brusque, candid, truthful, sensible, a lover of his church, his family, his county. He represented Accomac in the Legislature several years, and was Secretary of the Board of Fisheries a long time. He was trustworthy and diligent, and made enemies among the opposition gang. That's proof of his manhood.

Joe Bill Taylor was a quiet, good man, and industrious. So busy attending to his own business that he never got in anybody's way. The folks who knew him, pinned their faith to him, and sailed away on any statement of which Joe Bill was the author or circulator.

And good Lem Chesser "stood by the stuff till the cock crew in the morning," so, therefore, the Assawamman church was planted, and developed and has thriven under the leadership of this plain man with a big soul.

And Joe Jones! Did you ever hear of a neighborhood without a Jones that could be counted in the census, in the marts of trade, in the corn field, or on the battle-field? I never did. The Joneses have kept the country intact ever since the aggregation of mortality that landed at Jamestown sealed the fate of the Red man. And my Joe Jones at Temperanceville was that sort. He was addicted

to fair-dealing without fuss, good deeds without the use of the horn, and firmness without laying himself open to the charge of being the descendant of the mule.

There were young men coming along at the time of my pastorate who carried in them the "making of men;" and since then in the movement of the years, the report has reached me that they are making good in the church and out of it.

I remember very well my introduction to the town of Drummondtown. It occurred the week after my arrival at Temperanceville. The Presiding Elder, Brother Wright, had called the District Board of Stewards to meet at Onley. My District Steward, Dr. J. E. Broadwater, invited me to go with him that I might see the country, and get acquainted with the roads and the people, and I consented with delight. We had to pass through the old shire town of Drummondtown. Just in front of the Hotel Dr. Broadwater stopped his horse to speak to a gentleman on business. Brother Turlington, also on his way to Onley, was driving close behind us, but we did not know it. So when our horse stopped Bro. Turlington's horse came right up on top of our left hind wheel with his head close to my shoulder. I decided instantly that proximity to a struggling horse on top of a buggy wheel was no place for me, and jumped. My foot hung in the driving reins, and I went down at full length on my back in the sand. Men sitting on the Hotel porch rushed to my assistance, and picking

me up, asked if I was hurt. I replied, "No, gentlemen, I am not hurt. This is my usual method of entering a town; I go my whole length."

Somehow I never did get the right swing on the Sanford congregation. Bro. Wm. P. Wright, my Presiding Elder, on our way to the First Quarterly Conference at Guilford, heard me preach at Sanford at 11 A. M. the Second Sunday in December, 1894. It was my first sermon at that point. There was a great crowd, and I had great liberty. He thought I had landed my congregation at the first attempt, and so did some of the officers of the church. But they were doomed to disappointment. As the year sped along into months pastor and people drifted apart. We did not travel in the same groove. We did not get the same point of view. We did not think alike. I did not approve certain customs which prevailed in that neck of the woods, and which some thought were entirely correct: and when I mentioned these things in the pulpit I raised a storm that darkened the horizon of my career in that locality permanently. I was denounced in public places and at the fireside, and treated with such an array of vacant pews that any painter would feel certain that it was a safe place to scatter varnish without fear of damaging clothing. And then it occurred to me that my removal at the next Conference was the best thing for the Church in that section.

The parsonage at Bloxom having been completed and ready for the incoming preacher, the Quarterly

Conference having confirmed the plans submitted by me for a re-arrangement of the work, I made ready to leave for another field, and packed my goods with that prospect in view.

Then I set out for the session of Conference in Richmond.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE CONFERENCE OF 1895 AND ALBEMARLE CIRCUIT.

The Conference of 1895 assembled in Centenary Church, Richmond, Va., Wednesday, November the 13th, and adjourned November the 20th.

Bishop Charles B. Galloway presided. Paul Whitehead was Secretary, and S. S. Lambeth and Ernest Stevens were Assistants.

The Conference is memorable for the number of investigations and trials. Certain questions had arisen between three of our most useful and well-beloved brethren of the ministry which had precipitated "an unhappy controversy in the church papers" that bordered on the tragic, in that the question of veracity was avoided and eliminated by a most capable committee, and the characters of the brethren passed. In the other two cases the report of the committees indicated that the charges were not sustained, and recommended the passage of the character of each; which the Conference did at once.

Bishop Galloway decided two questions of law "arising in the business of the Conference." The first was as follows:—"If during the session of Conference, a Presiding Elder knows of any report

against a preacher in his district of such gravity as to require investigation it is his duty to mention it to the Conference, although no written charge has been presented." The other question was,— "Can the report of a committee of investigation, appointed at a session of an Annual Conference, and finding a charge simply of improper conduct, be referred to a committee of trial before all the preliminary steps presented in the Discipline touching such cases have been complied with?"

(Signed) W. E. Edwards.

Answer, "No." (Signed) Chas. B. Galloway.

The following were admitted on trial into the Travelling Connection:—C. E. Blakenship, L. C. Shearer, H. F. B. Martin, Alex. L. Franklin, G. E. B. Smith, J. D. Hoosier, G. H. Lambeth, W. L. Ware and P. H. Clements. The following had died:—D. P. Wills, E. P. Wilson, J. W. Hildrup, S. W. Eason, W. E. Payne, J. C. Martin, and W. F. Robins.

C. W. Cain and C. H. Galloway came back to us from the transferred North Carolina territory.

The membership of the Conference is reported as 84,373.

The Class admitted into full connection contained the names of some fine material, whose "gifts, grace and usefulness" during the two years of trial gave promise of a successful future. Several of these men have fully vindicated the predictions of those who knew them well, and have fulfilled our highest hopes. **Dr. W. B. Beauchamp,**

General Secretary of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, Secretary of the Centenary Commission, and Foreign Secretary of the Board of Missions, was a member of this Class. He was one of the Commission of three, (Bishop Atkins and Dr. W. W. Pinson being the other two,) who visited Europe in 1920, and succeeded in planting our mission in Belgium, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia. His good sense, his Christian diplomacy, his charming personality, and his abounding faith were the factors in his make-up which contributed to his success.

**Dr. Saml. C. Hatcher**, Vice-President, and Secretary and Treasurer of Randolph-Macon College, was another member of this Class. He has successfully filled some of our best stations, and is beloved wherever he has served as pastor. He is quick, sensible, zealous, genial, and a preacher whose sermons and addresses indicate careful preparation and prayer. At times the holy fire flies from his strokes, and the conscience and heart of the hearer are won to his cause.

**Dr. George E. Booker** was another member of this class of the 2nd year in 1895. If Bishop Galloway was the "Prince Charlie" of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, our inimitable George is the "Prince George" of the Virginia Conference. He is a fine specimen of the cultured Christian gentleman. He is clean in purpose and method, courageous and firm when a question of principle is involved, devout and faithful as a pastor, and pre-

eminently successful in getting a hearing from the pulpit and the platform. He is an attractive preacher, holding his congregations with elegant diction and well-rounded periods. He distinguished himself at College by winning the prize for oratory. He has filled many of the leading churches in Virginia Methodism. Add to this the notable fact that he has been a member of three General Conferences, and you have the measure of the man as his friends have measured him. Everybody loves George because George is a lover.

On the adjournment of Conference a whisper, which had come to me concerning my appointment, was confirmed by the Bishop reading "Albemarle, D. G. C. Butts." Rev. Joshua Soule Hunter was made Presiding Elder of the Charlottesville District, and I was glad. Brother Hunter and I entered Conference together in the Class of 1870, and we had remained warm friends through all these twenty-five years. I saw much of him during his splendid pastorate at Queen Street church, Norfolk.

I was delighted with the prospect of tarrying, if only one year, in the Piedmont section of Virginia. The change, I was sure, would be beneficial to my whole family. Ripe fruit and good water are a sure cure for torpid livers: and some of my tribe had that trouble. Besides, I wanted to come in contact with a class of people I had never known. I had never met the mountaineer. I wanted to see him in his own home, in his rocky field digging dol-

lars out from under barriers that make a tidewater citizen tremble at the thought. I wanted to meet him in his churches, and learn to know the kind of faith that served him amidst insuperable difficulties.

So I prepared to move to the hill country with "great expectations." It was a long move, and an expensive one from the Atlantic seaboard to the foot hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Before leaving the seat of Conference I had an interview with my predecessor, Rev. M. S. Watts, (he going to the Middlesex circuit,) and we traded horses on the spot. He agreed to leave his horse, "John," at the Albemarle parsonage for me, and I promising to ship my horse, "Kingbolt," to him at Saluda, Middlesex county.

Before leaving Temperanceville, Mr. O. W. Byrd, received the shock of his life, when he gained my immediate consent to his marriage with my daughter Anna as soon as he could complete his plans for such an event, with the proviso that he would be obliged to make a journey to Albemarle to get her. My shock came later on. It appears that they had planned to carry out their purpose early in the summer of 1896. When I arrived at the Albemarle parsonage, and looked over the field, and learned the condition of the churches, and discovered that my salary would be very much less than it was on the coast, I wrote them both, (she at her sister's in Mathews Co.,) that it would please me if they would postpone the happy event

till the fall of the year. He replied that he "would consult Anna," and she replied that she "would consult Otho." Now everybody knows that "love laughs at lock-smiths," hard times and Almanacs. When they replied to my proposition, they said, "As times are hard, and your family is large, and your salary is small, we have decided to give you the speediest relief we can; so we will be married in **February!**" Can you beat that for a display of affectionate solicitude? Or was it that, after all?

And they were married in the new parsonage at Whitehall Feb. 26th, 1896, Rev. J. S. Hunter and Rev. E. T. Dadmun performing the ceremony.

Sending my wife with four of the children and niece to Mathews to remain till the people in Albenarle were ready to receive them, my eldest son and I went direct to Crozet, on the C. & O. railway, and to Whitehall the next day. The new parsonage was in course of construction there, (the old one having been destroyed by fire,) and was not ready for us till February. In the meantime Herbert and I had good quarters at the home of Bro. George Brown in the village. He was the brother of Mrs. Dr. Lafferty, and one of our oldest members. The ladies of the church prepared rooms for my family over Wyant's store next door to Bro. Brown's residence, and there we lived till the new home was completed. These quarters were rather limited for a family of eight, but the people were considerate of our needs, and made us so well satisfied with what they were doing for our comfort,

that we scarcely felt that we were suffering any special inconvenience. And we knew all this was only a temporary affair; that when we got into the new house, now receiving the finishing touches, we would be amply repaid for this climbing up the narrow stairs, cooking and eating in a small room, and all sleeping in one big room with the beds separated by curtains. The children enjoyed the novel experience, and when shut in by the winter's cold, made the old brick store echo with the noise of play.

The blacksmith across the road, a colored man of some pretensions to the higher society of his race, was profoundly interested in "a barrel of shells of some kind" that he "had never seen before." It stood in the narrow hall at the foot of the steps. Bro. Ollie Hudgins, the Keeper of New Point Light House, had shipped me a barrel of fine Horn Harbor oysters, and, luckily, they arrived at Bloomtown on the Eastern Shore the day I was loading goods in a car for shipment to Crozet. I simply took them out of one car and put them in another, and here they were, awaiting the coming of my folks. I told the blacksmith, Slaughter, that they were oysters, but he would not be satisfied with anything less than an inspection. I got my oyster knife and opened one to satisfy him that what I said was true. When he saw the luscious bivalve, and tasted it, he raised his hands above his head, and exclaimed, "Dem ain't like de oysters we gits in Charlottesville. Dem oysters

in town don't live in no shell." Then I gave him another, and another, and he declared, "Dese oysters don't taste like dem town oysters neither." The fact is, he had never seen any oyster in the shell till that day.

Brother Brown lived in the old home at Whitehall, with his son and daughter. Miss Mollie was an aggregation of energy, nerves and business sense. The son ran the farm and kept the outside affairs intact. Occasionally they had boarders. Hospitality and good food and freedom from care ruled the household, and everybody felt "at home."

The Albemarle circuit was composed of seven churches. "**Mt. Moriah**" at Whitehall, was a solid brick building, erected before the war of '61, in a stately grove of oaks. From its ideal location; and attractive surroundings, one is compelled to think that it must have been the mother church of the other Methodist churches in that part of the county; in fact, the old registers carried the names of the forebears of that generation of families that made up the stable citizenship for miles around. Maupin, Jarman, Wingfield, Early, Rodes, Brown, Parrott, Jones, Chapman, Bibb, Dunn, Garth, are names that can be found on the register of every church in the circuit, and largely make up the records of old Mt. Moriah for decades past.

The fathers who built these old churches built them to stay. And the location selected is a monument to the good taste of the people who made

the choice. It can be said of Mt. Moriah in Al-bemarle "Beautiful for situation." No lovelier spot could have been found anywhere, for the view from the church yard in any direction is charming. All around are the majestic hills, glorifying the Creator in silent eloquence. Although "there is neither speech or language, the voice" of these hills "is heard" by any soul that is willing to pause and listen.

Off there to the southwest is "Buck's Elbow," with its fore-arm stretched out towards Crozet: the upper part of the arm swinging from a shoulder up "Sugar Hollow," at the base of the Blue Ridge proper, while Whitehall, a straggling hamlet at the base of the "Elbow" where the **funny bone** is exposed, keeps guard at the entrance to "Brown's Cove." To the west, northwest, and north, in that exact order, are "Pasture Fence" mountain, with level summit for miles, then "Cedar Mountain," rounding off gracefully to "Brown's Gap." Then "Little Flat Top" to the right of the "Gap," and superimposed on the little (?) mountain is "Big Flat Top," resembling the lengthy back of a colossal hippopotamus, crouching in eternal repose. Farther yet to the right, or northeast, is "Fox's Mountain," lifting two rocky peaks to the sky; whilst here, almost at us, but three miles away to the base, a great barrier, declining gradually from the foot of Fox's mountain eastward to Millington ford, is "Pigeon Top." It is very likely that centuries ago the base of "Pas-

ture Fence" and the base of "Pigeon Top" formed a great dam across that vale yonder, and that the waters of Doyles river formed a great lake running back north-ward to the foot of "Little Flat Top." But the rocks and soil were not enough to hold in check the swelling flood coming down through a hundred rivulets from "Blue Ridge" ten miles away. So, in course of time, the first break came when the waters tore a way through a weak place, just above the present location of Brother Charlie Brown's lovely home, and rushed down northeastward, cutting out "Blackwell's Hollow," and forming "Buck Mountain" creek. This break did not relieve the pressure of the waters in the lower basin: so the real break came in a cataclism which tore away the rock and earth at the "Cliff," just below the present location of Thos. L. Early's store, Doylesville, and the great dam was broken forever. Doyles river was born and emptied its age-long imprisoned waters into another current which had broken out of the coves of the Blue Ridge, seven miles up "Sugar Hollow," and "Moorman's" river united with "Doyles" at Whitehall, carries the released flood down to a junction with "Mechum's" river, and this to the "Rivanna," till the final outlet is found in the James.

The receding waters left a fertile soil, where waving crops of wheat and corn, and fruitful orchards, and luscious vineyards, and a generous people have made "Brown's Cove" the Eden of Albemarle. Travelling up the "Cove" the finely located

residence just before one reaches Doylesville, is the new home of Thos. L. Early; beyond the store up on the hill is the home of Mr. Jerry Early, the father of Tom. Farther up is the stately mansion of Mr. Jas. W. Early. So all the way up the homes of elegant people arrest attention. Very near the head of the "Cove" is the Church, a neat and comfortable frame building, erected by the prayers, the gifts and the wise management of as fine a group of men and women as the sun ever shined upon. Beyond the church on the right is "Point Pleasant," the home of Brother Charlie Brown and his noble wife. At the head of the "Cove," the last residence one passes as the road turns to begin the climb to "Brown's Gap," is the home of Brother Nimrod Brown. His good old mother, nearly 90 years old when I last saw her twenty years ago, has long since gone to her heavenly reward. His sister, who married a Brown, lives there with him. It was here that state senator Nathaniel B. Early, of Albemarle and Greene found his cultured wife, and **Nim**, the Big Boy of the Cove, and the beautiful twin girls were born. Here in this immensely rich basin, once covered with the waters of a lake ten miles long and four miles wide, are names that pass current in the best circles of Virginia society. It was in this cove that Dr. Robert Newton Sledd loved to tarry when a young preacher on the circuit. And it was here in that brick house, near Davis's ford that Dr. John J. Lafferty discovered and

married his wife. This church was one of the seven on my circuit.

It was over "Browns Gap" from Port Republic, in the Shenandoah valley down through "Brown's Cove" by Whitehall to Mechum's river station on what was then called the Virginia Central Railroad, that Stonewall Jackson marched his victorious army, when he shifted it from the front of the Federal forces in 1862, placed it on a train here at this station, carried them across the Blue Ridge, and delivered the terrible blow in the rear of that army, and drove it in full retreat down the valley toward Winchester.

A story is told of one of Jackson's jokes on the Federal officer at Port Republic. After Jackson had gotten all of his troops across the Shenandoah river at Port Republic, the Federals placed a battery of Artillery at the bridge to intercept stragglers. But Jackson and his staff had not gone over: so when Jackson found this battery at the bridge he boldly rode up to one of the sub-ordinate officers and asked, "Who ordered this battery to this point?" The soldier, who did not dream that he was talking to Stonewall Jackson, replied that Major.....had sent the order. Jackson answered, "Major..... is in error: yonder is the place; (indicating a hill three or four hundred yards away,) move this battery there at once." The order of the Confederate Chieftan was obeyed as he sat there on his horse watching the movement. Then he and his staff safely crossed over, and

escaped, overtaking his army some distance up the mountain.

Leaving the Brown's Cove road, and crossing "Doyle's" river near the then location of Mr. Jas. W. Early's store, the road passes up over a gap on Fox's mountain, down by the Dunkard church on the other side, to "**Wesley**," another one of the churches on my circuit. Here were the Maupins innumerable, the Parrott family, the Dunn family, the Bibb family, and the widow and daughter of Brother Edwin Brown, so long the leading steward at "Wesley," for years representing his circuit at District conferences, and a regular delegate to the Annual Conference from the Charlottesville District. Here in this hilly vale to the north of the church, and close by Bernard Parrott's on one side, and Dr. Bibb's on the other, is "Buck Mountain," so much alike the Pyramid of Cheops, that one stands in admiration of its perfect lines, and, without a thought of the keen deception, looks around for Egyptian sand and the treeless banks of the Nile!

Passing the hamlet of Free Union, down the hill and across "Buck Mountain" creek the road brings the traveller by a half moon bend, to "Earlsville," where a small membership worships in a union chapel which is cared for by no one in particular. Its dilapidated condition is an eloquent protest against that starving dog known as "Everybody's Church." Here Dr. J. S. Richards, Mrs. J. Richard Early, the Loftlands, and John B.

Rhodes kept the membership together, and cheered the preacher by their presence at the monthly service, and entertained him with a genuine Christian hospitality whenever his round of calling brought him to their homes. This appointment was fourteen miles from the parsonage.

Beyond Earlysville, perhaps two miles, the road turns to the right towards Charlottesville by "Rio Mills" on Rivanna river. At "Rivanna," the store and postoffice kept by Brother Worthington, the right hand road goes straight down by the home of the Misses Mayo to the "Hydraulic Ford," crossing the river there brings one to "Ivy Creek" church on the brow of the hill. This is the home church of Brother Ed. C. Wingfield, Hon. J. Richard Wingfield, his son, Minister to Costa Rica under Cleveland's first administration, but more recently a member of the State Corporation Commission. Here we had a small membership of plucky folks who kept the fires of Methodism burning on these beautiful hills and in these rich valleys, where the noise of the outside world never disturbs the conservatism of this elegant people. Ah, here was the place for rest, and food, and good cheer of every kind. Here, too, was Brother David Goodman, the cultivator of good milk and butter, and honey, and fruit. The Faculty at the University of Virginia ate his stuff, and thrived on it, never dreaming that it came from the farm of an old time Methodist layman and veteran Confederate soldier, who was shot to pieces in the battle of second Manassas.

Five bullets entered his person, taking away a leg, and badly wounding the other, but the love of Christ penetrated his heart, and, so, "having served his generation by the will of God," now rests from his labors, and lives forever in the "country that is not seen" with the physical eye.

We have travelled a long distance since we left the parsonage at the hamlet of Whitehall. We drove up the road about a quarter of a mile to Mr. T. E. Powers' store, known as "Piedmont," turned into the right-hand road there, crossed over Moorman's river, and on up the banks of Doyles river to Brother Thos. L. Early's store. We got dinner there, and then went on up to the foot of the mountain at Brother Nim Brown's, where we spent the night. Then we came on back to Jim Early's store, crossed the river and Fox's mountain to "Wesley" church. We peeped in the window at "Wesley" to see if young Ned Maupin was yet lying down on a bench during service waiting for the preacher to get through his sermon. We passed Free Union, by Dr. Richards' and Earlysville, and came to "Rivanna" to a late dinner with a tired horse. We crossed the sunken ford at "Hydraulic," looked at "Ivy Creek" church, and spent the night at Richard Wingfield's. We have covered thirty-six miles, and are now eleven miles from Whitehall.

We pass a number of desirable farms, and the homes of scores of first class people. There, over there, on that farm cultivated to within ten per

cent of its limit, lives Brother Thos. L. Rodes in a home where every comfort is found, and a bountiful and cheerful hospitality is offered the occasional visitor. He is a progressive farmer, who believes that it costs less to keep a farm free of grass than it does to run a farm without corn and other commodities. He is a wide-awake business man, and a firm believer in the Methodist interpretation of Christianity. He loves his church, and is shy on hypocrites. He is candid, courageous, sincere and generous with his means. Poor health hinders him fearfully, but he has settled the great question of belief in God and faith in Christ, and has "laid hold on eternal life." The reward for fidelity to Christian principles awaits him yonder in "the City which hath foundations."

Now we are nearng Whitehall. There is the parsonage on that hill just beyond the church grove. "Buck's Elbow" forms an extensive and charming back-ground for this attractive scene. Billy Maupin lives down there to the right on a hill above the mill on the river, and the Raily family over here to the left. Now stop here in the parsonage yard, and look over yonder to the east. That dome is the Astronomical Observatory at the University, fourteen miles away, on the suburbs of Charlottesville. This side of it, and a little to the right is "Turner's mountain," and to the right of that, and a little farther away are the "Ragged mountains," made "famous in story and song." I

had an occasional preaching service up in those mountains for those "Children of the Hills."

At Ivy Depot on the C. & O. railroad, seven miles from Charlottesville and six miles from the parsonage is "Shiloh" church, my sixth appointment. There are fine people all around here. They are the "light" of the community, "set upon a hill" and known for solid worth and unpurchaseable virtue. The Ballards and Clarkes, old Brother Wade Via and his enterprising wife, and Gates Garth, and that noble woman, his wife and children, the legacy old Brother Edwin Brown left the county when he went to heaven. Since Christmas, 1895, I have been mixed up with this family, and I am happy and honored to count them among my most valuable friends. Lizzie Kemper, the eldest daughter, with the co-operation of a good husband, is rearing a family of manly boys on this excellent stock. These boys will carry off all the golden medals for personal worth that Lizzie's brothers may fail to take. Add to this the fact that one of Gates Garth's boys has taken to his heart and home a daughter of Tom White and Rita Rodes, the daughter of Thos. L. Rodes, already spoken of, and one can see the glorious promise of the future.

Three miles up the road from Mechum's river station on the railroad, by the way of "Mountain Plain" Baptist church, we come to Crozet, where my seventh appointment is located. The town is ideally located on the border of the immense Blair Park farm, at the base of the Blue Ridge, and at

the extreme southwestern base of "Buck's Elbow." It is four and a half miles from the parsonage at Whitehall. The place abounds in clever people, bubbling springs of the best water, fruitful orchards, and high winds. The mountain gorges, recruited by the shape of "Jarman's Gap," form funnels through which Boreas blows his blasts. Hence the winters are cool and colder, till freezing locks the outside world outside, and the summers bring delightful breezes to the city-weary worker on his vacation.

The church at this point is made up of a choice constituency. There are Dr. W. J. Jones and his brother Ben, (brothers of Rev. J. N. Jones, of our Conference, who died on the Eastville circuit in July 1885,) Curtis and Clifton Haden, another Brown from "The Cove," and Owens and Ballard and Lafferty. The congregation, Methodists and people of other faiths, were very gracious and extremely kind to the writer of these lines. "They that loved the Lord gladly heard the word" from me twice a month, and others filled the rooey edifice to catch the step of the crowd, and the drift of things.

Rev. Dr. J. J. Lafferty lived a mile from the station in "The Cottage on the Cliff." The house was a comfortable convenient dwelling in a shady grove on the brow of a hill, along the foot of which a mountain stream cut a channel through by way of the doctor's mill to Mechum's river. Beyond, the broad fields stretched with a gradual incline

upward to the Blue Ridge, with Greenwood and Afton in full view.

Dr. Lafferty's name carries me back to the days of my childhood in Petersburg. He had been my friend through all these years, and I have been in his home at infrequent intervals, but when, in November, 1895, I was sent to the Albemarle circuit, the greeting he gave me in his mountain home, and the introduction he gave me to the congregation at Crozet, excelled all his past words of kindness.

One, not knowing me, would have thought the orator of the Conference, the leading theologian of the Church, South, the one man in the whole State on whom the trustees of Randolph-Macon College had failed to confer an honorary title. (I had often thought the same myself), sat in the pulpit to prove, by a marvellously eloquent sermon, all that the speaker said, or could say. It was Dr. Lafferty speaking, my childhood's companion and friend, and certainly no man had a better right than he to say what he pleased. His love for the little boy of Lawrence street, Petersburg, was his best apology, now that the boy had become the pastor of his family. In his home for three years I found a cordial welcome, generous hospitality, books, manuscripts, fellowship. His "Farewell to a Choice Pastor," published as an editorial in the **Advocate** at the time of my removal from the charge in November, 1898, was a valued tribute, a benediction I shall carry on my heart to the end of my life. When he passed away a few years later, I lamented

his going with a sincere grief, and the shadow fell upon my home as it did upon his. Of his literary equipment and masterful writings I have no power to speak, and few have. Such a mind and such writings can engage no sympathetic criticism from any but the brain that travels easily along the highways of thought where the Greek and the Latin masters found themselves at home.

Alas! departed friend of my earliest pleasures, and of my latest labors, none seemed to see the glory of the sunset but the little boy you loved so well, and **he** did not, and does not yet, understand the meaning of the cloud.

His wife, (as I have already said elsewhere,) was a Miss Brown, of "Brown's Cove," a choice specimen of the refined Virginia woman, who placed her thought and heart in the making of a home, and in the worship of God. She had no time nor taste for public parade and private gossip. Her visits carried sunshine and help to the poor: to her kin and others, the blessing of good will and upright and joyous demeanor. She gave herself, without reserve, to woman's highest and holiest duties.—the cheerful sharing in her husband's burdens without complaint, and beautifully proved to the world how far afield faith will carry soul and body and home when everything else has failed.

The Hadens, Clifton and Curtis, were sound, dependable Fluvanna stock, adding weight and worth to Albemarle's gentry by their coming to Crozet. Their forefathers had set the standard high down

at Palmyra, on the James, and these sons had stepped up on that moral and religious plain without a struggle. The motive power was in the blood. The movement upward was, to the sons, easy and natural, just as water seeks its level. They were industrious with moderation, economical without avarice, and pious without cant, or the "sounding of a trumpet." The Bible has a description of the Hadens:—"Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Rev. Thos. H. Haden at the great Methodist College in Kobe, Japan, is a brother, a man of the same type.

Dr. William Joseph Jones was another of my warmest friends and supporters. He was the Nestor of the church at Crozet, the poet and essayist for our church paper. He had a simple rule for living close to Christ:—**Get up so near the Living Lord that in any other place in the Kingdom one will feel dissatisfied.** His feet touched the earth because he had no wings. "His conversation (citizenship) was in heaven," and so he was prepared above all others in his profession to serve men. He carried to his home the beauty of a strong devotion to every member of the family "without partiality and without hypocrisy." He carried to his patients the wise discretion and practical sense of the physician, and the humble spirit of prayerful dependence on God. The Lord went with him in his practice, and the people trusted him to the utmost.

A monument to the mighty men among our lay-

men should be raised, but who shall do it? They have made possible the success of the preachers: and the reason why some one has not stoned those few grumbling clericals in whose thought everything is going wrong, is because these godly laymen have stood between them and deserved punishment. But why mention a monument? It has already been reared by these faithful men and women. "On this rock," the indestructible granite of blood-washed character, cemented by prayer and tears, and dried stone-hard in the sunshine of the constraining love of Christ, God has "built His church" through the centuries, and "the gates, (the judgment seat) of hell cannot prevail against it." This is their monument: it will endure through eternity.

At the Conference held in Lynchburg November, 1896, a fine class of eight young men was received on Trial:—John E. White, Francis B. McSparren, John C. Granbery, Jr., Jesse B. Lavinder, Jas. E. Oyler, Robt. C. Garland, Saml. J. Battin, and Ernest L. Peerman. Can you beat that? Two presiding elders came out of that bunch,—McSparren and Battin. John Granbery, when last heard from, was down south somewhere in a College teaching ideas how to sprout. Ernest Peerman is a growing man. He was seven years a Missionary in Korea, but is back in America still seeking an education. Oyler is a Supernumerary, and selling first-class clothing in Richmond. White and Lavinder are travelling circuits, and any one can hear them "Go" who will

stop to listen. Garland was located at the Conference of 1892.

When I was returned to the Albemarle circuit in 1896, Lavinder was given his first appointment as my junior. He did good work for a young man with his equipment. He has made friends and improved year after year, till now he is one of our trusted and successful itinerants. Lavinder used to make some mighty bad slips in preaching, and so did I. Lavinder used to deliver some mighty poor sermons, and so did I. Lavinder has gotten over that in a large measure. I am not so certain about my own case. And there are others. Some of us never do. Ask the people who hear us when they can stand it. "Let him that is without" a soft place in his brain, and splits in his record, "cast the first stone" at Lavinder and me. Lavinder is all right. My wife believed in Lavinder. I like Lavinder. I had a hard time training him: we always like the things that cost us the most labor, except Arithmetic, and Lavinder is not that. Lavinder is in my heart.

I think it was sometime in the year 1897 that I was invited by a preacher, high in the official circle of the Conference, to meet him at the residence of a certain layman somewhere in the country around in the vicinity of Norfolk. His letter informed me that "a grand Coon Hunt" was planned for that week, and certain brethren of the Conference had agreed to become members of the party. The rooms and beds had been provided for

the entire party at the good brother's home, and that a royal good time was promised.

If I should write the names of these prospective chasers of the gay and funny coon into this story it might add a little to the interest thereof: it certainly would give it a tinge of dignity, which, under the circumstances, must be discarded in the telling; for I think it best to let the narrative take the form of a comedy with the names of individuals carefully eliminated. Then identification will be almost impossible, unless the hopeful hunters come forward and confess, "Twas I that did it."

On account of the constant and imperious demands of my heavy work on my time and thought, I was compelled to decline the invitation, and await, in my piedmont home, the report from the field.

At the end of ten days the expected report came, but it was not the report which was expected. A brief note, written in a fog of dejection, said, "On account of weather, and mud, and sickness," and a lot of other obstructions which no ecclesiastical derrick could remove, "the coon hunt was indefinitely postponed, and we returned to the city weary of life, and heavy laden with disappointed expectations."

This report was too much for me. My artistic impulse got on a rampage at once. Pictures of that delectable gang around Norfolk surrendering to anything began to form themselves in my

brain cavity, crying out, "Draw me!" I folded the dismal note, and laid it on my desk. I took a pad, and seated at my up-stairs window, where no one would interrupt, with the charming scenery all around to inspire, I began to describe in pencil marks, "**The Memorable Coon Hunt of 1897.**"

There were in that procession which took its departure from the city for the field of conflict, the following:—

(excuse these indefinable initials which tell nothing: **J. P.**, with the Book of Ecclesiastical Law in his hand; **W. H.**, perspiring freely and gracefully waving the needed palm-leaf fan in the still summer air; **W. A.**, with cane, and gloves, and silk hat, and cigar; **J. T.**, a tired itinerant, ready to ride anything upon the slightest pretext; and **R. C.**, with flute, and smile, and manly stride. **G. S.**, with slouched hat, and Prince Albert coat, and creased trousers, and bonnie blue tie around a spotless collar with corners turned down, was already at devoted layman's home when the hunters arrived.

After supper the hunt began. The forest was penetrated and searched, and the night was almost gone when one of the dogs "treed!" Instantly **J. P.** summoned the brethren to stand in a half circle around him, that he might read unto them "the Law on the catching of coons." The group was formed around the prelate while the dog barked, and the laughing stars looked down upon the clandestined ecclesiastical court. **W. H.**, the fat saint, pronounced the weather too hot for him

to bear a recital of that sort; besides, he said he did not know there was such a law in the Discipline." W. A. said, "I want no law: I will show you how to capture coons if you will follow my example: I have caught bigger game than coons with my plan. Treat 'em courteously, and they will come right down into your hand." R. C. said, "We want no law: I can bring down any coon with the music of my flute." J. T. said, "I will not stand here listening to all this nonsense: I will lie down." The men in that darksome wild turned to look at him, and discovered that he brought a wheel-barrow, and was coiled up in that with his umbrella over him.

This was too much for the dignity and orderliness of the mind of G. S., so he suggested to the hospitable layman that "we call off the hunt till we can get someone out here who knows something that ain't in the books." The dear brother consented. Now, if you had seen that disconsolate procession on its way to the home of the layman you would have had the laugh of your life.

There was J. T. sprawled out in a round bunch in the wheel-barrow, protesting that he "would stay there in those woods all night before he would walk another step." Moaning that "everywhere hurts me, and I have been opposed to coon hunts all my life." Then those devoted men, who never have been guilty of forsaking a brother in trouble, divided among themselves the beneficent job of taking the tired brother home to the hospitable lay-

man's house in the simple conveyance provided by this man of simple tastes and aching bones. A rope was attached to the front of the wheel-barrow, and dear Brother W. H., the perspiring and popular pastor of \*\*\*\*\* church, attached himself to that. R. C., with flute carefully stored away in his upper left coat pocket outside, grappled the handles. J. P., the tall representative of the Law, walked in front, adding weight and authority to the purpose of the procession, whilst dignity and affability shined forth in the person of W. A. with silk hat, gloves and cane. The blessed layman followed in tears; he remembered his meat house and chickens, and the distance from Norfolk. G. S. went to his own home not far away, declaring his disgust with the whole business.

This was the picture my imagination flung on the canvas outlining the inglorious coon-hunt, inspired by the solemn note which came to me from J. P., aided largely by the fascinating scenery which catches the eye and thrills the soul of him who looks out over into "Brown's Cove" from the upper window of the parsonage at Whitehall.

I had many a ride through those mountain gorges, and along the summit of the Blue Ridge for miles, and down into the innumerable and lonely vales, and never had a fear of man or beast. The charm of these trips away from the care of the churches, the blessed silence, the thrills which came when I climbed the rocks, leaving my horse in the shadow of a graceful cliff which lifted its

level top to the sky, these, and the fascination of scenery caught from a point of view where none had ever stood before except the mountain hunter, drove the goblins away, or led me to ignore them if they came.

But the torrential rains and consequent floods were my terror. I think it was the great storm of September or October 1897, which shook my faith in the solidity of a mountain road, and the innocence of a mountain stream. The rain fell in great sheets through the afternoon and night. By mid-day the next day Moorman's and Doyles rivers were a resistless flood hundreds of yards wide, filling all the flats, and sweeping through the narrow openings between the hills with appalling swiftness, threatening houses and stock with ruin and death. The roads up Sugar Hollow and Brown's Cove were practically destroyed, and had to be rebuilt at a cost of hundreds of dollars. After the flood had subsided wife and I drove up the Cove road beyond the Moorman's river bridge as far as we dared to go with horse and buggy. We stopped under a tree by the roadside attracted by the sight of six ears of corn brought down by the angry waters from some farmer's field, and caught here in the fork of the tree as high up as the waters had risen. I stood on tip-toe on my buggy seat, and could reach the corn with my hand stretched upward as far as I could. The height from the ground was not less than ten feet. I am five feet five inches high.

I crossed the Rivanna at Rea's Ford on a certain night in August, 1898, about twenty-four hours after a big rain storm in the mountains. I did not think of danger till I had driven into the cut too far to turn back. Then I heard the rushing waters. Covering my suit-case with my horse-blanket, and sitting up on the back of the seat with the cushion in my lap, I ordered "John" to go in; and he went in up to his breast. The water came up to the seat on which my feet rested. It was not broad but deep. "John" took me over quickly and safely. Bro. Ed. Wingfield, living on the hill near by, asked me a few days later, if I did really cross that Ford that night. When I told him I did, he charged me never to risk my life at that place again: that it is a most dangerous Ford in high water, and on that particular night the water was up to the danger line!

The Hydraulic Ford was a sunken road-way, perfectly safe in ordinarily high water. The river there was broad and not very swift. But no one ever attempted to cross at the flood stage of the river. Millington Ford, near Bro. Jeter Jones's home, was a long shallow crossing, and was easily negotiated except when the mountain springs overflowed, and discharged their mad waters into the piedmont. Then no place was safe unless it was the hill-top and a good shelter.

Up in the very heart of the Blue Ridge in "Sugar Hollow," near the head of Moorman's river, lived Oscar Early, a great big bodied, big hearted moun-

taineer. He could entertain by the hour with miraculous stories of mountain adventure, hair-breadth escapes from bears and wild-cats, and the successful chase of the hundred different kinds of varmints that infest those parts. The hair would stand up on one's head as he told of the rushing floods that swept down the Hollow, and cut him and his devoted wife and adopted daughter off from civilization for weeks at a time; and of the cloudbursts that tore gulches out of the hill-sides in which one could bury a city hotel the size of Murphy's in Richmond. Yes, all of that, and then some, till one almost feared to go out of his home again lest one should be overtaken by one or more of these dreadful creatures, or an inanimate foe to human life.

But after all, Oscar Early was my friend and brother. His home suited me: his food suited me: his cold spring water and milk suited me: his yarns held me spell-bound by day, and helped me to dream some wonderful dreams at night: his beds were what the weary body needed after a tramp over those hills: and his good wife never wearied in trying to make her guests comfortable, and ever ready to repeat the visit.

Over the mountain to "Black Rock Springs," and up to the "Black Rock" itself affords as charming and romantic an outing as one can wish for. To get the full value of such a trip, one should leave the parsonage, in summer of course, after an early breakfast, strike out up the banks of Moorman's

river, crossing that stream twenty-three times in the ten miles to Mr. Early's home. See that you let him know that you are coming, and do your utmost to arrive there in time for a bountiful dinner. There'll be a dog under the table at your feet while you eat, but never mind the dog: give your full time to the dinner. Spend the afternoon lounging around the yard in the shade, or hunt the hill-sides for birds, and the trees for squirrels, and the streams to their source for startling effects in water falls and springs. About a mile down the river from Oscar's home there is on your left a fall of water not more than a yard wide, tumbling over a rocky ledge into a pile of loose stone below, with a sheer drop of more than one hundred feet. On the western side of the river, we followed, in one of our tramps, a small stream till we came to a clear deep pool. Into this pool a sheet of water, ten feet wide and as thin as a sheet of plate glass, slips over an inclined plane from a summit of not less than twenty feet. The pool was a fine place for bathing in those days: six feet deep, clear as crystal, but not large enough for swimming.

On the top of the hill, on the road from "Sugar Hollow" to "Black Rock Springs," is a depression called "The Low Place in the Ledge." Here, on the right as you approach the summit, is a spring of the purest water, as beautiful as a fountain in a park, and as bountiful in supply as an Artesian well. Both man and beast slake their thirst at

this place, and take a long-wished-for rest at the end of the climb either from the Springs on the west or the Hollow on the east.

Here a road turns sharply to the north on the very back-bone of the ridge, which, with a gradual rise for nearly two miles, ends in a grove of birch and live oak at the base of one of the many piles of immense rock found at infrequent distances on the top of the mountain throughout this region: and I suppose, the same features prevail on the entire Appalachian range from New York to Alabama.

A hundred yards west of this grove, where we tied our horses, is the edge of one of Virginia's natural wonders. All around are loose stones from the size of the fist of the normal man to that of the body of a short man weighing 200 pounds; pass over this obstruction and you come to another of more pretentious character:—a wall of black rock rising to the height of perhaps 30 feet. The wall is split in pieces of varying size. Some would weigh 500 tons, whilst others would tip the scales at ten thousand tons. We climb this wall by a flight of stone steps flung at various degrees of ascent, till we reach the top, and there stand in speechless wonder at the scene. Before you, from north to west, the boulders cover the mountain side for fifteen acres, to the depth of, no one knows, how many feet. The sight makes this first impression;—that some furious wind storm with hurricane velocity, struck this one-time majestic mountain

home, and prostrated it in a night: that an earthquake followed, with an electric storm as an accompaniment, finishing, with fire and chasm, what the wind had left, and burying in the ruins a thousand feet deep the luckless dwellers in this doomed abode.

From the summit of the highest and levellest of the wall left standing, a view of the Shenandoah Valley is obtained which lingers in the memory for years. Over here on our right, in the north, six miles away, on the other side of "Brown's Gap," is "Big Flat Top," of which I have already spoken. That yellow thread you see, across the chasm, two miles away is the "Brown's Gap" and "Port Republic" highway, over which Stonewall Jackson marched his victorious army to the enemy's rear in 1862, (see page 198). To the left, or south of us, is a point called "Calloway's Rocks," resembling the one on which we stand. Directly in front of us, to the northwest, is the famous Valley of Virginia, or that portion of it lying in Rockingham and Augusta counties. Over there is Masanuttan Mountain resting on the banks of the Shenandoah river, looking like a yawl boat bottom side up on the beach, its sharp keel outlined on the blue horizon. In the distance the level top of the Allegheny range is plainly seen. To the west and southwest the city of Staunton, the Twin Sisters, two round cones near Fishersville, and Waynesboro, are dimly visible. Above it all the blue sky bends,—a canopy covering the works of the Great

Creator. The heart of the Christian leaps with a thrill of gratitude, and the spirit of worship prompts the lips to utter a song of praise.

Among those who had died during the year 1897 was Rev. Edward Marshall Peterson, D. D. He was a good man, conscientious, zealous, successful as pastor and preacher. He was an authority on Conference relations, baptism and hypocrisy. He was a terror to the Ritualist, especially to that particular specimen who unwisely remarked to Brother Peterson one fateful day that he (the Ritualist) could not exchange pulpits with him (Peterson) "because the canon of the church forbade it." Peterson replied, "I can spike that little canon with a three-penny nail!" He was a source of perplexity and confusion to our deep-water brethren, as many in Tidewater Virginia and elsewhere can testify. And hypocrisy sought a hiding place, side by side with the proselyter, in the tall timbers when it was "norated around" that old man Peterson with his long linen duster was coming.

"Never did the official record of this Conference," says Dr. W. G. Starr in his Memoir read at this session, "contain a name that will be more affectionately treasured in time to come than the name of Marshall Peterson. We all love him, and the fragrance of his memory will linger long in the hearts of his brethren."

The election of Delegates to the General Conference of 1898 was taken up, and consumed the

larger part of the fifth day's session, morning and afternoon. The result was as follows:—J. P. Garland, R. N. Sledd, Paul Whitehead, A. G. Brown, A. Coke Smith, and W. E. Edwards. Reserves:—J. C. Reed, W. G. Starr and J. J. Lafferty. Lay Delegates:—W. W. Smith, A. E. Kellam, C. E. Vawter, R. W. Peatross, R. S. Paulett, and John P. Branch. Reserves:—E. G. Mosley, J. C. Parker, and Carter Glass.

As the close of my third year drew near I began to feel that the charge needed a new preacher. The work had not improved during my pastorate as I had hoped. Revival services had been held at every appointment, but had not resulted in many additions to the church, notwithstanding, I had the valuable aid of such men as John C. Rosser, then at the summit of his usefulness; George E. Booker, a charming preacher who filled Mt. Moriah church with a congregation twice daily for a week; E. T. Dadmun, who won his way to the hearts of my people by his spirituality and tenderness; and Chas. L. Bane, whose sermons compelled attention, although the manuscript was closely followed. I found, on my arrival on the charge in December, 1895, that the church register had not been culled for several years, hence it carried one hundred and fifty names of people, who either disclaimed membership, or had removed. This loss I had to bear at the very beginning of my term. It was not the first time I had had such an experience, and therefore being accustomed to it, I bore it resignedly.

But the additions from conversions did not meet my expectations. Eighty-four in three years at seven churches was not a good average. Seventy-eight received by Certificate helped somewhat to make my gain 162 in three years. But my losses were heavy. For instance, Deaths 27, Removals by Certificate 81, and Withdrawals 53; with 150 loss to start with, and it will be seen that my net loss for my term was 149. So I thought the condition of the work indicated the need of a new man.

There was another factor entering into the investigation which moved me to ask for a change: this, I had been a tidewater pastor all my life till now. For twenty-five years I had served the people on the coast, and I understood them, their habits of thought, their manners and customs. I did not understand the people of the piedmont region. The pastoral work was too heavy for me to do it as I had been doing it all my life. I did not know what to do with those long, rough roads. I could not do the work as I thought it should be done, and as my conscience moved me to do it. I would kill my horse and myself too. So I determined to leave, and let the Presiding Elder feel free to suggest any one else he pleased as my successor.

Therefore when I went to the Conference of 1898, I was ready to move. Quite a number of my friends, both in the church and out of it, and members of other churches, expressed their regrets when informed of my decision, and suggested that one year more would not hurt me. But they

all, with one accord showed in many ways that their sorrow at my going was sincere, and not the gush and froth of sentiment.

There are PEOPLE in Albemarle circuit:—BIG PEOPLE, and I have been careful to drift back there frequently since my removal, if for nothing else than to be able to say that I HAVE SAT DOWN WITH THE GIANTS ONCE MORE.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE CONFERENCE OF 1898 AND GLOUCESTER CIRCUIT.

The Conference of 1898 met in the Monumental Church, Portsmouth, Va., November the 16th and remained in daily session till late Wednesday night the 23rd.

This was the One Hundred and Sixteenth annual session, and was presided over by Bishop R. K. Hargrove. Paul Whitehead was Secretary, and S. S. Lambeth, B. M. Beckham and Geo. F. Greene Assistants.

This proved to be one of the busiest sessions in the history of the Conference. A large class was admitted on trial into the Travelling Connection, viz: Thos. S. Leitch, William L. Jones, Wilmot C. Stone, L. Hunter Early, Jas. E. McCulloch, Daniel T. Merritt, Robert L. Busby, William L. Murphy, J. Franklin Carey, Henry W. Dunkley, and W. G. Burch.

Dr. A. Coke Smith presented to the Conference resolutions of the Epworth League Conference held at Norfolk, Va., during the present year on the subject of establishing, through the agency of the League, a Methodist Orphanage for the Virginia Conference; which, on motion, were referred to

the Epworth League Board of this Conference. The Board reported on the morning of the sixth day the following:—"We have carefully considered the paper referred to us by the Conference concerning the establishment of a Conference Orphanage, and report a unanimous and most enthusiastic sentiment in favor of such an enterprise, and recommend the appointment by the Conference of a committee, who shall take the whole matter under advisement, with full power to act in the premises; provided they incur no debt, and who shall report at the next session of the Conference. We recommend the following brethren for appointment on that committee: Revs. A. Coke Smith, W. J. Young, and E. H. Rawlings, and Brothers P. T. Barrow, E. G. Mosely, S. S. Lambeth, Jr., W. H. Vincent, S. Q. Collins and W. W. Smith."

The appointment of this committee followed the adoption of the report of the Epworth League Board, and this was the beginning of the history of our Orphanage in Richmond, which has won its way to the hearts of the people throughout our bounds.

Dr. Young J. Allen, Missionary to China was a welcome visitor to the Conference. His last visit was at the session in Lynchburg in 1870. A motion offered by Dr. Sledd, and adopted by the Conference requested Dr. Allen to address the Conference on conditions in China on Friday. On that day at 11 A. M. he delivered his memorable address on "China Made Willing," an address which

created a profound impression on his great audience. The developments of the last twenty years have singled Dr. Allen out, not only as a Christian statesman, but as a prophet of no small ability.

At the request of the Conference Bishop John C. Granbery delivered his "Semi-Centennial" sermon, and the Conference, by resolution, requested the Bishop to furnish the same for publication in the Conference Annual. It was a fine exhibit of the spirit of the Bishop: full of tender reminiscences of men and events, a just estimate of men of mark, a story of the times, long gone, full of incident, and humor, and pathos.

The list of those who had died contained the following:—**L. S. Reed**, the father of our Dr. J. C. Reed, born in 1819, licensed to preach in 1846, joined the Virginia Conference in November, 1849, at Petersburg, granted the Superannuated Relation in 1893, and died in 1897. "Through fifty-one years he bore the title and adorned the office of a Methodist preacher. In the councils of his Church and the advisory boards of his community, he was esteemed for his strong common sense and for his practical wisdom. His knowledge of men and measures was exceedingly accurate." He was a Delegate to the General Conferences of 1866, 1874, and 1878, and an Alternate to the session of 1886, "serving a part of the session when Dr. W. W. Bennett became too feeble to attend."

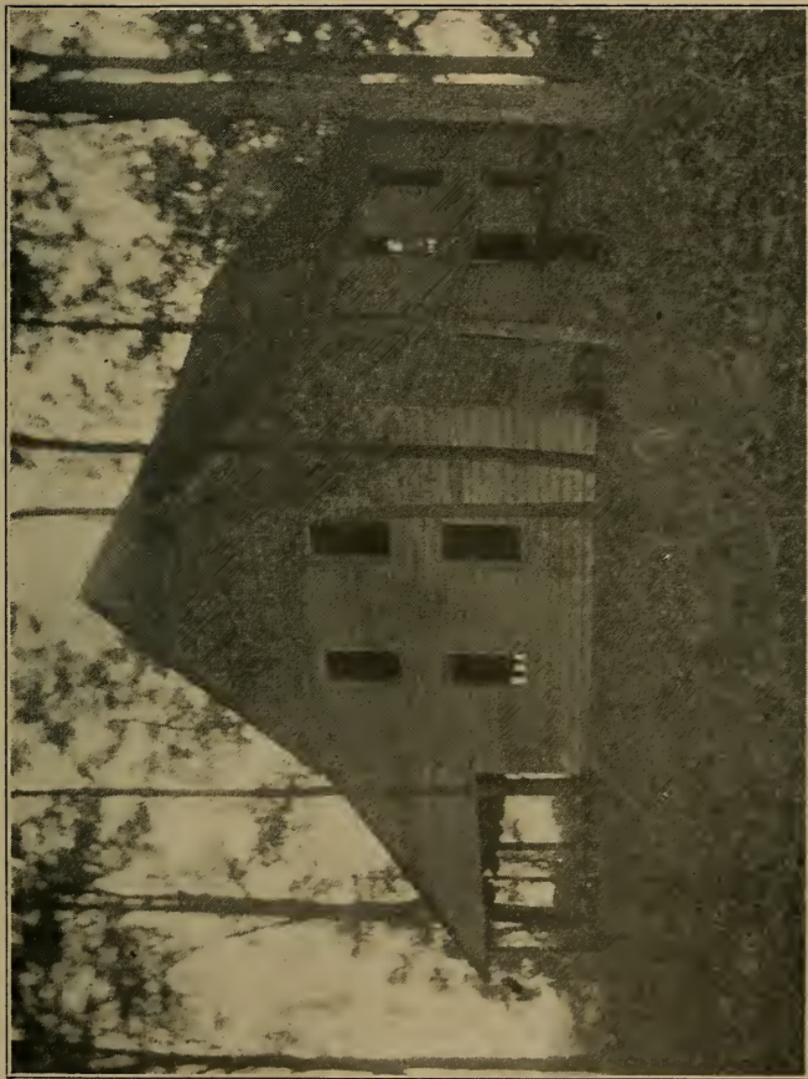
**Jacob Manning**, after fifty-five years of faithful service. "No man was more loved by his breth-

ren, and no man more generously loved them. He sought the good of others," and others poured the benediction of their gratitude into his gentle bosom.

**Geo. C. Vanderslice** died in March, 1898, in the city of Richmond, while pastor of Union Station, after an illness of less than a month. His death was a shock to the City, to his Conference, to his friends everywhere. No thought of such a calamity was associated with the mention of his name. His lively stride, his rugged frame, his aggressive spirit, his discount of difficult and taxing toil, had given those who stood nearest him only the idea of what life really meant. He carried a consecrated soul, and a brave heart.

**David M. Wallace** joined the Conference in 1853, and died in April, 1898, a faithful pastor, an evangelical preacher.

**Joseph J. Edwards** gently breathed his last at the home of his son, J. Travis Edwards, in Berkley, (now a part of Norfolk,) April 20th, 1898. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. R. M. Chandler, and the precious remains were laid to rest in Elmwood Cemetery, Norfolk. "He was a good man," a man of faith, and prayer, and withal a deeply sympathetic man, carrying the burdens of others upon his own heart as if they were his own. This is Christ-like. At the same time, as Dr. Wm. E. Edwards says in his Memoir, "He was as artless and unsuspecting as a child. He was pain-



MOUNT ZION, GLOUCESTER, 1900. ERECTED 1797.



fully distrustful of himself, and as modest and retiring as he was distrustful."

**Jas. L. Spencer** closes the list of the worthy men the Virginia Conference lost this year from her ranks. He was born in 1826. He joined the Conference in November, 1850, but from 1858 to 1872 was not on the effective list. As a preacher Dr. Spencer "was clear, scriptural, spiritual, earnest, pointed. Like Moses he communed with God on the mount. In labors he was abundant. He sowed beside all waters diligently, and fruits of his ministry were not lacking."

The Conference did a very unusual thing on Wednesday morning, the seventh day. The usual session began at 9 A. M. The minutes of the last session were read and approved. Then, "There being no business ready, on motion, **Conference adjourned to meet again at 11 o'clock A. M. today.**"

"Conference met at 11 A. M. according to adjournment," and went on with a great amount of business.

Late that night the appointments were read, and I found myself sent to the Gloucester circuit as the successor of Rev. Joseph E. Potts. Rev. John M. Burton succeeded me in the Albemarle circuit.

The first record of the Gloucester circuit that I have been able to find is in the Journal of Bishop Francis Asbury. The date is "December 29th, 1781." The record reads:—"Rode to Stedham's \* in Gloucester circuit. This man was once famous for racing: he is now a servant of the Lord Jesus

Christ." "Tuesday, January 1st, 1782," the Journal reads:—Having preached several times in the neighborhood of the Old Church, (King and Queen county,) to very unfeeling congregations, I rode to Dudley's Ferry, in order to cross York river, but was disappointed, the boat being on the opposite side. We returned to widow C's, and had a congregation of sixty or seventy people. We then rode back to the Ferry, and passed over immediately."

"December 4th, 1783," he passed over that route again. He says, "I preached to about thirty people at old father Stedham's **in King and Queen county**, \* Gloucester circuit; myself and the people were blessed in waiting on the Lord." "Thursday, May 12th, 1785," he is at "Yorktown, lately the seat of War." His note on this place is short and plain. "Here Lord Cornwallis surrendered to the combined armies of America and France. The inhabitants are dissolute and careless. I preached to a few serious women at 1 o'clock, and at the desire of the ladies again at 4 o'clock. I came to Mrs. Rowe's." That is, he crossed the river to Gloucester Point, for he goes on to say, "Saturday the 14th, I directed my course for Urbanna. I was apprehensive of a gust while crossing the Rappahannock; but I reached the other side in safety."

The following note he makes of Gloucester circuit is dated Sunday, January 21st and Monday January 22nd, 1787. He has just come across the Rappahannock from the great revival that was sweep-

ing through the Northern Neck. He says as he strikes this religious iceberg, "Cold times in this circuit compared with the great times we have had in Lancaster.

"January 3rd, 1788," he "crossed the Rappahannock: went on to Blake's; came to Brother Billups', Kingston Parish, Gloucester county. Here we were happy in our religious exercises." This Brother Billups was Rev. Armistead Billups, father of Mrs. Harriet Stoakes, and grandfather of our dear Brother Walter R. Stoakes, of Mathews circuit. Many a preacher has been able to say of that home, "we were happy in our religious exercises." He left this delightful haven of rest, and "rode forty miles to Cappahosic ferry, but being unable to cross, we rode ten miles to the widow Rowe's." He crossed the York at Yorktown, coming south. He came into Gloucester circuit from Lancaster, crossing the river Urbanna, Tuesday, December 29, 1789, went on over Turk's Ferry on the Piankintank river, to Sister Dutton's, where he found "three of the preachers waiting for us, preaching having been appointed for the morrow." Perhaps this meeting was held at a place called "Cheese Cake," near the present home of John L. Farinholt. The place is mentioned elsewhere in his Journal, and is on the direct route from Gloucester Point to Urbanna over Turk's Ferry, which he traveled so often. Thursday the 31st of December, 1789, he is at "Rev. Joseph Bellamy's."

Bishop Whatcoat is with him. Brother Bellamy was a local preacher, living in the field adjoining the lot on which the present Bellamy's church stands. The church was founded in 1795, says a headboard placed at the grave of parson Bellamy in the church yard by Mr. Jefferson W. Stubbs in 1895.

Dr. W. W. Bennett, in his "Memorials of Methodism in Virginia" has this note preserved by Rev. Thos. Scott. "Our Quarterly Conference was held at the house of Mrs. Chapman, situated in a place called **Guinea**. Rev. Stephen G. Roszell came with the Presiding Elder, Philip Bruce, and preached on Sunday." A great revival resulted, the meeting "continued till a late hour, and several struggled into life." **Bethlehem church** must have gotten its start from this great meeting. **This was in the year 1789.**

December the 29th, 1790, he is in the Gloucester circuit again, and at "Brother Bellamy's," coming from Lancaster.

He turns north at this point, going up through King and Queen, and on Christmas day is at Hanover with Wm. Glendenning, one of the preachers.

Wednesday, November 11th, 1795, he comes across the Rappahannock into the Gloucester circuit again, this time at Bowler's in Essex county. He says, "I rode eight miles to Brother Mann's in Essex, where I preached fifteen years ago." "Mann's Meeting House" was still standing on the

north side of the main road in 1882-3 above the village of Montague's in Essex, as one travels from that point to Center Cross.

"November 14th, visited Brother L. R. Cole," is the brief entry in the Bishop's Journal. Cole's Chapel, in Essex, no doubt got its name from this worthy man. "November 16th, after a rainy morning, I rode to Phaup's Chapel and had nearly a hundred people. Spent the evening with Mrs. J. Ellis, Bro. Phaup, and Bro. Perry." This was in the neighborhood of Pace's Chapel, for he afterwards speaks of the growth of the work at Pace's. November 17th he crossed the Mattapony river at Frazier's Ferry and the Pamunkey at "Putney" thus furnishing evidence that he was at Pace's Chapel "November 16th, 1795," the Chapel being near that Ferry.

Saturday, November 11th, 1797, he came into the Gloucester circuit at "the widow Rowzie's in Essex, having ridden twenty miles from Port Royal, in Caroline county. We were kindly and comfortably entertained. We then hastened on to Leroy Cole's. He and his wife were gone to Quarterly Meeting eight miles down the river." (This meeting was no doubt held at Mann's Meeting-House already referred to.) "A pious sister and house-keeper made us comfortable." After a rain-storm "we hastened to the meeting-house. Preached. Rode five miles to Widow Hundley's: here was all kindness and love. We rejoiced to see our much-

esteemed brethren, Cole, McKendree, and Mead, and to hear of a great and gracious work of God."

Gloucester circuit shared in this great work in 1797, under the preaching of William McKendree, Leroy Cole and Stith Mead. "Signs of revival appeared early in the spring in different parts of Matthews and Gloucester. \* \* \* \* These indications increased in number and importance, until on Whit-Sunday, at Mt. Zion, a chapel erected by Mrs. Mary Mason Tabb, a lady of wealth and refinement, the friend of Asbury, and a mother in Israel, a most extraordinary work broke out." (Bennett) "While I was preaching," says Stith Mead, "my own soul being overwhelmed by a supernatural power, an awful trembling shook the place throughout the congregation." The revival swept through that entire section of the circuit, more than five hundred being added to the church during the year, and among them many persons of wealth and influence. The oldest Methodists declared that they had never witnessed such displays of Divine power." (Bennett's "Memorials.")

Stith Mead, on account of his zeal and success, was honored with a full share of persecution. He writes, "Persecution has grown to perfection. The burden falls mostly on me, yet my colleague has his share. At the beginning I was styled a madman it was declared that I threw my Bible at a man's head: others said if I had my deserts I would be tied neck and heels and cast out of the

meeting-house. I visited a neighboring Quarterly Meeting, and it was reported that I had murdered a man, stolen his money and his horse and run off. Some said I deserved to have my neck broken; while others determined that I should not return out of Mathews county alive. I went on board of a new ship on the stocks and they declared that I had laid a spell on her so that she could not be launched."

"The year closed with a great Christmas meeting at Mathews Chapel. While we were commemorating the birth, crucifixion, death and resurrection of our Blessed Saviour," says Mead, "Satan assembled his agents and fixed his powder guns around the meeting-house. It was a time of great grace among the Christians, while the devil and his subjects were made ashamed. On Tuesday the Lord was with us of a truth; the floor was strewed with shrieking sinners, and before the meeting was over six souls professed to be converted." He computed the year's results at 500 converted, and 540 added to the church, besides those who united with other denominations." (Bennett's "Memoirals," Pages 363-366.)

Asbury's ournal continues:—"Monday, November 13th, 1797, preached at Pace's on John XIV. 6." Now he passes on down the road through King and Queen county, and on Tuesday the 14th was at Shackelford's Chapel in a three hour's meeting. "We had a large and solemn congregation.

Preached on 1 Cor. II. 12." He adds, "In the month of July last, the Lord visited this place in mercy, and it is judged thirty souls not only professed to be, but really were converted to God." "Wednesday the 15th. A snowy day, and very cold. I rode seven miles, cased and curtained up in the carriage. I kept house at Brother Bellamy's—it is seven years since I was here. My mind enjoys peace, but my body is languid."

The road from Shackelford's Chapel to Bellamy's is familiar to many of our preachers. It passes "Plain View," goes out of King and Queen over the Mill Dam into Gloucester, by "Adner" P. O., near "Mt. Prodigal," Warner P. Roane's old home, over Wood's Mill Hill, by Wood's Cross Roads, by "Church Hill," the home of Hon. Jas. N. Stubbs, by Enos Fork to within a fourth of a mile of "Sassafras," where a sharp turn to the left carries the traveller to Bellamy's church, one mile away. Bishop Asbury travelled this road on the 14th and 15th days of November, 1797. It is five miles from Shackelford's Chapel to Wood's Cross Roads, and seven miles from that point to Bellamy's. It is very probable that he spent the night of the 14th at Wood's Cross Roads, and went the next day, "the 15th, seven miles, cased and curtained up in the carriage" to Brother Bellamy's near the church.

Historic and sacred soil! Why should not a Methodist wish sometimes to pass over these highways

hallowed by the diligent feet of holy men like Asbury, and tarry now and then at Wood's Cross Roads? His Journal says, "A society of near forty here (Bellamy's) has increased to one hundred. I preached on Hebrews III. 12-13.

William Wilkinson, one of the preachers on the circuit died "in the midst of his labors," in 1798.

April the 18th, 1799, Asbury is in Gloucester circuit again, but this time in King and Queen county, at "Benj. Pace's." He says, "There are one hundred members here," Pace's Chapel. "Went across Layton's Ferry in Essex over into King George."

April 15th, Wednesday, 1800," he is "at Mt. Zion. Jesse Lee came in before us and had begun to preach; I had a headache and fever, so said but little. I had the pleasure of beholding with my eyes the excellent plantation of Mr. Tabb, and receiving every favor the heart of love and the hand of liberality could bestow. I am a stranger that tarried."

"Thursday the 16th, at 'Cheese Cake' I said a little upon James II. 5. Here is a new house and society." From its location and surroundings I should judge this to be the foundation of "Olive Branch" church, Gloucester, near New Upton. He went on from this point to Urbanna, but could not cross the river on account of a storm, so went up into Essex, by way of Jamaica, Montague's and Mann's Meeting-House to the Widow Hundley's. "Saturday the 18th, we rode fourteen miles to Le-

roy Cole's. Monday the 20th rode twenty-five miles to the widow Rowzie's." She lived in upper Essex in the neighborhood of Lloyd's. At the session of the Annual Conference held at Blount's Chapel, Isle of Wight county, April, 1800, the Gloucester circuit reports 1,059 members on the roll. The classes on the circuit are, Shackelford's, Groom's, Old Church, Pace's and Sheppard's in King and Queen, Mann's and Cole's Chapel in Essex, Thrift's, Olive Branch, Bellamy's, Guinea, Abbingdon Chapel, and Mt. Zion in Gloucester, and Mathews Chapel, Billups', Providence, Bethel and Point Comfort in Mathews county; **eighteen appointments**. In 1901 there were **ten** charges in this territory reporting **five thousand three hundred and twenty** members in **thirty-eight** churches! King and Queen, Essex and Middlesex are strong **Baptist** counties.

The **First** entry in the old Quarterly Conference Records of the circuit is very incomplete. Neither the date nor the place is given, but Thomas Logan Douglas is Presiding Elder, and John Ballew is Secretary.

The **next** entry is more satisfactory. The Quarterly Conference was "held at Shackelford's Meeting-House, December 10th, 1810. Present Thomas Logan Douglas, P. E.; John Ballew, Asst. P., Jos. C. Bell, Helper; Peter B. Davis, Local Elder; John Brumly, Local Deacon; Wm. Brumly, Local Deacon; Wms, E. Davis, Local Preacher; David Diggs,

Local Preacher; Peter Brooks, John Hundley, Wm. Dutton, Wm. Thrift, Class Leaders; Thacker Muire, Steward. **Wms. E. Davis** was granted a License to preach.

Williams E. Davis was prominent in Methodist events in Gloucester circuit for a number of years. He was the father of Williams T. Davis of the Southern Female College in Petersburg, and of Rev. Joseph H. Davis of our Conference. He was the grandfather of Hon. R. B. Davis, Attorney at Law, and Arthur Kyle Davis, of the Southern Female College, Petersburg, and of Mr. Joseph Davis, of Portsmouth, father of Rev. W. H. Davis, 1st Church, Hampton, and of Mrs. O. B. Morgan, mother of Mrs. E. T. Dadmun, of Richmond. He lived near Gloucester Court House, and left the influence of a good name among the people.

William Thrift lived near the present Salem church in upper Gloucester. It was at his house the "Thrift's" class met, and that was the foundation of what later became "Salem" church.

**"Abingdon chapel"** was an abandoned Colonial church, used by the Methodists for several years, because the state of religion among the Church people was at such a low ebb there was no organization, no congregation, and no rector: so the Methodists served the people with the word and the Sacraments, until the house was taken up by the Episcopalians and put in thorough repair, and has since been used by them to this day.

At the next Quarterly Conference, August 13th, 1811, which was held at Pace's in King and Queen, "Minton Thrift was recommended to the Annual Conference for Admission on Trial." I remember old Brother Thrift, as a Superannuated preacher living in Petersburg when I was a little boy. He died there in 1869.

Cole's Chapel was replaced in later years by "Lebanon" in Essex; Grooms' was the original of "New Hope" in King and Queen; and Billups' of "Salem" in Mathews. There was no Methodist church in Middlesex in 1810.

At a Quarterly Conference "held at Bethel in Mathews county December 14th, 1822, John Morris recommended to the District Conference for License to Preach." At the Quarterly Conference held at Shackelford's Chapel, September 22nd, 1821, "James Ware, James Howard, and Wm. Armistead Billups, (W. R. Stoakes' grandfather,) were recommended to the District Conference for License to Preach." It will be seen by these two items that District Conferences were held in those days, and that that body licensed men to preach upon the recommendation of the Quarterly Conference. This law was repealed later by the General Conference, and re-enacted in 1898.

"Christopher Thomas was recommended to the District Conference to be recommended by that body to the Annual Conference for Admission on

Trial." That is the record of the Conference above noted as having been held at Bethel.

This Quarterly Conference appointed "the Committee, John Martin, Robert Bland, and William Bland, to secure the ground and ascertain the amount necessary to build a house of worship in the neighborhood of said Martin's agreeably to the Discipline. Part 2. Section 2." This committee laid the foundation of a wooden structure, and erected it **near the big oak tree** within a few yards of the present brick building called "Salem" in Gloucester. Peyton Anderson was Presiding Elder, and John C. Ballew and John Thompson were the preachers on the circuit. Anderson, while yet Presiding Elder, died the next year, 1823. In July, 1824, Samuel Cushon died in Mathews county; which event I have already recorded in the Chapter on Mathews circuit.

An event, of some importance in keeping history straight, transpired at the Fourth Quarterly Conference for 1824-5, held at Pace's chapel, January 22nd, 1825. The preachers were Saml. Cushon and Chas. P. Witherspoon, with Caleb Leach as Presider. Cushon died in July and Witherspoon took charge, and at the next Quarterly Conference, held at Cole's chapel, a young man appears as **Helper** who was destined to figure prominently in some of the most stirring events of the Church. This was **William A. Smith**. Smith was secretary of that Conference, and he records "**no business.**"

At the next Quarterly Conference, the fourth noted above, the record shows the following:

“William A. Smith received the approbation of the Conference, and was recommended to the Annual Conference to be Admitted as a candidate for the ministry.”

(Signed) Chas. P. Witherspoon,  
Hezekiah McClellan, Sec. President.

William A. Smith, according to the next record, was received, and returned to the circuit as Preacher in Charge. Read it:—“First Quarterly Conference, held at Providence church, Mathews county, on the 23rd day of April, 1825. Caleb Leach, P. E., **William A. Smith, A. P.**”

An important incident of the Conference of 1870 should be noted: a committee consisting of Rev. Dr. Leroy M. Lee, Rev. Dr. (afterward Bishop) John C. Granbery, and D’Arcy Paul, was appointed and reported a paper expressing “the sentiments of the Conference in view of the sad event,” the death of Rev. Wm. A. Smith, D. D., of the St. Louis Conference, who for forty-one years was a prominent and beloved member of this body, and whose distinguished services, no less than his exalted religious and ministerial character, entitle his memory to perpetual regard in the Church.

The paper was read by Dr. Granbery on the evening of the eighth day of the session. “Dr. Smith was born in Fredericksburg, Va., in 1802, and died in Richmond in March, 1870. He was one of the great

men of Southern Methodism, a leader in our Conference and on the floor of the General Conference from 1832 to 1844. He was a great debater. In the great polemic battle in the General Conference of 1844, which resulted in the division of the Church, he won a reputation wide as the United States, and inferior to that of no minister in any denomination for the highest deliberative and forensic eloquence. He was a member of the Louisville Convention in 1845, which organized the M. E. Church, South, and of all the General Conferences of this Church to the day of his death. He commanded universal respect and confidence among his brethren by the sincerity of his zeal, and the power of his reasoning." He was president of Randolph-Macon College for twenty years.

The above is a paragraph taken bodily out of the report of that committee. I dare not substitute my lame language for the pure English of those three men who represented the piety and the wisdom of the Church. The body of Dr. Smith rests in beautiful Hollywood, Richmond. Over the grave is a monument erected by order of the Conference and the donations of those who loved him.

Another item is of interest to many of us who knew and revered the holy man. **Wm. B. Rowzie** was junior preacher on the circuit in 1829, with Samuel Harrell as Senior, and Lewis Skidmore, Presiding Elder.

**George A. Bain**, (father of the late W. F. Bain,

and grandfather of Dr. E. L. Bain, both of our Conference,) and Robert I. Carson are the preachers on the circuit in 1830, with the same Presiding Elder. The Church at West Point is added to the circuit.

Stephen D. Winburn appears as Assistant Preacher at the First Quarterly Conference for 1833, and John T. St. Clair is Helper. Moses Brock is the Presiding Elder, but is not present. At the Second Quarterly Conference at Olive Branch, June 15th, the Presiding Elder is present and so also are the preachers. But at the Third Quarterly Conference held at the Camp Ground at Bellamy's church, John Summerson appears as Assistant Preacher, and it was ordered that fifty dollars be paid to Moses Brock for Stephen D. Winburn's estate. The Conference records show that he died that year. This Quarterly Conference met at the Camp Ground **September 3rd**. His death therefore occurred between the 15th of June, and the 3rd of September.

Rev. Gervais M. Keesee is the Preacher sent from the Lynchburg session of the Conference held in February, 1835. Moses Brock is yet Presiding Elder. The churches in the King and Queen, according to action taken at the Second Quarterly Conference held in June 1835, had been organized into the "King and Queen circuit" at the Lynchburg session.

Rev. G. M. Keesee is returned to the circuit as

Assistant Preacher, and Moses Brock is the Presiding Elder, from Conference held in Norfolk, Va., January, 1836, but is not present at any of the Quarterly Conferences till the Third, held at Point Comfort, November 12th.

Now for a little shocking history; shocking, perhaps, to our Protestant Episcopal friends whose boast in the "Historic Episcopacy" did not lead them, to exhibit a zealous concern for their substantial church buildings, erected in Colonial times. Yet these same Churchmen kept up their splendid homes, their extravagant, and sometimes, intemperate entertainments, where wine and cards and the all-night dance made famous the names of the aristocracy.

Here is **the fact in history**, which I desire to record:—The Fourth Quarterly Conference for the Gloucester circuit, of the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was held in **Ware Church, January 28th, 1837**. No Presiding Elder was present, but the Preacher in Charge, G. M. Keesee, Presided, and Caleb Leigh, is Secretary.

John W. White is the next Preacher in Charge, with Henry B. Cowles Presiding Elder. This is from the January session 1837, held in Petersburg, Bishop Waugh, Presiding. Jas. McDonald and John H. Waitman come to the circuit in 1838. At the Conference held in Edenton, N. C., January 1839, the **Mathews circuit** is **formed** including Mt. Zion in Gloucester, Mathews Chapel, Providence,

Billups', Bethel and Point Comfort. Jas. McDonald is sent in charge of the old Gloucester circuit without help. Jas. E. Joyner is the Preacher in 1841, and G. M. Keesee is Presiding Elder. J. F. Askew is sent in 1842. At this session the two circuits are **re-united** at the request of the brethren of both charges. Here follows the resolutions:—

“It being known at the Second Quarterly Meeting, held at Salem Church in Gloucester circuit on Saturday the 28th day of May, 1842, that considerable dissatisfaction has been created in said circuit by an alteration made in the circuit at the Conference held in 1839, when Mathews and one appointment in Gloucester was cut off and established into a separate circuit and against the wishes thereof; It was resolved, that we respectfully solicit and petition the Presiding officer who may preside at the next Virginia Conference, to re-unite Mathews and Gloucester into one circuit, and do also request Bro. G. M. Keesee, our Presiding Elder and Bro. Askew, our Preacher in Charge, to use their best endeavors to effect the same.” And it was done.

The Preachers sent this year, November, 1842, are Joseph Lear, (the father of our brother, Dr. W. W. Lear, who died in 1918,) and Allen Carner. On account of the re-adjustment of circuit boundaries three Stewards are added to represent the Mathews churches:—Wm. M. Brownley from Point Comfort, John Hudgins from Bethel, and Bartlett Gayle from Providence.

The Fourth Quarterly Conference for the year was held at Olive Branch November 4th, 1843. **Thos. Diggs** was licensed to preach and recommended to the Annual Conference for Admission on Trial, and **John W. Howard** was licensed to preach.

It appears that the re-union of the Mathews and Gloucester circuits did not prove satisfactory, therefore, the Third Quarterly passed the Preamble and Resolution, which paper sent up to the Conference held in Richmond in November, requesting the division of the circuit again.

Bishop Morris, who presided over the Conference, granted the request of the petitioners, and the history of the divided circuits begins at this session,—**November 1843.**

Kinchin Adams and Allen Carner are the next preachers. At the Second Quarterly Conference, \* the preachers having gone over into Middlesex with the Methodist propaganda, this work is incorporated with the Gloucester circuit, three new Stewards are elected,—**Roderick Bland, Robert Healy** and **Lewis Jones**, and the circuit is afterward known as "Gloucester and Middlesex." **Major Roderick Bland** was for years one of the leading citizens of lower King and Queen county, and a substantial and devoted member of Shackelford's Chapel. His children were Hon. Geo. C. Bland and Mr. James Bland of Centerville, Mrs. Warner Roane, Mrs. D. G. Anderson, Mrs. Marston of

West Point, and Messrs. Richmond and Joseph Bland of West Point. Mr. Lewis Jones was the father of Hon. T. G. Jones, late Commonwealth's Attorney for many years in Middlesex, and of Mr. Lewis Jones, late Treasurer of the same county. Mr. Robert Healy has grandchildren yet living in Middlesex. One of his grandsons was Mr. G. S. Healy, late Sheriff of Middlesex. At the above Conference \* held at **Forest Chapel, May 11th, 1844, Forest Chapel, Lower Church and Clarksbury** report for the first time. (See Chapter VI. on Middlesex.)

At the Fourth Quarterly Conference held at Bellamy's October 17th, 1844, Jefferson W. Stubbs is Secretary. A committee, consisting of Jas. W. Howard, John W. Howard, Hazlen Nuttall and Wm. R. Singleton, is appointed to "take the Disciplinary steps for the erection of a house of worship in Ware Neck for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

The next preachers for 1844-5 are Wm. H. Starr and Thos. H. Haynes, and Dr. Abram Penn is Presiding Elder. The First Quarterly Conference held at Bellamy's March 1st, 1845, adopted a strong body of resolutions in regard to the great division in the Methodist Church in this country in 1844. They were designed as a reply to a certain article appearing in one of the Northern church papers over the signature of some one signing himself "Antisecessionist," "asserting in broad terms that the Gloucester circuit was opposed to division

under any circumstances." This paper, signed by "Abram Penn, P. E.," and "Jeff. W. Stubbs, Secty." and adopted by the Quarterly Conference declared "we are in favor of a peaceful separation according to the plan proposed and adopted by the last General Conference."

A resolution adopted at the Third Quarterly Conference held at Forest Chapel, July 11th, 1846, with W. J. Norfleet as Preacher in Charge, asking for a division of Gloucester and Middlesex into two separate circuits, was not granted by the Bishop, who presided at the Conference held in Boydton at the old Randolph-Macon College, in November.

W. J. Norfleet is returned to the charge, with A. W. Sale as Junior, from the Conference held in Charlottesville, November 1847.

At the Conference of 1848, held in Elizabeth City, N. C., Bishop Capers presides and sends Thos. A. Hayes and Geo. W. Carter to the circuit with Jas. E. Joyner, Presiding Elder. The son of this Brother Hayes was Orderly Sergeant of "A" Company at the Virginia Military Institute in 1864-5, and was the Mayor of the City of Baltimore, Md., in 1901, and had been for several terms. Mrs. Julianna Hayes, the First President of the Woman's Missionary Society, of the Southern Methodist Church was the widow of this circuit rider.

The same Presiding Elder, Joyner, and the same Preacher, Hayes, are returned for the year 1849,

but C. W. Petherbridge is Junior in place of Geo. W. Carter.

A committee consisting of Wm. Richardson, Robt. Bland and Peter Bray, was appointed by the Second Quarterly Conference held at Shackelford's the 12th day of May, 1849, "to make the necessary arrangements for building a church at, or near, the Old Church site." This building was never erected, and a few years later the "Old Church" fell into the hands of the Methodists.

Jas. E. Joyner is yet on the District, but the preachers are John Wesley Childs and T. J. Bayton. This is the assignment from the Petersburg Conference of 1849, Bishop Jas. O. Andrew, Presiding.

From the Conference of 1850, held in Richmond, **Lemuel S. Reed** and Richard Shane are sent to the circuit, with Joyner as again Presiding Elder. From the Conference of 1851, held in Alexandria, Bro. Reed is returned for the second year, but the Junior is Wm. F. Bain.

Lemuel S. Reed was the father of our Dr. J. C. Reed, who retired to the Supernumerary ranks at the last Conference. Rev. Wm. F. Bain was the father of Dr. E. L. Bain, of our Conference.

A letter from Dr. Reed at Blackstone informs me that his father "rented the little house opposite the store of Mr. George Stubbs at Belroi, and in this little home Dr. Walter Reed," his brother, "was born in 1851. The present parsonage was built by my father in 1851. At first it was a story and a half, with a hall, two rooms below, one of

them a shed; a back porch at the end of the hall, and one room up stairs."

The following, copied by Chaplain J. T. Moore, U. S. Army, (now at Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C., May, 1922) from the International Encyclopedia seems to be an authentic account of the work and death of Dr. Walter Reed, of Gloucester, Va.

"Dr. Walter Reed, Medical Corps, U. S. Army, was born in Gloucester county, Va., in 1851. He, with two other officers, was sent to Havana, Cuba, in 1897, to work out a system to combat Yellow Fever. Reed had consistently maintained that Yellow Fever could be contracted only by being bitten by a certain variety of mosquito which had previously bitten a person infected with Yellow Fever. With faith in his theory Reed submitted to inoculation from a thus infected mosquito, developed the Fever and recovered therefrom. Dr. Reed died five years later from the effects of an operation for appendicitis."

A memorial tablet was placed in Court House at Gloucester in his honor a few years ago. The Memorial Hospital at Tacoma Park, D. C., is commemorative of his service to his country. A public School building in Newport News is named for him.

I have no record of the ministers who served Gloucester circuit from November 1852, to November 1868. At the Conference of 1868, Rev. E.

M. Peterson was appointed to the charge, and was returned in the fall of 1869. For four months in the summer of 1869, I was his Junior.

1870 J. C. Martin, four years, with L. B. Betty, Junior the last two. 1874, Oscar Littleton three years, with Bro. Betty the first two and N. J. Pruden the last one. 1877, Geo. E. Booker, four years, with S. H. Johnson one year, and S. L. Thrift one year. 1881, H. C. Cheatham, with J. C. Campbell as Junior. 1882, J. C. Martin, four years, with T. J. Wray as Junior three years. 1886, Thos. H. Campbell, with W. J. Hubbard as Junior. 1887, C. C. Wertenbaker, two years; and W. O. Waggener, 1889, one year. 1890, W. H. Gregory, three years, with C. H. Galloway as Junior one year, and W. C. Smith, as Junior one year.

At the Conference of 1893 Bethlehem was cut off and the Gloucester Point circuit was formed, and Paul Bradley sent as the first pastor. He was followed by G. H. McFaden, then Jas. O. Moss, then Asa Driscoll, and then Chas. H. Hobday. At the 1893 session J. D. Hank was sent to the old Gloucester circuit as Bro. Gregory's successor, and remained only one year.

In 1894 Joseph E. Potts, with his son E. J. Potts as Junior, went to the circuit and remained four years, and was succeeded by **me** in 1898.

I was sent back to Tidewater where I had spent twenty-five years of my ministry, and to an appointment where so many great men in Virginia Methodism had served: where Methodism got

its rooting in the days of Asbury, McKendree, Stith Mead, Wm. A. Smith, and others: I was going back among the friends of my early ministry when I tried so hard to preach in 1869: to the old parsonage at Belroi where I had my room as Junior under dear Brother Peterson, twenty-nine years ago; back to Salem, Olive Branch, Bellamy's and Singleton's Chapel in Ware Neck,—churches I served when not quite twenty-one years of age. Some of these fine people were living still, but many had "crossed the flood." I would enter their homes joyfully, talk of the months of triumph and the sinners saved in the summer of '69, of the beloved who had fallen asleep, and mingle our prayers and our praises once more, at the old fireside, before the throne of the Good Father who had heard us and blessed us in the long ago!

I was supremely happy when I learned that I was to go to Gloucester, and so were all my family. We did not rejoice at leaving the lovely Piedmont and the scores of sweet associations we had formed; but for the reasons given above, and the additional fact that we would live within twenty miles of our eldest daughter, Mary, the wife of Mr. G. S. Marchant at Mathews Court House.

I sent my family by railway to Richmond and West Point, thence by steamer to Clay Bank, where the watchful and kindly officers of the Church at Bellamy's met them and conducted them to the parsonage at Belroi. I and my faithful horse, John, set out through the country, hoping

to reach my destination, **home**, by Sunday afternoon, the 4th of December; but I did not succeed in this as the sequel will show.

At the end of my first day's drive I put up for the night at the home of Bro. John Hopkins, Keeper of the Albemarle Alms House, near Keswick. The second night, Thursday, December 1st, overtook me at Bumpass's Station on the C. & O. Railroad in Hanover county. The third night I spent at Manquin, King William county. Saturday I ate lunch at King William Court House, crossed the Mattapony river at Frazer's Ferry, and arrived at Dr. Jas. E. Bland's, at Shanghai, King and Queen county, after dark, in a cold rain.

All along the route the people were exceedingly kind, taking in the moving itinerant and feeding his horse without charge and gladly. At Bumpass's I was directed to the home of a fine Christian gentleman, a member of the Disciples' church. His wife had died, but his daughters and son and wife's mother added to a very bountiful and elegant supper an evening of song and conversation, which brought the hour to retire to our rooms all too soon. There is something in Christian fellowship, clever, clean conversation, and sacred music which takes the weariness out of a traveller's body, and sends him to the family altar, and to private prayer in a strange room with a glad heart and a stronger faith in God. And in the night-watches starts a song, and his meditations take a clearer view of eternal things. Oh, that the world

knew the worth and inexhaustible sufficiency of this Fountain!

Nearly two years later with three young men, companions on a vacation trip from Gloucester to the Valley of Virginia, I stopped for the night at this same home. The father had joined his wife in "the better land," and was reaping the reward of a life well spent: but the same hospitable greeting and entertainment were given us four that had been given to the lone itinerant on his first visit. And when pay was offered for food and lodging for four hungry men and two horses, it was firmly refused on the ground that "father solemnly charged us never to charge you a penny, no matter when you came." When I tried to convince these good people that FOUR made a difference, the reply was "It makes no difference to us." And so we left them with our blessing—all that they would take out of our grateful hearts and willing hands.

At Manquin, King William, I found Brother Thos. Cocke ready to take me in and care for horse and man: but he had a sick wife, and therefore made satisfactory arrangements with a gentleman across the road to care for the man, while he cared for the horse. The quarters obtained were comfortable. They were Disciples also, but whilst the wife was a good listener, the husband was of an argumentative cast of mind, and would let no chance escape to let anybody know that he differed with everybody about everything, from batter-cakes to Baptism, from the ordination of the min-

istry to the movement of the stars. I did not mention the fact that his wife was a very comely person and gracious in spirit toward "the stranger within her gates." I hesitated to give him an opportunity to wound her feelings by contradicting my statement. I felt that he would not hesitate to do it. He went so far as to call in question the scriptural character of the blessing I asked upon the food she served and upon the hand which served it and the heart which moved her. With him it was as it was with another of his faith, of whom I had heard: "'Without controversy great is the mystery' of everything; and controversy is the Heaven ordained method of solving all mysteries, because 'the mystery of godliness' is solved by that method, and that alone."

It was a long drive from Manquin to Dr. Jimmie Bland's, and having been delayed in crossing the Ferry, it was dark when I arrived there, and raining. The doctor and his family welcomed me with the old-time cordiality, and a very delightful evening was spent around the big open fireplace, in which the blazing logs cheered the weary traveller, and drove away thoughts of the long road over which he had come since early morning, and the discomfort of a cold rain outside.

Sunday morning, December 4th, dawned with a north east snow storm in full swing. My intention to reach "Memorial," on my circuit in time to preach at 3 P. M., was upset, and I had to accept the situation with the grace of a man who

was perfectly satisfied to "let well enough alone." I was among my old parishioners on the King and Queen end of the old Middlesex circuit before the formation of East King and Queen circuit in 1883. The good hand of God had brought me here to this haven of rest, where warm hearts and open hands made the tarrying all that one could ask. Late in the evening of that day the wind came around to the north west, drove away the clouds with a cold blast which locked up the whole country in a blanket of frozen snow. The night was intensely cold, but I was in comfortable quarters, and nothing disturbed me but the roaring wind.

Early Monday morning my good friends gave me a hot breakfast, and then a God-speed as I drove away on the last lap of my long journey from Crozet, Albemarle county to my new home, Belroi, Gloucester county. My route lay through Centerville, so I stopped here to let my friends, George and James Bland, know that I had arrived in the land of good fish, fat oysters, skillful boatmen, broad rivers, and rich farms. After a few minutes spent in talk, wherein prophecy, and hope, and sincere fraternal exchanges made the flying minutes golden, I went on my way, passing Shackelford's Chapel, and over the mill dam into Gloucester, arriving about 11 A. M. at Wood's Cross Roads. Here I got the first greeting from some of my own people—Mrs. Harry Bland and Brother Claiborne Roane, the father of Mrs. Chas. H. Galloway, the widow of our dear Brother Galloway

of our Conference. "Well, you have come back home, have you? Now stay here, and don't run away again," was the first sentence one of them uttered. But I was so glad to be "at home" again, I paid no heed to the matter of locating the speaker. I was nine miles from Belroi: so I hastened on, passing many familiar homes by the way till I came to Sassafras, took the left hand road, and within twenty minutes drove into my yard at Belroi. My journey was ended, about one o'clock P. M. Monday, December the 5th. I had left Crozet Wednesday, November the 30th at mid-day.

My family had been there keeping house since Thursday night. I received the usual "family salutes," then put John, my faithful mountain horse, in his new quarters, and prepared for the year's work in the low-lands. It would be different. There were some few depressions in the roads crossing ravines making back from the York and Piankitank rivers. The people called these **de-clivities** and **acclivities** "hills." But John knew the difference between these and the hills of Albemarle as soon as he tackled the first serious depression up near the "Old Church." The upper country gave John the much desired opportunity to walk a mile or two when climbing, and to skillfully guide the rolling buggy going down for about the same distance. The King and Queen and the Gloucester hill ended within fifty or a hundred yards, and the remainder of the highway was a sandy level, the

terror of a horse who wants to take care of himself sometimes. It was a test of my poor John's endurance: he developed a large amount of patience.

Our nearest neighbors the family of Mr. Geo. W. Stubbs, the merchant at Belroi, lived across the road opposite the parsonage; and with them his wife's brother, Andrew J. Stubbs, a rheumatic invalid, a prisoner for years in a rolling chair. On the adjoining lot the Howard family; down the road, at the Clay Bank fork, Wm. Howard, and on the road to Clay Bank, Saml. Pointer and his very useful wife; at the wharf Mr. Chris. Weaver, and his interesting family, who later moved to Newport News to enter the lumber business. At Sassafras, the Newcombs, the Shackelfords, Dr. Jones; at "Valley Front," the **old home of Jefferson W. Stubbs**, I found a royal welcome awaiting me. The old gentleman was gone, but his daughters, Misses Mattie and Lizzie Stubbs, were there, dispensing the old time hospitality to visitors in general and the preacher and his family in particular. Old Stubbs had been prominent in the affairs of the circuit since **the Second Quarterly Conference, held at Salem church, Saturday, May the 28th, 1842**. At that session he was elected Recording Steward, and remained in that office till his death.

Dr. Walker Jones was an old friend of mine. He carried me through a severe attack of Malarial fever at the home of John Leigh, below "Valley Front," when I was on the charge as Jun-

ior in 1869. It was a pleasure to sit by the country physician again and hear him tell of my honest attempts to preach, and of his honest attempts to practice. He was too kindly a host to draw the contrast too sharply. He was in feeble health now, and in a few months I buried the remains of the fine old gentleman, and commended his "spirit to the God that gave it."

"Tip" Shackelford was the son of the "William Shackelford" whose name had figured in the Annals of Gloucester circuit since the "Third Quarterly Conference held at Bellamy's, August 17th, 1829." His brother, Munson, was a leader of singing at Salem. Another brother, Alexander, is a strong Christian character at Bellamy's, and another, George, was one of my mainstays at Centenary, Middlesex. Thus the old man left behind him representatives worthy of him in the active membership of the circuit.

And Ben Newcomb, although not a member, was one of the active supporters of the preacher, and his home was ever open for his entry. It was Newcomb, Shackelford and young Jeff Stubbs, the son of Maj. J. N. Stubbs, who carried this preacher's family in their love and thought through ten weeks of heavy trial when two of our children lay at death's door with typhoid fever in the summer of 1902. And these men were the men who told me, at the end of it all, that "somebody has paid the entire bill!"

The week after my arrival on the charge was a

very cold season, but having been informed of the critical illness of Sister Robin Stubbs, I went up to her home at Enos's fork to see her. It proved to be the last time, for she passed away not very long afterward. When I entered the room and took her poor wasted hand in mine, I thanked God that I could hold once more the dear hand that ministered so many times to my need when I was a boy preacher. She was very cheerful and happy, and greeted me with a warm hug, and said, "Have they sent our boy back to us, sure enough?" I replied, "Yes, and no one is happier than the boy."

That house was one of my many homes twenty-nine years ago. This old couple was very merciful to me in those testing days, and much encouragement did I get from them,—a thing a young preacher, conscious of his limitations and his needs, looks for and welcomes as one of the signs that the Lord is with him. When she died a few weeks later I was in bed at the parsonage with rheumatism and another had to conduct the funeral services.

December the 11th, 1898, I met my first congregations,—Salem and Olive Branch, and spent the night in the home of old friends at New Upton,—O. J. Harcum of Northumberland, and his wife, a Gloucester lady of culture and a fine spirit, a Miss Stubbs.

At both churches I met old friends, but many had "fallen asleep, and some had fallen away." Many attended service at both places whom I first

met at "St. Andrew's" on the Middlesex circuit in 1881-85.

The people at Salem had long seen the need of enlarging the old building which was erected in 1844. It was 30 ft. x 40 ft., with gallery on two sides and one end. It was filled at every service. I started a campaign for enlargement. The people were ready, and needed only organization and a leader. Within two years the plans were consummated, and double the former seating capacity, after the gallery was removed, greeted a glad congregation which filled the house as before. These devoted people placed me under a heavy obligation of love for them and devotedness to Christ by placing, on the front panel of the beautiful pulpit, a silver plated tablet commemorating my ministry there from December, 1898, to November, 1902.

Just about the time that Salem got on a new outfit the wide-awake folks at Bellamy's said "Me too." Then that host of earnest, consecrated people went to work with a will; put in new pews, changed the approach to the gallery, got paint on the inside and outside, paid for it as they went along, just as the Salem throng had done. Sam Pointer, Geo. Stubbs, Will Aheron, Tip Shackelford, and,—and,—and,—oh, what's the use of calling the roll? They answered then, and some of them cannot answer now, but "their works do follow them."

I went down into the depths of Bishop Asbury's Journal and found "Mt. Zion Meeting-House," in

which "the great awakening" in Gloucester began in 1797. I attached "John" to my buggy and went on a search for the old building. I found it, "beautiful for situation," on a stately hill overlooking "Toddsbury" and the North river, the Mob-jack Bay, and beyond, out into the Chesapeake. It was hidden from the vision of the traveller along the road at the foot of this hill by rank undergrowth and great oaks and pines. I inquired about the present ownership of the property. Hundreds had passed this way, the main thoroughfare between Gloucester and Mathews, but had never seen the old church on the hill, and did not know that this was the old battle-ground of Methodism, where William McKendree, Stith Mead and Leroy Cole, the great Local Preachers of Essex, began the fight for "righteousness through faith in the blood of Christ" on Whitsunday and ended at Mathews chapel in a joyous Christmas service. More than five hundred souls were brought into the Kingdom. I found the owner of the property, and, having unraveled the legal kinks, obtained a "Fee Simple" deed for our Church, and held a re-opening service before I left the charge.

Here are the graves of the Howards, the old stock from which Rev. John W. Howard of our Conference came. I think some of the Davis family are buried here on this consecrated spot: but I am not certain of this; yet I am certain that this church yard was used as a place of burial for the members of that congregation up to the Civil War.

A few years after I left the circuit a dear brother in the Conference, then in Charge, permitted the old "Mt. Zion" building to be taken down and a modern chapel erected in its place!

Criticism would do no good: I simply state the fact, and my grief at the loss of a "Meeting-House" erected in 1795 by a pious woman, the friend of Asbury, out of her own means, and made holy by the prayers and sacred songs of the fathers; and which would have stood a hundred years more as a memorial of the zeal of Wm. McKendree, Mead and Cole.

In Ware Neck, between the Ware and the North rivers, a plucky band had a flourishing Sunday School, and kept the church at that place together in a Chapel built by a Committee appointed by the Fourth Quarterly Conference held at Bellamy's October 17th, 1844, and referred to on page 124 of this story. Wm. K. Davis and John D. White, of the older membership, were still "adorning the doctrine of God in all things," and testifying to the sufficiency of grace to save; while a younger set, of more or less efficiency, heard the word on regular preaching days. There was one young disciple down in that Neck, who got angry on a certain day in a family quarrel, and forsook the little band of Methodists he tried to represent. He walked into an Immersionist pool, and swam out to the exclusive Island of Close Communion, and was safe ever afterwards from interference from any source.

Bellamy's church during my term, 1898-1902, is

still a strong body of stalwart men and zealous women. The membership holds first rank in citizenship as well as in ecclesiastical matters. The policy of the circuit was, in the main, directed by her leaders. From the Court House to Enos's Fork, across to Pinetta, the vicinity of Willie Aheron and Harry Moore, around by Almondsville, Sassafras and Cappahosic, Clay Bank, Belroi and to the Court House, this congregation lay like a vast city on the Western plains. There was a chapel at Cappahosic, but the congregation was an offshoot from the parent stock, vigorous, but handicapped by a limited territory. "Memorial," at Signpine, under the zealous and sensible leadership of Bro. Richard Coleman, was another child of this prolific Mother of Methodism in this part of the county.

Rev. Joseph Bellamy, the founder of this church, has already been mentioned on page 119. His wife was a Miss Leigh, sister of John Leigh, the father of the wife of Rev. Dr. Wm. G. Starr of our Conference, of Mrs. Addie Martin and Mrs. Frank Wiatt of Gloucester, and of John Henry Leigh of Baltimore, Md. After the death of Mr. Bellamy his widow married William Garrett, and became the mother of Rev. Joshua Garrett of our Conference. After Mr. Garrett's death she married Mr. John Hibble, near Belroi.

The great snow storm of February 11th, 12th and 13th, 1899, will not soon be blotted from my memory. I left home Saturday, the 11th, against my better judgment, yet impelled by a sense of

duty which had always led me to be in the neighborhood of my Sunday's appointments the day before. On arriving at Woods Cross Roads the snow began to fall on hard frozen ground, and Brother Harry Bland advised me to return home, adding that "the Richmond paper of today says that a great blizzard is raging in the west, and is coming this way." I should have followed his counsel, but Brother Munson Shackelford, near Salem, was expecting me, so I pressed on four miles to that hospitable home. The storm increased in fury. All night long the wind blew a gale, the snow fell in great blankets and drifted high over the fences. Sunday we sat around the fire, conversed and nodded, and read, and made only two trips to the dining room. On Monday about 11 A. M., I decided that I had better try to get back to Belroi to my family, eleven miles away. Munson and his devoted wife protested, but I wrapped up in my "Norfolk Landmark" overcoat, put on my rabbit-hunt leggings, and gloves, with my Temperanceville buffalo robe over my lap, I took the reins from Charlie Shackelford, who had very thoughtfully brought the horse and buggy to the lee-side of the house, and told "John" to go, and he went! We faced the storm till the main road was reached, then turned our right side to it till we turned to the left at Woods Cross Roads. From that point onward the storm raged at our back, and all went well. I arrived home at 5 P. M.,—having consumed five and a half hours in making

the eleven miles. I made "John" comfortable for the night with "food and raiment," and then sought my own welcome fireside, where the children made merry at father's wonderful wrappings, and wife, with a nourishing supper, drove away the anguish of an aching void.

A ridiculous incident occurred on this drive in the blizzard. I and others had long suspected the existence of a "speak-easy" on that road: but we could get no proof. In the midst of the driving snow I came to that store. I drove as close to the door as I could, and tapped on it with my buggy whip. The proprietor opened the door and invited me in. "No," said I, "I am in a hurry, and have no time to stop. Have you any palm-leaf fans?" He replied, "No, you block-head; but I have some of the best old Rye whiskey you ever drank!" "Thank you," I replied, "I am looking for fans," and went on my way amused at the way this fellow had given himself away. It turned out that he did not recognize me; for a few days later a gentleman in the neighborhood rode out to the store to learn the news, and casually remarked that his was the first track made since Monday. The proprietor of the shop exclaimed, "You are right: and no one but a fool salesman buying up palm-leaf fans would have been on the road such a day as that was." The gentleman said, "That was no salesman: that was Brother Butts, because Harry Bland phoned us to stop him, and take him in; but he got by our gate before we

could get out to the road." The keeper of the rum-shop cried out in profound consternation, "I am a ruined man: when he asked for them fans I told him I had some good Rye whiskey!" Very little more was heard from that store and its menace to the community. The keeper either kept matters quiet around there, or ceased to keep it altogether. It was not many months before the shop ceased to do business along all lines. Amen!

The parsonage question was a "continued story" for years. The first mention of it is in the Minutes of the Second Quarterly Conference held at "Old Church" in King and Queen, August 5th, 1825, when Wm. A. Smith was Preacher in Charge. The Board of Trustees named then was made up as follows: "William Garrett and William Watts of King and Queen county, Williams E. Davis, John Martin and James Leigh of Gloucester county, Peter Brooks of Essex county, Charles Blake, Richard Foster and William Lane of Mathews county."

At the Second Quarterly Conference held at the same place June 17th, 1826, Wm. Garrett reported the parsonage bought, and asked for an inspection of his account. He showed a receipt signed by John Howlett for \$450.00, and witnessed by Jesse Thrift. He turned in \$32.52½ as balance in his hands.

It appears that this property was later sold, but there is no record; yet at the Quarterly Conference held at Mathews Chapel, June 27th, 1835, King and Queen churches ask for "a division of

the money arising from a sale of the parsonage." That part of the circuit had been formed into a new charge. Then a Committee, consisting of Wm. Field, D. D. Hall, and James Leigh, was appointed to confer with "Mr. John Tabb" about "terms" which might be made in "erecting a parsonage at or near Gloucester, with suitable out-buildings." That failed, for on August 4th, 1838, at Shackelford's, another Committee, consisting of Wm. M. Brownley and John R. Lumpkin of Mathews, John Summerson of King and Queen, John Leigh and John Hughes of Gloucester, was "appointed to select a location and build a parsonage." That effort failed also, because the Second Quarterly Conference of 1841, held at "Hickory Hill," the home of Mrs. Lucy Field, the widow of William Field, one of the Stewards, adopted a very clear and bold resolution offered by Rev. Jas. E. Joyner, Preacher in Charge, regarding the obligation resting on the Board of Stewards to provide a home for the "married preachers" as soon as possible because "no one was willing to board them." No date for the meeting is in the record.

At the First Quarterly Conference held at Bellamy's, February 26th, 1842, another Committee is appointed "to collect funds to establish a parsonage at or near Gloucester Court House." Here are the names:—"Roderick Bland, John Leigh, Conquest Royster, John Martin, Robert Thurston, Wm. Shackelford and John Hughes." The Second Quarterly Conference for 1843, held at New Point

church May 13th, William M. Brownely is appointed "to act with John Hughes to ascertain what has become of and to collect the money received from the sale of the old parsonage." At Bellamy's, July 20th, 1844, Bro. Hughes presented his report and it was "accepted and filed," and he was "ordered to secure the said fund to Brothers Wms. E. Davis and John Martin, Trustees of the Parsonage." The 13th of August, 1849, at Salem, "Jeff W. Stubbs, Wm. Shackelford, John Leigh, John W. Backhouse and Roderick Bland were appointed to raise funds with which to buy a parsonage." Brother Stubbs reported at the Quarterly Conference at Salem, January 25th, 1851, that he had "paid for the property and furniture for the parsonage out of the parsonage fund. In 1849 fifty dollars for the furniture; in 1850, \$37.00 worth, and an additional \$37.00 was due two brethren on the feather beds." This was ordered paid. "John Hughes resigned as steward, and John W. Hughes, his son, was elected in his stead."

That is the end of the record as I have it, and the property referred to above in Bro. Jeff. Stubb's report to the "First Quarterly Conference at Salem, January 25th, 1851," as having been "bought and paid for out of the parsonage fund" is the parsonage property at Belroi.

Revivals on the circuit had brought many into the Church during my term. Brothers Dunkley and Peerman assisted in a great meeting at Salem and Cappahosic, and Olive Branch. In the spring

of 1901, Rev. C. D. Crawley of Mathews, Rev. R. P. Lumpkin, his junior, Rev. W. L. Ware of the West Mathews circuit, and I, planned an evangelistic campaign in six of the largest churches in the two counties. All day services were held, and each preacher **"took his turn"** in preaching. Time and again we were hindered by the shouts of the people, and it was not unusual to see sinners crowding the altar before the sermon commenced. Souls were converted at all times and anywhere in the vicinity of the meeting. The altars were filled with penitents daily. The prayers of the people, offered up at home, on the church grounds, on the public highway, prevailed, and there was a great out-pouring of the Holy Spirit. Some who had left the Methodist church, on account of their peculiar views of the Second Blessing theory of Holiness, led astray by peripetetic meddlers who had lost their job at home, came back to the Mother Church, and shouted the praises of God with us. Doctrinal disputes arose in these meetings sometimes, but the Holy Spirit moved mightily among the multitudes, and contention melted away like snow in a June sun. At Olive Branch a certain man who would be a leader, had been taken by these travelling screamers and rollers down to the Pi-ankitank and immersed that his cleansing might be complete. He came to the revival service at the church, and started his game for converts out doors during the intermission. On assembling I stated to the church that Bro.——— "had with-

drawn from the Methodist Church and joined another church, and I desired to let them know the fact so that there should be no misunderstanding on the subject." He arose to his feet and said "I am still a Methodist: who told you I had quit?" I replied, "You have publicly, out there in the yard proclaiming the fact that you had to be immersed to get rid of your sins. That is not Methodist doctrine, nor is it Scriptural." He came forward, and wanted to shake my hand and ask my forgiveness, but I said, "You have done **me** no wrong, brother, but you have belittled your Church: if you will apologize to the Church and take the vows over here at this altar that will settle it and nothing else will." This he declined to do so I took the vote of the church then and there, and he was marked upon the Gloucester church register "Withdrawn." I quote these facts from a letter just received from Bro. W. L. Ware, who was present and approved the action of the preacher.

Some dear brother may say that I made "a mountain out of a mole-hill;" but when you are dealing with **moles** what other method do you suppose one should use than that of digging under the mole-hill? My action that day ran the **moles** out of **that** garden of the Lord! I had a somewhat similar case in a former charge. Under the advice and guidance of Rev. Dr. A. G. Brown and Rev. Dr. Paul Whitehead a bill of Charges and Specifications was constructed, a preacher from another charge conducted the trial, and the offending mem-

ber, refusing to repent, was expelled from the Church, and the next Quarterly Conference refused to hear an Appeal.

Brother Harry L. Weston rendered fine service on the circuit during the summer of 1899, and his name has often been mentioned to me by choice people of that county since then, in terms of the sincerest appreciation. He has, aided by a choice wife, taken an advanced position in the Conference.

The end of my term was fast approaching with the close of a hard year. As already mentioned briefly in this chapter, two members of our family, our younger son, Emmet, and our niece, Georgie Tiffey, were stricken with typhoid fever, and lay ill for many weeks. Our faithful and skillful physician, Dr. Davis, carried them through to complete recovery, with the aid of a devoted trained nurse and the unfailing vigilance of my wife. My people released me from all "care of the churches," prayed daily and especially in the Sabbath service for our afflicted home, paid every penny of the cost, and glorified God when their prayers were answered. The recovery of our dear children was an instance of the direct answer to prayer. One is a happy wife and mother in Lynchburg, and a useful member of Memorial Church, whilst the boy, having served his country on the Mexican border and in the "Rainbow" Division in France, is a successful business man in the City of Richmond. Moreover, he has annexed a bright and

brainy wife, the last achievement of an enterprising youth.

The people of Gloucester had bound me to them with hooks of steel. Down into the very depths of my heart they had buried themselves, and as I was about to leave them I went around that broad field from house to house bidding them farewell, and commending each family group to "God and the word of His grace," "praying them, with much entreaty," to meet me in Heaven. In some homes the parting was sad: I had failed to bring some there into the Kingdom. In others it was a "time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE CONFERENCE OF 1902, AND CENTENARY, LYNCHBURG.

The Conference of 1902 met in Broad Street Church, Richmond, Virginia, Wednesday, November 12th, Bishop William Wallace Duncan, Presiding, Bishop John C. Granbery being also present.

Paul Whitehead was Secretary, and S. S. Lambeth and Geo. F. Greene Assistant Secretaries.

Gloucester circuit was in the Richmond District when I was sent there in November, 1898, and R. T. Wilson was my Elder.

At the Conference of 1899 the charge was transferred to the so-called R. M. District. At the Conference of 1900 the name of the District was changed to "Rappahannock," and I found myself, without moving a single item of my junk, back on a District where I had travelled nineteen years of the thirty years' service. I was off the District three periods—five years on the Norfolk, and one year on the Eastern Shore, and three on the Charlottesville.

Twenty ministers had died during the quadrennium, among them some of our leading men.

Rev. Geo. E. Booker, D. D., was not a spectacular

apostle. The business that absorbed his thought and consumed his resources was the rescue of men. The instrument of his success was the Gospel, in its purity and pristine power. He did not dilute the stern element of the truth. He entered Conference in 1859, and died in 1899, February 13.

Dr. Sledd came to Market Street as the successor of Dr. J. E. Edwards in 1860. He was quite young: had been in the Conference only three years. But he had "risen rapidly to high usefulness and distinction," and his congregation soon learned that the appointment was not a mistake. He was a charming preacher,—gentle, modest, grave, intensely in earnest in the pulpit, not always eloquent, but holding attention and arousing in his hearers a sympathetic emotion like unto that which blazed in his fervid paragraphs and flashed in his brilliant eyes, as he caught the spirit of his theme. His daily converse with men gave him the right-of-way to thousands of hearts, and won multitudes to Christ. Under his ministry I publicly confessed Christ and joined Market Street Church in October, 1862. "He was a delegate to all the General Conferences from 1878 to 1898 inclusive. He was a fraternal delegate to the Canadian Methodist Church in 1890, and discharged the Trust acceptably and with distinction."

He attended the session of the General Board of Missions in Nashville, Tenn., early in May, 1899. He left Nashville on the 5th of May for his home in Danville, Va., where he was serving as pastor of

Main St. Church, going by way of Atlanta, Ga., to visit his son, Dr. Andrew Sledd, Prof. of Greek in Emory College, Oxford, Ga. He was attacked with a severe illness on the train, and assisted by a Commercial Traveller to his hotel. As soon as his son arrived, he had him removed to Grady Hospital, and there he died May the 15th. His death was a great loss to his church and his Conference. "A prince had fallen." His precious remains lie buried by those of his devoted wife in the old home cemetery in Powhatan county.

Rev. Jas. A. Riddick was another of my valuable friends who had died during this year. When I held the post of Station Agent at Stoney Creek in 1868, I took my meals at his home in the grove near by. He was a father to me, and a guide in my theological studies which I perused at that time, having been first directed to the proper course of study by Dr. J. C. Granbery. His pious wife and splendid daughters were a help to me a young man, on the threshold of life, assisting me in various ways to make the preparation I needed so badly. She, like her husband, was a diligent student of the Bible, and made many things plainer to me which I had learned as a child. Her daughters were highly cultivated, and had ordinary sense along with it, a happy combination that gave them an attractive character which some learned people lack, and lacking, are ill at ease unless they fall in with folks of their own class. The Misses Riddick, like their parents, were at ease anywhere.

Brother Riddick made opportunities for me to conduct prayer-meetings in the neighborhood and in the station waiting-room. He often carried or sent me to Sunday service, and to revival meetings on the Sussex circuit. By his thoughtfulness I was permitted to attend a meeting of some importance (I do not now recall what) at old "Jones's Meeting-House" in the summer of 1868. The only thing about that meeting I recall is the fact that Rev. Geo. N. Guy preached and Rev. Richard Ferguson sat in the pulpit. It was the first time I had ever met these two brethren.

Dr. A. G. Brown was another whose death was a severe blow to our Conference. He was a constructive worker, endowed with a vast amount of common sense. He was a leader, a pioneer in progressive enterprises. "His service extended over a period of more than forty-five years of active and laborious labor. Before he was forty years old he began to come to the front in the affairs of Southern Methodism serving in the General Conference of 1870 as Alternate for Dr. Jas. A. Duncan who was absent. In this, his first appearance in the chief legislature of our church, he made a marked impression by his business ability, his judgment and power of debate. When, twenty years later, he again entered that body, he had gained largely in experience, knowledge of our polity and history, and influence over men, and easily took a commanding position in that and the two succeeding sessions, upon all questions of prac-

tical legislation." "His valuable services as chairman of the Executive Committee of the Finance Committee of the Board of Trustees of Randolph-Macon College" is placed on record in the Memoir written by Dr. Paul Whitehead in 1900, and from which the above quotations have been made. He held fast the fundamentals of Doctrinal and Experimental religion. He was not a great preacher, but he was a monumental success in every post assigned him.

Revs. J. H. Riddick, Wm. A. Crocker, J. R. Waggener, **W. F. Bain**, John L. Clarke, and H. C. Cheatham had also put off the armor of conflict, had "fought a good fight, had finished" their "course," and had gone to receive "the crown that fadeth not away." Of Brother Crocker I have already spoken. Of the others I knew them slightly, but of **Brother Bain** I wish to say that he was the greatest pleader at the Throne of Grace I have ever heard. I recall that, at eight different sessions of our Annual Conference, the Bishop presiding has called upon "Brother W. F. Bain" to "lead in prayer" just before the appointments were read. Dr. Lafferty, in his admirable Memoir has this to say:—"In hours of woe, and to the hearthstone shadowed by the gloomy wings of Death, he was the Jesus of the Conference, a son of consolation. The living in dark days, seemed to hear from his lips the echoed voice of Him who wept with the sisters at Bethany. The dying knew that their Lord was leaning over and listening to the

petition of His servant, for there was a breath and atmosphere about the couch bearing the fragrance of Paradise. During the sessions of our Conference, in moments of profound interest when a message would come from a dying member, Wm. F. Bain seemed fittest to invoke the mercy of God. And the outflow of his own soul in simple words found response in the murmur of assent throughout the great congregation."

The Conference of 1900 greatly honored your humble servant by appointing him to "preach the Opening Sermon" at the next session of the Conference. At the Conference of 1901, held in Trinity church, Newport News, I performed that duty to the best of my ability in the presence of a large congregation. The "dear preachers" kindly heard me, and prayerfully I believe, for the Spirit gave me great liberty. Then, to make the honor doubly secure, published the manuscript in the Conference Annual for that year. A very ridiculous feature of the last performance was, the Editor of the Annual failed to say **why** the sermon was delivered, and **who** delivered it! And then explained the omission by saying that I did not attach my name to the manuscript, and the printer followed copy. Well, I can say this, the dear Editor has always been my friend, and moreover my name was not needed because everybody who had ever heard me preach knew my "thought-prints;" those who wanted to hear me preach that night, and heard me, obtained some information they did not have be-

fore; and others have never cared who wrote the "thing," and have never looked up the facts.

Forty-three young men were received on Trial during the Quadrennium, of whom the greater part have risen to places of usefulness and influence, five have died, and one has withdrawn from Church. John C. Granbery, Jr., who had been received on trial in 1898, and discontinued in 1900, is received the second time in 1902, and transferred to the West Virginia Conference in 1909. W. A. Jeffries received in 1899 was discontinued in 1900, and received the second time in 1902, and given the Supernumerary Relation in 1921. Four have been lifted to that precarious elevation known as Presiding Elder,—J. J. Bradford, H. C. Pfeiffer, **twice**, J. F. Carey, who at last Conference, 1921, jumped into the Missionary Secretary's office, and Boyd E. Hudson. The biggest leap of all was made by the red topped transfer from Western North Carolina, J. M. Rowland, in 1921, when he mounted the Richmond Advocate tripod, and cracks his whip and his jokes just like a well-trained teamster and joke-smith. Rowland has been to Palestine, and was caught by the jaws of War in uncomfortable situations on the "other side of the Pond" in 1914. He tells it in books, and his books sell. Otto Wright, G. W. M. Taylor, and Forrester served as Chaplains in the great war, the two first in France. Gee goes to the General Conference of 1922. Lumpkin is Secretary of the Board of Managers of the Richmond Advocate. V. R. Turner is a

Missionary in Korea. Hearn is Secretary of the Conference Board of Church Extension. Pleasants is homing Homeless Children. And Smith is the skilled writer on Methodist History and Doctrine. And the others are climbing! We challenge any Conference in the Southern Church to produce as many men from four Classes for Admission on Trial who were "promising cases, Bishop," and have made good. This list is taken from the Classes of 1899, 1900, 1901 and 1902. And although I have not made the test, I confidently assert that, "on a pinch," we can produce another list from another quadrennium almost as large as this.

Well, if my memory serves me right, I think I was about to say a word or two about the Conference in Broad Street church, Richmond, in November, 1902.

Here is an interesting item of business that should go into this record. The Committee, John P. Branch, J. Powell Garland, W. V. Tudor and H. M. Hope, appointed to erect stones to mark the graves of Rev. Leroy M. Lee, D. D., and Rev. Wm. B. Rowzie, reported that with the consent of the surviving members of the family they have moved the remains of Rev. W. B. Rowzie from the family burying ground in Essex county to beautiful Hollywood Cemetery, where already rested the remains of Rev. L. M. Lee, D. D., and the precious dust of so many of our distinguished dead.

By the generous permission of Rev. T. J. Taylor, the re-interment of Rev. W. B. Rowzie's re-

mains was made in Hollywood. A monument has been placed at each grave exactly alike in size, form and material.

The expense incident to this work has all been met.

Conference adjourned on the night of the seventh day, Wednesday, November the 19th. All along through the last two days there were low mutterings about where I was going, but I could not get a soul to "speak out in Meeting." Bishop Duncan looked at me now and then, in the midst of the debates, as if he had something on mind regarding me and disliked to shift it to my keeping, but he carefully avoided saying a single word. I knew he had a document in his Portfolio, that, he said, was "the first he ever saw," relating to my appointment, but he did not tell me he had it. Bro. Amiss, my Presiding Elder, was the bearer of that paper to the Bishop. It was a "Petition from the Colored Baptist Sunday School Convention for Gloucester, Middlesex and Mathews, requesting the Appointment of Rev. D. G. C. Butts, as Presiding Elder of the Rappahannock District of the Methodist Conference, on account of his fine influence for good among the Colored people. Bro. Amiss's term having expired." But I did not learn that fact till after Conference, when Brother Amiss told me, that, when Dr. Whitehead nominated me for **Centenary, Lynchburg**, the Bishop said to him "Bro. Amiss, shall we let him go?" It was in that conversation that Brother Amiss

told me about this petition from my colored friends. During the last night of the session, Bro. Amiss, sitting near me in Broad Street church said, "Gee, go back home and sell old John." Dr. Garland, near by, said, "Have you got a silk hat?" I replied, "No." "Have you kid gloves?" I replied, "No." "Have you a Prince Albert?" "No." Then Dr. Garland subsided, and Bro. Amiss said, "Well, you are in a bad fix." And thus they kept it up till the appointment was read, then my head got to buzzing, and swelling, and my heart took the palpitations, and my knees got so weak that I feared to stand up to sing the Doxology. I was at sea, in a tub, with a mustard spoon for a paddle. I was up a tree, with not even the body of the tree there as a ladder to the ground; some one had taken that away. I was utterly at a loss to know how to plan for such a task. Centenary was one of our best stations. I was a "circuit preacher" by training and experience. My old grandfather, Rev. John Gregory Claiborne, was, for sixty years, one of the sturdy band of Local Preachers with regular appointments on the old Brunswick circuit. Time and again during my youth, had I gone with him to his appointments, and had thus become familiar with roads, and congregations, and sleeping away from home in all sorts of rooms, and travelling in all sorts of weather. "Pelham's," "Pleasant Grove," "Macedonia," "Rocky Run," "Lebanon," "Bethel," "Liberty," "Lawrenceville," expected me just as certainly as they expected him.

When I returned each fall to Petersburg to school, the first question asked when he drove up to the church without me, was "Where is the boy?" Since my coming into the Conference in 1870, I had spent twenty-nine years in the country work, and three years at Wright Memorial, Portsmouth. A horse was a part of my paraphernalia: I had ridden horses since I was able to sit on a horse with a negro man walking on each side to hold me on. A saddle or a buggy had become as natural to me as the limb of a tree is to a bird. To get up early in the morning to feed and rub down the horse, "man's best friend," had become a habit. What could I do afoot, and in town, anyhow! Besides wife had to give up her pigs, and chickens, and ducks once before, and it had grieved her mightily. And the children, who needed more room to fling themselves around than a flock of quail, would, in the restricted confines of a city parsonage yard, feel very much like the citizens of "pent-up Utica."

The preaching part did not worry me: I **knew** I could handle that end of the job. I had heard a number of these city preachers in my own churches when they came out into the country to stretch themselves, eat cherry-rolls, and get out in the main road and holler, and on Sunday shoot off a "Sugar Stick" on my people. And some of my good judges of preaching had taken me around behind the church, and asked, "Where did you get him?" And then solemnly plead with me, "Don't

do it again!" So I knew, if the city folks could stand all that, I could make them shout at my coming. The contrast would more than over-balance **what** I said.

So this was not the problem with me: mine was a far more serious one. How can I leave behind me all my valuables except a few things that had never given me anxiety? Clothes and books and pickles and preserves had never bothered me, because my wife attended to my clothes, the Publishers sent me books, and as for the other things I was seldom at home long enough for them to attract my attention. But horse, buggy, saddle, bridle, curry-comb, pitch-fork, these, till the boys relieved my by assuming their share of the work, had been a part of my life for twenty-nine years: now I must substitute for these a clothes-brush and a shoe-brush, and tramp the streets of the ruggedest city in the State!

We spent the last night in Gloucseter at the sweet home of Bro. Ben Newcomb, at Sassafras, and Tuesday morning, departed on the York river boat to West Point, thence to Richmond. Here we tarried till the next day with some of my wife's kin, arriving in Lynchburg the 3rd at about 2:30 P. M. Brother John W. Lankford, one of "the old Guard," met us at the station, and very soon placed us in a comfortable parsonage on Church Street next door to the church. A committee of ladies received us, made my wife acquainted with the mysteries of a Methodist parsonage sitting up on

a hill-side, and then left us to "occupy till removal."

To a very fine gathering at the mid-week prayer-meeting in the Lecture room that night I had very little to say. Everything looked so big, so unusual, so absolutely out of my class, that I sat there wondering how I could ever fit into the niche so that I would not rattle as I moved around. I had seen so many cases like the present one, small men in a big place, like a hand-full of buckshot in a half gallon tin bucket, that every move they made started the dogs to barking on the next block. And I had laughed at the **noise**, and wondered when the fellow would find out that noise was not everything. And the thought came rushing in on me, that **my day had come**, and "he laughs best who laughs last." And I couldn't laugh to save my life, I was that upset.

The good brethren talked. They spoke some very kind words about my predecessor, Dr. J. T. Whitley, and that made me feel better. I took it as a good sign. One can trust the prayers and count on the support of the man or the woman who hesitates to tear to tatters the good name of the preacher who has just left. There are exceptions but they prove nothing except that they are exceptions.

The Official Board was as fine a body of men as ever bore the burden of the secular affairs of any church. **Brother John W. Lankford** was the patriarch of Centenary: devout but not painfully pious: a man of great power in prayer when

he got a vision of the Lord: true to his convictions, to his church, to his pastor, and to the poor and to his Saviour, Jesus Christ. He was as tender hearted as John, the Beloved disciple, as generous as the widow who gave her mite, and as faithful as Abraham, the friend of God. **W. Ben Snead**, the giant in practical religion; candid without rudeness, kind-hearted without boasting, wise in matters of doctrine and practice. He was my friend to whom I would unbosom myself as I did to Walter Stoakes in Mathews and to Gates Garth in Albemarle. I accepted his friendship as Heaven-sent for my good because he was sincere, his advice because he was safe, his rebukes because he loved me, and defended me publicly. He was too brave to enter the holy of holies of my self-respect, and, with the lash of the cruel critic's tongue, demand that his will be accepted as law. He knocked at the door of my heart, and, having won admission as the privilege of a brother, challenged me to tread the higher latitudes, and held my hand while my feet stood firm on a solid foundation. Then, with a smile, and sometimes with tears, would boast of his preacher, and tell of his **regard** for him. As an officer of the church he had no superior.

**Chas. H. Beasley** was that kind of a man also, but different. If he had anything to say he said it, and made an end of it. Devoutly consecrated to his Lord without show or bluster, skilled in the use of his talent for the natural interpretation of

the Bible, in his method of grappling the financial problems so often taxing the brains of the Board of Stewards, strong in his views of personal conduct and business integrity and constant in his devotion to the interests of his church, and in his faith in God. He was a stalwart Christian merchant of unimpeachable rectitude and spotless reputation. He died in the prime of life. His passing was a distinct loss to both his church and his city. **James W. Wray**, timid but ever on the job, his timidity was not cowardice: it was consecrated prudence. His readiness to do, and his firmness, his silent courage in an emergency, his self-possession, and withal, his high regard for the call of duty, commended him to the pastors of his church as they came and wrought and departed. The pastor of his church was **his** pastor, no matter what sort he happened to be. If it had not been for this feature in Jim Wray's make-up he would never have taken to me;—and some others. **Clayton Myers** was a fine business man, with a high sense of honor, consumed with the desire to serve his generation. Keen to detect the untrue, the unfaithful, the unclean. Open and frank in all his dealings with men. Candid yet kind in his opinions and measures. One could find him when one wanted or needed him, and he was never missing when truth and righteousness demanded a defender. He could tell one of his error, and help to the right way in the same breath. **Joseph L. Thompson** the other twin, —Jim Wray being one,—was hard to beat. He

was an inveterate story-teller, (not liar,) with an incident dug up out of his prolific store of reminiscence, to illustrate any topic, from the conversion of a "sinner from the error of his way" to the storming of the heights at Gettysburg: (he was in that awful conflict,) from the gathering of stones to mark the triumph of Commercial grit in his town, to the amusing narrative of the negro who tried to watch all night in a haunted house for five dollars, and failed. Brother Joe has never been in a hurry. He says lives have been lost by haste. He learned the lesson at Gettysburg. When Pickett's brave men fell back across the "plain of death," the man in a hurry overtook the passing shot, and fell. He walked back deliberately into the zone of security,—the shot passed him, searching for fugitives! Joe Thompson was all right: pure gold; weeping the silent hallelujah tears when the triumphant note of the gospel was struck from pulpit, or prayer, or song: and smiling his honest smile of appreciation when imagination or fancy were charmed by the word pictures of the Truth. He was my friend and brother. Hence I tell it as I know it. With a stranger, or a chance acquaintance, I would not dare to say as much. **A. Lee Beasley**, the silent lover of the honest man who tries to do the right, although he makes mistakes. Lee believes, (yet I have never heard him say it,) that all the people who have quit making mistakes are in the Cemetery. He retails no scandal, and knows none, for he will not permit the foul thing

to enter his ears. The unclean or the unjust thought of another never enters the walled city of his soul. He guards that portal as he guards that incorruptible gem,—his personal character, well-rounded by the faithful hand of early training. The seed of truth which fell upon the soil of developing youth, found no “stony places, without deepness of earth,” nor “thorns springing up” to “choke” the expanding stock of manhood. ’Twas “good ground,” and the yield was an hundred fold.”

**Harvey Shepherd**, old “Rough and Ready,” who had no shine for men with shoe-string back-bones, slop, and sillybub. He would take to anything and anybody that was in “the middle of the road,” and stay by it or them without regard to what people said. I have heard him say, “Wind is the cheapest thing we have!” Another saying of his was, “If wind had to be paid for by the cubic foot, there are some people in the church would suffocate within an hour after the tax is published.” He was “the listening post” for the preacher. He was no eavesdropper nor tattler, but some folks had a habit of talking their complaints about everything that the church was trying to do, and Harvey had the habit of telling what he thought of **them**. And Harvey was right eight times out of ten. The first time the Officail Board met after Conference closed, and before my arrival, the question was passed around the room, “Who is this man Butts? Where did he come from?” Nobody knew anything except that a “Brother Moorman out in Campbell

county had told Brother Lankford that "Butts is a sociable sort of a fellow, and would know everybody in Lynchburg within three months." Harvey, who had sat throughout the "inquest" in silence, startled the body by exclaiming, "I know: he is just something the Conference has dumped out on Centenary because there was nowhere else to dump him!" Now, understand; no one told me this but **Harvey himself**. He took me into his little cigar shop on the south side of Main St., about six months after my arrival, and told me he was "sorry" he said it, but it was exactly what he thought **then**. We were wedded then and there in the holy bond of a reciprocal friendship and confidence, and "lived happily together ever afterward." **John Wells**, the Superintendent of the Sunday School was a success in that field. He was an organizer, a peace-maker, a doer, an upright man who made no compromises with either **expediency**, (unless it was necessary as a saving instrument,) or with **unsavory methods** under any circumstances. His piety was of the Pauline type. He was "all things to all men if by any means he might save some," but to the clamorings of hypocrisy, or the protests and threats of the Pharisee, he "gave no heed, no, not for one hour." He was popular with all, and beloved on account of his high character, and his influence was felt in every circle in which business or religion carried him. **Charlie Offterdinger** dealt in meat and good manners. He sold his meat to people who knew a

good thing and bought it on the spot. He kept his good manners for daily use, a personal possession "above the price of rubies." His sense of justice and estimate of truth commended him to all fair minds as a man who had a standard of honor for a Christian gentleman, and tested his own life by that. Charlie could be depended on. He carried his creed in his words and behaviour, of the same worth to him as blood and breath are to a human being.

**Ernest Williams**, the business expert, took me to his modest home on Clay Street the first Sunday night after service. There his handsome wife had fruit and cake for the new preacher, and Williams had cigars. I did not smoke, so I sat and inhaled the rich aroma, while he expressed regrets, and **hopes**. These delightful evenings were enjoyed for more than a year. At last his hopes were realized: he had taught me the charm of a cigar.

He was a born organizer. System was his hobby. He applied it to three lumber mills down south and a railroad, and our Centenary Sunday School. He always said he "didn't have much or any, religion," but he loved his Church, and gave his money and worked for it. He was of great use to the Church in housing the State Epworth League Conference, the joint Commencement of the Randolph-Macon System of Colleges and Schools, and was one of our main advisers in entertaining the Annual Conference in 1904. He befriended us in **a very substantial way** during the illness of one of our

daughters in the first year of my pastorate. We have not forgotten his delicate kindnesses ministered in time of severe trouble. His generous support of important measures, and his wise counsel on financial questions made a profound impression on me.

The **Adjuncts** to the Official Board were many, and valuable. **Alonzo** and **John Wray**; safe, solid, **sensible**, silent except when **called**. Echo could not travel faster than they "in such an hour." There are two women, either dead or still alive, who lost a good **opportunity** when they allowed these two men to get out of the trap, or, perhaps failed to coax them in. **John Shaner**, the good feeder and bluff, warm-hearted friend. **John Bell**, sure-footed in word and faith; too apt in looking at the dark side in some things. Strict and just in business, serving God and man all the year 'round. **Mike Goodman**, another good man, with a body too frail for the soul that lived in it; a successful teacher of the Woman's Bible Class: whose life was all too short for the carrying out of the plans he had formulated. Perhaps, after all, God took him to the world where work for Him could be done without pain or fatigue. **Joe Lee**, the singer, had as warm a heart as ever beat in the bosom of man. Nervous, like the sensitive strings of a harp, one could get stirring music out of Joe if one struck the right key. Pitch, melody, harmony, were things that fascinated him. Discord made him tingle to his finger-tips. Unfair criticism gave him

the jim-jams, as if a mouse had gotten into a piano. I loved Joe: Joe understood me. **John Humphreys**, another "sensitive plant" in the garden of the Lord. He had a strong will, and being a teacher of music and a trainer of others, he delighted in leadership, with its opportunities for the study of people. He was a "born chorister," and could get as much real singing out of a congregation as any man I have ever known. He led the singing in the Sunday School for fifty years.

Then there was **Bill Taylor**, not an adjunct to the Board, but **my Adjunct**. I annexed him early in the first year of my term. He annexed me about the same time. He sells building material, and it is worth what he gets out of it, and more. He puts into the bill a wise head, an honest heart, and clean hands. He "toes the mark" in every trade of stuff for cash or credit, and demands that the buyer stand up to the same line. That's fair. There is no grinding process here. "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Which is best, "Get rich quick," or "Get honor quickly, and hold on to it?" The other fellow soon loses that which comes to him through crooked ways; one cannot lose this. Bill Taylor has been my younger brother through all these years, and will be to the end.

**There are others.** McD. Landrum, Malony, Whitmore, Crutchfield, and the modest, but capable and successful physician, Dr. Dinsmore.

And "**elect women not a few.**" This volume can-

not hold their names and deeds! The Recording Angel has the list!

Rev. W. Asbury Christian, D. D., the present President of the Blackstone College for Girls, but at that time pastor of High Street Church, Petersburg, Va., in his admirable address delivered to Centenary Church, at the celebration of the "Centennial of Methodism in Lynchburg," on Sunday, January 14th, 1906, gave the story of the founding and development of the old Church and of the other Methodist churches in the City as follows:—

"Among the pioneers were Wm. McKendree, Presiding Elder, and Joseph Moore, the preacher assigned to Bedford circuit in 1798. This year he added a new appointment to his already laborious work. It was the appointment to preach at the Quaker Meeting-House, the nearest place of religious worship to Lynchburg. Although the town was chartered in 1786, and there were several hundred inhabitants, yet there were few besides the several Quaker families who professed Christianity. It is true an English Church was built during the reign of George III about 1765, and stood in the woods near where Col. Watt's residence now stands on Court St., but this was abandoned at the beginning of the Revolutionary War and was later destroyed. The grave yard which surrounded it, however, was used for a number of years later. The preacher on Bedford circuit later took up an appointment in town, and once a month preached

at Mason's Hall. He made little progress, but it was a beginning.

**“September 1800** Bishop Francis Asbury and Richard Whatcoat, accompanied by Wm. McKendree, Presiding Elder of the Kentucky District, embracing the whole State, came to Lynchburg. In his Journal Bishop Asbury thus speaks of his visit: ‘We rode from New Glasgow to Lynchburg, twenty miles. Samuel Mitchell had dinner prepared for the preacher at Mr. Miller’s. I preached in Mason’s Hall (a warm day and place) on Titus II. 12.’”

“Samuel Mitchell was a local preacher who lived on the farm afterwards owned by Judge William Daniel, Jr., now Daniel’s Hill. He preached in Mason’s Hall, and also in his own house. At his home in 1802 he organized the first Methodist Society in Lynchburg. Three joined; Mrs. Barnal, Mrs. Roher, and Geo. Sullivan. This faithful band continued to work in the face of great discouragements, for the town was noted for its ungodliness. Later Rev. William P. Martin, a local preacher, and his wife, Elizabeth Martin, joined them. In 1803 Rev. William Heath came from Eastern Virginia and added one more to the little band. The Society grew slowly, and at the beginning of 1804 it numbered twenty members.”

Dr. Christian goes on with his story:— “If to any one man may be accorded the title of ‘Founder of Methodism in Lynchburg,’ that man is **Stith Mead**. A native of Bedford county and a local preacher before he entered the travelling connec-

tion, he preached in Lynchburg as early as 1799. As a faithful minister of Christ he cried aloud and spared not. His preaching was effective, for the public paper began to persecute him, calling him 'a pharisee,' 'a hypocrite,' 'a devil,' 'a maniac,' 'a contemptible, vapping brawler,' 'a greater disgrace than the most dissolute man in Lynchburg.'

"He was greatly blessed as an instrument in the conversion of sinners, and whenever he preached the word was a power unto the salvation of souls. He was a man mighty in prayer, and near his home there is a rock known as 'Mead's Rock' where this man of God repaired daily to pour out his soul in supplication. A simple slab marks his grave, with the inscription:—'**Stith Mead, born Sept. 25th 1767. Died Aug. 1st, 1834.**'

But of him it can be justly said: 'If you would see his monument look about you.'

"The year 1804 was memorable in the history of Lynchburg. It was the year of a great revival in the town and in the surrounding counties. Nearly twelve hundred were converted. In May, Lorenzo Dow, a very eccentric preacher, held a series of meetings in 'Chestnut Grove,' which was near the corner of Main and 11th Streets. He says in his journal: 'Hence I went circuitously to Lynchburg, where I spoke in the open air in what I conceive to be the seat of Satan's Kingdom. Lynchburg is a deadly place for the worship of God.'

"Mr. Mead says in his journal: 'In 1804 on my way from Georgia to the General Conference in

Baltimore, I sent an appointment to manage a camp-meeting in my native county, Bedford. Having an appointment in Mason's Hall in Lynchburg, the old battleground, I preached and had a melting time. I preached also in Amherst. I returned to town and preached again in Mason's Hall. Eight souls were converted. I repeated the same the night following and ten souls were converted; and so on in town and county, until hundreds were converted and a Society of above one hundred members formed in Lynchburg, and so under God I gained the victory over my adversary, the devil, and his agents, my spiritual adversaries.'

"William Heath, writing from Lynchburg, July 24th, 1804, to Ezekiel Cooper, the Book Steward, says; 'From a class of twenty members we now have one of 160.'

"This year Methodism was firmly established in Lynchburg, and the building of a meeting-house was begun. The funds soon gave out, and the work was stopped. The deed to a lot was not made till December 2nd, 1805. Geo. Sullivan, and Sally Sullivan, his wife, in consideration of £50, deeded to Stith Mead, Samuel K. Jennings, Wm. Heath, Wm. P. Martin, Geo. Sullivan, Thos. Wiatt, Jno. Schoolfield, Wm. Blake and Jas. Fox, Trustees for the Methodist Society, "a piece of ground on Church St., (then 3rd Street) between Tenth and Eleventh," for the purpose of building a church.

"The first meeting of the Trustees was held at Geo. Sullivan's house January 6th, 1806. Stith

Mead was chosen President, Wm. Heath, Secretary, and Thos. Wiatt, Treasurer. Thos. Wiatt wrote to Mead in Georgia: 'Our meeting-house progresses slowly. I do not, however, yet feel discouraged and will do all in my power to encourage the workmen to go on.' Mr. Mead was transferred from Georgia and placed on the Richmond District. Now he put forth every effort to complete the house, and in order to continue the work, he pledged his private property. In 1806 the meeting-house was completed and the Society moved in.

"This house, however, did not stand; the walls began to crack, and in 1814 it was pulled down and a new one was built in its place. This house now stands, having been once used as a place of amusement, Holcomb Hall. Now it is a double tenement.

"February 2nd, 1808, Conference was held in the new meeting-house, and Bishop Asbury presided. He rode on horseback from North Carolina. Among those received on Trial at this Conference was John Early, afterwards Bishop. In the minutes of this session for the first time it was recorded: 'The appointments of the preachers were read out.'"

If the reader will remember, the Chapter XII, on **Gloucester**, Stith Mead was Preacher in Charge of the Gloucester circuit when the great revival of 1797 swept through that region carrying all before it. Dr. W. W. Bennett in "Memorials of Methodism in Virginia," preserves a fine account of this great awakening.

Dr. Christian proceeds:—"Mention was made of Wm. P. Martin and his wife Elizabeth. He was a good man, a local preacher, and of fervid piety. Special attention must be directed to his wife, 'Aunt Martin,' as she was called, for she was the early type of that noble womanhood for which Methodism in Lynchburg has long been noted. A niece of Edmund Pendleton, she was a woman of fine mental attainments, beautiful in personal appearance, and lovely in Christian character. Her influence in the community was great, and she exerted it to lead many souls to Christ. Her public prayers melted the hardest hearts, her thrilling religious experience told in the class-room often caused a shout in Zion, and her works of love and mercy made her visits among the poor and suffering like an angel's visit. She died in the spring of 1831 in her 81st year, and 'being dead she yet speaketh.'

"Lynchburg continued an appointment on Bedford circuit until the Conference of February, 1811, which met at Raleigh, N. C. Then it was made a station and Rev. John Weaver was appointed pastor. The membership at that time was 153 white and 54 colored. The next year it was put back on Bedford circuit. The following year it was again made a station with Christopher Mooring as Preacher in Charge. He remained one year, and was followed by Robert Griffith, under whose administration the new \$8,000 meeting-house was built. This house was not completed when in 1815

Conference again met in Lynchburg. Bishops Asbury and McKendree were present, and John Early was Secretary. Fletcher Harris was appointed to Lynchburg. Thos. Moore followed him in 1816. In 1817 Ethelbert Drake was Preacher in Charge. It was during his pastorate of one year that John Thurman, Geo. R. Walker and Jas. McGehee organized the **first Sunday School in Lynchburg**. A notable fact about this Sunday School is that **four** of its scholars became United States Senators." (William Allen, and Allen G. Thurman of Ohio, and Isaac P. Walker of Wisconsin, and the fourth from Mississippi. D. G. C. B.) Thos. Burge was appointed Preacher in Charge in 1818. The following year Lynchburg was again put back on Bedford circuit and remained till 1821, when Geo. W. Charlton was appointed to the charge. He remained two years and in that time did a great work for Methodism. He was a man of splendid personal appearance, gifted with stirring eloquence, and, though a young man and delicate, he was a great preacher. Large crowds attended upon his ministry and many were converted and added to the Church.

"This year John Early came to Lynchburg to live, and at once became one of the City's greatest factors both in its civic and religious progress. His influence in upbuilding Methodism here is eternal in its duration.

"The next pastors were Thos. Crowder, Thos. Howard and Caleb Leach. In 1828, Wm. A. Smith,

that son of Anak both intellectually and spiritually, was appointed pastor." (He was recommended to the Conference for Admission on Trial by the Quarterly Conference of the Gloucester circuit, held at Pace's Chapel, King and Queen Co., January 22nd, 1825. (D. G. C. B.) "He was a young man, but one of the strongest preachers of his day. The summer after he came he held a great revival which was notable for its wonderful effects. It was during this pastorate that a division took place in the church, and sixty members left for the Methodist Protestant Church. The other preachers who served the church were Martin P. Parkes, (who was a young lieutenant in the U. S. Army and a man of remarkable gifts,) David S. Doggett, (afterwards Bishop,) H. B. Cowles, Edward Wadsworth, Jas. McDonald, Anthony Dibrell, and Dr. Wm. A. Smith again.

"In 1849-50 Geo. W. Langhorne was pastor. At this time a movement was started which meant a great deal for Methodism. The congregation had outgrown the old church and there was an urgent need for a new church in town. John Early led the movement. Subscriptions were taken, a lot on Court Street was bought, and a new church costing \$19,000 was erected. It was dedicated June 29th, 1851. The morning sermon was preached by Rev. John Early, the afternoon by Geo. W. Langhorne, the first pastor, and the night by John C. Granbery, (afterwards Bishop,) the pastor of the Third Street Church. The first Board of

Stewards was R. S. Morris, Ambrose Rucker, Wm. L. Saunders, J. L. Brown, E. D. Christian and G. G. Curle. The new church was organized with sixty members and the same number of Sunday School scholars. This was the beginning of the splendid work done by Court St. Church under such leaders as R. N. Sledd, Nelson Head, Jacob Manning, Geo. W. Carter, John E. Edwards, W. E. Judkins, A. C. Bledsoe, W. E. Edwards, P. A. Peterson, L. B. Betty, A. Coke Smith, W. J. Young, and the present pastor, (1906) Gilby C. Kelly.

"During Dr. (now Bishop) Smith's pastorate the movement for a new church was started. It was completed under Dr. Young, and the new church was dedicated free of debt November 23rd, 1902. Bishop Granbery preached in the morning and Bishop Morrison at night.

"The next forward movement of Methodism in Lynchburg was the forsaking of the old Third Street Meeting-House, hallowed by so many sacred memories, and the building of a new church across the street. Centenary was begun under the pastorate of Chas. H. Hall, and was completed by Rev. A. G. Brown. The new church was dedicated May 2nd, 1860. Bishop Doggett preached in the morning, Dr. Paul Whitehead at night. The new church cost \$17,000. The pastors who have served it are: H. P. Mitchell, Geo. W. Langhorne, W. E. Edwards, W. E. Judkins, W. H. Christian, George C. Vanderslice, J. S. Hunter, H. C. Cheatham, S. S. Lambeth, W. H. Atwill, Geo. H. Ray, W. Asbury

Christian, J. T. Whitley and the present pastor, D. G. C. Butts.

"During the pastorate of W. H. Atwill the church was greatly improved at a cost of \$17,000, and was re-opened November 12th, 1893, Bishop J. C. Granbery preaching the sermon.

"The next child of Methodism was the church in Madison. This work was projected by Rev. T. H. Early, who with R. F. Henning, of Centenary, and others, carried it to completion. It was dedicated September 14th, 1873, by Rev. W. H. Christian.

"Another new church dedicated June 27th, 1880, by Rev. D. P. Wills, P. E., was Danielstown, afterward Cabell Street. While Rev. Ernest Stevens was pastor plans for a new church were started. The present Rivermont Avenue Church was begun under the Pastorate of Rev. G. W. Dwyer, 1897, and was completed by Rev. G. H. Lambeth. The church was dedicated by Bishop A. Coke Smith in 1902.

"On July 20th, 1884, Trinity was dedicated by Rev. Geo. C. Vanderslice pastor of Centenary.

"This same year Conference met at Court Street and immediately after its adjournment, November 23rd, Memorial, the daughter of Court Street, was dedicated. Dr. David Sullins preached the sermon, and Dr. W. E. Edwards dedicated the church. Dr. John Hannon had already been assigned as pastor of the new church. The other pastors were T. McN. Simpson, Jas. A. Duncan," (son of the immortal President of R. M. College 1868-77. D. G.

C. B.) "E. M. Peterson, J. C. Reed, J. W. Stiff, and the present pastor, Ernest Stevens.

"In 1890 South View was established, and in 1896 West Lynchburg and Dearington.

"Methodism in Lynchburg has been blessed with many great revivals, and by means of them thousands have been brought into the Kingdom of God. During Dr. Sledd's first pastorate at Court Street a great meeting was conducted by Dr. Leo Rosser. Then at the same church in 1878 under Dr. A. C. Bledsoe there was a remarkable meeting. At Centenary under W. H. Christian, Dr. Rosser held another wonderful meeting. Later at the same church while Dr. Vanderslice was pastor, Rev. James W. Howell held a meeting of great power. Then at Memorial under Dr. Hannon hundreds professed faith in Christ."

I have quoted Dr. Christian with **his gracious consent**, and fully, because **it is history**, and I thought it the right thing to link up the deeds of the men who made history with the deeds of the men who took up the work as they laid it down and carried it on with such signal success.

Lynchburg reported in November, 1921, **seven** churches with an aggregate membership of **4,585**, and **one** church across the river in Madison Heights with **414** members; making a total of **4,999**;—this from the small beginning in 1802 in "the home of Samuel Mitchell," when "**3** joined the Society." Add to this number the names of those who have died in the faith, and of those who, converted at

our altars, joined other denominations, and we are ready to exclaim, God has indeed answered the prayers of the faithful saints who continually cried before Him for a blessing to fall on Lynchburg!

So this was the Church to which I had been sent from Gloucester circuit: a Church whose history begins with the nineteenth century; whose founder, Stith Mead, was the chief instrument of the Spirit in the great revival in Gloucester and Mathews in 1797, and the object of ridicule and abuse in that region, and bore the indignities and won the victory in the city of Lynchburg: a Church at whose altars the strong men of Methodism, John Early, Wm. A. Smith, Caleb Leach, Martin P. Parks, David S. Doggett, Edward Wadsworth, Anthony Dibrell, Geo. W. Langhorne, John C. Granbery, Chas. H. Hall, A. G. Brown, W. E. Edwards, Geo. Vanderslice, S. S. Lambeth, had ministered. Three of these became Bishops,—Early, Doggett and Granbery. Here stalwart laymen had taken the vows of Church-membership, and in the commercial and professional life of the City had shined forth as witnesses to the saving power of the Christ, and had consecrated their lives, their time and their means to building of Zion: and devout women had “adorned the doctrine of God” by deeds of mercy, and the miracles wrought in prayer through faith.

The thought of my responsibility as I stood to serve these children of a notable past overwhelmed me. My utter insufficiency for the task fell so heav-

ily on my heart that I lay night and day for weeks at the feet of my Lord, pleading for the only Help that could give me spiritual strength to do my work. Even as I walked the streets looking for people that I might "impart to them some spiritual gift," I found comfort only in feeling out for the Hand that must guide me. And although I always, in the privacy of my Study every Sabbath besought the Lord to help me, when I knelt to lead the congregation in prayer I felt time and again that my heart would break under the weight that rested upon it. The Lord was always with me! To Him be glory!

The Official Board made my work comparatively easy by taking a large portion of the secular affairs of the church off my shoulders, and by cordial cooperation, timely advice, and kind "words spoken in season." I had trials, 'tis true, test of faith and courage, but I found myself at all times surrounded by a loyal people, who overlooked my faults, gloried in my evident intent and effort to give them good service, and invited and frequently challenged the critics to know me first, and then condemn, if they must. I say not these things to commend myself to any, but to publish to the world the kind of men and women who stood with me in Centenary Church, and in Lynchburg, without regard to Church or condition.

I was misunderstood by some, and sometimes misrepresented, but I determined that, amid it all, I would carry "a conscience void of offense." I

knew that if I could never satisfy some, I could suffer in silence, and wait. I would "stand in my lot till the end" of my term, then go and leave the future to God.

Friends, friends, friends, I was never lacking for friends. They flocked to me from all quarters, and brought words of cheer and still more substantial proofs of loyalty. Some fine revival services were held; not the community-sweeping and irresistible meetings I had witnessed elsewhere, yet valuable people were added to the church, and a substantial, aggressive membership gathered at our altar, and God's blessing was on the work.

I did not know until my time came to leave Lynchburg that I had so many friends outside of my own congregation. An incident will illustrate my meaning.

On the eve of my departure I was called to a boarding house on Church Street, and presented with a beautiful and durable umbrella with ivory handle ornamented in gold. I was told that fifteen of my friends were the givers, and not one of them was a Methodist. There were Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Roman Catholics, and Jews.

A gift of this sort from such a bunch of friends, who represented a different faith from my own, made a profound impression upon me. While I have carried the umbrella on many occasions, and sometimes have left it at home, I have always carried these generous donors in my heart.

My co-workers in the ministry, Dr. Young one

year and Dr. Kelly, three at Court Street, Bro. Stevens at Memorial, Bro. Shackford at Rivermont Avenue, and Bros. Wertenbaker and Candler, each two years, at Trinity, gave me invaluable aid in many ways, and our fraternal intercourse was delightful and, the Father knows, unbroken. My Presiding Elder, Dr. J. C. Reed, who had been my Elder once before, won my admiration for his firm stand for righteousness, and drew out to the utmost my love for his patience with me, his generous sympathy, and his unstinted brotherly-kindness. I know no other words to express my gratitude to him for kindly help in the trying hour. And when we walked down hand in hand into "the valley of the shadow of death" in the dreadful autumn of 1918, we learned what co-passion meant in a very real way, (our boys had died in France within ten days of each other) and we "comforted each the other with the consolation wherewith we had comforted others."

When a large number of my friends, Methodists and others, expressed in a petition to the Presiding Bishop of the Conference of 1906, that I be chosen to succeed him as Presiding Elder of the Lynchburg District, he came to my Study and asked me if I "really wanted the place." I replied, "I do not: my good friends are mistaken in their man." He approved without qualification, my sentiments of gratitude and appreciation of the honor my friends had done me, and likewise my view of the matter.

The more I thought of it the the better I thought of myself. I had read of the zealous, but unwise farmer, who, determined to milk an untamed cow, tied her tail to his boot-strap, and proceeded with his job. When he went into the house about twenty minutes later to be treated to a few layers of absorbent cotton and strips of plaster, and a bath of soothing oils, he told his wife, in the same confident spirit that he showed when he first went to the cow-pen, "That thar pesky critter hadn't drug me 'round that thar pen more'n three times before I was purty certain I had made a mistake."

And I had seen somewhere in my travels a big fat woman with a poodle in her lap. Either of these, or both, the misguided farmer, or the overwhelmed poodle, presented to my imagination the "sight that must have been seen" had I been made Presiding Elder of that District! I would have discovered my mistake before I had been around the first time! Or, if you please, imagine **that great fat District with me in its lap!**

And there is another view, if you please. I did not care to appear, by contrast with the men who had served the District, any smaller than I really was.

Besides, I had a pretty fair name in the Conference, and I wanted to keep it. We have had some sensible Bishops in my day. I was **not** made Presiding Elder of the Lynchburg District, nor of any other District.

I am a little ahead of my story. The Conference

of 1904 met in my Church, Centenary, Lynchburg, and the prospect of the coming deluge of Preachers and laymen and visitors was not pleasant, until I got a clear view of the situation. Then I found that **fear** had taken the place of my **usual calm** in an emergency, and that **imagination** had put in some very successful work. She is a great artist: it is her business.

When the Lynchburg Preachers' Meeting held a Council for Investigation and Organization, the mists dissolved and the sun of our dearest hopes shined forth in perfect splendor. Our Committees were formed, the task of each was allotted, the work began, progressed, and was carried to a conclusion successfully: the Conference adjourned satisfied, delighted, charmed with the hospitality of the city, and amazed at the ease with which the whole thing was done. Congratulations poured in on **me**, the Chairman, by every mail. **The fact is**, I had done nothing but enjoy the high distinction of presiding over the best group of Committees a Chairman ever had. I sat in an arm-chair on a soft cushion, and drew my breath and the commendations of the dear people who had enjoyed our food and our beds, while the consecrated men on the four Committees were doing everything they could to make the Conference a great success.

A very embarrassing situation as it related to me, but very amusing to Brothers Atwill and Sidney Peters and others, was precipitated by me on

Conference Sunday. Everybody, except me, knew Bishop A. W. Wilson's habit of holding firmly to privileges and prerogatives of his office as sacred and unassailable. He came into my Study, on the left side of the eastern vestibule of the church, with Brother Atwill, greeted me cordially, and remarked casually that it lacked just ten minutes of eleven. I replied, with the same cordiality, "I am glad to see you this morning, Bishop, and we will go at once to the pulpit if you are ready. But before you announce your hymn my choir will chant the Lord's Prayer." The good Bishop exclaimed, "No they will not: I have no time for these frills and thrills. I have got to preach, then ordain these men, and then get my dinner. Besides, I am in charge of this service, and you have nothing to do with it." "But," said I, "Bishop, as this is my church, I thought I would make everything as pleasant for you as possible." "But this is not your church. You haven't got any church till I give you an appointment at the end of the session." In the meantime, Brother Atwill and the others had fled from the room. Then thinking to end the matter, I said, "Well, Bishop I am very sorry that I have said anything: I hope you will think of it as not having been said." "But," said he, "you have said it, and it cannot be unsaid."

Filled with dismay, I sent a messenger hurriedly to Mrs. Christian at the organ to "leave out everything except the Doxology." But, pshaw, that

choir, under that leader, took the bit in its teeth that day, and we had music, we did! I followed the Bishop up the aisle to the pulpit. I knew not which way Atwill had fled till I found his tracks in that aisle from the door to the chancel. The mischievous messenger of truth had spread the news of "the scrimmage in the Study" to every preacher on that side of the church, for as I went up that aisle, disheveled and broken, like Hector dragged by the heel at the tail-board of the chariot of Achilles, man after man, commencing with Peters just inside the door, stopped to ask, "Butts, when is your choir going to chant?" For the life of me, I could not see the humor in the occasion; but they saw it, and that was enough.

The music that morning was never better. The Bishop gave us one of the greatest sermons of his wonderful and inspiring career. He was a prince in the pulpit, one of the greatest preachers in the Southern Methodist Church.

Incidentally I had to forward a package to him a few days later, a package which came to him after Conference adjourned. I received a letter from him promptly acknowledging the receipt of the package, my "thoughtful care of him during the session," and "congratulations upon the ease Conference was entertained." His great heart was in every word and line of that letter.

The close of the year 1906 came, and I prepared to go. I did not doubt for a moment that I had my destination already in my mind, but still I

feared to mark my goods. Other men had been mistaken when they were "certain." I went to Portsmouth to a very agreeable session, spent a delightful week, and returned to Lynchburg with the Bishop's **order** carefully adjusted to the thought in my mind, and the two tallied to a dot.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE CONFERENCE OF 1906, AND RICHMOND.

The Conference of 1906 met in Monumental Church in the City of Portsmouth, Va., November 14th and adjourned the 19th. Bishop Eugene R. Hendrix presided. Paul Whitehead was Secretary, and S. S. Lambeth and Geo. F. Greene were Assistant Secretaries.

The quadrennium ending with this session was costly in the loss of some of our purest and best men by death; men of achievement, who had stood up before their brethren of the Southern Methodist Church as representatives of an aggressive body of consecrated ministers and laymen. Herbert T. Bacon, John B. Dey, Jas. E. Gates, Thos. H. Early, (son of the Bishop,) J. Carson Watson, (father of our brother J. C. Watson in Danville,) M. S. Colonna, Sr., (father of our Dr. M. S. Colonna, and my predecessor in Middlesex,) Jas. M. Anderson, (father of Dr. D. R. Anderson at the R. M. Woman's College at Lynchburg,) R. A. Compton, (my successor on the Mathews circuit,) Dr. Wm. E. Edwards, Sr., (son of Dr. John E. Edwards, and a most valuable friend to me,) John T.

Moore, N. H. Robertson, R. H. Younger, R. E. Bentley, Dr. J. Powell Garland, (of whom I have written at length in another chapter,) Thos. S. Leitch, John W. Crider, Thos. H. Campbell, (in whose parsonage on Gates circuit the Rosebud Missionary Society was started in 1879,) T. J. Wray, and B. C. Beahm,—nineteen! "These all died in the faith." "Their works do follow them."

J. M. Anderson was orthodox and faithful

The morning after I delivered the opening sermon before the Conference at Newport News in November, 1901, Brother Anderson met me in front of the Church on 29th Street, and invited me to take a walk. He commended in his earnest, sincere way, my treatment of my theme "The Atonement" in the sermon of the evening before. It was high praise from a man like him.

About this time we met one of our most prominent preachers. He challenged me to cut out a certain point I had made, adding "If you cut that out, the sermon has not a flaw." Before I could reply, Brother Anderson said "Cut out nothing, you are absolutely correct in your position."

The following were received on Trial during the quadrennium:— Henry W. Davis, Thos. Rosser Reeves, Frank L. Wells, Ben. T. Candler, J. W. Dixon, Chas. Tinsley Thrift, (now in the North Carolina Conference,) Clayton O. Tuttle, J. T. Allen, H. V. Shenton, Jas. T. Moore, (now Chaplain in U. S. Army,) L. G. Crutchfield, J. R. Laugh-ton, P. Manning Hank, and John W. Shackford,

Supt. Teacher Training for the Sunday School Board of our Church. This is a fine body of men. Many of them now occupy places of prominence in the Conference, and all of them are "showing forth the praise of Him who called them" to the exalted station of a Minister of the Gospel of our Salvation.

Dr. Gilby C. Kelly came into the Conference in 1903 from the Tennessee Conference. He is a ripe scholar, a profound thinker, a patient student of problems of faith and conduct, grappling them with the ease of a skilled workman who has learned his art from the Master of Assemblies. His childlike trust in Jesus Christ, his generous requital of my friendship, (the friendship of a smaller man than he,) won me, and I have honored him to this day. His modest reserve has not made him universally popular. In this respect he has been unjust to himself. In debate he never uses those ordinary weapons, known to the platform as invective, irony, sarcasm. He deals in the heavy artillery of the 16-inch rifle,—a logical movement from an undisputed premise to a conclusion that sweeps away the pleas of an antagonist as one would a cobweb with a broom; a method which sometimes leaves the other angry; or "skulking in his tent;" or, metaphorically, dead on the field of conflict. The doctor often disarms his opponent at the outset, but if not, he has so smashed his defence as to make "further talk useless." His sermons have the charm of originality, poetic at times, al-

ways profoundly intellectual, but never at the expense of spirituality: concrete exhibits of the clearest Christian Philosophy. There is none more sincere, nor truer, nor braver, than my Western friend and brother, Dr. Gilby C. Kelly!

A very appropriate and beautiful incident halted the business of the Conference for, perhaps, half an hour, on the morning of the first day. "Dr. S. S. Lambeth, on behalf of the members of the Conference, presented to Dr. Paul Whitehead, Secretary of the Conference, a Loving Cup, as a token of their love and appreciation of his service for many years in that office. The Secretary responded, and Bishop Hendrix made appropriate remarks."

The question of changing the date for the time of meeting of the Annual Conference came up on a motion made by Dr. Cannon, Dr. Lipscomb and Dr. Reed, and a special "Committee of one preacher and one layman from each District was appointed to consider and report on the question at this session of the Conference." This committee was constituted as follows:—T. G. Pullen, W. H. Vincent, J. W. Stiff, John Hope, W. P. Wright, Geo. L. Stevens, L. H. Early, D. M. Pattie, C. E. Hobday, J. W. C. Davis, W. W. Royall, J. A. Morriss, W. H. Edwards, J. E. Rogers, J. K. Jolliff, A. L. Adamson, Jas. Cannon, Jr., W. E. Homes, E. M. Jordan, Isaac L. Price, J. K. Holman and N. P. Angle. A very able body of men, capable of reaching a clean cut conclusion without haste or carelessly. This Committee reported on the fourth day, through its

Chairman, T. G. Pullen, as follows:—"After carefully canvassing almost the entire Conference for the purpose of ascertaining its sentiments with reference to the proposed change in its date of meeting, and a thorough discussion of the advisability of a change, the Committee adopted the following resolution:—Resolved, that after carefully considering the question of a change in the time of holding the Conference session, we are of the opinion that there is no pressing demand for such change, and that further agitation of the subject may be safely postponed." Dr. Reed offered a substitute for the report, but, after discussion, it was rejected and the report adopted.

It seems perfectly clear to me that the Committee, from its own statement in the preamble, got the vote of the Conference before the Conference got the report before it for consideration!

A feature of the Conference which added worth to every day's session was an address each morning at the devotional hour by Bishop Hendrix. Beginning with Thursday, the 15th, he spoke on "The Friendship of the Senior and the Junior Preacher,—Elijah and Elisha."

Friday Morning, "The Unbroken Friendship."

Saturday Morning, "The Interrupted Friendship,—The Parting of Paul and Barnabas."

Monday Morning, "The Perfect Friendship,—Jesus and John."

At Charlottesville in 1903 the Bishop inaugurated this feature of the devotional exercises. Each day

he delivered a valuable and inspiring address on some phase of the work of the Holy Spirit. The first day on "The Authentication of the Holy Spirit."

The second day on "The Epiphanies of the Holy Spirit."

The next day on "The Friendship of the Holy Spirit."

On Monday on "The Home of the Holy Spirit." And on Tuesday on "The Holy Spirit in the Harvest Field."

These Addresses, brought into play the magnificent analytical powers of Bishop Hendrix, and the deep spiritual emphasis, together with his masterly use of the best English, aroused the emotions and stirred the conscience of the large congregations which assembled each morning at 9:30 to partake of the feast. His eloquence was set to the Pentecostal note. The Holy Spirit honored this servant of the Church, and made effective for edification each day's message.

Conference adjourned on the 19th, and I was appointed to the Laurel Street Church in the City of Richmond. Rev. Joseph A. Thomas became my successor at Centenary, Lynchburg.

The Laurel Street parsonage was then at 603 West Main Street, opposite that beautiful spot, Monroe Park. When I was a student at R. M. College at Ashland in 1868-71, this field was the Fair Grounds, enclosed with a high fence. Above the parsonage, perhaps three blocks, was "Sidney

Chapel." "Laurel Street" Church was the handsome child of the old "Oregon Hill" church where Duffey, Compton and Ferguson of the Baltimore Conference, and John Hannon and I from the Virginia, all students at Ashland, preached during the College session; testing our blades on the tender sensibilities of a patient people, or whetting them for skilled labor in the harvest fields of the future, or sowing seed for the reapers who might follow. Those were great days. The people were of a sturdy cast of mind and much patience. I found only one or two old sisters at the new church on Laurel Street who heard me "try to preach" in the old building on Church St., thirty-seven years ago. The others had "gone the way of all the earth" awaiting in the slumber of death the resurrection of all.

The year was not a brilliant one for me. Several "slips" jarred the movement of my career and threatened permanent ditching. I made my first mistake on the night of our reception in the Lecture room of the church: I said too much, and the people got my measure. Some never came again. No doubt they believed I had told them all that I knew; so they decided not to attend another service until another preacher came. That was sensible. What's the wisdom of listening to the same old story Wednesday night and twice on Sunday? My next mistake consisted in getting down in bed with erysipelas in the face. While my dear younger brother, Dr. Nuckles, treated the case from

the standpoint of the physical, and succeeded splendidly, Rev. Dr. W. J. Young, then at Centenary, and Rev. Geo. H. McFaden, of Asbury church, called on me in a very fraternal sort of way; sat in my best chair, (not at the same time, altho I do not deny that there was ample room for both,) and declared that there was none more homely than I: that I resembled an African, and that could the Virginia Conference in session get a good view of me it would disown me. This was the kind of medicine these clerical comforters poured into my soul. Expert practitioners with a tough case. It is needless to say I recovered. The witticisms of George Mac, and the refined incisive style of the "Little Minister," led me to understand that my place was on "the trite and oft-trodden path" of pastoral visitation. The worth of linguistic deliverances in the room of the sick depends upon **who talks**, and **how**. The **person** and the **tone** can "kill or cure." I knew a doctor on one of my charges who drove certain folks out with, what I took to be, the threat of the gun, and went straight out and got another person and turned him into the room where the grave yawned. A couple of thin sisters of doubtful age recommending bread pills for the itch, or ipecac and pargoric for bilious fever, ought to start an inquiry over the phone, "Can the undertaker come on short notice?", or a hurry-call for the police to perform the quick operation of excluding the loquacious murderers! But if you wish to heal quickly, em-

ploy a couple of the disciples of humor and prayer: lead them to the bedside of the sick, and they will cast out the Devil of Freezing and Fire with the only weapon Satan hates. Dr. Hope, in Portsmouth, resorted to this method with me when I was ill on Harrison Street in 1889. I had exchanged pulpits with Dr. Wm. E. Edwards on a certain Sabbath morning. The strain threw me into a severe attack of fever. Dr. Hope brought Dr. Edwards and four other spirits like him, and put them into my room: kept the brother and the sister with the "chronics" out in the street, threatening them with a sousing application of city water from Lake Kilby, and I was soon well again. Hope was an expert at that sort of thing, and I got well in a hurry. I had an uncle who was a physician. He contended that he lost more patients from the visits of Dyspeptics than from any other cause. I reckon he was correct: I myself, seldom sick, have often felt like calling for a Hospital Ambulance on the departure of such a visitor from my Study.

Mistakes are unusual with my wife. People who knew her will believe that assertion. But she made one on the first Sunday of her sojourn in Richmond. She allowed herself to be blown up by a gas stove! She did not look well after the explosion. When I responded to her call for help I had to get into the kitchen through the window from the back-yard. The impact from the explosion had locked both doors leading to that room.

Her escape from death was marvellous. Hence our rejoicing.

My earliest mistake was in not arriving in Richmond till the Friday of the second week after Conference adjourned. My goods were all in a freight car in Lynchburg on Monday before sunset. I was ready to go on Tuesday, but could not get into the Laurel Street parsonage till Friday. So wife went to our daughter's home at Arrington with our diminishing family, whilst I stayed around town sometimes in one "home," and sometimes in another, till Thursday night. Then, according to agreement, we assembled at Sister Guy's on College Hill, and boarding the "Roanoke & Petersburg Local" on the N. & W. at 8:30 next morning arrived in Richmond about 2:30 at the Byrd St. station. Officials of the church met us there, and in a short while we were in the parsonage, and at home, though late.

The story of Methodism in Richmond is an intensely interesting narrative. It can be found in a volume edited by Rev. Dr. E. L. Pell, entitled, "A Hundred Years of Richmond Methodism; The Story as told at the Centennial Celebration, 1909." The addresses delivered by leading ministers are of thrilling interest to any one who delights in the triumphs of faith, and in the growth of the Kingdom.

Rev. W. W. Lear, D. D., then at Centenary church, tells the story of the founding of "Oregon Hill Chapel." He says:—

“On a rainy Sunday afternoon in October, 1849, a few earnest workers from Centenary got together in a private house in the southwestern part of the City, not far from the Penitentiary, and organized a Sunday School with Watkins Taylor as Superintendent. A few weeks afterwards a Society was organized and a house of worship (known as Oregon Chapel) was erected on the corner of Church Street and Maiden Lane. The first pastor of the new church was Rev. Jas. E. Joyner, the second Rev. John L. Clarke, and the third Rev. Saml. L. Eskridge. For several years Oregon was a small and struggling church, but under the ministry of Rev. Henry B. Cowles matters mightily improved.” In the fall of 1870 that Apostle of the Evangelical faith, Rev. Geo. W. Nolley was sent to Oregon Chapel, and was followed in regular order by Revs. Lewis A. Guy, John T. Moore and George M. Wright. Bro. Wright served Oregon Chapel four years, beginning November, 1875. During his term they moved over to a new building on Laurel Street, and at the Conference of 1877 the name “Oregon” disappears from the list of appointments, and “Laurel St.,” takes its place. Then Rev. Wm. P. Wright, father of our Archie Wright, is sent to the church in November, 1879, and was succeeded at the end of three years by Rev. A. G. Wardlaw who remained only one year. At the end of one year, Bro. W. P. Wright is returned to the church, 1883, remaining this time four years. It was during this second term, I think, that the present

church edifice was completed. Then the following ministers served the church for the terms indicated:—

W. O. Waggener, two years, November 1887 to November 1889; C. C. Wertenbaker, two years, November 1889 to November 1891; W. E. Judkins, two years, November 1891 to November 1893; T. J. Taylor, four years, November 1893 to November 1897; R. F. Gayle, four years, November 1897 to November 1901; H. E. Johnson, three years, November 1901 to November 1904; Jos. E. Thomas, two years, November 1904 to November 1906; D. G. C. Butts, one year, November 1906 to November 1907.

So I entered upon my work as the **twentieth** pastor of this congregation from its organization as a church in October, 1849, to November, 1906. I have no data from 1849 to 1870 but the Oregon Chapel reported in 1870, **one hundred and seventy** church members, and **ninety-eight** Sunday School scholars; raised for all purposes, at that Conference \$515.18, by the three congregations, Oregon, Sidney and Rocketts. At the Conference of 1906 there are 306 Sunday School scholars, and 512 Church members, and \$4,612.57 raised for all purposes at Laurel Street alone. In the meantime, Park Place had taken the place of Sidney, and Epworth had been built, and also Asbury, Bro. McFaden's church still further out. On the Fulton side of the city Denny St., and Fulton Hill had taken the place of Rocketts. Here was develop-

ment from the **three churches existing in 1870, and reporting as one Charge.**

As soon as my health would permit, about the middle of January, 1907, I took hold of my work with all the zeal that was in me. I had a noble band to co-operate with me, and my courage never was **on** in better shape. The first work that engrossed our thought was the proposal to grapple with the debt on the parsonage, some \$700.00, and get that out of the way. The plan was well conceived, the organized effort was put in trim for work, the people gave liberally and cheerfully, and by the middle of April, the last dollar was in, and the note paid. Then we had a great "Bond Burning Meeting" in the auditorium of the Church, and rejoiced accordingly.

After about three months' rest I tried to lead the leaders of the church up to the point of making plans for improving the old building. It needed a new dress badly. A re-adjustment of the Lecture room as well as the audience room above, called loudly for immediate attention. Two popular and attractive churches in the vicinity,—the Protestant Episcopal and the Baptist,—the former under the leadership of a progressive and beloved Rector, the latter under the pastorate of a man who had served the congregation for more than thirty years, and had built up a strong membership;—these two institutions were sapping the life of Laurel Street Church. Something had to be done, and there was no time to lose. I tried to show the folks the

need, but I failed. Then I resorted to the last remedy. I determined on my course, and I did not hesitate. I went over to Petersburg and confided my plan to Dr. Wilson, my Presiding Elder, but before anything more in the way of consultation could be had, Dr. Wilson had passed to his eternal reward, and the matter was dropped, till Bro. J. T. Mastin took up the work Dr. Wilson had left.

On my arrival on the charge Bailey, Boltz, Ham, Miller, Farmer, Davis, Redford, Gilliam, the Miller boys, Pool, Henry Winston, and others of that size gave the incoming pastor the right hand of fellowship, and from that time on he had their valuable co-operation. But it was hard going. It seemed to the preacher that the great effort made in the winter to pay the parsonage debt had overstrained a tendon in the lumbar region of the entire membership, and a weak back was the result. Or, whilst they were resting after the strenuous drive they fell asleep with the window open, and caught "cold in the feet." Chilled enthusiasm and spiritual lumbago will halt any movement except backsliding: the law of spiritual gravity applies here. The cohesive force in nature, (the power on the throne keeping order in the senate of worlds,) is paralleled in the spiritual world by "the law of the Spirit of Life,"—that activity in the kingdom of God is the price of vitality and development.

Yet, after all our set-backs are considered, and the many times I was "ditched" during the "run," the year was a very pleasant one. Many incidents

transpired to make us glad we came to Richmond. I was, for the first time in my ministry of thirty-six years within hailing distance of my old home,—Petersburg. Here the last of my kin resided, Mrs. W. B. McIlwaine and Mrs. Bernard Mann, the daughters of my mother's brother, the late Dr. John Herbert Claiborne. His widow, who was Miss Annie Watson, lived there too in the old home on Union Street. Miss Nora Fontaine Maury Davidson, the "unreconstructed rebel" and founder of the Confederate Memorial Day, the daughter of my father's eldest sister, yet lived in the old town. In old Blandford Cemetery my dead were sleeping "till Jesus bids them rise;" my honored father, straight as an arrow, gallant, courteous, clean and true; my mother, a woman of prayer, modest, beautiful, constant, affectionate; my half-brother, Robert Emmet, the crown and joy of the home, the promising young lawyer, who lay down his life for the Confederacy in the "Battle of the Crater;" my grandparents on both sides,—Gen. Daniel Claiborne Butts and his wife, Elizabeth Randolph Harrison, and Rev. John Gregory Claiborne and his wife, Mary Elizabeth Weldon, and my mother's brothers, Dr. John Herbert Claiborne and Dr. Gregory Weldon Claiborne. And my father's brother, Capt. Daniel Butts, and all his were buried there. For the first time since 1868 I was so near all these precious relics that I made it a matter of conscience and heart to visit the old shrine four or five times during the year. It gave

me joy to sit over there in a quiet place near my dead, and think of them, of my duty, of the Good Father who gave them to me, and of the claim of the Church upon my faithful use of time and talent, the call of a needy world, and immortal nature of my own spirit. It was a mournful privilege in my grasp that year, and my soul took courage from the teaching of my environment. Each time I returned to my task in Richmond with a higher appreciation of life and its daily opportunities for usefulness.

**Nineteen hundred and seven was the year of the Jamestown Exposition.** Numbers of our friends from other parts of the State, on their way to, or from, the Exposition, made Richmond a resting-point. We flung our doors wide open for their use, and we rejoiced in the privilege. Mr. B. Gates Garth, with several of his family, beloved friends from Albemarle county, in whose hospitable home I and mine had found gracious and abundant treatment when on that circuit, drifted in on a certain kindly tide. Two daughters of Dr. (now Bishop) Collins Denny, of Nashville, Tenn., honored us with a sojourn of two days. We found them to be just **plain folks**, such as we had been accustomed to all our lives,—refined, sensible, not “righteous over-much,” easily satisfied with what they found in a Methodist parsonage, and very pleasant young people everyway. It is not surprising that each married a minister of the Gospel,—one a member of our Conference, the other a missionary to a

foreign land. It is fine policy to send our Christian girls out among the heathen of any country, that the heathen may have an **object lesson** on what Protestant Christianity can make of a woman: and still more, what a Protestant Christian woman can do for our social life!

Another very delightful occasion of the year was the Reunion of the Confederate Veterans. This was the magnetic incident which attracted the thinning ranks of Grey from west and south once more to the old Capitol of the Confederacy. They came, also, to fight over again the battles of '61 to '65 in story and song, and to retail the old yarns for the one hundredth time, then separate for the last time, possibly, till "the Roll is called up Yonder."

Into our open door they came by day and by night; it mattered not when to us, so they came. From Lynchburg came the Lynchburg Confederate twins Jim Wray and Joe Thompson. These increased to triplets before the day had died for Bill Gregory had a bed down the street in another house, but he **stayed** at our home, ate there, loafed there, and was one of us. Then when I hitched on, Mrs. Butts had the rankest quartette of "Innocents in Grey" that ever she had bargained to handle in all of her life of unselfish service. When Wray, Thompson, Gregory, and "the parson" mixed and meandered with that jolly multitude in the streets of the Metropolis that memorable week, four happier men could not be found within the

corporation. They were easily fed, soundly slept, and quietly dispatched out upon the streets again when the peace of the parsonage demanded it. And when the three departed they left behind such melancholic **silence** that one could hear it sigh!

The year was not without its bereavement to our great Church and Conference. Dr. Richard T. Wilson, Presiding Elder of the West Richmond District, died August 28th, at his home on a farm near Petersburg. He presided over the District Conference at Beaver Dam in July, and although many of us knew that he was not well, few of us suspected that his useful life was so soon to end. A graduate of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, in 1870, a Professor of Mathematics in a college in Arkansas, later a diligent student of law, his career seemed to have already begun with the promise of such success as would satisfy the most ambitious. But his long struggle against the early call to the Ministry at last broke down. He abandoned the practice of his profession for the vocation of the pulpit and the pastorate. A significant event following his joining Conference was the appointments he received in the midst of the people among whom he practiced law. His first appointment was Wesley Petersburg, where his ministry was eminently successful. Going from that church to Chestnut St., Berkeley, (now Memorial,) thence to Clay St., Richmond, he was then appointed to Market Street, Petersburg, where he had served as Steward for nine years, and as Super-

intendent of the Sunday School for sixteen years. Here was his most successful pastorate. "The people respected him and loved him, and evidences of his faithful and zealous labors are still apparent." He was "a member of the General Conference of 1906, Presiding Elder on three Districts—Richmond, Petersburg and West Richmond, and was completing his quadrennium on the last named when he heard the summons to higher labors" and unending life.

Dr. Paul Whitehead, who for fifty-four years had been the Secretary of the Annual Conference, died in St. Luke's Hospital, Richmond, April 3rd, 1907. He was received on Trial into the Conference with fifteen others at the session of 1853 in Court Street Church, Lynchburg. In 1856 he was stationed in Lexington, Va., "and was there brought into intimate association with the now famous Stonewall Jackson. He was nine times elected to the General Conference. He was appointed to represent the Southern Methodist Church in the Third Ecumenical Conference of the World's Methodism in London in 1901. He was Presiding Elder twenty-five years. He was a fine ecclesiastical lawyer, and contributed of his fine memory, clear judgment, and constructive talent in framing our present Discipline.

Two Bishops died this year, both elected to this high office from the ranks of our Conference:—**Bishop John C. Granbery** and **Bishop A. Coke Smith.**

Dr. W. J. Young, who wrote the Memoir of Bishop Granbery, says he "was a native of Virginia, having been born in Norfolk, and for many years served the leading stations of the Virginia Conference. During these years he was recognized as a faithful, painstaking pastor, and a helpful expounder of the pure word of God. In the vigor of his manhood he turned aside from the pastorate to become a Professor in the Vanderbilt University. While here he preached nearly every Sabbath to the edification of all who heard him, and in these days no one in Nashville was more gladly heard than he. His influence over the young men under his instruction, especially those preparing for the ministry, was uplifting and inspiring,—an influence created, perhaps, by his character more than by his teaching.

"Bishop Granbery was so transparently sincere that his life was known and read of all men. And how simple he was, as humble as a little child, possessing the sort of childlikeness of which the Master spoke, when he made it the condition of entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven.

"His was a spotless life. No one was ever heard to call in question his motives or to accuse him of anything short of downright uprightness."

Dr. R. H. Bennett says of Bishop Smith:—"Coming to us in middle life as a stranger he entered at once the inmost citadel of our hearts, and grew, if possible, dearer to us with the passing years. His buoyant spirits, rollicking humor, won-

derful magnetism, scorn of all ignoble things, abounding usefulness, chivalrous manliness, brotherly sympathy, generosity of heart and humility of soul, were the golden keys to our interest and our love; while his scholarly attainments, simple yet profound faith, his deep and unaffected piety, and his prophet's vision deepened our admiration and increased our esteem. He was the best equipped man for the pastorate we have ever known."

Paul Bradley, one of our best and truest young men, fell at his post of duty on the walls of Zion this year. I knew him as a candid, sincere, earnest Christian gentleman of the old school, in which rudeness, coarse manners, and impurity are unknown. His smiling face was the reflection of a clean heart. His courage was the product of a high aim. His modesty and amiability were natural. His industry was an index to his sense of responsibility for the wise use of his talents. None but the kind of man Paul Bradley was could have won for his wife the accomplished and lovely young woman who surrendered her life to him, and when he fell at her side in the path of duty, lamented his going,—becoming "a widow indeed, and desolate, trusting in God, and continuing in supplications and prayers."

Dr. W. W. Lear, in the admirable Memoir of Bro. Bradley, says of him:—"It seemed strange to me when I came into the Conference room a few days ago that I could not find, in the gathering throng, the smiling face of the friend whose pres-

ence for more than thirty years, at each recurring session, I had eagerly sought. But I know where he is, and the coming years, when my own work is done, I shall look him up, and once more we shall talk heart to heart, and our friendship will be unbroken forever."

Paul Bradley died July 30th, 1907. Dr. Lear on February 1st, 1918, joined his "room-mate and chum," whom he knew so well and loved, and the interrupted "fellowship" between these two worthy men was renewed on the soul's eternal campus.

The end of the year came on apace. My resolution, formed in July, to ask removal from Laurel Street church because, in my judgment, I was not meeting the needs of our Church in that part of the City, had become stronger as the months went by. My decision was unalterable. My own destination gave me not a moment's thought. I knew that the church could not afford to wait twelve months longer that I might try for better results another year. I communicated my views to Bro. Mastin Presiding Elder and left the matter in his hands. Then I concluded to "face the throne" with the same facts; so therefore, on the Norfolk & Western train, between Lynchburg and Farmville, I gave Bishop Galloway the whole story. When he opened the session of Conference the next week in Petersburg he was fully informed of my reasons for believing that I should give way to a man of different type from myself, but he was not satisfied with the wisdom of my decision. He

advised that I try again, but I would not agree to do so, and I do not think the good Bishop was pleased with our interview. He asked me where I wanted to go. I told him I had given it no thought: that he and my Presiding Elder could settle that matter without my help.

But as Conference drew near I found it a greater trial than I had thought it would be to give up my friends at Laurel Street, as well as many outside of that charge, who had made my short stay among them so very delightful. **Prof. Frank Woodward** and **John Landstreet**, the friends of my College days at Ashland, had given me a welcome to the city just one year before that took away the lonely feeling of the first few weeks of a residence among strangers. **Woodward** had developed into a brainy and successful member of his profession. At College his studious habits, his quick mind, his vigorous, abounding life, his wonderful popularity prophesied a future of unusual achievement. He entered the ministry but discovered his mistake in time to devote his life to the calling for which he was especially equipped. He was an orator of no mean ability; handling the best English with ease, exercising an imagination which placed before his audience the topics of his theme in the most attractive form, and with the boldest fancy springing to the most daring flights of rhetorical speech. "Gig" Woodward, as his familiar friends called him, was as lovable a college boy as I ever knew, and he has held my esteem ever since. He

was the son of Bro. B. F. Woodward, a beloved member of our Conference. **John Landstreet** was always the sturdy, rollicking, go-ahead chap that made him manager in one of the largest Tobacco Companies in this country. He looked big to me at College, so much so that when I saw him coming down the track I climbed the fence and let him have the whole road. John usually "got there" at whatever he attempted, except in the books. Those things were made in a room with four walls, a roof, and no ventilation. John knew that, and had little sympathy with "the Fads of Filosophers," for quagmires, quicksand, or drowning awaited the man out of step with their wanderings in the swamps of impossible, hence unnatural, theories. John stuck to the fields, the cool, fresh air, or climbed the stately oak of a real, undisputed fact, or swam out, never beyond his depth, into the translucent waters of positive truth. Hence John, with all his rugged, romping, knock-down-and-drag-out about the earth, the stars, the human family, and personal responsibility, got to be a man who did things, and did them well. John was the son of a preacher in the Baltimore Conference, M. E. Church, South.

Jas. T. Lumpkin was another one of my bosom friends and College chums. He was a man of fine intelligence, clear mind, warm heart and generous impulses. He was of a devout spirit, praying much, and "content with such things as he had." He was not penurious but economical, saving that

he might serve others. He counted wastefulness as great a sin against Providence as vulgarity is against grace: both condemned by a just and righteous God. We did not room together; we loved each other too well. We associated with each other, and studied together, and visited together, and joined Conference at the same time in 1870 at the Lynchburg session, and hugged when we met at each recurring session. When I went to Richmond in the fall of 1906, Tom Lumpkin sought me out and clung to me to the end of my short term. Then he lamented my leaving, upbraided me for the view I held, challenged me to be a man, and stand my ground, and all that, and more. He worshipped with us at Laurel St., frequently, and his presence was ever an inspiration.

Bro. Lumpkin was an unusually strong man on Christian Doctrine, and the Methodist Standards of Theology. His prayerful and patient study of the Word, made him a safe interpreter of the text. Had he possessed talent for delivery, none could have withstood him in a contest over disputed points. He was a good man, an humble child of God.

It was quite a tax on my sensibilities to meet my official board for the last time and bid them farewell before going to Conference knowing that, whatever else befell me, I would no longer be their pastor and associate. The social gathering at the parsonage on the eve of my going to Petersburg, was a love-feast, marred only by the fact

that it was "the parting of the ways." They knew, now, very well my reasons for asking a change. I had no fault to find with them, either as officials or individuals: my going was for their welfare, and of my own choice. We sat at the table that evening in my own home as brethren beloved, with not an absentee to start regrets. And when they left my door at the close of the pleasant evening's visit, they each one left a blessing on the heart and head of both wife and me.

I think I had a taste of the extraordinary feelings of Romeo the night of his farewell interview with Juliet on the balcony of the home of his sweetheart, when he sighed that tearful sigh which has shaken the tender emotions of the centuries; "Parting is such sweet sorrow that I could say 'Goodbye' until tomorrow."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE CONFERENCE OF 1907: FRANKTOWN AND JOHNSON'S.

The one hundred and twenty-fifth session of the Virginia Conference met in Washington Street Church, Petersburg, Va., November 13th, 1907. Bishop Chas. B. Galloway, Presided.

"Dr. Paul Whitehead for forty-seven sessions, the faithful and efficient Secretary, and, for seven sessions preceding, the Assistant Secretary, having passed to his reward on the 3rd day of April last, the roll was called by S. S. Lambeth, the Assistant Secretary of the last Conference." The Conference then elected S. S. Lambeth, Secretary, and B. F. Lipscomb and Geo. F. Greene, Assistants.

All the preachers passed in examination of character except Chas. L. Bane and Norman R. Smith, who had withdrawn from the ministry of our Church during the year and surrendered their credentials.

The Conference through Rev. J. H. Amiss, presented Dr. S. S. Lambeth a purse of gold in appreciation of his long and faithful service as Assistant Secretary.

Resolutions of Respect adopted by the Board of

Directors of The Preachers' Relief Society, in regard to the death of Judge Wilbur J. Kilby, of Suffolk, were read to the Conference, and ordered placed upon the record.

The following class of "well-equipped young men" was admitted on Trial, and the Conference adopted a resolution of thanks to Almighty God for the "unusually large number." They were W. A. Smart, O. M. Harris, A. K. Lambdin, J. W. Bouldin, R. V. Owen, G. B. King, Chas. E. Johnson, J. Calloway Robertson, L. A. Smith, J. S. Maxey, and J. E. Daniel.

Dr. J. C. C. Newton and T. H. Haden from the Japan Mission Conference, John L. Bray from the Oklahoma Conference, and C. T. Collier from the China Mission Conference, were received by Transfer.

A handsome gavel made from a part of the chancel of the old Union Street Church in which the first General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was held in May 1846, was presented to Bishop Galloway by Rev. J. B. Winn, in behalf of Hon. R. B. Davis of Petersburg.

Besides the deaths already noticed in the preceding chapter on Richmond, the following were reported as having passed away during the year:—

**Wm. E. Bullard**, born in Bowling Green, Caroline county, Va., and died on the South Lunenburg circuit aged 52 years. He was "a great-grandson of Rev. Isaac Lunsford, who helped to establish Methodism in far-away Nova Scotia."

**Jas. W. Baker** of Madison county, faithfully did his work as an itinerant preacher for fifteen years, then closed his eyes upon the scene of his earthly labors.

**Robert B. Beadles** was the next. His itinerant life began in 1855 as Junior Preacher with Rev. John B. Dey on Lancaster circuit and ended in 1907 in Richmond as a Superannuate. His "conscious call of God to preach gave quality and tone to all his subsequent ministry, and inspired him with unqualified consecration to this great work."

My home during the session of this Conference in my home town was with the family of Hon. Wm. B. McIlwaine, who was the husband of my cousin Joe Claiborne, the daughter of my mother's eldest brother, Dr. John Herbert Claiborne. My co-laborer at the breakfast, dinner and supper table, was my dear brother Joseph Shackford, Presiding Elder of the Lynchburg District. He did well, but not as well as he might have done. He had a habit of falling down on nearly every proposition submitted by the exceedingly polite person who waited on the guests at the table. He did better at night when, in the privacy of his room, (Mrs. McIlwaine put us in separate rooms,) he gave himself to slumber and snoring. He had something on his mind every night that he seemed to wish to communicate to some one, I know not who. He was a member of the Bishop's Council for the first time. I suppose some of the discussions of men and places, reeled off in that mysterious conclave.

got soaked into his anatomy, and this was his method of relieving his pent-up emotions. However that may be, in the morning when I faced him with the charge before the entire household, he knew nothing about his "antics of the night," and the inquisition had to be abandoned.

Presiding Elders are queer "specimens of the carnivorous genus of mammalia." While they are in the ranks of ordinary mortals they are as loquacious as a child with its first discovery of a tongue, meeting the "dear brethren" down in the basement of the church of the Conference session, and criticising the whole thing from Bishops to County Constables, making appointments and taking men from charges that "never dreamed of losing the dear brother." But, let them once get into the exclusive, secretive and contemplative group, they will pick up whole mouthfuls of information, meditation, prudence and silence, and walk around on rubber heels, with plasters on their mouths which are not even porous.

The only way to annihilate the "Kitchen Cabinet" is for the Bishop at the next session of the Annual Conference to discharge all of the silent saints now in the Cabinet and let in the **Basement Solomons**. If that does not cure them I recommend transfer to the Pacific Coast.

Conference closed on the night of the 20th, whilst I was in Richmond officiating at the marriage of a choice young woman of my congregation at Laurel Street church. I was appointed to the

Franktown and Johnson's circuit in Northampton county, across the Chesapeake Bay, on the Eastern shore of Virginia, twenty miles north of Cape Charles. Rev. Jas. H. Moss was sent as my successor at Laurel Street. This proved to be a most happy selection. He entered upon his duties with a zealous and intelligent grasp of the situation that carried the church into a season of prosperity it so well deserved. His congregation increased from the first service, and at the close of his pastorate of four years, he left the church in better condition every way than it had been for a long time. It was a source of gratification to me, for my judgment that I was not the right man for the crisis which was taxing the staying qualities of the congregation at that time, was vindicated. The Official Board was kind enough to honor me with a place on its program at the re-opening of the reconstructed building sixteen months after Bro. Moss went to the charge, and I was glad enough of the opportunity to remind them of my prophecy, that "another and a different sort of man was all they needed to put them in their rightful place of influence among the progressive churches of Richmond." And I added "the Lord had the man ready for you in the person of Dr. Moss, and you should sing the doxology right now."

**Well,** the next day after the adjournment of Conference I went down town, found Brother Martin, my outgoing Presiding Elder, and said some very foolish things. "I had been to the Eastern

Shore once, cut off entirely from America, and every other continent on the face of the earth, except Philadelphia. All their complaints concerning jurisprudence and the oyster crop went to the Governor of Pennsylvania, unless we except those minor cases which can be tried in an inferior court,—these went to Salisbury.” That was the kind of whining I did. And I was that upset that when I went back up town to the Parsonage, I **hired two** men to pack my stuff, (a thing I had never done before, and the proof of it is, that I frequently went to a new charge with my thumb tied up in a rag,) and paid them \$12.00 for the job, and a mighty poor job it turned out to be.

We went to Norfolk, and from thence to Cape Charles next day, the New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk train delivering us at Nassawadox about mid-day. The first person to greet us when we struck the ground at that station with the Indian name was a pretty, black eyed girl with dark hair and the neatest raiment. **And we were satisfied!** She took all of the lonely, homesick feeling out of our constitution at once, and bid us welcome to the greenest pastures and tallest clover that ever a poor preacher was sent to graze. And her name, so she informed us, was **Mary Rogers**. The next message I sent Mastin was couched in language something like this:—“**My postoffice is on the suburbs of Glory land: my telegraph sign is Hallelujah!**” And Mastin never did reply. I learned later that **Finley Gayle did it:** so I hung up his

photograph in my study, with this legend inscribed:—

### THE MAN WHO DID IT!

For the second time in my ministerial career I was the successor of Rev. Chas. E. Watts. Right glad I was to get the privilege of repeating my experience of 1877, when I succeeded him on the King George circuit. He helps his successor by word and by deed. So I had easy going from the very start. We met him on the highway between the station and the parsonage at Franktown. He bade us a cheery farewell, and hoped in his earnest, unaffected style, that "the blessing of Heaven would rest upon my work on the charge."

And so we moved in. The parsonage was antiquated, but comfortable. There was a good fire for warmth, a plenty of tempting food for the hungry, and cordial welcome for all the preacher's family from the least unto the greatest.

But a shadow rested on the church and the town. Brother Bernard P. Tankard's son, Bernard, Jr., the only child, had been desperately ill for many weeks with Typhoid Fever and its attendant ills. He required constant nursing and care day and night, and it was late in the spring of 1908 before he was out in the fresh air, recuperating slowly under the shade of the beautiful trees. Anxiety filled every breast, till late in the summer, when he was pronounced well again.

The history of the "Northampton Circuit" dates back to the distant past. I have no data earlier

than the session of the Philadelphia Conference held at Smyrna, Delaware, commencing on the first day of June, 1800. I have some extracts from the Journal of **Rev. Thos. Smith**, who was "received into full connection, and ordained deacon." "My appointment was to Northampton circuit, Virginia, I received it as coming from the Lord, believing he had a work there for me to do. I set out for my circuit, rejoicing in spirit, anxious to get into my work." So he begins his story.

This preacher was born in Kent county, Maryland, June 3rd, 1776, and was, therefore just 24 years of age. When we read on further in the record of his travels and trials we are very apt to think that he was, at least, a man of middle age and large experience. And we can account for his great victories over the enemies of the faith, amid the most discouraging circumstances only by the conviction that the circuit riders of that day were men of unusual courage, invincible faith, and a great nerve for "enduring hardship."

Let us therefore, with grateful hearts that God sent such men to lay the foundations of Methodism in these parts, get as much of this Journal into these pages as may be useful in enlarging our knowledge of men and events, and thus stirring our own hearts to greater diligence in carrying on the work they began. Let us read:—

"Sunday, June 22nd, 1800, I preached at Downing's Chapel. Our meeting was well attended. In the afternoon I preached at the house of Captain

Watts, on the seaboard. We had a pleasant season."

**"Sunday, June 29th.**

At Garretson's Chapel the Master of assemblies was present in his sanctuary, and I felt I loved the place and people. In class-meeting we were greatly blessed of the Lord.

On Tuesday, while preaching, I saw, by faith, the little cloud rising, though small as a man's hand, which I believed would do much for Northampton. O Lord hasten on thy coming kingdom with power and great glory!

**"July 2nd.**

At Floyd's the good Lord was in our midst.

**"Sunday, July 10th.**

At Johnson's Chapel I labored hard; looked for help and power from on high, but the word fell as on unbroken ground. I returned to brother Johnson's and to my chamber, and wept, because I saw no fruit of my labor. At Northampton Court House in the afternoon, I had more liberty, but the fruit was the same; the word made no impression. I went home with brother Sympkins, who was kind to me, sorrowing much for the cause of God: but though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be precious in the eyes of the Lord."

**"July 12th.**

I preached at the house of Col. S. Ames, where we had a comfortable meeting. In class-meeting our much esteemed sister James was filled full of glory and of God. Such as **she** is the salt of the

earth. I preached at night, and there was one converted: truly a brand plucked from the fire."

**"July 29th"** I was taken ill of the bilious fever, and "was carried to the house of brother Thos. Ames. Two physicians attended me, and three young gentlemen waited on me day and night in their turn; all three of them were converted to God during my illness; two of them were converted in my room, and the other in an orchard, not far from the house, in the dead of the night. They were all useful members; Mr. J. Garrettson became a steward of the circuit; Mr. Richard Ames a class-leader; and Mr. Zorobabel Ames a valuable private member. All so lived and all so died."

"Having so far recovered my health as to admit it, I resumed my labor. I met a large assembly at B. Floyd's, on the 10th of September, where I preached and had a gracious season. Sister Floyd gave us a shout."

**"September 15th.** I preached on Rom. XIII. 19, 20. The meeting lasted from ten o'clock in the morning till two o'clock the next morning. There was so great a press of people that we knew not what to do with them. During the day and night there were many souls born again, and translated from the power of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son."

**"September 22nd.** At Johnson's Chapel the congregation was large; there being no other ministry in the place, the rich and the gay assemble

with us. Our Zion here is sickly; many are turned aside to worldly vanities."

**"September 24th.** At Col. S. Ames's our meeting held from eleven in the morning till ten at night. Poor sinners came crying for mercy to God, and we had to joy to see many souls converted, eleven of whom came forward and joined the church on probation at the close of the meeting."

**"November 1st.** Our meeting was at brother Thos. Ames's, where we seldom fail to have a great meeting. Seven joined on probation. Our societies are getting so large I know not how to meet them."

**"November 6th.** I preached on Math. XXIV. 14. From this time there was a gracious revival. Bro. Bonnal, at whose house we preached, was a good and holy man, and here the ark of the Lord rested for many years."

**"November 10th.** Meeting was today at brother Thomas Ames's, that family of piety where the ark of the Lord has so long rested. The crowd was so great we knew not where to put the people, as the day was too unfavorable to occupy the yard. I preached, and the Lord worked for his own glory. \*\*\*\*\* I proposed that those who had experienced like precious faith with us, and had made up their minds to join the church, should come and give us their names, when eighteen came forward. Captain Bayman and family led the way,

followed by a number of the first families in that part of Virginia."

**"November 30th.** I preached at Bro. B. Floyd's both morning and evening."

**"December 3rd.** I preached at brother Thomas Bradford's. The people came in crowds and filled the house to overflowing, and the Lord made one in our midst. His coming was glorious. We feasted on redeeming grace and dying love."

**"December 14th.** We commenced a two days' meeting at Pungoteague, in the warehouse. Wonder at this, O people of Accomac county! a place so recently overrun with vice, and where Satan's seat was, is yielding to the power of grace! And what is it that the God of Israel cannot do? Glory to his name who has taught our hands to war, and our fingers to fight. The change in this place has astonished the world. I wonder they do not believe also. Brother William Downing, a local preacher, first addressed the people, and I followed him. There was a general move in the assembly, and several souls, that day and night, were converted to God. \*\*\*\*\*

At eleven o'clock brother Downing took the pulpit, and I followed him with a subject on the gospel of the kingdom, &c. The day was fair, and the concourse of people was such that we knew not where to place them. All gave attention; even the wicked were awed into reverence. The place was awful, by reason of that power that shakes the heavens and the earth. When the services were

closed there was a great gathering of the people around the stand, and a solemn dedication of many souls to God."

**"Sunday, January 25th, 1801.** Downing's chapel is the most northerly appointment on the circuit, but the south breezes of God's Holy Spirit sweetly pass over this place, thawing and melting down the frozen heart. My tongue was loosed, my mind illuminated, and my heart warmed with heavenly fire, while I preached unto them. In the afternoon I preached on the seaboard, in the house of Captain Watts, to a crowded house; but here I saw no special good, no tears of penitential sorrow, no cry for mercy."

**"January 29th.** I preached at brother J. Garrettson's in the evening. We had a good time. The place and the people were solemn, and the Lord was in His word."

**"March 28th and 29th. Quarterly meeting was held at Drummondtown.** The Presiding Elder, Rev. Thos. Ware, preached on Saturday and Sunday; his subjects were well chosen, well arranged and well applied. The work of the Spirit of God was too visible in the assembly to admit a doubt of what God was about to do in that place. The enemy of souls was aroused to action, and while the Master of assemblies was going from heart to heart, four young **gentlemen**" (he underscores that word, indicating that he uses it sarcastically,) "left the house, swearing that they would be revenged on me as soon as I should come

out of the house, and, having provided themselves with weapons, they stationed themselves without, near the door. When the meeting broke up I passed the young men, brushing their clothes, and saw their clubs, but felt no blows. Poor Lucifer, he can go no further than the length of his chain. While brother Ware was preaching in the house on Sunday morning, I was preaching to at least three thousand people of color, where I believe much good was done."

**"Tuesday, April 1st.** My appointment was at Guilford. I prevailed on brother Ware to go with me and preach. It was a time long to be remembered. The sky was clear, the sun was bright, and nature seemed smiling all around. When we arrived at Guilford the meeting house was already filled, and hundreds were seated in the yard outside for want of room in the house. At ten o'clock brother Ware took the stand, and the meeting lasted six hours. Ministers and members were astonished at the power of Israel's God. The people were falling in all directions, in doors and without. The place was gloriously awful. Sudden and powerful were the awakenings, and sudden and powerful the conversions. Clouds of mercy overshadowed the place, and shower after shower descended. Parents were seen looking up their children, and praying over them; and children were holding on to their parents, crying, 'O, papa, come to Jesus! God will bless you,' &c.; and such cry-

ing for mercy, and such shouts of joy, surely Virginia never heard before!"

(At four P. M. he received Forty-four into the church. They were joyfully received by the members of Guilford.)

"As night was coming on it was thought expedient to adjourn the meeting to brother Thomas Evans's, where it was kept up all night till the sun rose next morning; and how many souls were converted to God that night, is a secret we must leave until the morning of the resurrection shall reveal it."

**"Friday, April 4th.** As I was going to my appointment I was waylaid by four young men who bound themselves under an oath that they would spill my blood that day, for insulting them, they said, on Sunday last at Quarterly meeting. On rising a hill I saw them in the road before me, with clubs in their hands, and seeing no way to escape. I said, 'Lord, what shall I do? I will put my trust in thee.' I passed them on a full trot, without receiving one blow. Whilst passing I heard one of them say to another, 'Damn you, why didn't you knock him down?' and the other said, 'Damn you, why didn't **you** knock him down?' Thus, while they raved and swore at each other, I happily escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. I arrived at the place of my appointment in good time, and preached.

After the meeting our friends wanted me to bind these young men over to keep the peace, but I

told them I had committed myself to the Lord, and he would take care of me."

**"Monday, May 4th.** My appointment was at brother Thomas Burton's. We had another good day's work."

"As I have mentioned the name of Captain Thomas Burton it may not be amiss to give some account of his conversion to God, and his becoming a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Brother Burton's change from nature to grace was when he was advanced in life. His youthful days and riper years were spent in the follies and pleasures of this world. In the early rise of Methodism in Virginia his mind was misled as to their doctrine and discipline. He was professionally a Churchman, and a man of strong prejudices, and, being ardent in whatever he engaged in, he did much for his church and his parson. In the year 1800 it pleased God to pour out his Spirit in that part of Virginia in which Burton resided, and a great many people forsook their sins, turned to God, and were converted from the error of their way. God converted them, and they came to us, and applied for membership in our church, and we took them in, and Rev. Mr.——— became highly offended; and, in order to put us down, he appointed that he would on Christmas day, 1800, preach the funeral sermon of Methodism on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. At the time and place appointed a large assembly convened to see the final downfall of Methodism, and man of our mem-

bers also attended to see for themselves. Captain Burton, of course, was there with all his prejudices in favor of his own church, and against Methodism. The Reverend gentleman having commenced his discourse, dug up the ashes of our beloved Wesley, that he might show, as he pretended, why Wesley left the Church of England. I wonder the Rev. gentleman did not know that Wesley never left the Church of England. However, he tried to make Mr. Wesley anything but a Christian and a gentleman; and after pouring all the odium that he could on our church, and especially on our ministry, he dismissed the meeting. The next day I met with our much-esteemed friend, Col. W. Paramour, a member of long standing in the Methodist Episcopal Church, who gave me the outlines of the parson's discourse, and remarked, that he thought it would be expedient for Dr. Coke to return from England, and clear up Mr. Wesley's character, or we should be ruined as a church. I told the colonel I thought our cause was safe; it was in the hands of God, and he would take care of it."

"Strange to tell, under this very sermon Captain Burton became so troubled that he could not rest day nor night, through fear that his minister might be wrong and the Methodists right after all. Three days having passed and his trouble remaining, Mrs. Burton said to him, 'What is the matter with you? You have not been yourself since you came from church on Christmas day. What is the cause of your distress?' He told her that it was a fear that

he and his minister were both wrong, and the Methodists, after all, were right. She advised him to send for a Methodist preacher to come and see him; but he objected, saying, 'My dear, how can I send for a people to come to my house whom I have so bitterly reviled?' She replied, 'Well, Captain Burton, I have always thought the Methodists were the Lord's people, and if the Lord will forgive you, I am sure **they** will.'

The sequel of this story is that the Captain sent a note to this young circuit rider, twenty-five years old, asking him to call. He went, was received kindly by the family, and was informed that they wanted to know something about Methodism. Young Smith took out his Discipline, read the General Rules, and compared the doctrines of Methodism with the doctrines of the Church of England, and stated that the difference consisted only in form. He then gave them a brief account of the rise of Methodism in England and America, and the opposition it had encountered, and that Methodism had prospered all the way through. He left the family in tears and went to his appointment. In answer to another message from Captain Burton, requesting him to preach at his house, he appointed New Year's day at 3 P. M. When he arrived at the place he found the yard crowded with people. He preached on Romans XVI. 19, 20. At the very beginning of the service the Holy Ghost fell upon the assembled crowd, and many fell under conviction. The meeting continued night and day

for thirteen days and nights. Smith did the preaching and the members did the praying. At the close of the meeting "fifty-five who had never had their names on the class before were received." "Brother Burton's family, both white and colored, were converted to God, with many other whole families, and brother Burton's house was made a regular preaching place."

He tells of a pious and useful family, Captain William Seymore, in Northampton. Seymore was a man "of talent and weight, both in and out of the church." He says, "Mrs. Seymore was a bright and shining light, and their children were brought up to know the scriptures and to fear God." "Col. Paramore, of Northampton, was a pious and influential member; Sister Paramore was deeply pious and devoted to God; their children were favorable to religion; William, their son, was a steward on the circuit."

When this itinerant and his helper compared notes at the end of the Conference year in May, they had taken into the church in Accomac and Northampton, called the "Northampton Circuit," **six hundred and seven members.**

He says the Conference of 1801, met in Philadelphia, May 20th. On his way to that meeting he met brother Ware, the Presiding Elder, and Bishop Asbury at Dover, Delaware; at the Bishop's request he "turned back to Virginia and resumed my work for the second year." \*\*\*\* "The Virginians

hailed my return and I was glad. Our work extends over two counties."

**"May 30th,** I preached on the Bay side."

**"June 6th,** Preached at brother T. Ames's. We had a great time in class. Dear sister Scott was overcome with the divine presence."

**"June 13th,** I preached at Downing's meeting-house. Brother Downing is one of our plain, holy men. In the afternoon I preached at Brother Watts's, on the sea-side, to a good congregation."

**June 17th and 18th.** Quarterly meeting was held at Garrettson's chapel; it began well on Saturday morning, when there was a great shaking among the dry bones."

**"July 13th.** I preached at brother B. Floyd's to a large and serious congregation. They cried and prayed, and grace and mercy flowed all around, and many a cup was filled to overflowing."

**"August 7th.** I preached at Guilford. The congregation at this place is well known to be large and zealous. \*\*\* Great is the peace and prosperity of our Zion at Guilford. I am always glad to come to this appointment."

There is a long gap in the Journal of this young preacher at this point, the Editor having cut out several months.

**"Saturday morning, March 16th, 1802.** We commenced a two day's meeting at Guilford. The crowd was great. I preached on Isaiah XXXII. 2. Soon the great power of God was felt. Many sinners lay weeping on the floor; nor would they

give over till Jesus said, 'Go in peace, and sin no more.' "

Then follows a description of one of the most remarkable visitations of the Spirit I have ever read. We have no such revivals in this day. It is because the people are not praying for such. The man who invented the "Hand-shake" route into the kingdom of God belongs to the class of teachers who are teaching sinners to "climb up some other way."

**"March 20th.** I was called upon to preach the funeral of Mr. Wm. Bell, whose residence was on the seaboard, and where, it is said, he had found a vast amount of money in a hogshead, which had rolled ashore from some ship wrecked on the coast. \*\*\*\* A few days after this I was called upon to preach a funeral sermon at the house of Captain John Revel. I was accompanied by Captain William Seymore, a relative of Mr. Revel. This gentleman had not been in the habit of attending our church, but from that time he and his family attended constantly at Drummondtown on the Sabbath day."

**"March 24th.** I preached at Johnson's Chapel. This congregation is generally well attended, solemn and attentive, but, strange to tell, no special work of God has appeared here throughout this extensive revival. There have been a few conversions, and now and then a quickening of members, but no general revival, although we have endeavored, from time to time, to give this place a

start, by love feasts, watch-nights and prayer-meetings. In the afternoon I preached at Northampton courthouse, to the court and people of that place. All was calm, still and attentive. We hope to see a better day for Northampton."

**"Tuesday, March 26th.** I preached at brother S. Ames's. We had a pleasant meeting."

Now as he approaches the end of the second year, and is certain of removal he says, "The stewards of the circuit and myself have lived in harmony. They have paid us all the discipline allows us. The friends in Virginia have been exceedingly kind to me the two years I have been with them. They have given me plenty to do, and all things that I needed. Their presents to me have been large and many. Some would give me five dollars, some ten, some twenty, some fifty. On leaving brother C. Sympkins put a piece of paper in my hand, saying, 'Brother Smith, accept a small present.' I did so; and after taking leave of the family, and riding a short distance, I thought I would look at my small present, when, lo, it was a hundred dollar note."

He received 483 into the church this year, which, added to the 607 received last year, makes **one thousand and ninety** in the two years of his service on the circuit! A wonderful work!

"April 20th, 1802, he met Bishop Asbury at Drummondtown, where the Bishop "preached to an overflowing congregation." After dinner he and the Bishop "set out for brother D. Watts's, where

the Bishop preached at night with liberty and power."

Thus ends this Journal of his work in Accomac and Northampton. This Journal shows that there were Downing's, Guilford, Burton's, Garretson's, Floyd's, Johnson's,—six churches in existence in 1800—1802, and they are still in existence, but apparently a long ways apart.

Now I want to make my public bow to **Mrs. S. B. Fox, of Franktown, Va.**, who kindly loaned me the above very valuable record of the labors of this remarkably successful young preacher, Rev. Thomas Smith.

The old "Floyd's Meeting House" was situated in what is now known as "Hare Valley," a negro settlement about two miles north of Franktown. The old Franktown Church, which succeeded Floyd's, was built in 1846, and Samuel Moorman was the Preacher on the circuit. The new Franktown church was erected in 1893, after a long discussion about the location, and the old church building in Hare Valley was sold, and I am told was moved down to Mr. Allie B. Dunton's, and used as a barn.

Through the kindness of Brother L. J. Hyslup and Dr. John E. Mapp, of Keller, I learn that "the regular preaching place," established at Captain Burton's house, (as noted on page 163) resulted in the organization of "Old Burton's Church," (now Oak Grove and Burton's Church.) This was in 1801. Fifteen years before this, that is, "In 1875 William Elliott organized in his own house in Brad-

ford's Neck, Accomac county, a Sunday School," which proves, from a manuscript in Elliott's own handwriting in possession of the Oak Grove Church, to be the oldest Sunday School in point of "continuous existence," in America. After the organization of the "Old Burton's Church" Elliott brought his Sunday School out of the Neck to the church. The people there claim that "this Church is the mother of more churches and Camp meetings than any three churches, combined, on the Eastern Shore." These camp meetings were suspended during the Civil War, but after the War were continued in the famous "Turlington Camp-meeting." Drs. Duncan, Doggett and Granbery, (the two last became Bishops) visited this great Camp and thrilled the multitudes with their wonderful sacred oratory.

The Church, at large, owes these thoughtful brethren, Hyslup and Mapp, a debt of thanks for having preserved these valuable records. Hence I thought it my duty to obtain this record and put it in this permanent form. Dr. Mapp is the father of the Hon. Walter G. Mapp, of the Virginia State Senate.

The following preachers have served this charge since 1846, when it was known as the "Eastville circuit."

Saml. Moorman .....	1846
B. H. Johnson .....	1847-48
Kinchin Adams and John C. Granbery .....	1849

- H. H. Gary .....1850-51  
 Saml. Eskridge a part of 1852,  
 then a Dr. Butt.
- John B. Dey and R. S. Nash .....1853  
 J. J. Edwards and Heritage  
 Ayers .....1854  
 Penfield Doll .....1855  
 Chas. H. Hall .....1856  
 Cyrus Doggett .....1857  
 Cyrus Doggett and J. S. Porter..1858  
 Thos. Diggs .....1859  
 Geo. F Doggett and M. S.  
 Colonna .....1860  
 • A. M. Hall and J. C. Martin .....1861  
 Local Supplies during the  
 years .....1862-63  
 B. W. Daugherty .....1864-65  
 (No name given in 1866)  
 W. H. Camper .....1867  
 (No name given in 1868)  
 J. B. Merritt .....1869  
 C. E. Watts .....1870-1-2-3  
 Lloyd Moore .....1874-75
- The name was then changed to "Eastville and  
 Belle Haven."
- Jas. L. Spencer with Lloyd Moore  
 Supernumerary .....1876
- At the next Conference the old name "Eastville"  
 is resumed.
- Jas. L. Spencer .....1877-8-9  
 John W. Hildrup .....1880-1-2-3

John N. Jones .....	1884
E. H. Pritchett .....	1885-6
Chas. E. Hobday .....	1887
Chas. E. Hobday and V. W. Bargamin .....	1888-9-90
W. R. Crowder .....	1891

Then the Franktown and Johnson's churches are cut out of the Eastville circuit and called "Franktown Circuit," and

W. R. Crowder is placed in charge .....	1892-3-4
N. H. Robertson .....	1895-6-7-8
Geo. H. Ray .....	1899-0-1-2
C. E. Watts .....	1903-4-5-6
D. G. C. Butts .....	1907-8-9-10
John O. Moss .....	1911-12-13-14
John W. Gee .....	1915-16-17-18-19
J. D. McAllister .....	1920-21

There are two breaks in the record of the old Eastville circuit, no minister's name being given in 1866, and again in 1868. I do not know the reason for this, and I found no one in the circuit who seemed to know.

The Franktown circuit, as I traveled it, extended from Hadlock on the north to Mr. Geo. Y. Bell's home on the south, just a few miles from Eastville, and from the seaside to the Bayside. The travel was easily accomplished, the only discomfort being found on the Bayside, indented with broad rivers and creeks making back from Chesapeake Bay, thus forming a series of "Necks" sev

eral miles long, which made long rides necessary in order to visit the people living in these "Necks" on the large farms. Church Neck, from Hungar Church to Jas. Wyatt's was at least three miles long, and perhaps more. Wilsonia Neck from Shady Side to the extreme point was about three miles. The people throughout the charge were thickly settled, hospitable, church-going, law-abiding, and thrifty. The voice of the Potato could be heard in the land. He regulated the price of every man. He dictated the terms on which a man might trade in the stores, travel on the cars, live under his own roof, and educate his children. When the Automobile came the Potato took the Chauffeur's seat, and the horse-teams took to the woods. When frost covered his hiding place with the black mantle of death, everybody put on mourning, and lived on the hope of another year.

The family of this preacher has found none truer and unselfish on any charge than these people on the Franktown-Johnson's circuit. On Occohonock creek were Ed. Anderson and Jeff Westcott. On Nassawadox lived Dick Floyd, Capt. Arnold, Bro. Frost, Tank Ames, Soule Fox, Brother Geo. Turner, Sr., and George, Jr., Isaac Walker, Brother Wm. Lankford and John Fisher. At the entrance to this road the Gunters. Going back towards Franktown one finds Darrell Kellam and his mother, my wife's mainstay, and Lulie, my sweetheart; Dr. Sturgis's mother and sisters; Dr. Phil Tankard and Sam. Kellam. In the village it-

self lived Bro. Badger's folks, Dr. Scott, the octogenarian druggist, John Finney, Hon. John E. Nottingham, Ira Lankford, my Dr. Downing, (none better,) Charlie Bell, P. Bernard Tankard, El. Reed, Bro. John Tankard, Charlie Lankford, Barto Fitchett, Otho Walker, his splendid wife, and her saintly mother, "the mother of us all," and Gilmer Hurtt, Mr. John E. Nottingham, Sr., Sister Sturgis, my wife's first mainstay, Allie B. Dunton, "old rough and ready," whose right name is "True Blue and Get There," then Sam Tankard, and lastly but not "**leastly**" Ned Tankard, making strides toward the uplands of faith. On the Nassawaddox road is Charlie Hurtt, at the station is a dependable set;— James and sister Rogers, and those manly boys, now grown to manhood, Jeff. Walker, and a score of others, including Pitts Westcott, lame in his foot-less limbs, but a live-wire in spite of it; then up the road the Westcott's again, and further yet, John Ames and his good wife and daughters.

I may have overlooked some; Tom Ward, the Turners, etc., on the Wardtown road, and Ashby at the station; but how can I carry this bunch of believers and unbelievers in my little brain? Of course the reader recalls my remark that I and my family got off the train into a most cordial atmosphere of greeting which took all the pangs of loneliness out of the heart. Well, that black-eyed girl, with raven locks and tidy raiment captured Jeff Walker's son, Linwood, and is now the mother of a frisky brood of boys! And Charlie Turner,

who ran a print-shop on elevated rails, broke down at traveling the Franktown road at all hours of the day and night, and took Miss Jennie Pitts over to Nassawadox to help him through the desert of life, Herbert Arnold captured a comely maid named Fox, and transported her to a farm, and one of Sam Kellam's boys carried off Nancy Pitts to another farm, while Darrell Kellam got himself a **Reed** so that he could lean on that amid the trials of any untoward luck.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that we scarcely felt the loss of so many valuables in the parsonage fire, when we had so many, and such generous people to suffer with us.

Now we go to Johnson's, the old appointment mentioned by Rev. Thos. Smith so frequently. Near Bridgetown lived John H. Roberts, Dr. Dalby, old brother Sturgis, and a host of others down in Church Neck named for the old colonial Church of the Establishment, situated on the main road just at the entrance to the Neck. At Bridgetown lived Edmund Roberts, and others. Below was Shady Side, where Bro. David Kellam had ample food for the inner man and a restful room for tired flesh and bones. In Wilsonia Neck Ben Moore and a group of earnest people claimed the preacher every Sunday. At the Jacob's home and Geo. Y. Bell's the southern end of the charge was reached. Out at Machipongo, the railway village, John Saunders, John Gibb, Charlie and Theron Bell, Melson and the rest of the inhabitants

kept the front gate open and the table set whenever it was rumored that "the parson is coming." At Theron Bell's it was a little different. If "Rags," the big bull dog, was on the front porch, the trembling parson announced his arrival with a yell, while standing up in the buggy. If it was different, it was the same after all: the family welcome was gracious and warm, and "Rags" received a lecture for his lack of reverence.

Mr. Geo. Mapp lived around in there behind those woods on the seaside road in an old time home which reminded one of the extreme care the old settlers displayed in selecting a location for dwelling, and the delightful comfort shown in the building itself. A drive northward on this seaside road brings one homes of Frank Bell and Geo. Mapp, Jr., while back from the road on a graceful knoll is the restful residence of Mr. Southey Wilkins, with its books, and its leisure, and its royal welcome, with helpful talk and waffles and syrup. Through the woods a short distance, as neighbors lived in olden time, Hon. William Bullitt Fitzhugh, the inimitable, the jolly, the gentleman, the traveler, lives at "Sylvan Scene," the homestead of Dr. Geo. E. L. Tankard, the father of Mrs. Fitzhugh. Out on main bayside road from Eastville to Franktown, lives Sidney Ames, and at Johnsontown, at the fork, Mrs. Sue Mapp, a devout and faithful mother in Israel.

Old Johnson's Church, a few hundred yards up the road, was erected sometime before the Civil

War, and has one of the best congregations on the Shore. It was in a poor state of repair when I went to the charge in November 1907. But with some persuasion, much prayer, and much kindly criticism, the people pulled themselves together on the question of improving the property, went to work with a will, the product of faith, and on Sunday, August, 20th, 1911, a comely edifice was dedicated anew to the service of God. Rev. Thos. Rosser Reeves, D. D., then Principal of Blackstone School for Girls, delivered the sermon, and obtained from the large congregation \$1,600.00, a sum sufficient to pay off every dollar of the cost.

The generous folks then honored themselves, and placed this pastor under a debt of gratitude he will never be able to discharge, by presenting him with a purse, with instructions to go off on a vacation of two weeks at the Blue Ridge Springs. The "Temple Builders," an organization of ladies in the church, had already placed an expensive Memorial window in the front end of the church, to commemorate my Pastorate,—“1907-1911.”

Birdsnest, another station on the railway, (New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk,) was still another community reached by this Johnson's pulpit. There was Sister Sue Badger, the Buchannon family, Bro. Dunton, the Merchant, Tank Badger and others. A mile away, towards Johnstontown, was my good friend and brother John Dunton, his wife and boy, a promising lad; a place where the preacher could spend the night or day, or go home by starlight,

or spend a week. It made no difference to them so far as I could see. A little further on the Garretts lived in ease and plenty, with systematic work.

I held several meetings at Johnson's, assisted by other brethren, notably, Bro. J. W. Stiff and Bro. Porter Hardy, but the results were never what they should have been. Still the church grew in strength of piety and numbers, efficiency and aggressiveness.

Rev. E. C. Glenn, Evangelist, from Greensboro, N. C., conducted a meeting of great power at Franktown in 1909. Congregations were large and the interest continuous to the end—two weeks. The ice in the church, the pulpit, and the community, was broken, the Christians did successful personal work, and sinners were converted and added to the church.

Glenn was a fine preacher and a skilled organizer. His appeals for co-operation for personal consecration were deeply spiritual and as powerful as any I ever heard. In the home he was easily entertained, a bright, cheerful, prayerful visitor, a sympathetic and patient guest. He had ever on his mind the thought that he was a leader of a campaign for righteousness; nor did he overlook the other fact that his temporary home was a human affair, run under conditions which made it necessary for each to help with the burden of the work. Glenn was sensible, as well as religious. Some folks are neither. Some are religious, but lack sense. Some have sense, but lack religion.

To ignore God and His Son, Jesus Christ, and to be great sticklers for other things, is to enterprise a blind career, and face a tragic end.

We got into the new parsonage Thursday, September 1st, 1910, after having spent eight months in a rented home.

Among the first blessings which came upon that new house was the visit of Bishop Walter R. Lambuth, the saintly Apostle of an aggressive and triumphant gospel, and Dr. W. B. Beauchamp, my long time friend and brother in the Conference. They came into my charge at Machipongo. By the kindness of Dr. Downing at Franktown, I was enabled to furnish them with speedy and comfortable transportation in a good automobile. The Bishop first addressed an attentive congregation in our temporary quarters over brother Roberts' store at Bridgetown, then we went to the parsonage for supper. That night in the Franktown church a large congregation listened for an hour to his great sermon. He made a profound impression on the people of the Eastern Shore wherever he went. **In** my home he was just plain folks. He had no swell nor strut; he did not need these: he had the other things. Folks who haven't the **other things** which make a man, must get **the swell and the strut**. Can you blame them?

Two or three delightful variations from the monotony of the daily round of work transpired. The first was my dear kinsman by matrimonial contract Hon. Bernard Mann, Attorney at Law,

Petersburg, Va., executed a judgment upon my affability, and foreclosed the mortgage by paying me a visit. His coming was the flooding of the parsonage with sunshine, and his stay was the sowing of seeds for better service to my people. He wearied of abiding under the roof of a man complaining of the tyranny of General Debility, with Major Complaints, a subaltern, tramping back and forth on the playground of nerves and muscles, and took himself off for a night on the ocean front across Broadwater Bay, with a party of young people. He had a strenuous time of it, fighting mosquitoes and wrestling with insomnia brought on by the industrious actions of a score of very live youths and maidens who flung into his teeth the doctrine that **A man should not live by snores alone, but oftener than otherwise by the music of the spheres.** So they insisted that he sit up and listen to the chorus of the planets! His visit to my home was profitable unto me: we traded books, and I got a bargain. The proof is here;—a devoted friend of mine saw the book in my library; I have never seen it since!

Another good thing which happened to us was, the coming of good old Bill Taylor and his wife and two musical geniuses, those talented girls, from Lynchburg for a season. We were in the borrowed house down the road—(that was the reason they came to see if we needed anything) and we went fishing. Now Bill is a fisherman and a good shot, but Bill never saw fish bite as they bit

that day out in the Broad-Water in a thirty foot channel. He kept bringing them in at the end of his line till I told him that the buggy would be overloaded; and then we went home. The women folks would have mobbed us for bringing "all those fish and crabs" if we had not consented to clean them if they would preside at the cook-stove. Then peace came on willing pinion, and sat on the rim of the frying-pan and the peak of our emotions.

Lastly, the Eastern Shore District Conference met in the Franktown church July 26th-28th, 1911. Dr. W. H. Edwards, the Presiding Elder, was President. It was a most delightful and inspiring session. Dr. Sam Hatcher, McAllister, and others made a tremendous impression on the great crowd by their eloquent addresses.

The parsonage was honored with a sociable section of the servants of the Church. Reeves came in late, but early enough to get a bed, and was as welcome as the others who had "borne the burden and heat" of two meals and a session already. Mrs. Butts was in her glory, and feeding was never better. It is always first-class at my house, and has been since she first took charge of a parsonage at Heathsville in the autumn of 1874. But there have been occasions when I feared she would salivate the Itinerants who were not accustomed to such high living. And this was one of the times: yet Hatcher made the run of the meals safely, and Reeves was on the job whenever I inquired of

Headquarters about the state of affairs in the dining room. As far as I could learn each visitor left the seat of Conference thoroughly satisfied with the entertainment Franktown had so gladly supplied, and with not a doubt that the community could entertain an Annual Conference if it could furnish rooms for the Committees to hold their business meetings in.

One "advance movement" on the charge must be noted before I close this chapter. A very promising Sunday School was organized at Nassawadox over James's store, under the lead of Brother Pitts and R. M. White and H. P. Myers were in the list. Westcott and a few devoted Methodists in that village who felt that they could not attend Sunday School and preaching service regularly at Franktown. Subsequently an eligible lot was bought and secured to our church, and a very creditable building erected for the school. The work has grown since the beginning of its life.

In the fall of 1911 the time of my departure to another field arrived. Wife and I did not know what the future had in its hand for our testing. But we faced the silent custodian of our destination with confidence that God, who had guided our steps all these years, would take care of us now. Our baby girl, Emma Gregory, the last of our girls to marry, had found the man of her choice, and we had given her in marriage to him just a month before Conference. We saw the last star in the coronet of our married life go off at a tangent to shine

in another orbit: so moving had ceased to be one of our problems. Wife and I sat, as we did thirty-nine years before at Petersburg in 1872, alone, waiting for the Bishop to say "Go," and **Where.**

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE CONFERENCE OF 1911, AND NORTH PRINCESS ANNE.

The Annual Conference for 1911, assembled in Trinity Church, Salisbury, Maryland, Wednesday, November 15th.

Bishop John C. Kilgo, Presided over the body. It was his first visit to our Conference, and his presidency gave general satisfaction.

It was also the first time that the Virginia Conference had ever held a session in its Maryland territory. The town covered itself with glory by the quality of its service, and the delegates and ministers had little difficulty in explaining their regrets at the close of the session.

I had a good home in the family of my good friend, Emory Disharoon, where cordial welcome and gracious entertainment made my stay exceedingly pleasant.

The quadrennium, 1908 to 1911 had left, strewn along the fields of service **twenty-four** of our traveling preachers. Among these were several of my warmest friends; as for instance, J. W. Nicholson, E. E. Harrell, Dr. J. J. Lafferty, Joseph Shackford, J. D. Hank, and Charlie Crawley. The others I

knew and loved for their work's sake but these men had been interwoven in my life and work for forty years and their going made the field of toil look mighty lonely to me. I have spoken of Lafferty, Hank, Harrell and Shackford in another place. "Nick," (as his close friends called him, was no orator,) but he was sensible, kind-hearted, brave, and true. His home was wide open as his heart, and his generous doings never found a limit till the bottom of his "pile" was struck. Charlie Crawley was a good horseman, a capital preacher, a fearless champion of righteousness and justice and mercy. He had the "whip hand" on the devil or any of his agents, and feared none of their threats, and cared less for their cavortings. Sometimes I thought Crawley hit 'em harder than usual because he liked to see them rear and kick. But with those who knew him well, he was as gentle as a woman. Everybody loved him because one was not obliged to search around in the rubbish of his constitution to find out the kind of fellow he was. He carried no chip on his shoulder, but he carried his soul on the outside.

Thirty-two had been received on trial during the quadrennium. Two of my boys were in the lot,—Frank McLean and Starke Jett,—both born while I was the pastor of their parents. Charlie Green and R. M. White and H. P. Myers were in the list. Two have been discontinued, and one,—H. P. Balderson finished his work early in his career and went to his reward. Jack Peters, Garland Unruh, the

junior Bates and Archie Wright, Hopkins, Kidd, and Jackson came out into the open and said "We will go where you want us to go." And so with the rest of them—a band of well-equipped men, workmen for God and humanity.

Conference adjourned on Tuesday, November 21st, at 11:30 A. M., and I was appointed to serve North Princess Anne circuit, at that time called "Providence and Cape Henry," with Dr. B. F. Lipscomb as my Presiding Elder. We left Salisbury at about 2 P. M., and I left the dear brethren, who had to make the trip across the Bay that stormy afternoon, at Nassawadox. I envy no man his lot who has to cross from Cape Charles to Old Point on a day when a Northwester, or a Southeaster, is on its mettle, making the surface of the Chesapeake resemble a flock of sheep on the sides and tops of tumbling mountains. It is said that scores of those Methodist ecclesiastics, getting news by grapevine telegraph of how the Baptists were cavorting around on the Methodist sheep pastures during the shepherd's absence from the western shore, imagined, amid the direful experience of seasickness that the Baptists had turned loose the floods upon them with just a sheer love of fun. And some of them were hunting everywhere on the boat for the men who had voted to take the Conference across the sea for another session. The report was common talk in Norfolk that some of these declamatory saints formed a chorus on the boat just before she reached the

Norfolk wharf, and marched ashore singing, in  
doleful measures,

When we left the land of 'taters  
We were full of food and pride;  
Now we're empty to our gaiters,  
We've no food nor sin inside.

We've been purged by rolling billows;  
We've been forced to pray and groan:  
Lead us to our downy pillows,  
We can hardly stand alone.

All this time I was in Franktown enjoying a  
good supper in the parsonage.

The week previous to my departure for my new  
field was spent making farewell calls, and in pack-  
ing the odds and ends that must be left for the  
last minute. A part of my family went to our  
daughter's home in Mathews county, whilst I  
remained to welcome my successor, Rev. John O.  
Moss. He arrived with his good wife and daugh-  
ters and son on the morning train on Thursday,  
November 30th. Others carried his family to the  
parsonage at Franktown, whilst I took him in my  
buggy behind "Bertie," the **anti-auto mare**, who  
preferred to jump a fence, or race across a corn-  
field, or back up on the level of a wide road, then  
turn and beat the machine on the run to anywhere.  
Brother John said he could handle "Bertie," when  
he agreed to buy horse and buggy, so after I had

told him all about her, I let go, and said no more. Now dear old Moss has gone to his blessed reward, and can say nothing, but I believe sister Moss and her very sensible daughters will testify that Brother got disgusted with "Bertie's" sensitive disposition before the winter was out, and traded her to Brother Lafayette Sparrow in Church Neck for a horse that could tell the middle of a road from a potato patch, or a corn-field; and certainly had the moral attitude on straight enough to be able to decide without argument that no kind of a preacher has any business racing on the Sabbath day, especially when he is on his way to church.

When Brother Moss and I turned into the Franktown road that midday from the station, I showed him first the public school building, and he was pleased. Then I pointed out Bro. Ed. Tankard's nice home and Sam Tankard's, and Allie B. Duntons, and Brother Nottingham's, and he said, "Butts, these are **some** folks, ain't they?" Then I pointed out the elegant home opposite Brother Nottingham's, and said "A stranger is moving into that house today. His family has arrived; and they are looking for his coming every minute." He said, "Who is he: I want to get acquainted with the man who lives in a house like that." I replied, "Well, that's your home." He was delighted with the outside of the "case," but when he got inside and looked at the "works," he talked very little.

I stopped long enough to eat some of the good

dinner those Franktown people know so well how to fix, and then I took my leave. He went out to the buggy with me, (Otho Walker was there to take me away,) and taking me by the hand said some very kind words to me which I had best keep in my heart. I spent the last night on the charge in the delightful home of Sister Nellie H. Rogers at Nassawadox. Next morning at 6 o'clock I departed by way of Cape Charles and Norfolk for Oceana, my future home, at least for awhile. My first night in the new work was spent in the home of my dear brother, Wm. T. Brock, whose youngest son, Swepson, had become the husband of my youngest daughter on the 11th day of October, last passed. The parsonage, projected by my worthy predecessor, Rev. James Riddick Laughton, son-in-law of my old friend, Dr. B. B. Dutton, of Lower Church, Middlesex, was unfinished, so, when my wife arrived, December 14th, we took up our temporary abode in the home of this daughter, who lived in a snug little bungalow on the lot adjoining the lot on which the parsonage stood. Mother and daughter each needed the other more now than ever before, if possible. Dr. Lipscomb must have had the interest of those two worthy ladies at heart when he opened the matter of my appointment to my P. E., Dr. W. H. Edwards, and Bishop Kilgo placed us under lasting obligations when he sanctioned the bargain with the public announcement.

Some of my brethren thought it a "come down"

to be appointed to this place, after having served Franktown four years. But it is hardly true that they knew the facts in the case. I don't know them all, but I know this, that when the stewards of this charge met, they decided to give me the same salary I had received for the past four years. And somehow, I got it into my head that the appointment pleased them.

There is another view I intend to express at this point: I am obliged to say, looking back over my long term of service, that it is a most unfortunate habit many of us have of measuring a man by **the kind of work he is given**, instead of by **the kind of work he does**. It is no real discredit to an efficient man, all other things being equal, such as adaptability, &c., to put him on a charge which needs just the kind of man he is. Isn't it time to stop sending inefficient, lazy, unpractical, constitutional failures to charges that have been praying the Good Lord for deliverance from this class of pastors, and have had to carry such burdens so long that they have lost faith in the Bishop and the Presiding Elder too, and abandoned all hope for the struggling church? Why not give these faithful laymen a show? Their long-time loyalty cries aloud for recognition and coronation.

Another fact made the appointment very pleasant to both wife and myself was this:—Providence church was one of my appointments on the old Princess Anne circuit in 1886 and '87. The congrega-

tion knew me and I knew them as the children of the men and women whom I had served in the long ago. They welcomed my return as the coming of an old friend, and with delightful unanimity; and brought to our hearts the restful, home-like feeling that all of us were satisfied.

Brother Wm. T. Brock was the only one of the old stewards of the old Providence left. Brother Israel Griggs was yet living, but his name was transferred to the Virginia Beach membership soon after my arrival. New men were on the Board, but they had familiar names; names associated with my first pastorate of twenty-four years ago. Harrison Brock, George Ferebee and the older Gimberts were gone, but here was Robert W. Woodhouse, Sawyer Woodhouse, M. T. Ives, and Harvey Gimbert, all of the modern set. John James and George Brown and Sadie Ferebee, (the daughter of Geo. Ferebee,) and N. B. Godfrey. A stranger to the soil had come, also George Parker. Preston Scaff, with his mother and sisters, and Miss Cassie James and Mrs. Laura Hunter, all from Nimmo's, were there. And Dr. Brooks, the "beloved physician," and Joe Bell about a mile beyond the Eastern Shore Chapel.

So, therefore, I took up the work with new men, the children, sons and daughters, of the past, but they soon became old to me, just as it had happened elsewhere, and the Master's work went on. This was the congregation which, at my suggestion, had sold the old church building at Sea Tack, and

had commenced the construction of this building in the late summer of 1887 just a short while before Conference. My prediction that the development of Virginia Beach would require the erection of a church building there, and the removal of Providence would be a necessary action, had come true. A small band of enterprising Methodists at the Beach were struggling to get a church: but I will give the story later on in this narrative.

The mantle of Miss Jaca Brock, (to whose good judgment and zeal the congregation owes so much in the work of building up this point, and who was torn from her task by tuberculosis in the midst of her labors,)—the mantle of this devoted young woman had fallen upon the shoulders of a dozen consecrated women, who took up her work in earnest, and carried it to a happy consummation.

The parsonage was ideally located at Oceana, across the field about three hundred yards from the church, on a road running parallel to the one on which the church stands. It is near enough to the railway station, travel infrequent, and close enough to the stores for the good of the purse.

Four charges had been carved out of this territory since I served it in '86 and '87,—namely, Princess Anne, South Princess Anne, North Princess Anne, and Lynnhaven, only one church, Haygood Memorial, having been added to make up required strength to support a pastor over there.

At Cape Henry there was a small congregation of non-pressive people. Three men worked

hard there to keep things moving, Capt. Holmes of the Life-Saving Station, Walter W. White, and a young brother from the Weather Service Station at the Cape, whose name I cannot now recall. He was a man of strong Christian qualities. The outlook for development was poor, and the co-operation of the dwellers on the beach was lacking. There were many who never came to public worship on the Sabbath day, and the young found little encouragement at home to serve the Lord. Somehow there was an absolute divorce between these people and the religious life. There was no recognition of the obligation to serve Almighty God. Death was believed to be nothing more than the inevitable dissolution of the physical: there was no living in view of a coming Judgment day. There were half a dozen exceptions who cried daily unto Heaven for help.

When the United States Government began to measure out the ground at Cape Henry on which to build Fort Story the great block included the lot on which our octagonal house of worship stood. This had to be taken in, and the authorities appraised the land and the building at \$2,500.00. As soon as the check was received by the Trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, it was paid over to the Quarterly Conference of the North Princess Anne circuit. That body divided it between the parsonage at Oceana and the new church building at Virginia Beach. Thus did Divine Providence furnish a satisfactory solution of a vexing

problem. A portion of the membership at the Cape transferred to the Beach, a portion to churches in Norfolk, and the remainder just drifted away.

We moved into the Oceana parsonage January the 8th, 1912. It is a good building, comfortable, and all that a small family needs. Our neighbors, besides our baby daughter, Mrs. S. A. Brock, are cordial, kindly disposed, and very helpful in many ways.

The need for a church building at Virginia Beach to accommodate our growing congregation was evident to me early in the first year of my term on the charge. Our congregation was worshipping in the Galilee Chapel, a building erected years before, for the use of the different denominations represented in the population of the rapidly growing town. The Methodists owned a lot on 16th Street, next door to the home of Dr. Emerson Land. But the route of the railroad was changed from the Avenue which runs back of the Cottages the whole length of the Beach, to its present location,—the lot became undesirable because of its nearness to the railway, and we sold it to Dr. Land, and bought the lot on which the church now stands. The corner-stone was laid by the Masons of Norfolk in June, 1913, and the work left in its unfinished state, with the foundation up as high as the floor joists, until the following April, in order that the walls might settle completely. All through these months the Sunday Schools and churches throughout the

Conference, in answer to my appeal through the columns of the Richmond Advocate, were responding with generous gifts in cash. The work continued without a hitch as fast as we could pay. The Norfolk District Woman's Missionary Society held a very well attended and profitable meeting in the unfinished building on the 10th of June, 1914, and the Norfolk District Conference met in the same unfinished building July 28-30, of the same year. There was no discomfort experienced by the large congregations which assembled. I alone had one mishap. On the first day I had a chill, but remained at my post all day. The second day was one of rich reports and speeches. But on the third day, when I wanted to be with my brethren, and look after their needs, I was at home in bed with a raging fever and delirious. This sickness took all the spirit out of me, and although, as my wife, who went in my place, informed me, the brethren understood the situation, sympathized with the sick pastor in a kindly resolution, and all that; yet, sweet as these messages of consolation were, they could not take away the distress of my soul that I was not there.

I was in a fine meeting with Rev. James T. Moore, of the South Princess Anne circuit, at Wash Woods church beginning July 1st, 1912. This church was constructed during the pastorate of Rev. Wm. P. Wright, about 1889, and is, largely the product of Church Extension money. The building has a fine location back of the Live Oak

forest, between Wash Woods and False Cape Life Saving Stations, on the shores of Knott's Island Sound.

I left Virginia Beach at 6 A. M., Monday in a sand cart drawn by one of those horses owned by the Life Savers, (called "Life Guards," in recent years,) who knows the sea and the sand so well, that he understands how to use the hard beaten surface of the one, and to dodge the heavy rolling billows of the other as they come tumbling in from a chase across from the shores of Spain. It is a seventeen mile drive down the beach to False Cape Life Saving Station, and a very delightful trip it is when the tide is down. I have always counted it a romantic opportunity which comes very seldom into the life of a highland mortal. It is not exactly the thing one wants in winter, when the wind is cold and blowing nearly every day. But even then, with all its discomfort, there is something thrillingly enjoyable about it. Then, when one comes to a Station, and is greeted quietly and as a matter of course by those hardy fellows, who seemed to be expecting you, although you have sent no message ahead, you are satisfied that the warm house and the warm hearts are parallel effects of an oath and a training which keep them on the lookout for strangers on that desolate coast. We passed Dam Neck Station, five miles down at 7 A. M., and Little Island Station at 8:25. Then after a short rest here, and changing teams, so that the Virginia Beach Life

Saver, who had kindly brought me thus far, might return to his station, with a new driver and a new horse, we went on southward seven miles to the False Cape Station, arriving at 11 A. M.

Capt. De Lon, the Keeper, and his family greeted me cordially and at noon, ushered me out to the Station dining room to as good a dinner on fresh fish, just out of the sea, and fried chicken, just out of the fattening coop, as a weary traveler ever got at Jimmie Jones's in Norfolk. Then came the afternoon nap up stairs in the Station on one of Uncle Sam's first class single spring beds, with the cool breezes of the ocean fanning one's cheek whilst one drifted away into dreamland on the wingless zephyrs of an intangible world.

At 3 P. M. I was called. A ride across the sand-dunes to the boat landing at a Gunning Club House, watched over by our brother, Lem Waterfield, and we embarked in a fast driven motor boat a little over a mile around the point to the Church landing. I preached at 4 P. M. to a very good congregation. The community is not very populous,—not more than twenty families, but the attendance is augmented by those who come from Knott's Island and Cedar Island to these protracted services.

The meeting increased in interest daily until its close on Friday, when Bro. Moore received eight into the Church, including Capt. Knight, the Keeper of Wash Woods Life Saving Station, his wife and two daughters. Capt. Knight and his family made

us welcome at his Station, where I had spent many pleasant and restful days during the years, 1886 and 1887, when Capt. Malichi Corbell, John Waterfield, and the rest of his splendid crew were on the job.

The meeting having closed Friday afternoon I went over to the mainland, ten miles in a motor boat, and spent the night with Jim Brock, near Charity Church. Next morning I boarded the train at Pleasant Ridge at 6 o'clock, and was at Oceana at 8 A. M.

July 29th I assisted brother Moore in another meeting, this time at Charity where we won such a great victory in 1886. The power of God was manifested in the salvation of some, and in the hardening of others. There were some who, as young men, passed through the great revival of 1886, declaring that "There is time enough." To that hour, after twenty-six years, they had not yielded to the claims of Jesus upon their lives and their service. Now they are past middle age, and the gospel of God's great love is an old song soon forgotten.

I was with brother Moore at Bethel in September, but there was some trouble in the way, and "the word preached did not profit, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it." We could not locate the sin, but it was sin, for nothing but sin prevents God from using his servants for his glory in saving others. We had another fine meeting, on Knott's Island that summer, where the Lord made

bare His arm in the salvation of many, and the strengthening of His people.

Brother Moore is a man after my own heart,—and so is his wife,—and so are his two splendid “chips.” He is a firm believer in the need of man for Christ in the life, and in the sufficiency of the grace of God to bring deliverance to any captive held fast by the fetters of any vile habit. Men believe in him because he depends on the Spirit, and the best results follow his labors everywhere. During the great War, as Chaplain in the Army, his doctrine and his life lifted the office to its rightful place of respect and esteem both among officers and men. None excelled him in the valuable service he rendered us during the dark days which followed the death of our son in France: when he kept us in constant touch with the authorities on both sides of the ocean. At the close of the War he remained in Virginia more than two years, or till the Army was demobilized and the camps around Newport News were vacated by the removal of the troops. Since then he has been on duty at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, still kept in his place, a tribute to his efficiency and worth in this branch of the service.

Bro. John M. Oakey held a meeting for us at Virginia Beach in March 1915, which resulted in adding many to the church, and building up the membership. Besides this, it uncovered the sin of some who pretended to be leaders, when they were kickers by profession and practice. The

mercy of the Almighty is from everlasting to everlasting. If this were not true, the Pharisee and the Hypocrite would not live an instant. The Parable of the Tares in the Wheat finds its interpretation right along here.

We had at the Beach a faithful few struggling to get a church building. Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gardner, Mrs. Dr. South, (a good woman, full of energy, but who did not live to see our church finished,) Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Ferebee, Mr. and Mrs. Hibbert, Mrs. Walter Griggs and her daughter, Mrs. Harry Holland, and Mrs. Frank Rice. Later I transferred the Providence members at Sea Tack, and received Mr. and Mrs. Hardison by letter. This was the group which brought the church to completion and dedication October 24th, 1915.

The dedication service was conducted by the Presiding Elder, Rev. Dr. George Wesléy Jones. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Dr. Gilby C. Kelly, the pastor of Ghent Church, Norfolk. It was a great sermon listened to with profound interest by a large congregation. No appeal for money was made to the congregation, because every dollar needed to pay the debt on the building was in hand. At night Rev. Fred. G. Davis, of Brambleton Ave. Church, Norfolk, preached a fine sermon. The day was ideal. The preachers were in fine trim. The people were glad. As for me, I was ready to build another church as soon as the opportunity arose.

November came and the end of my term on this

delightful work came with that month. During the District Conference at Hickory, Norfolk county, July 20th-22nd, of that year, there were hints dropped from certain quarters that I had already been "placed for the coming year: that it would take care of me, but give me a plenty of hard work. However that may be, the fact is when brother Jones asked where I wanted to go, I told him "Anywhere." He asked my wife. She replied, "You settle that, brother Jones. We'll go." When he asked if I would like to remain in his District I replied earnestly, "I would rather stay in your District than go anywhere else." Then he said, "That settles it."

Notwithstanding the fact that there was no way to stop my leaving this charge, the law demanding my removal anyhow, the other fact remains, **I did not want to leave.** There were some things that needed adjustment, and no man knew the best move to make in bringing about that needed work but me. I know there are a number of men in the Conference wiser than I, but no man loves Methodism more than I, and no man is more ready to rid Methodism of her hindering people than I, after other, and milder methods, have failed. Here is a place that needed the application of the new law of 1918, and couldn't use it because we didn't have it; namely that the preacher can stay as long as the congregation wants him, and "a majority of the Presiding Elders can concur by ballot." The people did not desire a change, nor did I. Yet a

law moved me just when the charge needed me. The good brother who succeeded me knows what I mean, and approves my view. But I had to go, and I went.

**Bro. Jones** had been my Presiding Elder two years, and we had a very good time together. **Dr. Lipscomb** had been removed to the Petersburg District in 1913. His going was a grievous loss to me. As a visitor in the parsonage he had no superior. He gripped our confidence as well as our esteem, from the first. His administration was magnificent, dignified, intelligent, with no sign of the "martinette," "clothed with a little brief authority," and galloping around astraddle of a broomstick. He compelled admiration of the office, and love for the man. You just could not help yourself. You fell in because the edges of the pool were slippery. He had given me one of the very best appointments I had ever received in all my long years of traveling, and I was afflicted when the Bishop took him away.

**Then** came Jones. Breezy, splendid, getting all over one the very first time he comes around. Does anybody know anybody who can beat Brother George Wesley Jones at talking **against** himself, and talking up everybody else? Listen; here is one of the many other good things he said to me "in perfect confidence:" "They have given me this thing, but I don't know what to do with it, to bless me." He talks up the Church. He talks up movements, and men, and measures, and, after he

finishes, he's done. Then comes the unbending process, relaxation, merriment, companionable chat, an "all of that, and all of that!"

Bro. Jones and Dr. Smoot, (at that time **holding down** Epworth Church, Norfolk,) came to my home at Oceana for recreation and **other things**. My enterprising wife had a dinner. Jones and Smoot tasted the food, and called for more. It was delightful to see disciples of a city menu take to the natural fare, and make a fuss over it. Wife said, "Bring them out again!" Said I, "No: they are salivated now!" After the feast, we, three filled followers of John Wesley, went out to the spacious grove in which Providence church sits, to express ourselves on "The desirability of Country appointments as contrasted with the City." Jones and Smoot were decidedly and eloquently in favor of circuit work as an incentive to piety and an aid in the selection of diet. But I have noticed that neither has profited by his philosophical dissertation, for Jones went from the Eldership to Monument church, Richmond, and Smoot from Epworth to Centenary, Richmond, and sticks there to this hour. Blame it on the Bishop? Well, yes, Bishops are good angels anyhow.

But I am a little too fast in my story. Dr. Smoot, in order to demonstrate the expansive quality of country air, gave a most hilarious and welkin ringing shout. Jones and I were startled from our meditations on the heat of side-walks and the price of coal, and asked our pleased companion what

ailed him. He replied, "That is the first real good opportunity I have had to express myself in ten years." Jones replied, with reckless imprudence, "The two helpings to that cherry-roll have produced this alarming state of disorder in an otherwise meek and quiet man."

Now Jones should not have said that, because he laid himself open to an ignominious exposure when we returned to the parsonage. Dr. Smoot quietly asked Mrs. Butts "how many times did you help me to cherry-roll, Sister Butts?" That good lady, who is as truthful as sunshine, replied, "I offered you the second helping; you declined, but Brother Jones accepted without a murmur."

Now, there we have the facts laid bare by a good woman who always spoke the truth. Jones could not yell because he was too full: and Smoot yelled because he did not get it!

But ah! man, that was a great day with me. My brethren had been in my home! It was worth more to me than riches!

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE CONFERENCE OF 1915 AND CENTRAL, HAMPTON.

The one hundred and thirty-third session of our Conference was held in Cumberland Street Church, Norfolk, Va., November the 17-23, 1915. Bishop Warren A. Candler, Presided.

Rev. Dr. S. S. Lambeth, on account of physical infirmities, declines re-election as Secretary, and the Conference adopted a suitable resolution expressive of its "appreciation of the splendid service he has rendered the Conference through all the years of his incumbency of the secretaryship, our affectionate regard for him personally, and our wish that he may be spared yet many years to bless us in our annual sessions with his genial and noble presence."

B. F. Lipscomb was then elected as Secretary, and J. T. Whitley and Frank L. Wells assistants.

George F. Green had been one of the Assistant Secretaries for many years, but in 1907 H. J. Paylor was made Assistant and served till 1911, when Frank L. Wells and J. T. Whitley were made Assistants.

Nineteen of our preachers had died during the

quadrennium; namely, Jas. F. Brannin, A. Clarke Bledsoe, Wilbur F. Davis, Jos. E. Potts, W. E. Edwards, E. M. Jordan, C. S. Wamsley, and T. J. Bayton among the **Superannuates**, J. B. Merritt **Chaplain** Seaman's Bethel, and Chas. H. Galloway, L. W. Guyer, C. E. Hobday, R. G. James, R. D. Smart, M. S. Elliott, Geo. E. B. Smith, M. L. Williams and J. H. Kabler from the **effective** list.

Forty-one had been received on Trial during the quadrennium, and Dr. S. A. Donahoe, Dr. J. H. Light, Dr. S. T. Senter, Fred R. Chenault, Ernest L. Peerman are among those who were transferred to us from other Conferences.

This session was a very busy one, and many important matters were disposed of during the six days on which the Conference sat. Among these was action in regard to the establishment of a Summer School of Methods. A communication from the Norfolk District Conference recommending such a movement was read, and referred to a special committee, which was constituted as follows:

G. C. Kelly, J. T. Catlin, John Victor, T. S. Southgate, S. P. Jones, J. C. Reed, G. H. Lambeth, J. N. Latham and D. G. C. Butts.

Dr. Cannon presented a paper regarding the effort to establish a "great central Assembly Grounds at Lake Junaluska."

Dr. Stuart delivered a characteristically earnest appeal to the body upon the subject referred to in the resolutions.

The death of Thos. J. Bayton, one of our oldest preachers was announced, he having "passed away this morning, November 19th."

The report of the special committee on the Summer School of Methods was read on Monday the fifth day of the session by G. H. Lambeth, Secretary of the Committee, and adopted after remarks by D. G. C. Butts, and is as follows:—

"Your committee appointed to consider the paper presented by the Norfolk District Conference in reference to establishing a Chautauqua and Summer School of Methods at Virginia Beach, to be conducted under the auspices of the Virginia Conference, desires to report that it considers the plan both desirable and feasible.

Your committee suggests that the following committee be constituted and authorized to organize and promote the movement for the summer of 1916: G. C. Kelly, D. G. C. Butts, T. S. Southgate, M. C. Ferebee, and N. C. Scott."

Immediately after Conference closed the above committee met and organized with G. C. Kelly, President, D. G. C. Butts, Secretary, and M. C. Ferebee, Treasurer. The Chautauqua and Summer School held two sessions at Va. Beach, 1916 and 1917, and although the best talent in this country was employed at a heavy expense for the Chautauqua platform addresses, and the Sunday School, Mission, Epworth League and Educational Boards, each, had a School of Methods for the Training of Workers, it was deemed advisable at the close of

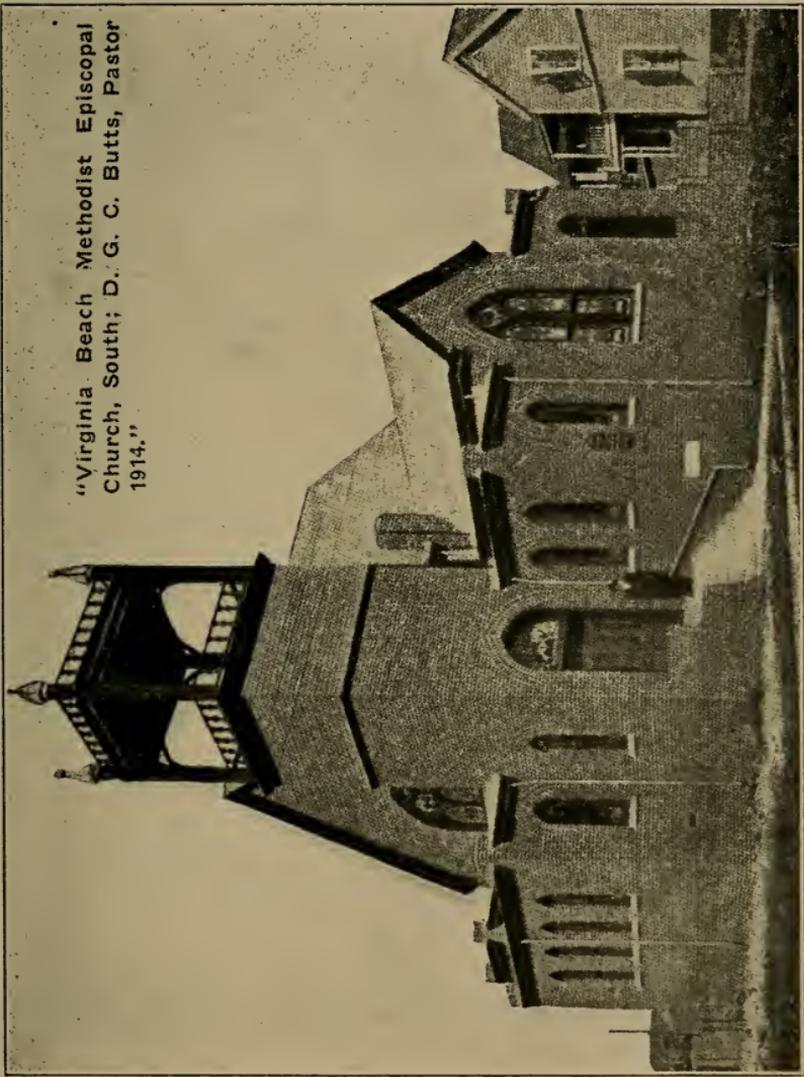
the session of 1917 to abandon the School for the present. In 1919, however, the Sunday School Board, under the lead of our present progressive Secretary, Rev. J. H. Montgomery, re-established the School at Blackstone, and later moved it to the Randolph Macon Woman's College at Lynchburg. The School is now a permanent and valuable agency in our Conference for the Training of Teachers and Missionary Leaders.

Conference adjourned sine die on Tuesday night, November 23rd, and I found myself exactly where rumor said I would be, the pastor of Central Church, Hampton, Va., I was still on the Norfolk District, and Brother Jones was still my Elder; all of which was very pleasing to both my wife and "her husband." That night before I left the church I had my measure taken by a young man and his wife, members of Central. J. A. Ferguson and his pretty little wife were visiting the session of Conference, and incidentally to get the gauge of the new pastor for Central. I was pointed out as a "hand-me-down" from "way back." The gray hair and the stately steps of the sexigenarian appalled them. They fell into an attitude of reverential awe, till a closer examination revealed the sham decorations the new appointee wore to perplex disinterested saints: then they tumbled to the sign and declared that "Central can stand anything one year." I think Jones pointed out the "impending encumbrance."

Brother Burch, my beloved predecessor, had returned home before the close of Conference, so I could get no interview with him,—a thing most desirable at that time, in view of the fact, which I learned that night, that his dear wife was quite sick, and it was uncertain when I could get into the parsonage. I went over to Hampton to “view the landscape o’er,” and had confirmation of the report I had heard of Brother Burch’s unfortunate dilemma. It was true: he could not get out. Pungoteague “must wait a time with patience the will” of autocratic events, and in the unhurried advent of the future get what was coming its way,—“Gad, a troop cometh.” Gen. 49:19.

On my return to Oceana the day of my going to Hampton I found a post-card from my beloved brother, Waller L. Hudgins, Superintendent of the Sunday School at Central; whom I had known as a youth in Mathews circuit in 1890-94. He said, “I will meet you at Old Point any date you may fix upon, and take you and your wife to my house. Ship all your freight to Hampton: the Official Board will look out for that.” So, the Lord had arranged the whole affair for us, wife and me, and there was no hurry nor confusion of any sort. I could enter upon my pastorate at Central without any delay, and good Brother Burch and his sick wife could make themselves content amid perplexities which could be borne for awhile in the hope of better times later on.

“Virginia Beach Methodist Episcopal  
Church, South; D. G. C. Butts, Pastor  
1914.”





We arrived at Brother Hudgins's quiet home on the second day of December, 1915, wife in perfect health, but I with the most horrible pains from Sciatica that I had ever suffered in all my life. And for twenty-one days and nights I got no relief from any remedy yet tried. At last Dr. George K. Vanderslice, (son of our glorified Vanderslice of the Conference,) in desperation said he would try his "last resort." I don't know what it was, but it struck the pain such a blow that it fled, never to return again, I hope; but it left the hip and thigh on that side, (the right,) so weak that I dare not trust it in emergencies. Several months after my going to Hampton, indeed, a few days after the new postoffice was occupied, I fell down those steps prone into the street. Two very sympathetic gentlemen hurriedly came to my rescue, (one of them Mr. John Weymouth, one of Hampton's brainest young lawyers, the other I cannot recall now,) and having "set me on my feet, and established my goings," significantly asked, "Doctor, where did you get it?" I referred them to Dr. Vanderslice as the custodian of those remedies which heal any complaint."

When I first made my bow to the Central congregation on the first Sunday in December, I was so lame in the right leg that I had to use a cane. When I went up the pulpit steps that morning there was much amusement in a corner of the building where sat two immortal jesters.

It appears, from the best sources that are within reach just now, that, at the last meeting with the Presiding Elder, one of the leaders on the Official Board had addressed the P. E. in language something like this;—"Bro. Jones, please don't send us an old man who cannot do anything; nor a young man who does not know anything; but send us a medium man." Well, when these inimitable jesters saw me "go up them steps," they said, one to the other, "Thar now: they have sent an old man with a gray head, and one leg."

Bro. Burch was one of the best pastors the church had ever had. His work was done thoroughly; with great care and persevering industry. As I went around from house to house after his departure I found his tracks on every door-sill, and the imprint of his blessed influence for righteousness on every life. "He pointed others to higher realms of conquest, and led the way."

So I entered upon my work with this advantage: I did not have a scattered and disaffected membership to visit and plead with for their return to the first love; they were already in place, waiting only for a "new" shepherd to do his part at care-taking and "feeding time." I found a vigorous band of young ladies under the tender care of Mrs. Annie Ashby, Mrs. J. A. Ferguson, and Mrs. Annie Rouse. There was a consecrated body of young men, such as J. A. Ferguson, Waller Hudgins, Will White, Norman C. Barbour, Richard and Geo. Moger, Pitman Bryant, Harry Owens and

others, who indicated in their spirit and methods the strength and perpetuity of the future church. Then were the tried and faithful old men, on whose shoulders the young church rested in the years of toil in the past: the men whose prayers and patience brought the young church to its present strength; Isaac Wheeler, Henry Topping, Jesse Miller, Geo. F. Richardson, T. Jeff. Rowe, Henry D. Owens, Philip and Thos. Davis, R. E. Rollins, W. H. Haynes, and others.

Later on as the work grew such men as Isaac Smith, Eddie Roche, E. R. Shields, O. C. Barbour, Willie Richardson, Jesse Haynes, M. M. Mann, E. Clif. Scott, and those transferred live-wires, Floyd Diggs and Jim Mitchell, mixed in with the "movers," and the young church moved out into a new field where faith could exercise itself far out upon the promises of the Omnipotent and Unchangeable God.

I must not omit the women: Those Altar-lit Torches, Spirit filled and unconquerable, who took their places in the fore-front of the advancing host, "saw the triumph from afar, and brought it nigh by faith," smiling at obstructions which the calculations of unbelief said could not be overcome. I have already mentioned Mrs. Ashby, Mrs. Rouse, Mrs. Ferguson. But there was Mrs. Ruth Hudgins, Miss Annie Wilson, Mrs. D. W. Moger, and a multitude, to name whom time would fail me.

In May, 1916, Brother Jeff. Rowe, one of the

leaders mentioned above, went to his reward, after months of feebleness, failing daily till the end came. He was ready. His Master's voice the signal that his work was done. Sister Topping in May, and Bro. Topping in October, 1917, ended the long journey of life, and went home to rest. It was in this month, too, that the town was shocked by a boiler explosion at a saw mill, which snuffed out the lives of five men and desperately wounded two boys. Our brother, Alex. Weston, was instantly slain, and his eldest boy wounded. His life hung by a single thread for many days but he finally recovered. In August, 1918, Bro. Dudley, a faithful man and a devoted father, died in the faith. Then the leader of our young people, Mrs. Ashby, full of faith and the Holy Spirit, closed a beautiful life of good deeds for Christ, and left the church "cast down but not forsaken."

I have no records of the pastors in Hampton farther back than 1869, when J. D. Lumsden served "Hampton **and** York." The charge was on the Norfolk District. Then followed Thos. C. Jennings, who came to our church from the Methodist Protestant Church, November, 1870. York was cut off from Hampton that fall, Joseph Lear becoming the first pastor. H. C. Cheatham was sent to Hampton in 1871. In 1872 the appointment read "Hampton and Warwick, B. W. Daugherty and J. W. Connelly." 1873 "Hampton and Fox Hill, B. W. Daugherty." Jas. L. Spencer came in 1874 and remained

two years, followed by John B. Laurens in 1876, Jas. H. Crown in 1877, Wm. McGee in 1878, R. J. Moorman in 1880, (when Fox Hill was cut off) H. P. Mitchell in 1882, E. P. Wilson in 1884, W. H. Christian in 1888. The work was established in Newport News in 1886 with J. T. Bosman as preacher, and that charge, with Hampton, Fox Hill and York, was placed on the Eastern Shore District, a very singular mixture,—western shore charges on a District called by a name that contradicted their location. In 1875, Fox Hill was served by a "Supply" till 1882 when J. G. Lennon was sent there. Mitchell returns to Hampton in 1883. At the Conference of 1887 the appointments read, "Hampton, E. P. Wilson; Fox Hill, T. J. Wray; York, Chas. R. Taylor; Newport News, John T. Bosman." In 1888 Jas. L. Spencer is sent to Fox Hill and Bascom Dey to Newport News. In 1889 we have "Newport News, Jas. Cannon, Jr.," In 1890 Christian is returned to Hampton, and Spencer to Fox Hill: Newport News has Cannon for the second year, but that work and York are put on the Richmond District. In 1891 W. F. Hayes goes to Fox Hill and R. M. Chandler to Newport News. In 1892 H. C. Cheatham is sent to Hampton for the second time, (having been there in 1872.) In 1893 Bargamin goes to Fox Hill. Hobday in York, and Chandler beginning his fourth year in Newport News, we have "Hampton and West End, E. M. Peterson and R. S. Baughan; Fox Hill, Bargamin,"

and these two charges shifted over to the "Portsmouth District, J. H. Amiss, Presiding Elder."

Here we have the beginning of "The Story of the Methodist Movement in the West End, Hampton, Va. The paper containing the recorded facts, was prepared by Bro. J. D. Miller and me during my pastorate at "Central."

"Some time during the year 1894, while Rev. E. M. Peterson, D. D., was pastor of the Methodist Church on Queen Street, the movement began under the leadership of Rev. E. P. Wilson, a Superannuate of the Virginia Conference, M. E. Church, South, and Rev. W. W. Topping, a Local Preacher. These godly men have ever been recognized as the fathers of the movement.

"Between sixty and seventy people withdrew from the church down town and organized the West End Church and Sunday School, and the station was printed in the Annual Conference reports as "Hampton and West End." The building in which the work started was bought from the Presbyterians for \$600.00, the lot on which the building stood having been previously given by Mr. J. M. Willis for religious purposes.

"The Conference of 1894 sent Dr. Peterson to the charge with R. S. Baughan as Junior Preacher, so that the work might have regular service and oversight. On June 13th, 1895, Rev. E. P. Wilson died, lamented by a large circle of loving friends. At the end of the first year Brother Baughan was suc-

ceeded by Rev. Graham H. Lambeth as Junior under Dr. Peterson. Brother Lambeth served the charge three years most acceptably, and the work was greatly built up under his ministry. Brother Topping died February 16th, 1897; his death was a great loss to the Church.

"The rear of the lot on which the church stands was bought from Mr. Willis, and the new end, and a larger part of the frame building, were erected during Brother Lambeth's term.

"Brother S. J. Battin became pastor in November, 1898, and was succeeded by Rev. J. D. Langley in the fall of 1899. All of these were young men, and unmarried.

"Rev. Arthur B. Sharpe, the present Superintendent of the Virginia Conference Orphanage at Richmond, was appointed to the charge in November, 1901, and Rev. Asa Driscoll in 1903. The latter served three years. During the year 1904 the old frame church building was moved back from the street, and the splendid brick church, which now occupies the site, was erected, and the house, next door to the church on the west, was bought from the Presbyterians for a parsonage. At the Conference of 1904 the appointment appears in the Conference Annual as **"CENTRAL."**

"Brother Driscoll was followed on the charge by Rev. John F. Cuthriell in 1906, and he by Brother Wm. P. Wright, (father of our brother Wm.

Archer Wright, in 1907, and Brother Chas. E. Green in November, 1909.

“Brother W. G. Burch was sent to the charge in November, 1911, and Rev. D. G. C. Butts in November, 1915.

“The charge was on the Portsmouth District when organized in 1894. At the Conference of 1899 it was placed on the Richmond District with Rev. J. P. Garland, Presiding Elder. At the 1909 session of Conference it was put on the Norfolk District, Rev. L. B. Betty, Presiding Elder. Rev. Geo. Wesley Jones came to the District in 1913.”

So reads the “Story” compiled in March 1917.

The term of Rev. Geo. Wesley Jones, Presiding Elder, having expired, he was succeeded at the session of 1917, held in Court Street Church, Lynchburg, by Rev. T. McN. Simpson, D. D., the staunch friend, the sincere Christian, the modest and faithful Administrator of the law, the earnest preacher. He did not supplant brother Jones in our hearts; he just naturally got in along of Jones and made himself at home, and everybody around our neighborhood approved of the act.

Brother Jesse Miller moved over to Newport News in the fall of 1917, and Central felt his departure seriously until the Lord, fulfilling His promise, “I am with you unto the end of the age,” sent Jim Mitchell to take his place as Teacher of the Men’s Bible Class, and led the Official Board to select Capt. Bill White as Chairman. Then the



MRS. D. G. C. BUTTS, 1921.



“Good Ship” swung out into the channel again, and did some fine sailing over the sea of opportunity. Norman Barbour as Treasurer and Jake Ferguson as Lay Leader, were purser and skipper.

Then came the end of 1918, with all collections paid, and \$706.00 for the Japan Special. In the Centenary Missionary Drive, the church accepted its allotment of \$10,000.00, and raised \$19,000.00; devoting \$17,500.00 of that sum to “Specials.” And Central paid its Annual quota at last accounts. Nashville can tell. And this pastor received as salary that year \$1,500.00.

Central Church played its part bravely and without weariness during the Great War. More than a quarter of a million of troops passed our doors. Between fifty and eighty thousand were in our midst all the while from April, 1917, to late in the summer of 1919. At the barracks, in the cantonments, at Langley Field and Camp Stuart, our young people and many of the older, with the preacher following, as best he could, this earnest band, ministered to the needs of the men, and frequently furnished Musical and Literary entertainment. Notably at Langley Field Balloon Gas Station did they make a specialty. And, to the credit of the officer in command at that point, let it be said, not one of my people ever had cause to regret our visits to those boys. On one occasion the Lieutenant agreeably shocked us by proposing to “give this bunch of splendid young men and wo-

men **An Army Dinner**, if we would come at an appointed time." **WE WENT.** We spent a glorious evening: went down in an Army truck sent up to the church at 3 P. M., ended the bountiful and delicious feast with canteloupes and watermelons, the Long Metre Doxology and the Benediction by this preacher, then returned to town in the same way we had gone.

These fine young American soldiers showed their appreciation of our sincere service by attending Sunday School, public worship, and other exercises at the church. Two or three were valuable aids to the choir. Others taught classes and led the Mid-week prayer-meeting. They came into our homes: big-hearted, clean, consecrated to God and their country. They came from Texas to Maine, from California to North Carolina, and brought the proofs of good breeding. There may have been some "Toughs" among the thousands that passed through our community. There must have been: few escaped. But they knew their place; they found the "birds" of the "same feather," and joined **that** "flock."

I want to put into these pages the names of the men whom I can recall. They must be held in everlasting remembrance.

**G. N. Arneson**, Northfield, Minn., a splendid fellow, a modest Christian, an efficient teacher, a brave Airman. Young **Anderson** from Tangent, Oregon, (I forget his given name.) **Alan Osborne** from the

Pacific Coast. In 1920 he wrote from Pomona College, Claremont, Calif. John W. Luening from Chicago, Ill.; Arthur H. Graham, of Denver, Col.; and Hamilton and Miller from Oklahoma; McDonald from Minnesota, and young Hill, with that devoted young wife who followed him across the continent from a camp in California, and remained, while he was in the Training School for Specials at Fort Monroe. They lived in Hibbing, Minn., and she married him after he went to the Army. They brought their Church letter to Central, and entered into church life, among strangers as if they were at home. It was a shining example of "Christianity in earnest." Since they returned to their far western home, a little baby girl has appeared, and it was my privilege to write the young lady a letter and send her my photograph. Abernathy of Missouri captured one of our girls, and Umstead of North Carolina, found a splendid Ruby somewhere and married her when the war closed.

These mixings with the boys so far from home became a joyous service to my young people and to myself and wife. We had two sons and two grandsons across the sea in the American Expeditionary Forces. We called the boys in for the sake of the mothers back yonder in the north and the west and the south, and we thought that perhaps we might be helping the Lord to answer some fervent prayer sent from the home altar. Two

fine young fellows from Connecticut, in the Navy on the battleship "North Carolina," acting as convoy to the army transports carrying our troops across in the years 1917-18, interested us very much, and I took care to write home about them. Alva Farrow of Newark, N. J., and Earl Boogar of Los Angeles, Calif., were among us to help, and created a bond so strong that their departure seemed to us like the cruel severing of home ties.

The late autumn of 1918 was, to many of us in the old Virginia Conference, a period of sorrow, as the news from the front in France came over the wires of Washington. Dr. J. C. Reed, Dr. H. E. Johnson, Bro. John M. Burton, Bro. John T. Payne, and I had lost our boys over there, and Lewis Betty's son, George, passed away in a Training Camp in this country. Bro. Betty was spared the anguish of this bereavement,—he had gone on ahead to welcome his son in the sinless clime.

Our Conference, on the motion of Chaplain J. T. Moore, held an impressive service in memory of these boys on Friday, the third day of the session. The solemn service was conducted in the Charlottesville Church, Bishop R. E. Hendrix, presiding. The Conference was led in singing by a soldier choir from the University of Virginia, and Bishop Hendrix delivered a sympathetic address, which was followed by testimonies spoken by Dr. Johnson, Chaplain Moore, Prof. E. Sumter Smith of Bedford Academy, and Dr. Gilby C. Kelly of R. M. College, at Ashland, Va.

At Central my beloved people went down with the pastor's family into this distressful "valley" where the "shadow of death" had cast gloom over the entire community. Our son had been one of the young people of the church. They knew him, his cheerful heart, his merry face, his co-operative spirit, his sincere devotion to home and country. They lamented his death; they embalmed his memory in their hearts, and placed a beautiful marble tablet in the western wall of the spacious audience room of the church, then stood by the old father and mother patiently awaiting the return of the remains from Clermont-Ferrand. When in June, 1921, the War Department delivered the precious dust to their keeping they assembled first in the sanctuary, where the dead soldier had so often met with them in worship. Here the services were in charge of Rev. H. W. Davis, of the First Church, Hampton, assisted by Rev. W. P. Stuart, of the Hampton Baptist Church. Then in solemn procession, led by a detail of soldiers from Fort Moore, the body was deposited in old St. John's Cemetery, and the grave has had tender care ever since.

This is not the end of the story of the devotion of Central Church to its Pastor. Bro. E. T. Dadmun became my successor in 1919. He was a zealous and devoted leader, a man of fine spirit, and capable. In the summer of 1920 he had an automobile accident in Amherst while helping the preacher there in a meeting. A long period of

illness followed, and he was never able to do full work again during that year. Nevertheless, this brave young Official Body, backed up by a loyal church, asked for his return, saying, "We know him. We love him. We will take care of him." And they did take care of him through another year, employing "Supplies" as they could get them, until the Conference of 1921, when he was placed on the Superannuated list. For the last few months of that year the pulpit was served acceptably by Bro. John D. Hosier, a member of the Conference, and, at that time, Assistant to Bro. Sharpe at the Orphanage. Rev. J. S. Gresham came to the church from the Conference of 1921, and begins a most promising pastorate.

As the end of my pastorate at Central, Hampton, neared, my preparations for "going" assumed a very serious aspect. From my point of view I had had a very successful term. I had not added many to the church, but those added were a substantial and abiding set. My aim from the very beginning was to develop a strong, efficient, constructive, aggressive group of Leaders, both men and women. My experience had taught me that the Church of the past thirty years needed these, in order that the ministry might give itself wholly to preaching and pastoral duty. Then Centenary Commission, when it made **that** the high aim of the Centenary Drive, simply put its stamp of approval on **my** theory of the pastor's opportunity,

and succeeded gloriously. If anything else explains the wonderful development of Central Church along all lines of church work in the past six years, I do not know what it is. When I closed my term in the fall of 1919, there were men and women, from middle age down to youth, capable of "**Doing Things,**" and doing them well and for the glory of God, than any church I have known anywhere in my travels. And the tribe is yet on the job, brave enough to attempt any work if you will call them to prayer **first**, and true enough to their plans and hopes and the cause of Christ to carry the thing through, without asking who or what is in the way. To them, **Obstructions** are steps heavenward: **Difficulties** are Faith developers: **Enemies** are proofs that Christ leads: **Prophets** of **disaster** are well-wishers of the kingdom of Satan. And that settles it: if some zealous, but thoughtless, backer has promised this group of **DOERS** a golden prize of any sort, that individual had better have the prize ready for the unexpected call; its coming.

The Norfolk District Conference met that year (1919) at "Denby Church," eight miles from Norfolk towards Ocean View. It was my forty-ninth session: my first was at Culpeper in 1871. My brethren made me Secretary for the sixth time. I had been on the District eight years. I could not serve at the Virginia Beach session of 1914, because I was the host of the Conference, and Dr.

Whitley was made Secretary on my motion. He has always been a pre-eminent success in that office. For carefulness and neatness he has no superior. At Hampton in 1912 Bro. Jas. T. Green was Secretary, and I was his assistant.

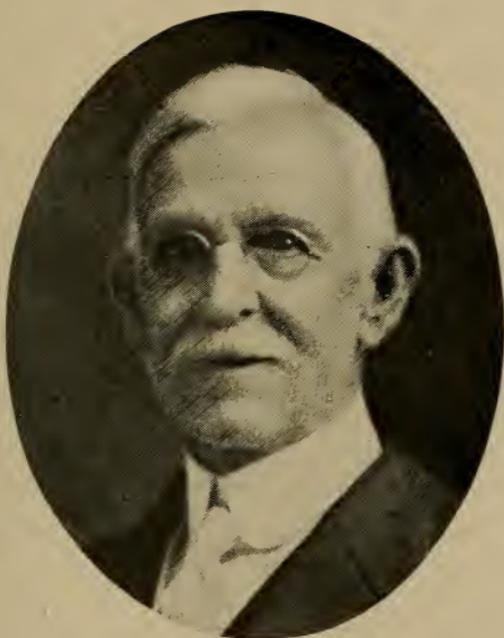
The District Conference, **knowing** (I guess,) that I would not be on the District another year, adopted the following, on motion of Rev. J. M. Rowland:

“Whereas, our genial and efficient secretary, Rev. D. G. C. Butts, has attended forty-nine District Conferences, without missing a single one, and nineteen times serving<sup>d</sup> as secretary, therefore,

Be it Resolved,—That we, the members of the Norfolk District Methodist Conference, express to him our appreciation of his faithful service to his Church and his fellowman, and assure him of our love and our interest in his life and work. We rejoice with him in the great success and popularity which attends his ministry at Central Church, Hampton, and we pray God’s blessing upon him and his family.”

The paper was offered by “J. M. Rowland and Emil Hauser.” The Conference adopted it with a rising vote. I tried to respond, but the brethren had taken away my speech by their beautiful tribute; so I did the best I could, and sat down overwhelmed with confusion and beaming with gratitude.

The ministers of the different Churches of Hampton were exceedingly cordial in their intercourse



D. G. C. BUTTS, 1921.



with me,—the elder brother. Their kindly spirit and courteous treatment were without limit and very gracious. Rev. Edwin Royal Carter, Rector of old St. John's, never forgot the blood and training of centuries, but with unpretentious and pleasing manner commended himself to my warmest esteem. Rev. Charles Friend of the Presbyterian Church, placed me under a score of obligations for continuous and unstinted kindnesses coming from a kind heart, and prompted by a clean purpose. Those two Baptist boys,—Rev. W. P. Stuart, of the Hampton Baptist, vied with each other in showing the fraternal spirit toward this Methodist preacher, who does not hesitate to record their high regard for Ministerial etiquette. They won his respect for their fidelity to their own Denominational views, for the high grade of work they did for their Lord, and his love for the men themselves. There are some religionists so small in their apprehension of their calling that they call abuse of the opposition defense of their own position. Stuart and Haley were too big to fit in that small circle. An attempt to drive them in with a maul would burst the little kitten ring wide open.

So, we came to the end of the year, and Conference would meet in Richmond. I made it known that I was opposed to the new law allowing the Bishop to appoint a man to a charge for a longer term than four years, "provided the Quarterly Con-

ference shall request it, and a majority of the Presiding Elders shall concur by ballot." I made it known in May, 1918, when the law was enacted by the General Conference! So, I had 'em or they had me: it does not make much difference which it was; I was going. If I had any opposition to my return, I could say, "Oh, well; you are too late: that's all fixed: I am going anyhow, but not to please you." If anybody contemplated the passage of a drastic resolution by the assembled congregation demanding that the Quarterly Conference fix up the "request," and send it to the Bishop, so that he might take the vote of the Elders "by ballot," I could protest that "my mind was made up, and it would be contrary to my principles to change it." Can you not observe in all this the conspicuous solidity of my natural courage, as well as the acuteness of my native intelligence? Of course. So it was easy work, and safe, to predict the change of pastors, notwithstanding the 'conditional extension of the time limit."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE CONFERENCE OF 1919 AND HILTON CIRCUIT.

The one hundred and thirty-seventh session of Conference met in Centenary Church, Richmond, Va., on Wednesday, November 12th, 1919.

Bishop E. R. Hendrix presided, and B. F. Lipscomb was elected Secretary with Frank L. Wells and Roscoe M. White, Assistants.

During the quadrennium twenty-two of our preachers had gone to their "great reward." Eleven of these, Revs. R. N. Crooks, T. J. Taylor, W. G. Starr, J. H. Amiss, W. V. Tudor, W. R. Crowder, J. Q. Rhodes, H. C. Bowles, E. P. Parham, J. T. Payne and C. C. Wertenbaker were on the Superannuated list; Bro. W. H. Camper had been a Supernumerary for many years; but Robert B. Blankenship, Saml. R. Drewry, Lewis B. B. Betty, Bascom Dey, J. W. S. Robins, W. W. Lear, L. C. Shearer, H. P. Balderson, and W. W. Sawyer, Elders, and T. M. DeShazo, Deacon, ceased from their labors, cut down in the midst of their work, getting their crown before the day was done. Bros. Amiss, Crooks, Tudor, Camper, Starr and

Bowles were the oldest men in our ranks to pass away during the quadrennium, whilst Bros. Balder-son and DeShazo were the youngest. Bro. Amiss came into our Conference in 1854, and DeShazo in 1914, exactly sixty years between these dates. Bro. Amiss had been in the Conference **sixty-two** years, and Bro. DeShazo only **four** years.

Bro. Payne came into the Methodist Church, and was licensed as a local preacher, under my ministry in King George in 1879, and we were drawn to each other in the warmest bond of fraternal intercourse since that time. He was a kind-hearted sincere man, who knew nothing of the doubtful, double dealings of the world; a Christian minister who preached well, and practiced his own doctrine of life that he might tell others that it would stand any test. "He married a wife." That brief text of scripture shows well the spirit of the man, when he went to find a woman to help him build a home. She was a true woman. Finding her place beside a man who had been called of God to the "ministry of reconciliation," she gave herself to the task assigned her by Divine Providence,—the task of making a home that was the standard of home life for the churches her husband served. This was the typical "helpmeet": and he honored his calling in the selection he made for this Heaven-appointed task. He could not have shown greater wisdom. She was the granddaughter of Rev. Saml. Cushen, the Senior Preacher on the old Glouces-

ter circuit, who died near Walter Stoakes' home in Milford Haven, Mathews county, in 1824, leaving a young wife and a little babe, who lived to become the mother of Sister Payne, whose maiden name was Ellen Cushen Jones.

Dr. Willie Lear, Lewis Betty, Jno. Rhodes, Travis Taylor, and Sewell Robins, each one was my friend and brother. I was strongly attached to them. They were valuable men, "holding forth the word of life" in the pastorate, and the more public work of the pulpit. Constructive workers, laying carefully the detail of daily toil on the impregnable foundation of the Living Christ. Of Bro. Parham, who was my junior in Middlesex, in 1882, I have spoken in the chapter on that work.

Of Bro. Wertenbaker, a native of beautiful Albemarle, born in that county in 1844, Dr. Lafferty writes in the Sketches of the Virginia Conference, as follows: "We never saw a man who slung a rifle that was truer to his post than Wertenbaker. At a prayer-meeting or a skirmish Charley was ready to improve the occasion. He was cocked and primed to put in a shot or a shout. Daniel in Babylon was not braver than the stripling soldier and boy class leader in the Confederate Army. His record is luminous. His courage rallied the wavering soldier; his Christian integrity made steadfast the faltering disciple."

Dr. Wm. G. Starr was born in Rappahannock county in 1840. "He was a poet, a brilliant writer,

a brave soldier, an humble Christian, an eloquent preacher, a cheerful and helpful friend, a careful student of the Bible, an apostle of "a living gospel, suited to every age, to every condition and phase of life, the answer to every question, the solution of every problem, temporal and spiritual." (Editor Copeland, in Newport News "Daily Press.")

Of Brother Amiss I have written in another place.

During the quadrennium twenty-six preachers had been received on trial into the traveling connection; four had been discontinued; one had located; and fourteen received by Transfer from other Conferences. Of these: Dr. John B. Winn, Dr. J. W. Moore, Brothers Wallace R. Evans, J. D. McAlister, and J. K. Holman were simply coming back to the old Conference after serving a few years as a loan to other fields. Perhaps some one thinks on reading this, that I am a little mistaken in the case of Dr. J. W. Moore. But I am not. Dr. Moore came to us years ago from Holston. He served Queen Street Church, Norfolk, very acceptably; and then was taken away. Bro. Abernathy has but recently joined another Church. Bro. Shipley returned to the Mission field in China last summer.

The Methodist Church in general, and the Virginia Conference in particular, suffered a great loss this year, 1919, in the death of two very valuable laymen,—W. W. Vicar of Norfolk, and Capt. E. V.

White of Portsmouth. The Preachers' Relief Society adopted the following paper and caused it to be spread upon their minutes:—

“Since the last meeting of this Board, two of its most useful and beloved members have ceased from their earthly labors and gone up to their heavenly reward. It is fitting that we should here record our appreciation of their fellowship and services, and our profound sorrow on account of their removal from our midst.

“Willis Wilson Vicar departed this life on the 14th of February, 1919, having passed his sixty-ninth birthday. He had been a member of the Methodist Church from his youth, and for many years was a trusted and valuable officer of the Church. In all the various positions of trust that he held in the Church and community, he manifested the highest type of Christian character, and won to himself a multitude of friends in all the walks of life. It is safe to say that no more faithful and honored Christian man lived among us than he, and none whose departure will be more keenly felt. He became a member of this Board in 1885, and was elected Secretary and Treasurer on the 23rd of November, 1886, continuing through more than thirty-two years of unbroken service to discharge the duties of his office. His patient fidelity, his wise business management, and his diligent administration of the important matters committed to his charge, have contributed very largely

to the progress and prosperity of the Society, and to the relief of those for whose benefit it was formed. In thus expressing our appreciation of his character and services, we tender our respectful and cordial sympathies to his afflicted family in their great sorrow.

“Capt. E. V. White finished his earthly course at Clifton Springs, New York, on the 28th of February, 1919, in the eightieth year of his age. He had been for many years a prominent figure in the business and religious life of Portsmouth and Norfolk, and was held in high esteem by a wide circle of friends and associates. During the Civil War he fought bravely for the cause of the Confederacy, and was an officer of the “Virginia” (or Merrimac) in the historic fight in Hampton Roads. He was largely instrumental in founding Park View Methodist Church in Portsmouth, and contributed much to the various enterprises of the Church. Captain White became a member of this Board in November, 1887, and was at once placed upon the Investment Committee, now called the Finance Committee. In 1909 he was appointed also a member of the Executive Committee. In these places of trust and usefulness he served with conscientious fidelity, and was always ready to attend the meetings of the Society, and to be present at the sessions of the Annual Conference whenever possible. The Society and its beneficiaries owe much to his wisdom and care. We beg to tender

to his surviving loved ones our cordial sympathy in their bereavement.

"It is hereby directed that this minute be spread upon the records of the Society and that a copy be sent by the Secretary to the family of each of these deceased brethren."

(Signed) "J. T. Whitley,  
Secretary and Treasurer."

On motion of E. Frank Story, "a standing vote of thanks was extended Thos. S. Southgate, Conference Campaign Director, for his efficient service rendered in the Centenary Drive."

Surely this was a deserved recognition of systematic, sustained, intelligent and conscientious work given to his Church by one of the busiest business men in the nation. The business relations of brother Southgate extended over the entire South, with connections north and west, and "feelers" running out to the Pacific Coast, and across that ocean to the coasts beyond. Yet this man, of not too vigorous a body, and often weary beyond endurance, pushed the Centenary Campaign, with the aid of selected District Directors to the most remarkable results ever achieved in the history of the old Conference. His presence inspired confidence: his addresses, albeit there was much sameness in them, were fresh, strong, courageous, devout, indignant at times almost to the verge of fiery invective, always appealing to the faith, to the loyalty, to the sense of honor of the people, led

the Conference, including his own District (Norfolk) to stand in the front of all the Southern Church in the total amount of money subscribed, and the total number of leaders brought to the consecration altar for life service.

Time and again during the past fifteen years Brother Southgate plead with his brethren to permit him to lay down his burden that another might take it: but they turned a deaf ear to his pleas, and by prayer and supplication at the throne of grace that the Holy Spirit might lead this able worker, and the power of God strengthen him for his task, they placed the commission in his hand year after year, awaited his plans for conquest, and his word to advance, first pledging sympathy and co-operation. The Conference has constantly called him to do the difficult thing: he was too humble a man to push himself into leadership; he was too brave and too loyal a child of the Church to retire. Hence he is at the front yet, and will be to the end.

He is the friend of the preachers. Many of them would speak out if they dared break the promise they made on a certain day when Tom Southgate put his arm around the heart and the home of the struggling itinerant, and uttered the charge, "Keep this to yourself." I have often been reminded, by his unostentatious generosity, of D'Arcy Paul in Petersburg, of Walter Stoakes in Mathews, of Tom Rodes in Albemarle, of Tim Bowden on Knott's

Island, South Princess Anne, and Jim McCarty, the unlettered man of moderate means in King George.

God chooses his leaders from among the men and women of faith, without regard to their position or wealth. They furnish the instance of fidelity in the cultivation of talent, whether it be one or five, He furnishes the field and "grace to help in every time of need." I am not a traitor to the person of deep learning, or broad culture, or of immense riches because I place beside him the person of limited culture, or limited material resources. Christ did this when he placed the man with the two talents beside the man with the five: he would have given the man with the one talent the same praise if he had not been "wicked and slothful." The point of the whole story is that the glory belongs to God, after all, and not to any accident of education, position, or wealth, to fidelity in the discharge of duty with the equipment we possess, and not to any inherited right, or acquired title.

Conference adjourned on the 17th of November, and I was read out for "Hilton," Portsmouth and Newport News District. It was a new appointment, out and out. I was considerably upset when I first heard the news. No church-building, no membership, no anything but an **opportunity**. I was seventy-one years old. I had been selected out of a lot of men twenty-five, and thirty-five

years younger than myself to go out into a new field from the delightful surroundings at Central, Hampton, to do **pioneer work**, and the Board of Missions had appropriated \$500.00 to take care of me. I grasped the idea in this form, and lifted my heart in thanksgiving to God that he had given me this honor at this period of life, when other men, far more worthy than I, had been given easier places, or had retired from travel altogether.

I asked brother Simpson, my Presiding Elder, why I had been assigned such work at my age? He said "We all believed you are the man to do that work." So I accepted the appointment as an opportunity from the hand of the Lord, and I went to Him in prayer, and committed myself, with every power of my being, to the task, and begged for grace to help me do His will as far as my talents permitted. And up to this time the Lord has been with me.

Dr. W. H. Edwards, who had been my Presiding Elder once before, (four years on the Eastern Shore,) took charge of me again, and I was satisfied. We had, in fact, been associated "at long range" for a long time. He was, in his early ministry, on the West Brunswick circuit, that section of the old Brunswick circuit, where I was born, and had his home at "Roslin," the home of my grandfather, Rev. John Gregory Claiborne, and my birthplace. My grandfather esteemed him very highly, and predicted for him a successful ca-

reer. My step-grandmother was somewhat extravagant in her admiration of him because of his general usefulness in doing odd jobs around the place cheerfully and without coaxing. In my early ministry at Bethany, in Northumberland, I had received his devoted wife into the church when she was a girl just entering her teens. So, notwithstanding the fact that he had turned loose a stream of cold-water on my sensitive hide at the Salisbury, (Maryland,) Conference of 1911, by telling me there was "nowhere for me to go," it was very pleasant to have him for my Elder again. I thought of dear brother William E. Payne, at Charlottesville in 1894, when his term expired on the Rappahannock District, and mine expired in Mathews circuit. I said to him as we went on to Conference,—“Look out for me, brother Payne, and don't let me die on the auction block.” He replied,—“A nigger of my acquaintance once had a dog named ‘Tige,’ that his owner said would bring out a coon from anywhar. He and some white men took Tige out coon-hunting on a certain night; turned Tige loose in the woods, and waited for Tige to ‘open.’ The nigger said, ‘When you hyears Tige, you may know Tige is arfter sump’n.’ But presently Tige came out of the jungle like a streak of lightning, and the white men asked, ‘What’s the matter with Tige?’ The nigger replied, ‘Thar’s sump’n arfter Tige.’ Now, Butts, don't forget: this fall thar’s sump’n arfter Payne.” So I thought of Brother

Edwards; it was his fourth year: there was "something after" him. But he and brother Lipscomb together took special care of me that fall, and I have always been grateful to them for the appointment I received.

I had everything at the Central parsonage ready to send up to Hilton Village to the rented house, 87 Hopkins Street, by the middle of the next week. Nobody had to get out of my way, but I had to get out of the way of my successor, Rev. E. T. Dadmun. Yet he did not hurry me. He knew the ladies of the church were putting things in order for his coming, so he came when the signal was given. I was delighted that such an efficient and useful a man as Dadmun had proven himself to be, had been sent to such a strategic post as Central Church.

Two fine congregations heard me at Central, November the 23rd, but on Monday night a "Farewell Service" was held and Central people surprised Mrs. Butts by presenting her with a purse of fifty dollars in gold, and rendered me **speechless for awhile** by presenting me, through that wonderful veteran Christian and Confederate soldier, Brother Isaac Wheeler, with a costly gold watch suitably inscribed. Will Richardson and Floyd Diggs said such a gift meant that I had bored the people there long enough, and the time to travel had arrived, and I had better go while "going was good." Yet I have noticed that these

two men have visited my home at Hilton oftener than anyone else in Hampton. Perhaps they repented their rashness long ago. But, then, they know I am never happier than when they bring the sunshine of a jolly soul, and a warm heart into my home.

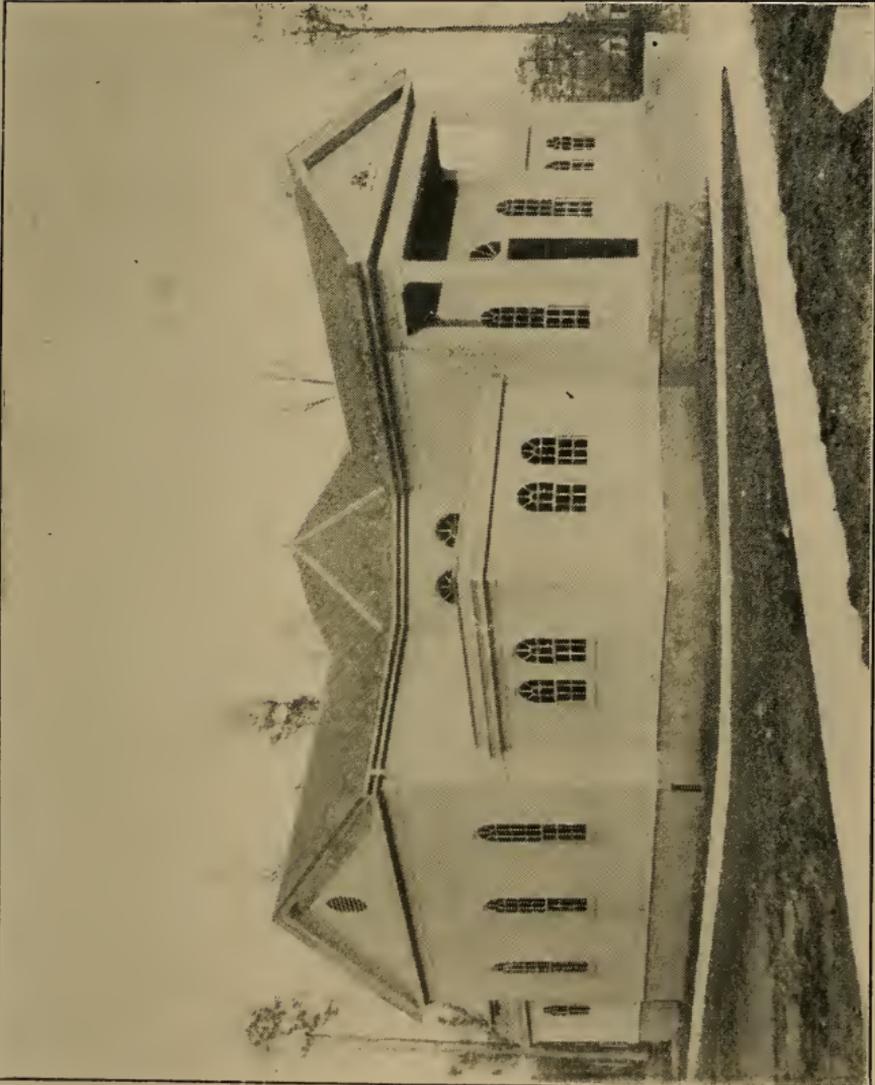
Our last meals in Hampton were taken at Mrs. C. C. Marchant's on King Street, Waller Hudgins's and E. L. Carmines's. Thursday, November 27th, wife and I occupied our new home in Hilton Village, and Sunday, the 30th met my new congregation for the first time. The people gave us a warm reception, and I entered upon my new work in a cheerful, hopeful mood. The outlook that day was fine, from every point of view. The people were in good spirits, and predicted a successful year.

The founding of the Hilton Village Church is the work of a band of earnest men and women brought together here from many states by the call for skilled labor in the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company's plant during the great War.

The Emergency Fleet Corporation began the construction of the village in the early spring of 1918, to provide homes for the immense increase in the population of Newport News, and thus give shelter to the large number of workmen in the Shipyard seeking dwellings for their families. The village is three miles north of the city in War-

wick county, immediately on the C. & O. railway between "Camp Hill" and "Camp Morrison." The concrete road from Fort Monroe to Yorktown passes through the place. The village is composed of about 475 houses, and is laid off into three streets running perpendicular to Warwick Road, on which is the car line to Newport News; the names of these streets being **Hopkins, Main** and **Post**. Parallel with **Warwick Road** are the following Avenues:—**Piez, Hurley, Palen, Ferguson,** and **River Road**. These buildings are comfortable, furnished with heating and cooking apparatus, water and electricity.

On the 8th of June, 1919, Rev. Mr. Bomboy of Norfolk, Field Agent of the Presbyterians, and Rev. Walter Smith, a Member of Chestnut Avenue Methodist Church, Newport News, organized a Sunday School in the Firemen's Club House with 12 teachers and scholars. June 15th, with 37 present the organization was completed, with Rev. Mr. Bomboy, Supt., and Brother Smith, Assistant. As the number increased and the people decided to hold all the exercises out doors, under the trees, behind the Club House. Mid-week services were held in private houses by Brother Smith. As the summer was nearly ended other quarters for the winter must be had. Mr. E. T. Massey gave them permission to use the old building that had been used as a hospital while the village was in course of construction. It proved to be suited to both Sun-



HILTON VILLAGE, WARWICK CO., 1920.



day School and Preaching Services. As the school grew its departments were formed as follows: Mrs. G. S. McKenzie, Supt. Primary, Bro. Bomboy, Teacher Men's Bible Class, Mrs. H. C. Taylor, Teacher Ladies' Bible Class.

Then Rev. G. T. Forrester, Methodist Camp Pastor came to the help of the little band, and held special revival services. A tent was secured and Rev. W. L. Murphy, of Chestnut Avenue came and did the preaching. Many were converted, and many throughout the village began to attend service, and were led to join in the movement.

About this time a religious census was taken and as a result the Methodists and Presbyterians, concluded to divide and organize a church-membership for definite work. The Methodists continued to use the old hospital, while our Presbyterian brethren erected a temporary building aided by the First Presbyterian Church down town. Rev. Walter Smith was made Supt. of our School, Brother C. M. Pritchard, Secretary, and Miss Margaret Smith, Treasurer. Brother Forrester took charge as Pastor, and the work moved off in fine style.

As the time for Conference drew nigh the people decided to ask for a preacher. So Dr. W. H. Edwards was notified, as Presiding Elder of the Portsmouth and Newport News District. The members were called together, for November, 5th, 1919, and the following were present:—Rev. W. L. Murphy, Rev. G. T. Forrester, Rev. Walter Smith, W. C.

Harris, W. H. Stine, P. F. Ware, Sr., Mrs. H. C. Taylor, Miss Esther Taylor, J. F. Rock, and M. C. Barnard. Dr. Edwards, presided, Walter Smith was made Secretary. W. C. Harris, P. F. Ware, Sr., and W. H. Stine were elected Trustees. W. C. Harris, R. A. Warner, Miss Esther Taylor, J. F. Rock and M. C. Barnard were made Stewards.

This Official Board met as early as possible, and decided to let the Bishop of the coming session of Conference know that if their request was granted they would pay such a man \$1,200.00. The request was granted, and I was sent as the First Preacher of the Hilton charge, the Mission Board agreeing to supplement the promise of the Church at Hilton with an appropriation of \$500.00 for my support. After my arrival at Hilton Village I was informed that I must preach at Morrison and Warwick court house, two unorganized classes, the former two miles north on the Concrete Road, the latter, nine miles north on the same road. I had to reach these points by the Newport News and Yorktown Omnibus.

The organization of the work at Hilton Village first engaged my attention. A squad from the Central Church Epworth League, on my invitation, came out on my second Sunday on the field, and organized an Epworth League with about forty members. To Brother N. C. Barbour and a half dozen others I am indebted for this work.

Then the Sunday School was re-organized; J.

F. Rock, Supt.; W. I. Fielder, Asst. Supt.; C. M. Pritchard, Secty.; Miss Margaret Smith, Treas.; Walter Smith, Teacher of Men's Bible Class; Mrs. H. C. Taylor, Teacher of Ladies Bible Class; Mrs. J. F. Rock, Young Ladies' Bible Class; W. C. Harris, Intermediate; W. I. Fielder and Harry Lauterbach, Junior Boys; and Mrs. W. H. Stine, Junior Girls. Miss Esther Taylor, assisted by Mrs. C. M. Pritchard and Miss Florence Hughes had charge of the Primary Department, Mrs. W. I. Fielder had the Cradle Roll, and Mrs. John Mathis the Home Department.

With this organization I went to work. My first job was to obtain Certificates of Church Membership for about forty-six out of the fifty-two names turned over to me by brother Forrester. This was the nucleus around which I gathered in a few months a membership of two hundred people from New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Missouri, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Texas and Oklahoma. The mixed mass of Methodists simmered down into a working group as fine a church-body as I have seen anywhere.

Plans were made for a church-building suitable for **work**, definite Sunday School work, and the elegant, commodious and comfortable church shown in the picture before you is the result. It cost \$25,846.00, and we owe on it \$10,000.00 yet. If some rich Methodist would pray over it a little bit, I think the Lord would move his heart to send

these folks \$5,000.00, and they can manage the balance.

The Church at Morrison was scattered from that point to Portsmouth, but is getting in fine shape for progressive work. This is a monument to the zeal of dear old Brother John F. White, of York circuit, the father of Bro. John E. White of our Conference, and of Wm. B. White of Central, Hampton. We have a fine Sunday School here, W. C. Pennington, is the capable Supt. At Warwick court house the small group of earnest women has erected a beautiful chapel, at a cost of \$7,000.00, and Dr. R. H. Potts dedicated it October 9th, 1921. Mrs. W. P. Freeman is Supt. here and has a fine school which promises to become stronger.

This Charge was in the list of appointments at the Conference of 1919. Morrison had been served by the preachers from Trinity, Newport News, for some time. Warwick had been served from Williamsburg. Hilton Village was unknown till the fortunes of war put it on the map. Hilton circuit comes up to the Conference in Epworth Church, Norfolk, Va., with as good report as it could possibly make with a Preacher in Charge who is **seventy-two** years old, **and closing his fiftieth year of unbroken service in the Itinerancy.**

Here is the consolidated report:—

Church Members .....	239
Value of Property .....	\$26,250
Total raised by Sunday	
Schools .....	\$406
Total raised on the Charge for	
all Purposes .....	\$6,275
Sunday Schools .....	3
Scholars .....	419
Epworth League Members ....	63
Total raised by Leaguers ....	\$195

The possibilities of this work are not comprehended yet. A vigorous man, with God's love to constrain, and the responsiveness of the people to encourage, would develop this work on all lines, and honor our Lord. This entire territory, from Newport News to Lee Hall has been under the influence of the principles which dominate the unsaved world. The Immersionist's doctrine of confession has been the ruling idea in the religious life of the people from the beginning. The vital contact of the blood of the living Christ with the helpless soul of the lost sinner in response to that sinner's despairing cry for salvation, is an unknown experience to hundreds of church-members in this section. Except in some very rare instances few "know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, having been made conformable unto His death." They have not "passed from death unto life, and from

the power of Satan unto God." And some few Methodists in this region have been content with just that sort of religion, destitute all their lives of a "conscious acceptance with God through the saving power of a living faith." It is not so over on the York side of this Peninsula, where the vital doctrines of Methodism have dominated the church life and the daily life of hundreds of citizens in the Methodist Church, in other Churches, and in no Church.

Hence it is true that as the business of Methodism is to "spread scriptural holiness over all these lands," Methodism has a mission in any community and among any people where the "law of the Spirit of life" is not in control. When the revival under Wesley and his lay preachers aroused England to thought and prayer, it saved a nation. When Asbury and his co-workers preached Repentance, and Faith and Holiness, they "shocked" a thousand churches "having the form of godliness, without its power." Opposition was rampant, loud in its curses, and vulgar in its methods, till presently it was silenced by the power of God, or the unanswerable testimony of the vilest men saved from lives of sin, and under the critical eye of willing accusers, "bringing forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

The soundness of our fundamental doctrines has been tested for more than one hundred and fifty years in the experience of hundreds of thousands,

and since the day of Pentecost in that of millions upon millions. We can challenge any church, which holds the fundamentals of Christianity as taught by Christ and His Apostles, to gather about our altar and unite with us in the Evangelization of the world. "We are the circumcision, which worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Jesus Christ, and have no confidence in the flesh."

### CONCLUSION.

In order that the reader may get some idea of the "March of Methodism" through the fifty years in Tidewater Virginia, (with a few hills thrown in to save it from a flat taste,) I present this

#### **Comparison,** (exclusive of the North Carolina Territory.)

The 1918 report is the last in which the sum raised for each cause is given.

The Year	No. of Charges	Parsonage	Organized Churches	Members	Sunday Schools	Scholars	Raised for all Purposes
1870	114	33	533	36,245	492	26,264	\$98,800. 00
1918	270	245	834	131,064	826	101,915	\$1,400,349.00

There is a reason for this. The adjustment of our polity to meet emergencies is the explanation of the material element in our growth. John Wesley was our teacher and exemplar. He taught

his preachers to conquer success at every cost except that of sound doctrine and a holy life; and wherever we have carried out this instruction we have won our way through bitter opposition, and in spite of foes without, and backsliders within, our ranks. We have girded the earth with our stations, and fired the hearts of millions with the assurance of a present salvation, and the hope of an unending life hereafter. We have provoked others by our zeal, and many have dropped the unworkable theories of Redemption, (howbeit, they yet keep these relics of an exclusive age in neglected books on dusty shelves,) and have gone out into the highways and hedges for the lost, and are pressing us hard in numbers, and in occasions for jubilee. Other denominations, stirred by the triumphal march of the Methodist circuit-rider, call sinners to repentance with untiring earnestness on the old Arminian text, "Whosoever will," and announce the hymn of **universal invitation,**

"Ho, every one that thirsts, draw nigh;  
'Tis God invites the fallen race;"

going so far as to assert property rights in that hymn, as if it had not been written by one of the brothers Wesley, the founders of Methodism. Moreover, as if this were not enough to arouse merriment in a cemetery, they blandly declare that "The Methodist Church is a man-made Church, and should go out of business!"

Mine has been a long period of unbroken service in the Conference that has honored me in every way it could. I begun in the Saddle. The Buggy had to be bought when the bride came home. After a few years my "facilities for locomotion" had to be enlarged. "Children cried for them," and climbed in hilariously. Steamboats came into the service of the multiplying family. Then Railways, when the whirlygig of the Bishop's Cabinet moved us out of the woods. Then threading the crowded streets and climbing curbstones, preaching to slumbering saints in churches whose artistic beauty and comfort lulled the silent soul to rest after a week of struggle to "make buckle and tongue meet:" who when the eloquent divine, just transplanted from a country charge, forgetful of his surroundings, cries out in rapture, "Ah, brethren, great is your reward if you are true to your Lord," shocks his co-worshippers, (or co-sleepers,) by answering his pastor, "Yes: one hundred dollars a month and house-rent!"

Mine has been a happy life. "Sunshine and Shadow" have not had an equal share in my life: the sunshine has prevailed! The shadows came, but did not tarry long enough to chill the soul. The shadows came, but the friends by the hundred stood by till the sun came out again. It seemed to me sometimes that "the fiery darts of the wicked flew thickest, and with a deadlier purpose when the sun was shining brightest. But deliverance came even then, but how, I know not, yet it came.

"Grace to help" has a "charming sound" to me. Far away, in the days of my childhood, I heard my parents and grandparents talking about it around the fireside, when the "shades of night had fallen," and little folks crept into the house, and hung close to the old arm chair. Then there was more talk about it when the circuit preacher came, and the family gathered in the parlor; because the best room was used when he came. The chapter was read, and the old Methodist hymns were sung, and the fervent prayer was uttered in such subdued reverence that I found myself looking around to see if God was in the room sure enough. And when I went to my little trundle-bed I went to sleep thinking of "the Angel of the Lord" that was "encamping around" our home somewhere: and in my dreams I saw the camp-fires of the heavenly host! When I went out, as a youth almost out of my teens, and mixed with the godless, the profane and the unclean, and shared in their sins, and became as unclean as they, I could not drive from me the thought nor shake off the feeling, that a guardian angel was standing in the shadow somewhere, grieving that I had been "led captive by the Devil," having been "blinded by the god of this world. "Grace to help" still rung in my ears, and the light that shined in childhood showed me the pathway back to the garden of peace, back to the place where conscience gave undisturbed repose, and the hungry soul found infinite satisfaction.

When I went to Randolph Macon I heard Dr. Duncan preach a great sermon in the Chapel to the boys on "Who always causeth us to triumph through Christ." Out in Caroline, my first circuit, I heard Sister Rachel Jarrel give her experience; over in Northumberland, at Bethany, Sister Rachel Evans, and her old father, Uncle Billy Evans, and Brother Starke Jett; and up in King George, Sister Ninde, in her invalid's chair and over in Gloucester and down by the sea, in Princess Anne,—wherever I have served the church, the theme of Christian testimony has been "Grace to help."

Such is the teaching of Methodism, and such is the experience of the scriptural believer, no matter what his Church.

It has been the theme of these pages: the one explanation of the progress and conquests of Methodism.

THE END.



Life Saving Museum of Virginia  
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